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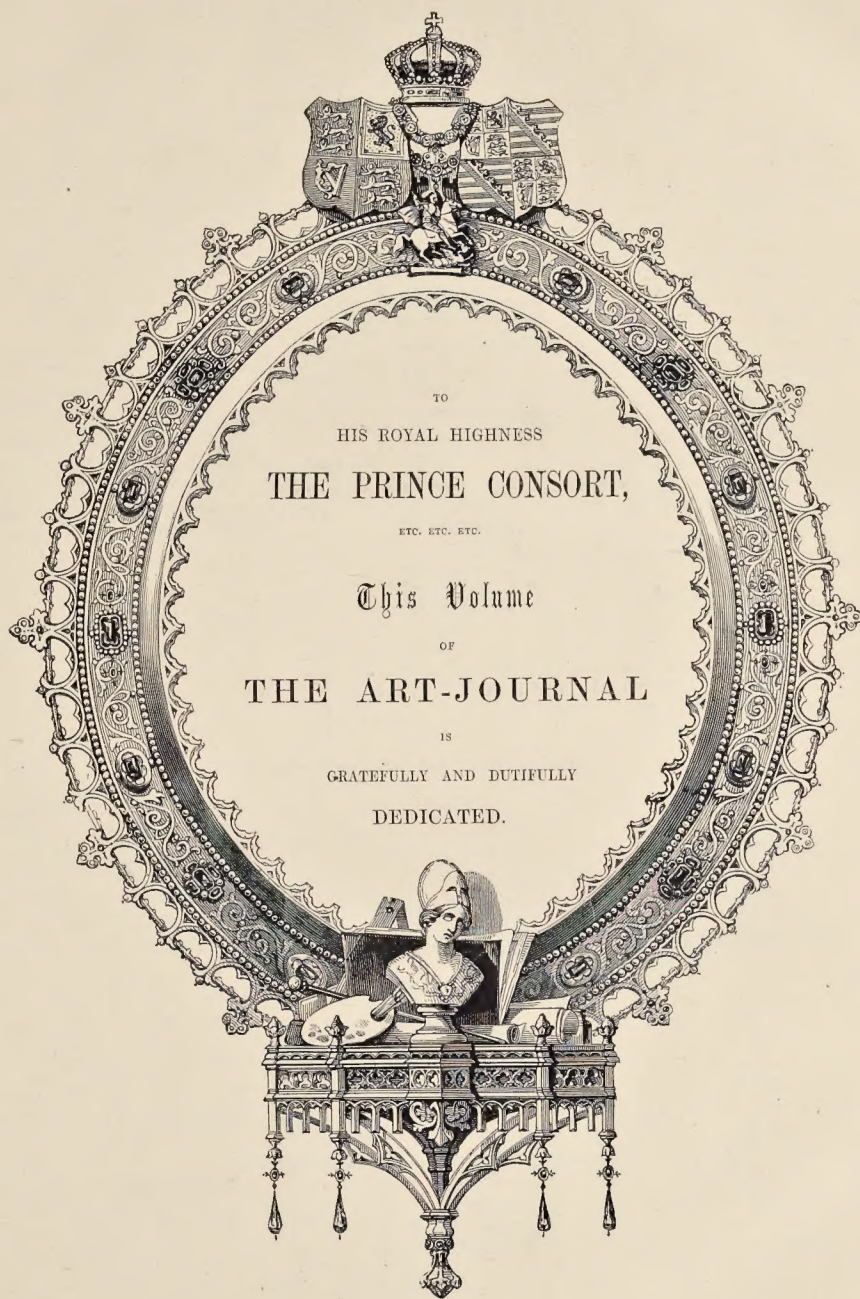


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## THE ART-JOURNAL.



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WILSON  
IN TOTTENHAM-COURT-ROAD.

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T is a certain August afternoon (three o'clock), 1774, that we see a tall, stout man, with a large, coarse head, and red, swollen features, standing feebly and mournfully at a crossing in Queen Anne Street, Cavendish Square. It is in this street that fretful Cumberland, the dramatist, lives; Malone—Shakspeare Malone—and Fuseli, the Swiss, will come here presently.

The stout gentleman, who we see has a red and blotchy face, wears a rough, neglected wig, with a club tail; his dress is neglected, his dingy cocked-hat is hind before. It is Mr. Wilson, the great landscape-painter; he is just come, I think, from his friend, Mr. Wilton's, up the street. Wilton is a good, dull, portly, courteous man, slightly pompous, and a tremendous dresser; and with his gold-headed cane, and powdered bag-wig, as much in manner unlike that rough Welshman, Wilson, as the *roué* Duke of Richelieu was like an English farmer. He is a very great man, sir; and what is more, a rich man, and an Academician! the sun shines on his house, sir, all day through. Johnson and Reynolds met at his table; and he is the well-known perpetrator of General Wolfe's monument in Westminster Abbey—a monument which discloses the not generally known fact, that that brave young general fought at Quebec in his shirt and stockings, to set an example to his troops. Everything goes well with Wilton, who is Barry's great enemy; and the rumour runs that his pretty daughter, whom Dr. Johnson ponderously flirts with, is going to be married to Sir Robert Chambers, who, with his lawyer's tongue, is persuading her to go to the East with him.

Do you see, as Wilson drops his handkerchief from his ludicrous, red, cauliflower nose, that he asks that smart little boy returning from school to help him cross the road. "Little boy, let me lean upon your shoulder to cross the way." The boy—a complete little Tommy-and-Harry boy, with square cut coat, little knee-breeches, a cocked-hat, and a satchel on his back—kindly helps him, with happy eyes, and a pretty flush on his healthy cheek. That boy is John Thomas Smith, one of the most delightful gossips about old things England ever knew. He will be one day a clever artist, and a pupil of Nollekens; will die Keeper of the Prints in the British Museum, and will tell this story thirty years hence in one of his pleasant jumbles of books.

I tell you what poor Wilson is going to do: he is not going back to that sorrow-stricken garret of his, crowded with unsaleable landscapes, in Tottenham Street, Tottenham-Court-Road; but he is going, by appointment, to the rope-walk avenue of elms, in Union Street, to meet Baretto, the Italian, Johnson's friend. They will walk there till five—friend Wilton's dinner-hour—strikes from the turret of Portland Chapel. Baretto is a short, squat, round-shouldered, purblind man; and Wilson, you see, is tall and square-built, with a Bardolph nose. They will both pace about under the trees, to get an appetite: Wilson with his handkerchief up to hide his nose; Baretto, the squat, with his stick behind his back, as if he was tied to it. If there was more time, "red-nosed Dick," as the coarser tavern men call him, would be off to his friend, the Long Acre shoemaker, who keeps one window to exhibit his buckled shoes, and the other kindly to exhibit friend Richard's classical landscapes, which he tries so hard, and generally so unsuccessfully, to sell. To my certain knowledge there is a 'Cicero's Villa,' and a 'Tomb of the Horatii,' gathering dust there now, just as they have been doing for two months—ever since June, in fact. The broad and free pictures of the "English Claude" do not sell. Sublime they are; but I don't know how it is, shoes go much faster than Cicero's Villas. Wilson, after a glass or two of porter, accounts for it in this clear way: his pictures being deep-toned, require a very strong light to show them off. Now we all know very well that this August has been very rainy and dark; friend shoemaker shakes his head, and thinks there is no doubt about it—that is how it is; so think Mrs. Shoemaker and Miss Shoemaker.

But Wilson—the fact is—is rather sanguine and happy to-day, for he won one and two-pence yesterday at skittles, at the Adam and Eve public-house, just out of Tottenham-Court-Road; and he has made an arrangement to go and meet his old pupil Brookes to-morrow, at his favourite haunt, the Farthing Pie-House, in the New Road—the house Price, the salt-box player, keeps. There he can have his pot of porter and toast better than at Sir William Beechey's grand house, or opposite his 'Niobe' at Wilton's. There he can balance the fourteen-pound ball, throw his "skivers," scatter the "dead wood," or knock down the whole army of pins with a shattering broadside. And another bit of good luck—a more professional bit of luck—is that his friend, Mr. Paul Sandby, a great drawing-master, and one of our earliest water-colour painters, has just sold for him a portfolio of Italian drawings, so that he literally rolls in money (£10), and will have porter and skittles for months to come; unlimited porter, and abundant skittles, to the great reddening of his nose, and the beneficial development of his biceps. He only gets £15 for a three-quarter picture—heaven gods, Apollo in the clouds, and all; so £10 is a gracious sum. True, they were Wilson's finest drawings—the work of his eight or nine years in Italy; when Zuccarelli and Vernet praised him, and he imitated Marco Ricci, who painted at Burlington House. Why, there was a Raphael Villa, with Wilson himself in a bag-wig, and that green satin and gold lace waistcoat that he used to attend St. Martin's Lane Academy in, drawing, seated on the ground.—But there, let it go; porter is good, and skittles are good, and not to be had, either of them, on credit.

Ah! how little he knows that Paul Sandby showed those drawings to half the fops and dilettanti in London, praised them to dozens of noblemen and ladies, but they would none of them; they wanted high-finished Cipriani Venuses, and could not understand mere clever hints and sketches by a little-known and un-

popular painter. So he—kind Paul—bought them for himself.

Thou hast had but a sorry life of it, Richard Wilson, thou son of the Montgomeryshire clergyman, lately, making half-crown sketches for the pawnbrokers, in thy Tottenham-Court-Road garret; there, with thy hard, truckle bed, dirty table, rickety chair; with thy single brush, thy faithful easel, an empty pewter pot thy only chimney ornament. Everything has been going wrong—that makes the present good fortune all the more cheering. How delightful is a blink of sun after a week of November rain! The Academy does nothing for thee: the chief object of the institution of that body seems to be the starvation of artists; for they let great men die in garrets; and all the world, thinking the Academy tries to discover and protect genius, lets it die unheeded. Poor Dick, as Sandby calls him, he has just been defeated by Smith, of Chichester, who snatched the Royal Society's prize from him. Wright, of Derby, with his fire-light scenes, and Barret, the dullard, get large prices; while he has to paint a 'Ceyx and Alcione' for a pot of porter and half a Stilton cheese. Ye gods, is this fit! Barret to get two thousand a year, and Smith, of Chichester, to carry off prizes, and the great Wilson, the English Claude, almost to beg a dinner! Why, if you will believe me, it was only yesterday the broken-hearted man went into the Long Acre shoemaker's, and finding the 'Villa of Mæcenas' did not sell, he went home and struck off a 'Celadon and the Nymphs,' and took it off wet, "then and there," to a pawnbroker in the Oxford Road. He was sinking to the savage—to the Pawnee. The sordid wretch, fat and well-dressed, rubbed his hands, looked pleased, and then looked downcast. A pot of porter was sent for, from the Angel and Trumpet, and chirping over his liquor, the broker grew more friendly. Suddenly he rose, this sordid broker, and waving his hand like the warning ghost in "Hamlet," bade Wilson follow him up stairs. Wilson, with the porter wet on his lips, and the picture wet under his arm, followed into a garret full of 'Villas of Mæcenas' and 'Tivolis.'

"There," said the broker, with a pitying smile; "look ye, Dick, you know I likes to oblige a friend, and have sold ye many a picture for ten guineas, ay, and fifteen; but look, there they are—all I have paid you for for three years."

I don't think Wilson said a word as he went down stairs, but pressed the broker's hand, threw a soiled red handkerchief over the 'Villa of Mæcenas,' and left the house to steal back again to that other barer garret in the lodging on the road to Tottenham. As he leaves, the slam of the door of one of the pawnbroker's bins sounds to him like the slam of the door of a vault. I almost think the poor old fellow would have sat down on a door-step and wept, had he not at this moment seen the tremendous gilt coach of President Reynolds turning the corner, its panels glowing with pictures; so Wilson hides his 'Villa of Mæcenas' under his coat, cocks his hat jauntily, shoulders his cane, and marches on, *au grand seigneur*. As the coach disappears, we may pardon the old Adam that prompts him to step into the Angel and Trumpet, and discuss another foaming pot of porter.

Now he is home in the garret: he unties with his teeth the tough knot in the red Bandana, and holds the 'Villa of Mæcenas' self-inquiringly to the light. He wants to know why it does not sell, and he "swears dreadful," as the garret servant, who is passing, and hears him "a-talking to 'isself," relates down stairs.

"A little dead," he says, "from having been painted on that sort of dark brown



priming the Caracci and the Poussins used. Rather a change since I drew this one April morning, 1754, twenty years ago—the day the Duke of Gloucester gave me one hundred guineas down for the ‘Apollo.’ Ay! I see it now again: there is the convent of the Jesuits among the cypresses; there was where we had lunch with the three earls and Lord Bolingbroke; that spring on the left is Horace’s Blandusian fountain; there was his Villa, behind those trees on the left, where we had our Frontignano and cold chicken.”

“Rather a change!” and the poor painter flung himself on his bed, face downwards, and sobbed like a child that has lost its mother.

An hour, and he is up at his easel; sleep revives us for fresh conflicts with care, as the earth-contact did Anteus when he fell. Dick’s day will come, he will be great yet; he feels an angel whispering it at his heart. Yet still it is very dark; the bit of blue is, God knows, very small: rent due, and only some pound or so to pay it and live on: and then the King refusing the ‘Kew Gardens,’ one of the simplest, purest bits he has ever painted—well!

He gets old too—sixty; sight not so good, touch not so sure, but effect better. Finish soon—yet still eight or nine years more life in him; and this ‘Bridge of Narni’ must be finished for Mr. Welch, the magistrate. He works standing, in a cap and gown; he uses chiefly one stubby brush, and few colours; he gives the bridge but a few touches at a time, and then goes to the window, and looks out into Tottenham Street, to (as it were) wash and restore his eye by pure daylight. Sometimes he steps to the furthest corner of the garret, and looks with mournful satisfaction at the picture. Niobe could not be sadder than that widow lady’s poor painter is now.

What is the poor Welshman thinking of, as he backs up against the door to look at his picture, and instead of running forward and putting that touch of grey on the tree-trunk, stops there and rests, with his careworn face and flaming Bardolph nose pointing towards his picture? He is thinking of all the last year’s insults and vexations: how Zoffany had drawn him in his caricature of the Academy with a pot of porter at his elbow, but erased it when Wilson bought a cudgel, and swore he would break it on the back of the fellow. He is thinking of how that mean cheat, Jones, once asked him to see a large landscape he had painted, when lo! to his astonishment, what does he see (his portentous nose reddening as he sees), but his Temple of Venus up there to the left on a rock.

“How—how!” he said, “why, Mr. Jones, you’ve been and stolen my temple!”

“Is it too dark, sir?” says felonious Jones, innocently.

“Black as thunder, of all conscience!” said he (Wilson), stamping down stairs, angrily. That very day, too, he had to let down a peg, and leave his noble old rooms in the Covent Garden Piazza.

Then the last pang—worst of all: a week ago, when our old pupil, young Griffith, of Lampeter, runs up to tell his old master he has found a rich Welsh lady of his acquaintance who wants two good landscapes; she is below—she will come up. There is a rustle of satin up the grimy stairs, a shuffling about of grimy, lodging-house servants, and, beautiful as a Parisian Venus, smiling like the dawn, in sails the Honourable Mrs. Howell Davis, of Tredegar House, Monmouthshire. Wilson is grand and affable in his painter’s turban and flowered dressing-gown; Griffith is all anxiety and eulogy: he turns over the dusty stacks of pictures, selects a ‘Bridge of Rimini’ and a ‘Rosamond’s Pond,’ to show the great man’s two manners; keeps the Honourable Mrs.

Davis well up by the door, for fear their rough jumble of paint should alarm her. He puts them in proper lights; he rubs them, sponges them, points out their beauties. All he wonders at—the gay, rich, good-natured student, pleased to do a kindness—is, that Mr. Wilson seems so little elated; he will not even sparkle up and tell his story of how, when he first saw the great avalanche of water at Terni, he exclaimed involuntarily, “*Well done water, by G—!*”

The lady is delighted: it took away her breath at first, now she speaks, — “Wonderful! merveilleux!” Her broken English is quite pretty. “Does Mr. Wilson never go to routs or dinners? does he not visit the *haut ton*? might she not hope to have her *salons* honoured by such a genius?” This is froth; but she ends by bravely ordering two scenes near Tivoli, at forty guineas each. She must be off—she must tear herself away, for she promised to meet the Miss Laquers at Boydell’s Gallery at two o’clock; her repeater has just struck two, and it is to the Strand twenty minutes’ drive.

She rustles down, Griffith is following, but a quivering hand detains him. The door slams, the wheels roll away, Wilson sits down on his bed, and drags the kind young beau to a seat beside him.

“Mr. Wilson, are you ill?—shall I ring for a doctor?”

“No, Mr. Griffith,” said the old man, looking earnestly into the eyes of his friend, “I am well, but I must, before you go, tell you that your kindness has been in vain—I am destitute—I have not money to buy even canvas and colours for these commissions!”

With a thousand exclamations of regret and surprise, the young man put twenty guineas into Wilson’s hand, and left the house thoughtful. He was a hopeful, rich young dilettante, but this made him pause. That night he said to himself, “If Wilson, with all his genius, starves, what death can I expect to die?” He rose, locked up his palette and brushes in a cupboard, started the next morning for college, and rose to eminence in that not very encouraging profession, the *Church*.

Then another bitter mortification arises before Dick in this dissolving view of misfortune. He is still leaning against the garret door, but the scene is as clear as though it were now happening. It is a week ago—memory has strong wings, and flies fast. He, the poor neglected painter, is at the annual Academy dinner, where patrons and toadies for once meet on an equality. Wilson would rather be at porter and skittles, for he does not like the courtly, time-serving, prudent Reynolds; and Reynolds does not like him, for he is rough and frank, and poverty and misfortune have made him dangerously sincere. Suddenly the clatter of knives and forks, and the jingle of glasses, die away. The President is on his legs; he proposes a toast; every stupid eye turns towards him. Sir Joshua proposes the health of Mr. Gainsborough, “the best landscape-painter.” Half a dozen men turn and smile or sneer at Wilson. The personality is felt, and has struck the broad target. Wilson turns purple with rage, and growls out very loud, “And the best portrait-painter, too!” Reynolds is one of those men who bows when you pass the unbuttoned foil clean through his heart; but Wilson groans, and screams, and struggles, like your ordinary, unsophisticated human being. The President is overwhelmed with regrets. If he had but known Mr. Wilson, the landscape-painter, had been present! Far was it from him to reflect on any branch of the art he loved so much! He tendered Mr. Wilson his sincerest apologies! I’ll tell you what the President has done,—he has struck Wilson between the eyes, and then runs to get him vinegar and brown paper. Sympathy is

never pleasant to a proud man; but to a proud, soured man, and from the author of his injuries and the encourager of his neglects,—no!

Wilson is a brave, honest man, he will not smirk and bow, and appear to forgive, when the sting of the blow is still on his face. He grumbles and growls like distant thunder; turns from the successful man, and goes on talking to sturdy Beechey, at whose house he visits, and whose pretty daughters he is so glad to find do not learn drawing, “for now all young ladies draw.” When the party breaks up (Reynolds, who cannot draw, has been great on Michael Angelo, who could not colour), Wilson is quite mobbed with Academicians, who tell him how wrong and unworlly has been his behaviour. The President likes flattery and condescension,—Wilson should have expressed his anxiety to see Sir Joshua’s last portraits, and his favourite Rubenses. Bah! Wilson “hated the fellow, with his airs and graces, the flattering face-painter.” Wilson has not forgotten the blow. He is too poor to be a Christian: forgiveness is for rich, happy, successful men, like Reynolds. The President has gone home full of regret at having injured a clever man’s feelings. He will not sleep to-night.

Regret!—not he! Reynolds is one of those smooth smoulders, who bear small injuries for years, and die without forgiving them. He knows he is but a portrait-painter, and is sensitive and jealous of all other excellence. He is rich but not satisfied. Years after, when Wilson is dead,—broken-hearted in Wales—his heart-strings snapping in the sudden sunshine of success,—Reynolds will vent the hoarded spite of ten years, and will sneer at Wilson’s ‘Niobe,’ and the little Apollo up in clouds that will not support him. He will call the poor dead man “our ingenious Academician,” and talk of his injudicious mistakes in admitting supernatural objects in landscapes, too real and too like common nature. He will throw wet blankets on the ‘Niobe,’ by calling it, coldly, “a very admirable picture of a storm.”

What! this from Reynolds, who stole attitudes from old engravings, and thought he had turned Mrs. Siddons into a Muse, because he lit some damp straw under her armchair!

These gloomy contemplations of Wilson’s are interrupted by a pompous knock at the lower door. It opens,—there is a buzz of loud, asserting voices, and the sound of many feet is heard on the stairs. It is a deputation from the Academy. There is Penny’s voice, and there Moser’s; there is Way, the R.A., who painted the great Shakspeare sign near Drury Lane, and a host of honoured talent. They come to tell him, perhaps, that Hayman, Hogarth’s friend, is dead, and he is to be the new Librarian. They bow and shake hands; sit down they cannot, for how can ten fat men sit on one chair? They begin talking. Wilson “begs—excused—go on—not much time:” on he goes with the temple and the illexes. He sees no good in their hard faces and slugging shoulders, as they look at his easel. They have come to say, on behalf of the whole Academy, that they are sorry, that they deeply regret, that Mr. Wilson, with all his natural genius, so much neglects the lighter graces of style. They were sorry to see so clever a man imprisoning himself in what they might almost call a garret. (The speaker here looks round, and all the deputation repeat the word *garret*, shaking their heads deprecatingly.) Austere seclusion without society was not beneficial to the mind. Light diet, and the repeated use of beer instead of wine, was not beneficial to genius. In fact, they one and all agreed that no hope was left for Mr. Wilson but to finish higher, and more in the Berghem manner, tempering the severity of his style with the



more playful grace of that great Italian, Zuccarelli.

If you have ever heard a man cheated at skittles (as Wilson has) turn round and open a sudden battery of oaths and abuse at his conquerors, you have heard all that Wilson said now.

With ruffled plumes, and angry looks, and frightened oburgation, the embassy return to those who sent them, and at once agree that Mr. Wilson, being an obdurate and senseless advocate of a dead system of Art, must be at once discountenanced and given up,—and he is given up accordingly.

At last, in the winter of his days, Providence sends a meagre ray of cold sunshine to light our poor, broken-down genius to the grave. A brother dies, and leaves him a small estate down in Wales; and, suddenly, the legacy assumes a greater value than expected; for a vein of lead is found in the grave. It is almost a mockery this good fortune: it is something like digging a beggar's grave, and discovering a gold mine where the pauper's coffin is to lie. Fortune has come, and finds the old man unable to enjoy it. His eyes are going, his touch is now coarse and heavy, he has pains in the side, his spirits are lost long ago; he is now a soured, broken-down, helpless old man, wanting only to die in peace in his native country. Fortune has sent him gold, and a coffin to hold it. He goes, in a glimmer of revived spirits, to ask his kind, hearty friend, Sir William Beechey, if he has any commands for Wales. His speech falters as he bids him adieu—the friend of his adversity. He groans with a sudden influx of pain, pressing his side as he groans. After all, the garret in Tottenham Road was not so bad, it was only the misery made it seem so; now the old man, buckling up his easel and canvases, almost weeps to leave it.

He is down safe in Denbighshire—in the pure, bright air again, just as when the old clergyman his father applauded him for drawing the clerk's portrait on the white wall of the kitchen; old women in hats knitting again; the rough, liquid, rocky speech too. He is in a landscape country, and is a great man really, as he had so long dreamed of being. He is the great painter down here, and no rival for one hundred miles. He is loved, and every one smiles and bows when he approaches. Cows are stopped for him to sketch, the very goats seem to know him.

"Bottom, you are translated!"

Was that all a dream, then, about that loathsome garret, where the walls were alive, and the blue sky was shut out with screens of drying clothes, and brown clouds from the breathing chimney-pots; about that hard pawnbroker; that lady, whose bright silks made your poor room look so doubly sordid by comparison? Skittles and porter now to be had for wishing, and a region, more beautiful even than your dreams, living round you as you live. Happiness came late, but still it has come. Oh that Sir William Beechey were here to enjoy it! No Apollos, it is true, are here, but, then, plenty of Joneses; no Meleagers, but heaps of Griffithses; and then for temple and Tiber, clear mountain stream gurgling content, and fern brake, and giant corner-stones of mountain granite. The right man in the right place at last—the landscape-painter living in his landscape; the young flowers, ever young, whisper comfort to him; cool evening brings its balsam dews; the oak trees whisper consolation; his heart was all but broken in the long struggle, he was but one step from the gulf, but here comes the luminous hand to snatch him safe.

He laughs, and tells his Welsh friends how Wright of Derby—famous Wright—used to

offer to exchange pictures with him, and he used always to say, "with all my heart, Wright; I'll give you air, and you give me fire"—because Wright painted glorious candle-light scenes; and also how, once standing near Reynolds, the face-painter's, Richmond Villa, he wanted to point out some special spot of grass to Sir Joshua, and he said in his enthusiasm, pointing, "there, near those houses, where the figures are"—human beings were but figures to a landscape-painter, who used the planets to light his pictures. Then he would laugh, too, and tell how once, at old Slaughter's, Dr. Arne got tarnation angry, when that funny dog, Mortimer, who imitates Salvator Rosa, told him that his eyes were like two poached eggs on a dish of beet-root. I can assure you there was worse company than Mr. Richard Wilson, the great "Lunnun" painter down in Denbighshire, over a humming glass of *cherry*, and a churchwarden's pipe, with a brave "charge" of bird's-eye in its snowy bowl. And, indeed, why should he not be, look you? for his mother was one of the old Wynns of Leeswold; and in the old Wynns, look you, there is Cadwallader blood, "as every pody in Wels knows."

Wilson does not work much now, he has no need; but he is always out watching effect, and planning pictures, or selecting scenes, or watching sunsets, or waiting for shadows, and trying to find out whether they should be of a real or of a conventional colour. The stone where he used to sit, the tree whose shade he loved, the stream he walked beside, and that followed him as he walked, are there still in Denbighshire, immortalized by him. Give him youth and health, and he were the happiest of men.

It is a great "and blessed change," getting out of the close Academy library, waiting for readers that never came, to the pure blue air of Mrs. Catherine Jones's house, our kinswoman's house, at Colomondie, near Mold, and Llanverris. From Mold to Colomondie (i.e. "the pigeon's home,") is a pleasant flitting than from the Piazza to Great Queen Street, near where our shoemaking friend lived; or from Charlotte Street, by the windmill and the pond, to Foley Place; or from Foley Place, hounded on by poverty, to Tottenham Street, Tottenham-Court-Road, where you and I, dear reader, called upon him, and witnessed his vexations; his mutations about Marylebone Fields, where he kept changing as they built out his view, I did not follow.

Wilson must have made a great stir down in that quiet Welsh village, a stir such as a pike makes when he visits a little bay frequented by gudgeons. He, in fact, as with a royal mind, re-christened the village of Llanverris, which is now always called Loggerheads (as we are informed), entirely because Wilson, once calling at the public-house in that place, kindly painted the landlord a sign-board, representing two fat, staring, stupid fellows, with underneath the old jocular motto of simpler days, "We three loggerheads be," spoiled, like better pictures, by cleaning and re-touching. The pictorial joke still swings and creaks aloft, and is creaking now, probably, this very burning August afternoon, defiant of all past wind and rain.

I often think of that pretty north Welsh village, and the tired soul it harboured. There still stands on high the house where he died; the hill, and valley, and stream are as they were when, with breaking memory and tired eyes, he sat on the large stone they still show us, under the two Scotch firs, which he painted so often, and which he talked of so much. The stream still lisps and babbles on through the Dove's Home, as when it flowed faster and cheerier to solace, with sweet memories, the broken old Welshman, who had crept there to

die in peace. Here, with shaking hand, and uncertain, yet still skilful eye, Wilson painted his 'Atalanta,' and 'View of the Rock and River.' Sketches by him in dead colour, corpse-like and sad, still hang (or did) at Colomondie. The good people there don't know that Wilson imitated Mumper or Zuccarelli, or used to ramble about Richmond Hill with Sir Joshua, or was praised by Vernet and by Mengs, who painted his portrait; but they do know that he was a great Welsh painter, who consecrated their quiet Denbighshire village by his death. Colomondie is on the borders of Flintshire, and close to the high road leading from Chester to Ruthin; and being not far from Mold, where Wilson's father was rector, it must needs be that, as a boy, Richard, the painter, often traversed its valley, and wandered over its stream. He and his brothers, the future collector of customs, the Irish clergyman, and the Holywell tobaccoist, &c., must have known Colomondie as well as Mold.

How astonished any of us would be if, during some quiet walk in childhood, we were met suddenly by the apparition of ourselves as we shall appear in old age—sour, wrinkled, doubled, lame, and wicked. Would that fat-faced, handsome, bright-eyed Welsh boy have known himself in the tall, fat, stooping man, with red blotched face, enormous nose, club tail, and dirty cocked-hat, walking along moodily, with a handkerchief up to his face, as "sour Dick," as Garrick calls him, always did.

But the stage grows dark; let us remove our lingering actor, and drop the curtain. There comes a day when Death dogs the old man from his little Welsh cottage to the great stone where he loves to sit and study the clouds and the blue distances; and now, just as he has taken his seat there, Death, the inexorable bailiff, touches him on the shoulder, and whisks his cold summons. The old man falls from the stone in a swoon: the brave Newfoundland dog, the faithful companion of the painter, runs back to the house, and almost drags the servants to the spot. Watched over by his old gardener, Richard Lloyd, Wilson breathed his last in an upper room in the Colomondie cottage; and artists since, who have seen the bed where he died, have been known to throw themselves upon it, in order to say they had rested where Wilson died. He was buried in his father's churchyard at Mold, near the north door of the church, and on the tardy grave-stone was inscribed:—"The remains of Richard Wilson, Esq., Member of the Royal Academy of Artists, interred May 15th, 1782. Aged 69." Landscapes of eternal beauty border his quiet grave in the trim Welsh town.

Severe, respectable men of the Reynolds class, seem to have hastily set down Wilson, in his unhappy, disappointed days, as a sour sot, a coarse cynic, a rough publican of a man, fond of boisterous tavern fun, and debased in habits; but this could not have applied to the time when he frequented the best Roman society, knew the polished Vernet; or when his sister, the maid of a maid of honour, introduced him at court; or when he exhibited his 'Niobe' at Spring Gardens, in 1760, or when the Duke of Cumberland purchased the picture; or in 1765, when the Marquis of Tavistock bought his 'View of Rome from Monte Mario.' He grew taciturn and sententious, it is true, later; but he did not indulge in calumny, or question the will of Providence, even when, before he got his £50 a year from the Academy as Librarian, he was all but starving.

Amongst the rougher men, as Hayman, and Mortimer, and Wright, and Cosway, Wilson seems to have been a jovial, clever, tavern friend, much beloved. He belonged to an artists' club, that used to meet where Johnson's great club met, at the Turk's Head,



Gerard Street, Soho. There Dr. Chauncey and Hayman, and other artists and laymen, met, with a nightly allowance of half a pint of wine; and on one occasion there it was discussed whether Wilson or Hayman was the most vicious. If, on these evenings, they saw any of the seven o'clock magnates coming, Wilson would whisper, "There goes one of the *sapientia*." At one of these meetings Cosway, the little painter, came in fresh from a drawing-room, in full court dress, astonishing everybody with the foppery of his pink-beeled shoes, lace, and 'brodery. "What!" cried out Hayman, "can no one make room for a little monkey?" upon which Wilson laughed, and said, "Good God! how times are altered—the world is topsy-turvy; the monkey used to ride the bear, now we have the bear upon the monkey." This set the table in a roar, and Cosway, we hear, taking the joke good-naturedly, went round and shook hands with Hayman, Hogarth's old associate and boon companion, and Quin's special cronny.

Wilson, who was a well-educated, and, as we have seen, a well-born man—if that is anything—was always addressed by the great judge, Lord Camden, as "Cousin Wilson," being related to him on the mother's side. If we can trust a rather suspicious book, one of Wilson's great haunts was the shop of Willy Thompson, an organist and music-seller in Exeter 'Change. There he would come and moralize over fortune, or, ordering a supper from the Black Horse, near Somerset House barracks—generally Scotch collops and salad—he would make a night of it with Garrick and Dr. Arne, no man leaving the cold punch and the pipes till the nine o'clock bell rang them out of the arcade. Sometimes Garrick contributed a basket of his choicest wine, Wilson warming the pewter plates over Thomson's German stove, while Garrick went through his fun and mimicry.

We have him again sketched at a pleasant party at Garrick's, where Dr. Johnson, Sterne, and Goldsmith, are present: a witty young lady likens each great man present to some fruit or flower—Goldsmith to a passion-flower, Sterne to the sensitive plant, and Johnson to the aloe, whose flower appears to adorn creation but once in a hundred years; Mr. Wilson she compares to olives, that, rough to the taste at first, grow tolerable on a longer acquaintance, and at last become delightful.

If Wilson's life furnishes any warning, it is of the folly of going to war with society: oppose its cheats, laugh down its nonsense, smite its vices; but never leave your camp and go into voluntary exile, to spite a silly abstraction without brain, and still more without heart.

Though Wilson called Reynolds's portraits "experiments," and Reynolds called Wilson's landscapes "screens," there can be no doubt that Wilson was a great painter,—broad and massy in shadow, grand in form, and remarkable for a certain large-minded, fine simplicity. There is a life and a glow and freshness about him, that makes us regret he gave himself up to ideal, sham landscape. Some people think Claude painted grand scenes dully, and Wilson grand scenes grandly; but in both we lament that they should have introduced fiction into their landscape: for God's nature needs no improvement, and not often much selection. In *chiaro-scuro*, at least, Wilson surpassed Claude, having a stronger and more impulsive and rocky mind.

It has been well shown that the special manner of Claude and Poussin arose from the several points of view which they selected for their landscapes: Poussin liked dull days, storms, and evening; Claude basked in the monotony of perpetual sunshine. Claude, from

the little portico of his house on the Trinità di Monte, could see the blue vale of the Tiber, the fine lines of the Vatican, Monte Mario, and the Villa Medici. Poussin preferred dusky, solemn evenings, under the massy ruins of the Colosseum and the Palatine: Claude, insipid, and often dull, darkens his foreground or his trees, to stand for shadows. Wilson has less detail than Claude. Wilson's figures are better, and his tone of colour is more thoughtful. When Wilson is by the river Dee, or at Sion House, his verdure is fresh, bright, and dewy. But he is most at home thinking of his happier days in Italy, by Diana's Mirror—the Lake of Narni, at Cicero's Villa, or weeping with Niobe. Then his delighted brush traces the waving line of the Sabine Hills, the desolate Campagna, the broken chain of aqueducts, the mouldering temple. There he is grand, simple, unreal, and beautiful, as when he sat at the hot window at Venice, waiting for Zuccarelli, and drew the Doge's Palace and the floating hearses of gondolas; or as when, in his Piazza room, surrounded by Carr, and Steel, and Jones, and Jenkins, he taught Sir George Beaumont to put in his "brown tree," to dead colour with Prussian blue, and refine airy distances with ultra-marine.

"Well," says the reflective reader, "and what is the moral of this murky and perturbed life?"

The moral of it, if I read it right, is this:—"The inevitable misery that follows when genius despises common sense."

Wilson had genius, but he had no common sense; and genius left him to starve, as she has left, and will leave, thousands of others. Wilson was proud, and fed his pride to the full by obstinately persisting in painting classic landscape that no one would buy. The selfish, wretched age was not ripe for any Art—certainly not for landscape—assuredly not for classic landscape. The cocked-hat men would not even buy Gainsborough's Suffolk lanes and cottage-doors, not even the pleasant nooks and witching woods of their own England; how then could they appreciate Tivoli and the Campagna? how, still more, Niobe, and Mercury, and Ceyx, and Aleyone, and all the gentlemen with fine Greek names? Picture-buyers then dared not try a new thing. Ruysdael was the mode, with his "brown Norway," and his treacle-posset waterfalls: so buy him they did. They had no power to discover a new man, so they prudently kept to the old.

Wilson, had he had sense, and not been driven dogged and wild by Fortune's blows, should have taken manfully to portrait-painting, as he well could, and have fondled his pet taste at leisure moments, till he had trained his landscape. If genius will sell shoes when people want hats, genius must starve—and deserves to, for being a sheer fool. If genius will paint monster frescoes when people have no walls for them, and no money to pay for them, genius must, needless, go wear pepper and salt at the Union. Between ourselves, this is all folly, this cant about suffering genius. It is pure vanity, and selfish, contemptible conceit that drives second-rate genius to glory in neglect, and to disdain humble resources of money-getting. I despise genius sending begging-letters from its garret.

Let us now leave poor Wilson, not so much chiding those who let his genius starve, as resolved to be ourselves never guilty of the same cruel fault, lest some future Peter Pindar say of us, bitterly, to some future Wilson we have neglected, between a tear and a smile—

"—But, honest WILSON, never mind.  
Theortal praies thou shalt find,  
And for a dinner have no cause to fear.  
Thou start'st at my prophetic rhymes!  
Don't be impatient for those times:  
WAIT TILL THOU HAST BEEN DEAD A HUNDRED YEAR."

## THE ROYAL PICTURES.

UNA.

W. E. Frost, A.R.A., Painter. P. Lightfoot, Engraver.  
Size of the Picture, 6 ft. by 4 ft.

SPENSER'S "Faerie Queene" presents, perhaps, greater difficulties to the painter than any other poem in our language: there is in it such a mingling of Christian sentiment and Pagan mythology, such a contrariety of opposite feelings in many of the scenes and incidents, that we do not wonder it is so little essayed, nor that, when attempted, failure should be so frequent and so entire. Historical art—by which is meant whatever is founded on historical facts—offers something, in the characters of the individuals, which seems to come more within the painter's grasp; they are, or have been, realities: their persons, as well as their mind and disposition, are supposed to be familiar to him; and, as a consequence, he carries on his work with a certainty which in no other case can be felt. Ideal history—such as we read in Spenser—can only produce imaginative art; and for it to be successful, the painter's mind must be in unison with that of the poet, no less than with the characters whom the latter describes: the two cannot be dissociated, and where either is wanting we must expect to see a corresponding result in the absence of that feeling which, in all probability, constitutes both the essence and the charm of the poet's verse.

Mr. Frost, in the picture here engraved, has shown himself as competent as any living artist—perhaps it would not be too much to say, as any dead artist—to deal with such a theme as that of 'Una,' the admiration of the satyrs, the object of jealousy to the wood-nymphs, as we find her described in the passage from the "Faerie Queene," whence he has derived his subject:—

"The woody Nymphes, faire Hamadryades,  
Her to behold do thether runne apace;  
And all the troupe of light-foot Naiades  
Flock all about to see her lovely face:  
But, when they viewed have her heavenly grace,  
They envy her in their malicious mind,  
And fly away for fear of fowle disgrace:  
But all the Satyrs scorne their woody kind,  
And henceforth nothing faire, but her, on earth they find."

One may readily imagine how such a subject as this might be made the vehicle of loose and vulgar representation, but there is nothing in Mr. Frost's version of the story in the least degree approximating to such a character: "the artist is at home among these sylvas and oreads, but in approaching the essence of revealed religion, he shakes from his mantle every atom of Arcadian dust." Una is a pure and gentle being, surrounded indeed by wild and disorderly spirits, awed into propriety by her superior beauty and defenceless condition: they gaze upon her with wonder and astonishment, as, clothed in a garment of white, emblem of her own purity, she sits, like a royal queen, on the mossy bank: one of the exulting satyrs is in the act of crowning her with a wreath of tributary flowers, while others evidence their delight in a variety of ways. The artist has refined upon the figure of Una, and contrasted her strongly with the denizens of the forest: the action and countenances of the "woody nymphs" are quite in harmony with the spirit of the verse; some gaze curiously into her face; others are turning from her with envy; and a long train of these fair creatures comes dancing over the green sward, to the sound of cymbal and tambourine, to see what being of earth or heaven has invaded their domain: these female figures are exquisitely beautiful.

How different is the treatment of this subject from the bacchanalian wood-scenes painted by Rubens, who gave the rein to his vigorous and rich fancies, unrestrained by any feeling of over-much purity: the age in which he lived justified, however, what ours would scarcely tolerate.

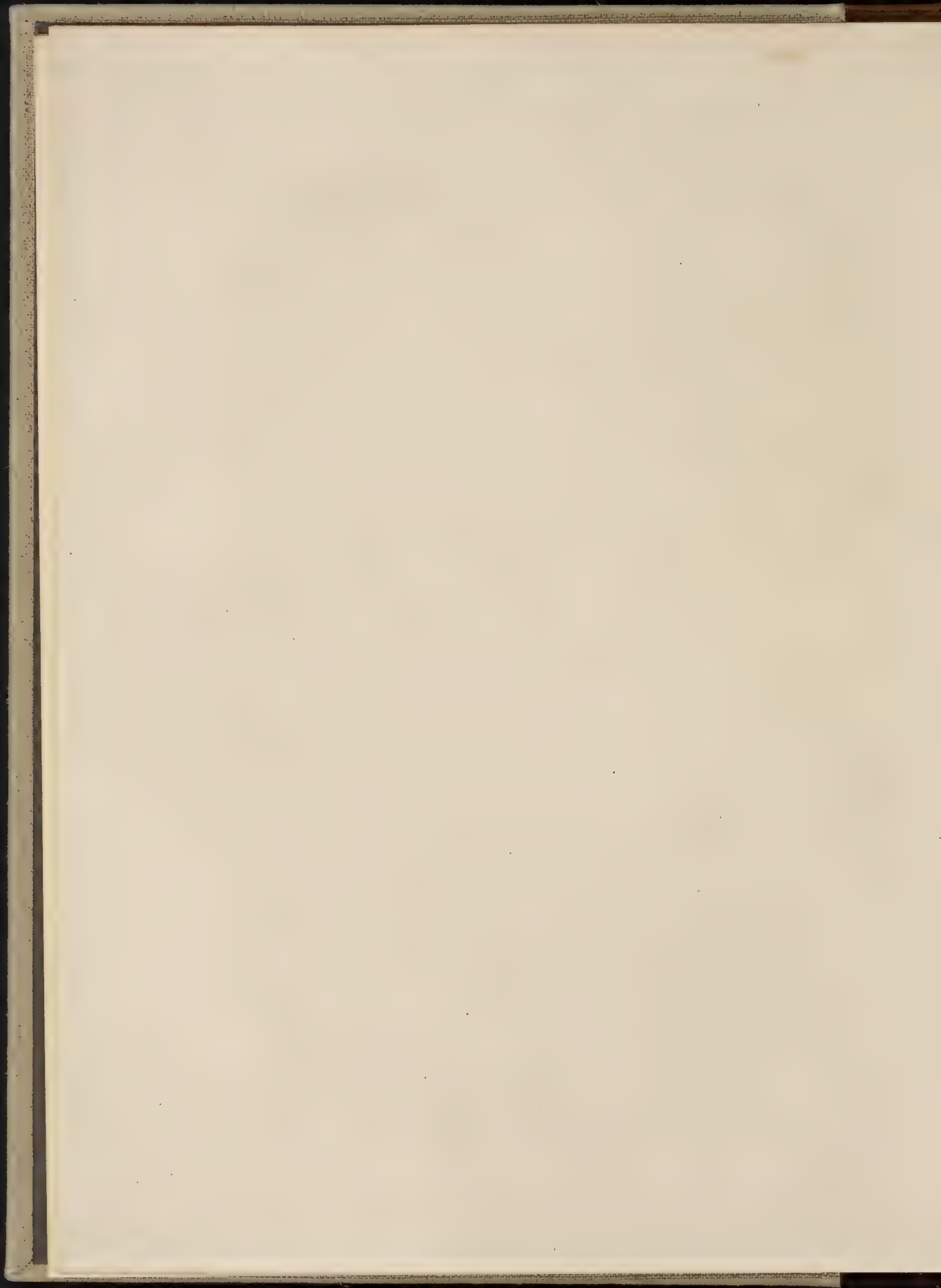
We have always regarded this picture as the *chef-d'œuvre* of the painter, and one of the finest of its class our school has produced: it is exceedingly rich in colour, and is painted with the utmost delicacy and refinement; in composition and arrangement nothing can be more elegant and harmonious.

The picture was purchased by Her Majesty from the Exhibition of the Royal Academy in 1847: it is in the Royal Collection at Osborne.











## THE HUDSON, FROM THE WILDERNESS TO THE SEA.

BY BENSON J. LOSSING.

THE ILLUSTRATIONS FROM DRAWINGS BY THE AUTHOR.

### PART I.



It is proposed to present, in a series of sketches with pen and pencil, pictures of the Hudson River, from its birth among the mountains to its marriage with the ocean. It is by far the most interesting river in America, considering the beauty and magnificence of its scenery, its natural, political, and social history, the agricultural and mineral treasures of its vicinage, the commercial wealth hourly floating upon its bosom, and the relations of its geography and topography to some of the most important events in the history of the Western hemisphere.

High upon the walls of the governor's room in the New York City Hall is a dingy painting of a broad-headed, short-haired, sparsely-bearded man, with an enormous ruffe about his neck, and

bearing the impress of an intellectual, courtly gentleman of the days of King James the First of England. By whom it was painted nobody knows, but conjecture shrewdly guesses that it was delineated by the hand of Paul Van Someren, the skilful Flemish artist who painted the portraits of many persons of distinction in Amsterdam and London, in the reign of James, and died in the British capital four years before that monarch. We are well assured that it is the portrait of an eminent navigator, who, in that remarkable year in the history of England and America, one thousand six hundred and seven, met "certaine worshipfull merchants of London," in the parlour of a son of Sir Thomas Gresham, in Bishopsgate Street, and bargained concerning a proposed voyage in search of a north-east passage to India, between the icy and rock-bound coasts of Nova Zembla and Spitzbergen.

That navigator was HENRY HUDSON, a friend of Captain John Smith, a man of science and liberal views, and a pupil, perhaps, of Drake, or Frobisher, or Grenville, in the seaman's art. On May-day morning he knelt in the church of St. Ethelburge, and partook of the sacrament; and soon afterward he left the Thames for the circumpolar waters. During two voyages he battled the ice-pack manfully off the North Cape, but without success; boreal frosts were too intense for the brine, and east impenetrable ice-barriers across the eastern pathway of the sea. His employers praised the navigator's skill and courage, but, losing faith in the scheme, the undertaking was abandoned. Hudson went to Holland with a stout heart; and the Dutch East India Company, then sending their uncouth argosies to every sea, gladly employed "the bold Englishman, the expert pilot, and famous navigator," of whose fame they had heard so much.

At the middle of March, 1609, Hendrick, as the Dutch called him, sailed from Amsterdam in a yacht of ninety tons, named the *Half-Moon*, manned with a choice crew, and turned his prow, once more, toward Nova Zembla. Again ice, and fogs, and fierce tempests, disputed his passage, and he steered westward, passed Cape Farewell, and, on the 2nd of July, made soundings upon the banks of Newfoundland. He sailed along the coast to the fine harbour of Charleston, in South Carolina, in search of a north-west passage "below Virginia," spoken of by his friend Captain Smith. Disappointed, he turned northward, discovered Delaware Bay, and on the 3rd of September anchored near Sandy Hook. On the 11th he passed through the Narrows into the present bay of New York, and from his anchorage beheld with joy, wonder, and hope, the waters of the noble Mahicannituck, or Mohegan River, flowing from the high blue hills on the north. Toward evening the following day he entered the broad stream, and with a full persuasion, on account of tidal currents, that the river upon which he was borne flowed from ocean to ocean, he rejoiced in the dream of being the leader to the long-sought Cathay. But when the magnificent highlands, sixty miles from the sea, were passed, and the stream narrowed and the water freshened, hope failed him. But the indescribable beauty of the virgin land through which he was voyaging, filled his heart and mind with exquisite pleasure; and as deputations of dusky men came from the courts of the forest sachems to visit him, in wonder and awe, he seemed transformed into some majestic and mysterious hero of the old sagas of the North.

The yacht anchored near the shore where Albany now stands, but a boat's crew, accompanied by Hudson, went on, and beheld the waters of the Mohawk foaming among the rocks at Cohoes. Then back to New York Bay the navigator sailed, and after a parting salutation with the chiefs of the Manhattans at the mouth of the river, and taking formal possession of the country in the name of the government of Holland, he departed for Europe, to tell of the glorious region, filled with fur-bearing animals, beneath the parallels of the North Virginia Charter. He landed in England, but sent his log-book, charts, and a full account of his voyage to his employers at Amsterdam. King James, jealous because of the advantages which the Dutch might derive from these discoveries, kept Hudson a long time in England; but the Hollanders had all necessary information, and very soon ships of the company and of private adventurers were anchored in the waters of the Mahicannituck, and receiving the wealth of the forests from the wild men who inhabited them. The Dutchmen and the Indians became friends, close-bound by the cohesion of trade. The river was named

Mauritius, in honour of the Stadtholder of the Netherlands, and the seed of a great empire was planted there.

The English, in honour of their countryman who discovered it, called it Hudson's River, and to the present time that title has been maintained; but not without continual rivalry with that of North River, given it by the early Dutch settlers after the discovery of the Delaware, which was named South River. It is now as often called North River, as Hudson, in the common transactions of trade, names of corporations, &c.; but these, with Americans, being convertible titles, produce no confusion.

For one hundred and fifty years after its discovery the Hudson, above



A LODGE IN THE WILDERNESS.

Albany, was little known to white men, except hunters and trappers, and a few isolated settlers; and the knowledge of its sources among lofty alpine ranges is one of the revelations made to the present century, and even to the present generation. And now very few, except the hunters of that region, have personal knowledge of the beauty and wild grandeur of lake, and forest, and mountain, out of which spring the fountains of the river we are about to describe. To these fountains and their forest courses I made a pilgrimage toward the close of the summer of 1859, accompanied by Mrs. Lossing and Mr. S. M.



SAQUET RIVER.

Buckingham, an American gentleman, formerly engaged in mercantile business in Manchester, England, and who has travelled extensively in the East.

Our little company, composed of the minimum in the old prescription for a dinner-party,—not more than the Muses, nor less than the Graces,—left our homes, in the pleasant rural city of Poughkeepsie, for the wilderness of northern New York, by a route which we are satisfied by experience and observation to be the best for the tourist or sportsman bound for the head waters of the Hudson, or the high plateau northward and westward of them; where lie in solitary beauty a multitude of lakes filled with delicious fish, and embosomed in primeval forests abounding with deer and other game. We travelled by railway about one



hundred and fifty miles to Whitehall, a small village in a rocky gorge, where Wood Creek leaps in cascades into the head of Lake Champlain. There we tarried until the following morning, and at ten o'clock embarked upon a steamboat for Port Kent—our point of departure for the wild interior, far down the lake on its western border. The day was fine, and the shores of the lake, clustered with historical associations, presented a series of beautiful pictures; for they were rich with forest verdure, the harvests of a faithful seed-time, and thrifty villages and farm-houses. Behind these, on the east, arose the lofty ranges of the Green Mountains, in Vermont; and on the west were the Adirondacks of New York, whither we were journeying, their clustering peaks, distant and shadowy, bathed in the golden light of a summer afternoon.

Lake Champlain is deep and narrow, and one hundred and forty miles in length. It received its present name from its discoverer, the eminent French navigator, Samuel Champlain, who was upon its waters the same year that Hudson sailed up the river which bears his name. Long before, the Indians had given it the significant title of *Can-i-a-de-rí Gua-run-te*, the Door of the Country. The appropriateness of this name will be illustrated hereafter.

It was evening when we arrived at Port Kent. We remained until morning with a friend (Winslow C. Watson, Esq., a descendant of Governor Winslow, who came to New England in the *May-Flower*), whose personal explanations and general knowledge of the region we were about to visit, enabled him to give us information of much value in our subsequent course. With himself and family we visited the walled banks of the Great Au Sable, near Keeseville, and stood with wonder and awe at the bottom of a terrific gorge in sandstone, rent by an earthquake's power, and a foaming river rushing at our feet. The gorge, for more than a mile, is from thirty to forty feet in width, and over one hundred in depth. This was our first experience of the wild scenery of the north. The tourist should never pass it unnoticed.

Our direct route from Keeseville lay along the picturesque valley of the Great Au Sable River, a stream broken along its entire course into cascades, draining about seven hundred square miles of mountain country, and falling four to six hundred feet in its passage from its springs to Lake Champlain. We made a *detour* of a few miles at Keeseville for a special purpose, entered the valley at



TENANTS OF THE UPPER HUDSON FORESTS.

twilight, and passed along the margin of the rushing waters of the Au Sable six miles to the Forks, where we remained until morning. The day dawned gloomily, and for four hours we rode over the mountains toward the Saranac River in a drenching rain, for which we were too well prepared to experience any inconvenience. At Franklin Falls, on the Saranac, in the midst of the wildest mountain scenery, where a few years before a forest village had been destroyed by fire, we dined upon trout and venison, the common food of the wilderness, and then rode on toward the Lower Saranac Lake, at the foot of which we were destined to leave roads, and horses, and industrial pursuits behind, and live upon the solitary lake and river, and in the almost unbroken woods.

The clouds were scattered early in the afternoon, but lay in heavy masses upon the summits of the deep blue mountains, and deprived us of the pleasure to be derived from distant views in the amphitheatre of everlasting hills through which we were journeying. Our road was over a high rolling country, fertile, and in process of rapid clearing. The log-houses of the settlers, and the cabins of the charcoal burners, were frequently seen; and in a beautiful valley, watered by a branch of the Saranac, we passed through a pleasant village called Bloomingdale. Toward evening we reached the sluggish outlet of the Saranac Lakes, and at a little before sunset our postilion reined up at Baker's Inn, two miles from the Lower Lake, and fifty-one from Port Kent. To the lover and student of nature, the artist and the philosopher, the country through which we had passed, and to which only brief allusion may here be made, is among the most inviting spots upon the globe; for magnificent and picturesque scenery, mineral wealth, and geological wonders, abound on every side.

At Baker's Inn every comfort for a reasonable man may be found. There we procured guides, boats, and provisions for the wilderness, and at a little past noon on the following day we were fairly beyond the sounds of the settlements, upon a placid lake studded with islands, the sun shining in unclouded splendour, and the blue peaks of distant mountains looming above the dense forests that lay in gloomy grandeur between us and their rugged acclivities.

Our party now consisted of five, two guides having been added to it. One of them was a son of Mr. Baker, the other a pure-blooded Penobscot Indian from the State of Maine. Each had a light boat—so light that he might carry it upon his shoulders at portages. In one of these was borne our luggage, provisions, and Mr. Buckingham, and in the other Mrs. Lossing and myself.

The Saranac Lakes are three in number, and lie on the south-eastern borders of Franklin County, north of Mount Seward. They are known as the Upper, Round, and Lower. The latter, over which we first voyaged, is six miles in length. From its head we passed along a winding and narrow river, fringed with rushes, lilies, and moss-head plants, almost to the central or Round Lake, where we made a portage of a few rods, and dined beneath a towering pine-tree. While there, two deer-hounds, whose voices we had heard in the forest a few minutes before, came dashing up, dripping with the lake water through which they had been swimming, and, after snuffing the scent of our food wistfully for a moment, disappeared as suddenly. We crossed Round Lake, three and a half



CAMP BELINA.

miles, and went up a narrow river about a mile, to the falls at the outlet of the Upper Saranac. Here, twelve miles from our embarkation, is a place of entertainment for tourists and sportsmen, in the midst of a small clearing. A portage of an eighth of a mile, over which the boats and luggage were carried upon a wagon, brought us to the foot of the Upper Lake. On this dark, wild sheet of water, thirteen miles in length, we embarked toward the close of the day, and just before sunset reached the lodge of Corey, a hunter and guide well-known in all that region. It stands near the gravelly shore of a beautiful bay with a large island in its bosom, heavily wooded with evergreens. It was Saturday evening, and here, in this rude house of logs, where we had been pleasantly received by a modest and genteel young woman, we resolved to spend the Sabbath. Nor did we regret our resolution. We found good wilderness accommodations; and at midnight the hunter came with his dogs from a long tramp in the woods, bringing a fresh-killed deer upon his shoulders.

Our first Sabbath in the wilderness was a delightful one. It was a perfect summer-day; and all around us were freshness and beauty. We were alone with God and His works, far away from the abodes of men; and when at evening the stars came out one by one, they seemed to the communing spirit like diamond lamps hung up in the dome of a great cathedral, in which we had that day worshipped so purely and lovingly. It is profitable to

"Go abroad  
Upon the paths of Nature, and, when all  
Its voices whisper, and its silent things  
Are breathing the deep beauty of the world,  
Kneel at its ample altar."

Early on Monday morning we resumed our journey. We walked a mile through the fresh woods to the upper of the three Spectacle Ponds, on which we were to embark for the Raquet River and Long Lake. Our boats and luggage were here carried upon a wagon for the last time; after that they were all borne upon the shoulders of the guides. Here we were joined by another



HENDRICK SPRING.



guide, with his boat, who was returning to his home, near the head waters of the Hudson, toward which we were journeying. The guides who were conducting us were to leave us at Long Lake; and finding the one who had joined us intelligent and obliging, and well acquainted with a portion of the region we were about to explore, we engaged him for the remainder of our wilderness travel.

The Spectacle Ponds are beautiful sheets of water in the forest, lying near each other, and connected by shallow streams, through which the guides waded and dragged the boats. The outlet—a narrow, sinuous stream, and then shallow, because of a drought that was prevailing in all that northern country—is called "Stony Brook." After a course of three and a half miles through wild and picturesque scenery, it empties into the Raquet River. All along its shores we saw fresh tracks of the deer; and upon its banks the splendid Cardinal flower (*Lobelia cardinalis*), glowing like flame, was seen in many a nook.

Our entrance into the Raquet was so quiet and unexpected, that we were not aware of the change until we were fairly upon its broader bosom. It is the most beautiful river in all that wild interior. Its shores are generally low, and extend back some distance in wet prairies, upon which grow the soft maple, the aspen, alder, linden, and other deciduous trees, interspersed with the hemlock and pine. These fringe its borders, and standing in clumps upon the prairies, in the midst of rank grass, give them the appearance of beautiful deer parks; and they are really so, for there herds of deer pasture. We saw their fresh tracks all along the shores, but they are now so continually hunted, that they keep away from the waters whenever a strange sound falls upon their ears. In the deep wilderness through which this dark and rapid river flows, and around the neighbouring lakes, the stately moose yet lingers; and upon St. Regis Lake, north of the Saranac group, two or three families of the beaver—the most rare of all the tenants of these forests—may be found. The otter is somewhat abundant, but the panther has become almost extinct; the wolf is

whose long shadows lay across the wooded intervals. Before us was the lake, calm and translucent as a mirror, its entire length of thirteen miles in view, except where broken by islands, the more distant appearing shadowy in the purple light. The lofty mountain ranges on both sides stretched away into the blue distance, and the slopes of one, and the peak of another, were smoking like volcanoes, the timber being on fire. Near us the groves upon the headlands, solitary trees, rich shrubbery, graceful rushes, the clustering moose-head and water-lily, and the gorgeous cloud-pictures, were perfectly reflected, and produced a scene such as the mortal eye seldom beholds. The sun went down—the vision faded; and, sweeping around a long, marshy point, we drew our boats upon a pebbly shore at twilight, at the foot of a pine-bluff, and proceeded to erect a camp for the night. No human habitation was near, except the bark cabin of Bowen, the "Hermit of Long Lake," whose history we have not space to record. Our camp was soon constructed. The guides selected a pleasant spot near



CATLIN LAKE.

the foot of a lofty pine; placed two crocheted sticks perpendicularly in the ground, about eight feet apart, laid a stout pole horizontally across them, placed others against it in position like the rafters of half a roof, one end upon the ground, and covered the whole and both sides with the boughs of the hemlock and pine, leaving the front open. The ground was then strewn with the delicate sprays of the hemlock and balsam, making a sweet and pleasant bed. A few feet from the front they built a huge fire, and prepared supper, which consisted of broiled partridges (that were shot on the shore of the Raquet by one of the guides), bread and butter, tea and maple sugar. We supped by the light of a birch-bark torch, fastened to a tall stick. At the close of a moonlight evening, our fire burning brightly, we retired for the night, wrapped in blanket shawls, our satchels and their contents serving for pillows, our heads at the back part of the "camp," and our feet to the fire. The guides lying near, kept the



SWAMP TRAVEL.

seldom seen, except in winter; and the black bear, quite abundant in the mountain ranges, is shy, and invisible to the summer tourist.

The chief source of the Raquet is in Raquet Lake, toward the western part of Hamilton County. Around it the Indians, in the ancient days, gathered on snow-shoes, in winter, to hunt the moose, then found there in large droves; and from that circumstance they named it "Raquet," the equivalent in French for snow-shoe in English.

Seven miles from our entrance upon the Raquet, we came to the "Falls," where the stream rushes in cascades over a rocky bed for a mile. At the foot of the rapids we dined, and then walked a mile over a lofty, thickly-wooded hill, to their head, where we re-embarked. Here our guides first carried their boats; and it was surprising to see with what apparent ease our Indian took the heaviest, weighing at least 160 lbs., and with a dog-trot bore it the whole distance, stopping only once. The boat rests upon a yoke, fitted to the neck and shoulders, and is thus carried with the ease of the coracle.

At the head of the rapids we met acquaintances—two clergymen in hunting costume; and after exchanging salutations, we voyaged on six miles, to the foot of Long Lake, through which the Raquet flows, like the Rhône through Lake Geneva. This was called by the Indians *Inca-pah-chow*, or Linden Sea, because the forests upon its shores abounded with the bass-wood, or American linden. As we entered that beautiful sheet of water, a scene of indescribable beauty opened upon the vision. The sun was yet a little above the western hills,



FIRST CLEARING ON THE HUDSON.

wood blazing throughout the night. We named the place *Camp Helena*, in compliment to the lady of our party.

The morning dawned gloriously, and at an early hour we proceeded up the *Inca-pah-chow*, in the face of a stiff breeze, ten miles, to the mouth of a clear stream, that came down from one of the burning mountains which we saw the evening before. A walk of half a mile brought us to quite an extensive clearing, and Houghton's house of entertainment. There we dismissed our Saranac guides, and dispatched on horseback the one who had joined us on the Spectacle Ponds to the home of Mitchell Sabattis, a St. Francis Indian, eighteen miles distant, to procure his services for our tour to the head waters of the Hudson. Sabattis is by far the best man in all that region to lead the traveller to the Hudson Waters, and the Adirondack Mountains; for he has lived in that neighbourhood from his youth, and is now between thirty and forty years of age. He is a grandson of Sabattis mentioned in history, who,

\* This superb plant is found from July to October along the shores of the lakes, rivers, and rivulets, and in swamps, all over northern New York. It is perennial, and is borne upon an erect stem, from two to three feet in height. The leaves are long and slender, with a long, tapering base. The flowers are large and very showy. "Corolla bright scarlet; the tube slender; segments of the lower lip oblong-lanceolate; filaments red; anthers blue; stigma three-lobed, and at length protruded." It grows readily when transplanted, even in dry soil, and is frequently seen in our gardens. A picture of this plant forms a portion of the design around the initial letter at the head of this chapter.



with Natanis, befriended Colonel Benedict Arnold, while on his march through the wilderness from the Kennebeck to the Chaudière, in the autumn of 1775, to attack Quebec. Much to our delight and relief, Sabattis returned with our messenger; for the demand for good guides was so great, that we were fearful he might be absent on duty with others.

Thick clouds came rolling over the mountains from the south at evening, presaging a storm, and the night fell intensely dark. The burning hill above us presented a magnificent appearance in the gloom. The fire was in broken points over a surface of half a mile, near the summit, and the appearance was like a city upon the lofty slope, brilliantly illuminated. It was sad to see the fire sweeping away whole acres of fine timber. But such scenes are frequent in that region; and every bald and blackened hill-top in the ranges is the record of a conflagration.

We were detained at Houghton's the following day by a heavy rain. On the morning after, the clouds drifted away early, and, with our new and excellent guides, Mitchell Sabattis and William Preston, we went down the lake eight miles, and landed at a "carry"—as the portages are called—on its eastern shore, within half a mile of Hendrick Spring (so named in honour of Hendrick Hudson), the most remote source of the extreme western branch of our noble river. To reach water navigable with our boats, we were compelled to walk through forest and swamp about two miles. That was our first really fatiguing journey on foot; for, to facilitate the passage, we each carried as much luggage as possible.

We found Hendrick Spring in the edge of a swamp—cold, shallow, about five feet in diameter, shaded by trees, shrubbery and vines, and fringed with the



FIRST SAW-MILL ON THE HUDSON.

delicate brake and fern. Its waters, rising within half a mile of Long Lake, and upon the same summit level, flow southward to the Atlantic more than three hundred miles; while those of the latter flow to the St. Lawrence, and reach the same Atlantic a thousand miles away to the far north-east. A few years ago, Professor G. W. Benedict (who was connected with the State Geological Survey) attempted to unite these waters by a canal, for lumbering purposes, but the enterprise was abandoned. We followed the ditch, that he had cut through the swamp, nearly half a mile, among tall raspberry bushes, laden with delicious fruit, and for another half mile we made our way over the most difficult ground imaginable. Dead trees were lying in every direction, some charred, others prone with black ragged roots, and all entangled in shrubbery and vines. Through this labyrinth our guides carried their boats, and we quite heavy packs, but compelled to rest every few minutes, for the sun was shining hotly upon us. We were nearly an hour travelling that half mile. Thoroughly wearied, we entered one of the boats at the first navigable point on Spring Brook, and rowed leisurely down to Fountain Lake, while our guides returned for the remainder of the luggage and provisions. The passage of that portage consumed four hours.

Fountain Lake is the first collection of the waters of the west branch of the Hudson. It is about two miles in circumference, with highly picturesque shores. It empties into Catlin Lake through a shallow, stony outlet. From both of these we had fine views of the near Santanonui Mountains, and the more distant ranges of Mount Seward, on the east. At the foot of Fountain Lake is another "carry" of a mile. A few rods down its outlet, where we crossed, we found the remains of a dam and sluice, erected by Professor Benedict, to raise the waters so as to flow through his canal into Long Lake, and

for another purpose, which will be explained presently. The sun went down while we were crossing this portage, and finding a good place for a camp on the margin of a cold mountain stream in the deep forest, we concluded to remain there during the night. Our guides soon constructed a shelter with an inverted boat, poles, and boughs, and we all slept soundly, after a day of excessive toil.

In the morning we embarked upon the beautiful Catlin Lake, and rowed to its outlet—three miles. After walking a few rods over boulders, while our guides dragged the boats through a narrow channel between them, we re-embarked upon Narrow Lake, and passed through it and Lilypad Pond—a mile and a half—to another "carry" of three-fourths of a mile, which brought us to the junction of the Hudson and Fishing Brook. This was a dreary region, and yet highly picturesque. It was now about noon. Sabattis informed us that, a little way up the Fishing Brook, were a clearing and a saw-mill—the first on the Hudson. We walked about half a mile through the woods to see them. Emerging from the forest, we came to a field filled with boulders and blackened



ELEPHANT ISLAND.

stumps, and, from the summit of a hill, we overlooked an extensive rolling valley, heavily timbered, stretching westward to the Windfall Mountains, and at our feet were the Clearing and the Saw-mill. The latter stands at the head of a deep rocky gorge, down which great logs are sent at high water. The clearing was too recent to allow much fruit of tillage; but preparations were made for farming, in the erection of a good frame dwelling and outhouses. The head waters of this considerable tributary of the Upper Hudson is Pickwacket Pond, four miles above the mill.

A short distance below the confluence of the Hudson and Fishing Brook, we entered Rich's Lake, an irregular sheet of water, about two miles and a half in length, with surroundings more picturesque, in some respects, than any we had visited. From its southern shore Goodnow Mountain rises to an altitude of about fifteen hundred feet, crowned by a rocky knob. Near the foot of the lake is a wooded peninsula, whose low isthmus, being covered at high water, leaves it an island. It is called Elephant Island, because of the singular resemblance of some of the limestone formation that composes its bold shore to por-



LUMBER DAM AND SLUICE.

tions of that animal. The whole rock is perforated into singularly-formed caves. This, and another similar shore a few miles below, were the only deposits of limestone that we saw in all that region.

At the outlet of Rich's Lake are the ruins of a dam and lumber sluice, similar in construction and intended use to that of Professor Benedict at Fountain Lake. The object of such structures, which occur on the Upper Hudson, is to gather the logs that float from above, and then, by letting out the accumulated waters by the sluice, give a flood to the shallow, rocky outlets, sufficient to carry them all into the next lake below, where the process is repeated. These logs of pine, hemlock, cedar, and spruce, are cut upon the borders of the streams, marked on the ends by a single blow with a hammer, on the face of which is the monogram of the owner, and then cast into the waters to be gathered and claimed perhaps at the great boom near Glen's Falls, a hundred miles below. We shall again refer to this process of collecting lumber from the mountains.



## OBITUARY.

MR. JAMES WARD, R.A.

We briefly alluded in our last Number to the death of this patriarchal artist, who died on the 17th of November, in the ninety-first year of his age; he was the oldest member of the Royal Academy, having been elected in 1811.

In the *Art-Journal* for 1849, there was published a long biographical sketch of Mr. Ward, written, principally, from materials with which he had supplied us. The history carries us back almost to the earliest period of the annals of the English School of Painting, for the deceased artist was a student in the Academy, when Reynolds was President, and was elected an Associate soon after West succeeded to the chair. He must have known Wilson, Gainsborough, Paul Sandby, Cipriani, Zuccherelli, and many more of those enrolled among the earliest members of the Academy. He was brother-in-law of Morland, and father-in-law of Jackson, the portrait painter; it is exactly sixty-six years since he was appointed painter and engraver to the Prince of Wales, afterwards George IV., the date of the appointment being January 1st, 1794.

Mr. Ward in early life was articulated to the late J. R. Smith, the mezzotint portrait engraver; and gained considerable reputation by his plates, one of which, from Rembrandt's 'Cornelius the Centurion,' is especially prized by collectors. He continued for some years to practice both arts, painting and engraving; the former, however, was that to which his inclination leaned most strongly, and to it his attention was at length entirely devoted, although it was contrary to the advice of his friends; at a time, moreover, when he had refused, in one year, commissions to the extent of £2000, he relinquished the tools of the engraver. From his intimacy with Morland, his taste for painting showed itself in the representation of cattle, and this class of subject was his speciality throughout his long life. Referring to this change in his practice, he says, in the notice we previously published—"Being some time in the Isle of Thunet, I received an order from Sir John Sinclair, President of the Agricultural Society, to paint a high-bred cow, and this I effected so satisfactorily that Lord Somerville, who succeeded to the presidency, entered into an engagement with Messrs. Boydell, under the patronage of the king and other friends of the society, to publish specimens of all the various breeds of cattle. I travelled through a great portion of the United Kingdom, and painted more than two hundred portraits of animals; but the king and the patrons, and the publishers, died, the society sank, leaving me a loser to the amount of many hundred pounds." But the works executed for the society brought him into high repute, and established him as the horse and cattle-painter of the day.

Mr. Ward's style of painting, whether landscape or cattle, has always appeared to be founded on that of Rubens; the tendency in that direction may have arisen from the following incident, given in his narrative:—"Sir George Beaumont bought a large landscape by Rubens for 1500 gs.—the 'Rubens's Chateau,' now in the National Gallery—"it was at West's house, and he invited me to see it. I did so, and remained in the room nearly the whole day, during which I heard the opinions of the various visitors, and the general observation was that Rubens sized some colours or vehicles which we did not. I said nothing, but took the size of the picture, and, procuring a similar panel, painted my 'Bulls fighting across a tree at St. Donat's Castle,' and then invited West to look at it. The latter went instantly for Sir G. Beaumont, who came and expressed his admiration of the work. At a subsequent period, West brought it under the notice of Mr. Beckford, and said in my presence, 'Mr. Beckford, I consider this the perfection of execution; and when I go into my painting-room and look at the Rubens, it is gross and vulgar.'"

We wonder if the 'Titian Venus,' exhibited for the last three or four years in London, and recently sold, as it has been said, to the Duke of Wellington, for £400, can be traced to the following incident, related in Mr. Ward's narrative; the history of this picture was always a secret with the late owner. "There was a law-suit between Mr. Bryan and

Lord——about a 'Venus,' by Titian, and he asked me if I could copy it. I did so, and, when done, Bryan said, 'Now Lord——may take which he pleases.' It answered the intended purpose, the 'Titian was privately got back, and I have reason to believe that my copy was destroyed." Mr. Ward says he believes the copy was destroyed, but it may well be doubted whether a fine copy of a valuable picture—as, it may be presumed, the 'Venus' was—would be consigned to destruction.

There is, too, another story about a picture—one in which the public is more intimately concerned—that we again bring forward, for we do not remember that any inquiry has been made concerning the work in question since our former notice of it, in 1849. Soon after Mr. Ward was elected an Associate of the Academy, "an introduction to Lord Ribblesdale led to his painting a large picture for his lordship, of a curious water-fall, near the family seat, Gisbourn, Yorkshire. On the death of this nobleman, his son, who had been a pupil of Mr. Ward, came to him, and said, that he was unwilling so fine a work of Art should be hidden in an obscure part of the country; and, therefore, with the artist's permission, he would present it to the intended National Gallery; but, till this was built, he purposed depositing it at the British Museum," where, as Mr. Ward told us at the period referred to, it then was, *rolled up*. We think it would be expedient for the Director of the National Gallery to make some inquiry for the aforesaid picture; and if, upon examination, it be found worthy of a place among our British pictures at Kensington,—of which there can be little doubt, it may be presumed,—it ought to go there; the collection, if we remember rightly, contains only one example of this veteran painter's pencil, the 'View in De Tabley Park,' in the Vernon Gallery. His large allegorical picture of the 'Triumph of Wellington,' painted, in competition, for Chelsea Hospital, was also, at the date when the artist wrote, "*rolled up*" in the gallery upon my own rollers, on which it was placed," after being hung, or fixed in positions where it was, at one time, damaged, and, at another, invisible. As we have not for some years entered the hall of the hospital, we are unable to say what is now the fate of this work. The great 'Bull,' painted to rival Paul Potter's celebrated picture, is at the Crystal Palace.

Mr. Ward's last appearance as an exhibitor was in 1855, when he contributed to the Royal Academy a picture entitled, 'The Morning grey, with Cattle of different breeds.' He has left behind him one son, Mr. G. R. Ward, the well-known mezzotint engraver, whose daughter, an artist who has already won golden opinions for her talents, is married to Mr. E. M. Ward, the Academician, so that the family name yet retains a place of honour among the living representatives of Art, although Mr. E. M. Ward is not a blood-relation of the veteran artist.

To his undoubted talents as an artist, Mr. James Ward added other mental qualities of a high character: his manners were simple and remarkably unpretending, and his piety of that kind which sustains its possessor through the anxieties of life, and brings peace at the last.

MR. FRANK STONE, A.R.A.

The death of Mr. Stone, on the 18th of November, was, like that of Mr. James Ward, briefly mentioned in our last Number, the intelligence of both events reaching us on the eve of our going to press.

The biographical sketches of our principal living artists, which, during some years past, have been introduced into the *Art-Journal*, generally leave us but little to add when, unhappily, the subjects of them pass away from the sphere of their labours. Mr. Stone's career will be found traced out in the number for November, 1856; it was, we believe, either in that year or the one preceding it, that a short residence on the coast of France appeared to turn his thoughts into a new channel of pictorial subject; and, certainly, his latest works may be classed among his best, if not the best; they exhibit more vigour of mind, and a higher appreciation of the dignity of Art, combined with a firmer and richer style of execution, than the numerous pictures which were antecedent to them, and which the engraver had made so familiar. There is little doubt that, had his life been spared a few years longer,—

though not a young man,—we should have seen from his pencil works which would have justly raised him in the esteem of the Art-critic.

Mr. Stone's death was caused, we have heard, from an affection of the heart, and was very sudden; he was in his 60th year. His son, Mr. Marcus Stone, in one or two pictures he has exhibited, gives abundant promise of good things for the future.

THE EARL DE GREY, K.G., &amp;c., &amp;c.

On the 7th of November last, the winter session of the Royal Institute of British Architects was opened in the new saloons in Conduit Street. The chair, as long has been the custom on these occasions, was occupied by the noble President, the Earl de Grey. The duties of chairman, on this occasion, were discharged by the venerable nobleman with his habitual graceful courtesy, and with such spirit also and vivacity, that advancing years appeared, indeed, to sit lightly upon him. Another seven days passed away, and the mortal career of Earl de Grey had been brought to a close. His lordship died at his mansion in St. James's Square, on Monday, November 14th, having nearly completed his seventy-eighth year.

The columns of our contemporaries have duly given biographical notices of the deceased earl; and to them we leave the office of setting forth such particulars of his life, together with such details concerning the succession to his rank and honours, as are usually introduced into similar memoirs. We desire, however, in the most emphatic terms to record our own grateful sense of the truly noble manner in which Earl de Grey has identified his name with the Arts of his country. Always easy of access, and frank and courteous in deportment and conversation, Earl de Grey delighted in opportunities of showing himself to be the friend of artists and lovers of Art; an accomplished connoisseur, he was also a judicious and open-handed patron. None who, like ourselves, have enjoyed the privilege of repeated personal conferences with the late Earl de Grey, and, indeed, no one who has ever been present either at the gatherings of the artist-world of London under his roof, or at the meetings of the Institute of Architects, and of the Architectural Museum, at which he presided, will fail to retain a happy and as grateful remembrance of this deservedly lamented, because deservedly esteemed and respected, nobleman. It is always a source of peculiar satisfaction when the possessors of exalted rank stand forward to uphold and advance the cause of Art, and to show that they are able to understand and appreciate its worthiness. Art well knows how to reciprocate the distinction thus conferred, and upon those who have most signally honoured her, she is able to bestow fresh honours. The name of Earl de Grey will live through his association with the English art of his day, no less honourably than from the fact of its having been enrolled with the peers of England, and the Knights of the Garter. We trust that his example will exert a becoming influence upon others in his own social position, as well as upon all who, like himself, have at heart the true honour and best interests of Art.

MR. FRANCIS GRAVES.

Mr. Francis Graves was the second son of Mr. Robert Graves, printseller, and grandson of Mr. Robert Graves, also printseller, of Catherine Street, Strand.

He was born at 31, Brook Street, Holborn, on the 25th of December, 1802. His taste for Fine Art, and especially that branch of it to which he in after life devoted himself so earnestly, was shown in early childhood, for even at a tender age he was able to describe the subjects of prints and other works. At the age of thirteen he was placed in the house of Mr. Anthony Molteno, of Pall Mall, who at first objected to his youthful appearance, but when he found him qualified with so much information and experience, he gladly availed himself of his services; and more particularly so since the death of Mr. Molteno, senior, had left him in want of that kind of assistance that Francis Graves could supply.

He remained here until 1836, engaged in the formation of many of the finest collections of engravings in this country, and adding to his extensive knowledge, especially of the works of the old masters.

In 1836 he removed to the establishment of Mr. Martin Colnaghi, in Cockspur Street, where he remained until 1838, when he transferred his vast and valuable stock of knowledge to the firm of his brother, Mr. Henry Graves, of Pall Mall, where he continued, devoting his attention more especially to the ancient masters, and to historical portraiture. Many valuable and interesting works have been identified, and added to the National Portrait Gallery, through the attention that he has given to the features, persons, and styles, as handed down to us by the arts, of personages who have figured in general history.

His death took place suddenly on the afternoon of Saturday, the 15th of October, and his remains were interred in Highgate Cemetery. Mr. Graves was married in 1836; his widow and one son survive him.

His place will not be easily supplied; he was courteous and gentlemanly in habits and demeanour, and generally intelligent in all Art matters.

#### MR. GEORGE WILFRED ANTHONY.

This gentleman, an artist and Art-critic well known in his native city, Manchester, died there on the 14th of November last. After studying landscape-painting under Mr. Ralston, of Manchester, and Mr. J. V. Barber, of Birmingham, Creswick's early master, Mr. Anthony commenced his profession in the former city; subsequently he removed to Preston, thence to Wigan, and finally settled down at Manchester, as a drawing-master. Any one who knows how the time of a good teacher is occupied in a large provincial town, must be aware he has few opportunities left for improving himself; this was his case; and, as a result, Mr. Anthony's pictures, though they evidence taste, knowledge of the requisites of Art, and judgment, never rose to a high standard. But as an Art-critic, a reviewer of pictures in the annual local exhibition, written for one of the leading Manchester papers (*the Guardian*), his remarks were sound, just, and discriminating, and were ever well-expressed. His loss will be much felt in the circle in which he moved: a large attendance of brother-artists and of his pupils at his funeral, showed the respect in which they held his memory.

Mr. M. Anthony, one of our London landscape-painters, was induced to take up the pencil by the example of the deceased, his cousin and earliest master.\*

### THE ROYAL SCOTTISH ACADEMY.

#### REPORT FOR THE YEAR 1859.

THE Thirty-second annual Report of the Council of the Royal Scottish Academy has recently been placed in our hands; it is satisfactory to those most interested in the proceedings of that institution, and scarcely less so to all who wish well to British Art, wherever it finds exponents.

The document states that the council, who have now completed their year of official duty, have the high satisfaction—while surrendering their trust into the hands of their constituents—of being enabled to congratulate the Academy on its continued progress and prosperity. The recent exhibition, as an evidence of advancement, "was, perhaps, the most successful that has ever taken place in Scotland." Two auspicious events in the history of Art in that country, though not immediately connected with the proceedings of the Academy, yet affecting its interests, have occurred in Edinburgh within the past year; both are considered capable of being made immediately and prospectively beneficial: the one, the extension of Art-education to thousands instead of hundreds; the other, the successful opening of the Scottish National Gallery; both under the direction of the Hon. the Board of Manufactures.

\* Mr. Anthony has left a widow with four young children; there is yet one unborn, who will enter the world an orphan. They are, we understand, according to the usual phrase, "totally unprovided for." This case may be quoted as the most recent in proof of the necessity of an ARTISTS' ORPHAN ASYLUM; and it is by no means improbable, that his two little fatherless girls—one five and the other seven years of age—will be the earliest inmates of the projected institution. We may imagine what exceeding comfort would have been conveyed to his death-bed if this suggestion could have been made to him before his departure.

The scheme of opening evening exhibitions to admit at a small fee those who could not, without sacrifice, pay the ordinary admission fees, or attend during the day—a project which the Scottish Academy has the merit of originating—has become a favourite intellectual enjoyment with that part of the community, who now crowd the galleries in the evening almost to overflowing. During the six weeks that the exhibition was open during the past year, the number of evening visitors was not less than 50,000. "From the interest," says the report, "which this movement has excited among influential members of the most important metropolitan Art-institutions, the council are not without hope that those distinguished bodies will see it to be not less their honour than their interest to provide that the best modern Art, like the best modern Literature, may be made part of the daily solace and intellectual food of the masses of the people." We have frequently urged this plan upon the members of the Royal Academy of London; hitherto ineffectually. Why will not they give it, at least, a trial? We find no complaints from Edinburgh of injury to the pictures by gas-light, or from the presence of "masses of the people;" and if pecuniary considerations are an objection, there can be no fear of the result; for, we imagine, few people who now pay their shilling for admittance—and even with this aristocratic payment, come away from the rooms weary and heated with the pressure of the crowds—would be likely to bear these inconveniences in a far higher degree for the sake of gaining admittance at the rate of two or three pence, or even sixpence. No; the shilling payment would always fill the gallery during the day, and a considerable increase to the funds of the Academy must arise from the thousands who, from warehouse, shop, office, and out-door labour, would throng the evening exhibition. Again we say, let the London Academy make the experiment, and not show themselves behind their northern brethren in a kindly concession to the wants and pleasures of the working classes.

The pecuniary position of the Scottish Academy is encouraging: by prudence and economy, to which liberality has also lent its aid, the funds of the institution have so far progressed, as to enable successive councils to accumulate such funds as will, in three years' time, with a continuance of the present measure of prosperity, amount to £20,000; the interest of this capital is devoted to the necessitous members and families of the academical body, and to the support of Schools of Art connected with the society.

The National Gallery of Scotland, the Curator of which is Mr. Johnstone, R.S.A., was opened to the public on the 22nd of March last. "Although having no part in the immediate management of this institution, the council feel it to be no less their duty than their privilege to congratulate the Academy and the country on an event so auspicious, and so fraught with the future well-being of Art in Scotland. The high value which has been attached to the Academy's pictures—numbering about one hundred and fifty—will be amply sustained by an intelligent inspection of the gallery, where they hold so distinguished a place. . . . If so much has been acquired by a professional body of artists in the struggling noviciate of their early corporate existence, how much more may not be expected from the Academy of the future, with its early difficulties surmounted?"

Several valuable pictures have been presented to the Academy during the year, and are acknowledged by the council.

Since the report of the year 1858 was published three academicians, Mr. G. Steell, Mr. E. Nicol, and Mr. W. Brodie, have been elected; the three associates chosen to supply the vacancies caused by the election of these artists, were Messrs. H. Cameron, J. C. Wintour, and W. Mc Taggart.

Sir J. W. Gordon, R.A., is executing a half-length portrait of Sir John Shaw Lefevre, for the Academy's permanent gallery; and Mr. J. Steele, R.S.A., a bust in marble of the Right Hon. James Wilson, for the same destination: the portrait of this gentleman, painted by Sir J. W. Gordon, and a present from the Academy to Mrs. Wilson, is in the possession of that lady.

The above are the principal points brought forward in the report for 1859. It is, as we have intimated, highly satisfactory, and generally encouraging.

### PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF ARTISTS.

BY THE LATE E. V. RIPPINGILLE.

#### NO. 7.—J. M. W. TURNER.

I CAN'T say that I knew much of the great Joseph William Mallord Turner, the landscape-painter; and in this respect am but in the condition of the public, with few exceptions, and of the body of artists generally. No man, perhaps, ever lived so much in himself, and out of society, as Turner. He had a house and studio in Queen Ann Street, which nobody ever appeared to enter; and while smart dwellings around it were brushed up from time to time, and underwent all sorts of changes, Turner's remained ever the same; the walls, and doors, and windows seemed never to have been touched: all was as cold and dirty as a warehouse doing no business. Nor was anything alive ever seen in it, pass when and as often as you would, but an old tabby cat, lying upon a bit of ragged green baize, on a table at the area window; and sometimes an old woman in a mob cap, who looked like a being of the last century, or the other world. Of course, nobody had any business with this, and nobody made any remarks, or only took notice of it privately. Personally, Turner was as much a character as his house, and as cold and forbidding in aspect. I have witnessed meetings between him and those who considered themselves in the light of friends. I have seen a "friend" seize his arm in a public room, and attempt to walk and to speak with him; and have seen him receive much the same treatment as a butcher would meet with who attempted to put his arm under the fore-leg of an unsocial and impracticable pig. It is said he could talk, and that he had a good deal of sedate fun, seasoned with a spice of sarcasm: I have heard casual remarks from him, which betrayed neither of these qualities—except, perhaps, a little of the last, which I observed was accompanied with a certain self-complacent grunt. He professed to know me personally, and once or twice I have put this knowledge to the direct test by asking him who I was, and by his reply have ascertained that his recollection was about as good as his word, or his acquaintance. I know a gentleman who sat next him at a dinner-table, one, too, of such a stock of resources and requirements as would move a stoic, but not more than a few words could be obtained from Turner. It was clear that Turner was at home from the familiar way in which he addressed one of the ladies of the family; and his silence or sulkiness was afterwards accounted for by the master of the house calling him aside, and pointedly asking him what was the matter, when it was ascertained, that upon handing him his cheque for a seven hundred pound picture, he had forgotten to pay the hire of the coach, in which Turner had come, and brought the picture with him. There is but little dependence to be placed upon the numerous stories extant, and by no means to his credit. I therefore speak only of what I know and saw. Turner was a short, vulgar-looking man, with an ordinary head, and a coarse, red, "pimplly" face, utterly devoid of any degree of refinement or intelligence. I cannot recollect any other clever man I ever saw who did not carry evidence of the fact in his face; Turner was the exception. It was impossible to make anything of such a head, such a face, look, and expression. So far from its bearing the impress of anything like thought, there was a vulgar, half-suppressed giggle, that seemed imprisoned in features too rigid or obstinate to let it escape; while in the twinkle of his eye there was a kind of triumph and self-satisfaction, as much as to say, you might look, but you could not make him out; but with this he showed no disposition to face, but to escape from, observation. I have heard that he possessed amiability, and even virtues, which is certainly not impossible, but I never heard of any in proof and detail. Such a character was expected to furnish its own history, and some biography has been looked for since his death, but it has not appeared. Something, however, must be said to the honour of Turner, as to the mode in which he disposed of his wealth; perhaps, enough to excuse or palliate the means he is said to have employed in obtaining it.



The leaving his pictures to the nation may be regarded as much an act of vanity as of munificence; but his gift to the Royal Academy, for benevolent purposes, and to the President of that institution, for sustaining his station without inconvenience, may be taken as examples of right thinking, and good sense, and good feeling. Both Chantrey, the sculptor, and Turner, made that disposition of their spare wealth, which ought to be followed as a model and an example in all pursuits. Every man should offer homage to the profession he has pursued and benefited by; in doing so he would lessen its difficulties, advance its dignity, and diminish the labour and obstacles of its votaries and professors. It would be a compliment to himself, as it would indicate the existence of difficulties in a pursuit which he had had the talent and industry to overcome.

Enough has been said, perhaps, about the material man, short, stumpy, and vulgar, without one redeeming personal qualification, slovenly in dress, not over cleanly, and devoid of all signs of the habits of a gentleman, or a man moving in good society.

Having said thus much, we come naturally to Turner as an artist, and here we have to struggle in a dilemma, from the entanglement of which it is not easy to escape. Turner, as is well known in the profession, and by his own admission, was sometimes an enigma to himself, which, as a rash experimentalist, he must necessarily have been. Turner is peculiar in reputation as having been taken up and made the idol and theme of one redundant in resources. As the *protégé* of Mr. Ruskin, Turner has both gained and suffered, in the way usual in similar cases; an exposition of the merits he really possessed did him good, while laying claim to those that are imaginary, and found only in the mind of the writer, although it may be said that Art benefited, the painter suffered. The beauties described as belonging to Turner, whether possessed or not, are such, nevertheless, as lie within the province of Art, and may be made available to its professors; as the peculiar possessions of Turner, they are false and ridiculous. Mr. Ruskin's Pegasus is a young colt that, in breaking ground, and dashing wildly over the course, loses the stake he runs for, but exhibits to advantage the horsemanship of his rider. If Turner had really possessed half the powers, as an artist, attributed to him by his adorer, he would, indeed, have been the great man he is represented to be; and not have become, when examined, what the object of adoration generally turns out to be, not a Dulcinea of beauty, but an ordinary mortal.

Turner was among the first of those who gave landscape art an importance and a character in this country. He is another instance of native power acting for itself, unaided, and against circumstances. As the son of a barber, he was not born with the silver spoon of worldly advantages in his month, but the golden ladle of Art, a much higher boon, was his inheritance; his power came from an impulse circumstances could not subdue, but by management, address, and perseverance, it was augmented. That indefatigable labour, of which he boasted, and proved himself capable, stood him in his strength and power; having once been directed to the right thing, he could not be beguiled from it, but he persevered until he mastered it. Even the selfishness of his habits assisted him; he wanted little, and indulged in nothing that could draw him off from the object upon which he was fixed.

If Mr. Ruskin had given his mind to the study of what genius really is, in its true nature, and not in its ordinary acceptance, he might have enlightened the world upon a much more important subject than the qualities of Turner's pictures, in which common opinion declares he has run wild, if not gone stark mad. Ruskinism has done that mischief to Turner—as is suggested by the result of some late sales of his pictures—that it will do to a certain class of artists it has taken up; and who, in a short time, will fall down to their true level, when the dupes who have paid so highly for their spurious wares will find out their mistake to their cost.

Turner is clearly and fairly entitled to the honour of lifting landscape art from its lowly condition as a mere imitative art, to one of high pretensions. From the time of Claude and Poussin landscape art had sunk into inanity and emptiness; Wilson, and Gainsborough, in his way, had done a little to give it vitality; but it was utterly devoid of all dignity

until Turner took it up. He commenced soberly, and continued for some years to follow like a true aspirant, and a warm lover of nature. It is difficult to conceive where, in any part of the soul of such a body, a spark of the true fire of poetry could be found; yet it was found, and carried into the works of the middle portion of his artistic career, in a manner that was felt and acknowledged by the world. That is to say, it was felt in England, in which, my experience assures me, there is full as much taste as in any country, and a peculiar aptitude for the appreciation of such works as Turner produced. No other country appears to have felt this kind of merit as it was felt at home, and in this we see the clue to Turner's great success and popularity. I do not find that in foreign countries Turner was at all esteemed. In a subsequent portion of his life Turner was in Rome, and there exhibited pictures which (no disgrace, I must say) won him no credit. At the time he was in the "Eternal City," an English tradesman was living there, who made a great to do, and sold English mustard; and when his namesake came and exposed his wares, the Romans, who are a peculiar class of jokers, proclaimed that one sold mustard, and the other painted it. Some intelligent Romans, with whom I talked, wondered that the English could be so devoid of taste, as to admire and tolerate such extravagant productions.

The world knows so little of Turner that it cannot judge very accurately of the source and origin of the great wealth of which he died possessed; some say lucky ventures in the Funds, others attribute it to great industry in his vocation, and others to practices less worthy. But for many years he had no competitors in the line of Art he adopted, and the grand secret appears to be that he took full advantage of his power, in every sense of the word, to preserve the impression he had made upon the public. Sufficiently enriched, Turner appears to have set up his standard of independence, and to have done that which all aspiring men would desire to do—follow the bent of his fancy; revel, and even run riot, in the pictorial world, peopled and furnished with the endless stock of his impressions from nature, and the great mass of his experience in Art. The worst, and least successful, of these attempts, are still interesting to artists; they verge, in some instances, upon what is impossible to Art, as the attempts of a musician will sometimes show that he conceives more than his instrument is capable of doing. If you hear the grating of the bow, or the twang of the string, it betrays the defects of the instrument, but it speaks plainly for the conception of the performer, who wants more out of it than he can get. A great deal, therefore, of what the world regards as failure and extravagance, is, to the profession, proof positive of power failing to reach its end, through the inefficiency of the means. That Turner amused himself—and, it may be said, in a sad sense, *took advantage*—by the experiments he made upon the want of information in the public, does not admit of a doubt.

There was a picture in an exhibition of the old Royal Academy at Somerset House, which made just the stir among the common and uncommon judges of Art he intended it should. A gentleman, a friend of Turner's, met him in the Strand, and commenced at once speaking to him of some picture he had seen criticised. Turner made no direct reply, but asked in a tone of great fun, "Have you seen my Jessica in the mustard-pot?" The gentleman was taken by surprise, and, before he recovered, Turner was hurrying away along the pavement, holding his hand over his face, and smothering an uncontrollable laugh. I have every wish to avoid treating Turner unfairly; but it is much to be doubted if experiments were not made upon the pockets of the public, as well as upon their taste. Turner had earned large sums of the public, and been paid handsomely for the labour by which such works were produced; but, towards the end of his career, he took advantage of this, and obtained similar sums for pictures which had cost him neither labour nor thought, and which he knew to be unworthy of him. In this way, and with this object, a mass of absolute trash was put forth, which excited general disgust, and, in a few years, will find its level. His admirers kept on their old game of praise and comment—some through ignorance, and others through interested motives, by which means

a double imposition was practised upon the public, which they are just now finding out. To say the least of it, it is unfortunate that Turner should, wilfully or otherwise, have lent himself to this deception, and put the proceeds in his pocket. As a needy man, there might have been some excuse for him; rich, as he was, there was none.

Many of the pictures in the gallery appropriated to him in Marlborough House are lamentable examples of want of care, as well as conscience; and, critically speaking, the collection, as a whole, somewhat impeaches the talent and powers of the artist, and, to a very great extent, impairs the influence exercised to swell his reputation as a grand imposition. None question Turner's merits and powers as a painter; but these qualities are not found evidenced in *all* his works. The man of true taste and honesty will not fail to see a repulsive monotony of treatment pervading every subject, and a total absence, in most, of that freshness of feeling, which is as often exhibited by himself as by any artist living or dead, and which ever attends an earnest yearning after excellence. In a great number of these productions, there is no proof of the true motive; such pictures appear to be made by a recipe, and to order. They are same, and mannered to excess. Each contains a large splash of light in the centre, with certain masses of *darks* grouped round. Nor is there often any variety, novelty, or ingenuity comprised in these; so that the treatment, in a few examples, becomes rapid and commonplace. This continual trick, often much marred in the process by slovenly treatment, has the less to recommend it, since it has no claim to originality in Art; and, as regards Nature, it is partial, insulting, and injurious to the boundless and eternal variety of effects, in which she presents herself to our notice and admiration. Take, as a test of the truth of this observation, the three or four pictures by Claude, hung in conjunction with about the same number of Turner's in the National Gallery. In the first, as you enter, Claude gives you this effect of the sun in the centre of his picture, better executed and more effective than anything of the sort of which Turner is the imitator. But in Claude you do not find this effect repeated; in each of the other specimens are those varied effects by which nature is ever characterized: return to Turner, and in each example you find this effect repeated. Claude was a sloven in his figures, but what shall be said of Turner?—perhaps that he was a landscape and not a figure painter; then he should not have put them into his pictures, but have done, as sometimes Claude did, get another painter to do them. No man can look upon these works without perceiving the coarse, unscrupulous mind and hand from which they came, and which, in spite of all false criticism and sordid interests can do, will not save them from the condemnation of a wiser and more honest generation.

## SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM.

### LECTURES ON BOTANY.

On the 16th of November last, the first of a course of fourteen lectures on botany, as applied to the Fine and Ornamental Arts, was delivered by Dr. Dresser, in the theatre of the South Kensington Museum; the remainder have been, and will be, continued until the course is completed. The terms of admission are within the reach of all, being, to those who are engaged in teaching, but one shilling for the entire course, and two shillings and sixpence to all else.

These lectures will, doubtless, prove of great value to those who are engaged in the Fine Arts, as Dr. Dresser is thoroughly acquainted with the wants of the Art-student, having spent nearly eight years of his own life in the study of the Ornamental Arts. Of those lectures which have already been delivered, we subjoin the following brief sketch.

Lecture I. was commenced by separating the objects which were about to be treated of, from all other works of creation, as far as modern science will permit; and then, after other preliminary matters, the vegetable "Cell," which is the unit of all floral structures, was fully considered. The object of this somewhat minute exposition of the microscopic unit of vegetation was to give



that knowledge which must be possessed before the principle of plant-life can be to any extent understood; and the lecturer remarked that he did not, for one moment, merely wish to make those whom he was addressing faithful delineators of vegetable objects, but he wished to convey to them the fullest knowledge of the principles of the life of plants, that they might be enabled to give that feeling of vitality which was of the utmost value in all representations of living things. It must not be forgotten that the cell is not merely the unit of all vegetable structures, but also that out of this simple element all the vegetable beauties of nature are formed; and the lesson must, by no means, be lost, that a small unit, by judicious disposition, may become much: and do we not find this, to a wonderful degree, manifested by certain of Owen Jones's beautiful compositions? Some of these consist of little more than one unit indefinitely repeated, which simple form, we might fear, at first sight, would soon be ridden to death; but here, as in the case of the cell, in the hands of nature, it is rather ridden into animation and life. This lecture closed with a notice of all the morphological changes of which the cell is susceptible.

Lecture II. was devoted to the Stem and Root. Relative to the root it was noticed that in an ornament there is no necessity for a root, as this organ is a body provided by nature, to enable the plant to become fixed in a given position, and to extract nourishment for its sustenance; but from the fact that plants, the natural types of ornament, had roots, no argument could be drawn that an ornament should have any equivalent to this organ. Respecting the stem, all the parts connected with it, and its diversified habits, were noticed, all of which must be considered by those who delineate vegetable objects; then it was viewed as giving the chief lines of the ornamental compositions of vegetable nature.

Lecture III. was on the Leaf-bud and Leaf. The leaf has long been known in ornament as the type of all foliage, but a new world was opened up by the introduction of a number of sections of leaf-buds, in which the leaves were arranged in the most rigidly orderly and ornamental manner. Many points of deep interest to the ornamentist relative to the leaf were noticed, as well as particulars which demand the consideration of all pictorial painters.

Lecture IV. gave a number of details, of considerable value, respecting the Flower-bud, and parts associated with it.

#### EXHIBITION OF OBJECTS OF ART AT THE GREAT WESTERN TERMINUS.

IN the Board-room of the Great Western Railway, an evening and morning exhibition, of a mixed character, was held during three days in the early part of last month, with a view to assist the funds of "The Great Western Railway Literary Society"—an association of the superior officers of the railway, promoted by the Company, with a view to intellectual culture. This, being a close institution, is not publicly known; nor is it generally known whether there are, or not, similar institutions open to the *employés* of the other great lines: if there are not, this is an example sufficiently worthy to be followed by all. The board-room is a spacious and handsome apartment, required by the directory only twice a year. During, therefore, the long intervals, it is kindly conceded to the society, for whose convenience it is partitioned into three rooms, of which one is a reading-room, another a class-room, and the third appropriated to some equally useful purpose. The library, another spacious apartment, contains about five thousand volumes, which circulate among the subscribers, and the reading-room is supplied with all the first-class journals, by presentation, direct from the printing-offices. Throughout the room were distributed pictures, sculpture, objects of *verbu*, literary and scientific curiosities, rare zoological specimens, and a variety of other interesting material. But, perhaps, the contribution that excited the greatest curiosity, was the "golden" bed, which has been presented to her Majesty, by some Indian nawab or rajah, whose name and style we have forgotten. The bed is

valued at £150,000, but it is questionable that even the most liberal estimation would in anywise approach such a sum. The bed is small and low, and in manufacture apparently very slight. It is, perhaps, of the kind called "four-post," but the posts are extremely thin, and overlaid with gold, and terminate below in heavy, bell-shaped feet. The top is of the *dos d'ane* shape, sloping down to the ends. The draperies are scanty, and thus suitable for the climate of India; they consist of thick green silk, with a crimson lining of similar material, and are most curiously worked with the well-known Indian shawl border pattern. Thus, in appearance, it is extremely unpretending, and is, perhaps, in design and character, less interesting than would have been a similar piece of furniture of the Oriental manufacture of a thousand years ago. This bed was brought from Windsor, by the gracious permission of her Majesty.

#### THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

A MOVE has at length been made by the Academy—unanimously, it may be said—and we pray that no after-canker may rob it of the grace of its beginning. All honour to the man who has signalled himself as the first to raise a voice against an abuse of privilege flagrant beyond example in these days. It has long been known that the Academy has been a divided house; between elder and younger members there has been a want of accord in all things, save a literal compliance with the ordinances of their common constitution. We turn, however, the page of the past history of the Academy; but it is a striking fact, that in no other country than this could a citadel of Art have held out for a quarter of a century against the voice of the court, the senate, the people, and of all the most acute of the profession.

It has been for some time known, that Mr. Cope had given notice of a motion having in view the extension of the academic corporation. That motion stood for the 5th of November, and on that day it was brought forward, amid an unusually full meeting of academicians, the chair being filled by the president. The reform of the Academy was the great business of the hour, in comparison with which all else shrunk into small formalities. Mr. Cope, in a spirited and generous address, adverted to the past and the present of the Academy, spoke of what the body had done, and what they ought to do—their school had contributed greatly to raise the character of British Art—that many of their most eminent members were pupils of their own school—that it was but justice to themselves that they should advance with the times—a step that involved their own justification with the nation, and the principle of justice to others. Mr. Cope, during the exposition of his views, was most cordially supported by many of the most distinguished members of the Academy. His speech terminated with a motion to increase the number of the associates, which was seconded by Mr. Redgrave and Mr. Westmacott, in speeches impressive and appropriate. The resolution may be said to have been passed unanimously. There was no opposition; on the contrary, Sir Charles Eastlake, Sir Edwin Landseer, Mr. Roberts, Mr. Ward, and others, declared their coincidence in Mr. Cope's views. But there are yet the details to be considered; the increase is voted, and to be hailed as a substantial benefit to the profession, it must be a full and entire measure of good. The government has allowed to the Academy ample time for a consideration of their standing with the profession, with parliament, and with the country. They have been required to pronounce their decision, and thus far nothing can be more satisfactory. Of the involutions of artist-life the public know no more than of the individual biography of any other profession; an illustrated history of the Academy would present many pictures of broken hearts. It were, however, ungracious to attain a beginning so fair; for many years there have been in the corporation men who have raised their voices in favour of liberal concessions, but their generous impulses have been overruled by the more inert *impediments* of the institution. These men need fear in their art no competition; indeed, their feeling is to

invite it, and for their sakes the past should be forgotten, and the announcement received in the most honourable spirit. It will be said that, upon the part of the Academy, they yield only to pressure—that it is with them a saving measure—that at Burlington House they receive more than an equivalent for what they give; but it must be borne in mind, that the passing of the present measure does not, with the liberal section of the academicians, arise from recent conversion, but from ancient conviction.

The reform of the institution will, of course, comprehend that most obnoxious and damaging provision, which requires candidates to register their names during the kalends or the nones of May. Every artist of power has, at some time, stood at the door of the Academy and knocked, and some many times; it is not necessary to say to how few the door has been opened. The list of last May has been published, and it is rich, in comparison with those of former years, after the best men were wearied of writing themselves down in that book. The list of this year is starred with some good names, because it was known that there were to be changes in the constitution of the body; but how many others are there in the list who are either unfavourably reputed in their art, or not known at all! If this be discreditable to the Academy, how much more so have been those lists of candidates, which contained the names of scarcely any artists of promise. The details of the concession have, as we just remarked, yet to be determined; and it is to be hoped that these will be dealt with in a spirit at once fair to the profession, and honourable to the Academy. Every well-wisher to the Art of our country will deprecate a wholesale admission of men who will, for the nonce, paint up to the conditions of qualification, but who afterwards become mere traffickers in pictures. The academic body, even as it stands, is not without men of this class. Every British artist of distinguished merit has a right to membership of the Academy, and those gentlemen who are the soul of the movement cannot stop short of a large accession to their numbers. In the Water Colour Societies, the rule of non-limitation has worked exceptionally; but, of late, one of these bodies has shown itself as exclusive as the Academy. Why, therefore, should there be any limitation to the numbers of the Academy, if the principle involve neither inconvenience nor peril? It has been proposed to elect candidates at once to the full privileges of the institution; this would be unobjectionable in respect of artists who are well known in all their professional relations, of which the bases should be a devotion to their art, with the power and the will to produce good works. We will adduce one evidence of the great necessity of change. It is not necessary to quote great names to attest the fact that our school of landscape art is the freshest and most beautiful the world has yet seen. For the life of green and fragrant nature, the verdant landscape, is ours indisputably; let those who doubt it, if they be not content with any ordinary exhibition—for every one of them contains something of the beautiful and the true—let them, we say, go to Kensington, and ask themselves if they have ever seen or dreamt of anything to rival the all but supernatural splendours they may there behold. But rich as we are in landscape power, there has, of late years, been an absolute want of what may be called landscape proper by members of the Academy; this is a crying defect in an institution which should be at the head of the most eminent school of modern landscape. It is but justice to their own pupils that they should admit them to membership; but justice has been exercised too exclusively.

It has been proposed that the Old Water Colour Society should be embodied with the Academy, but to this the water-colour painters demur. They have made their own position: their art is a wonder to all the schools of Europe, and they decide to remain in the enjoyment of that distinction which they have, unassisted, achieved. If the reform now understood to be granted be worthily carried out, it must seriously affect every other art institution; but as the time is come for decision, we may await further announcements, after which we shall revert to a subject of so much interest and importance not only immediately to the profession, but also to the Art of the country.



## ROME, AND HER WORKS OF ART.

PART VI.—RAFFAELLE—No. 1.



SHORT comparatively, as was the duration of the pontificate of Leo X., it sufficed to render his name illustrious in the annals of Art and Literature as one of their greatest patrons. The golden days of Leo have long been a *dictum* in Europe, for during his reign of less than nine years he gathered around him such a galaxy of men of genius, and offered them such encouragement, that his sovereignty will ever be remembered among the brightest in the muster-roll of potentates. Sprung from a family—the Medici

—distinguished for its power, opulence, and lavish expenditure upon whatever could contribute to the gratification of luxurious taste, Leo surpassed his predecessors in the chair of St. Peter in the measures he adopted for the embellishment of Rome, and for attracting to it all who could confer lustre on his government; thus following, but with more rapid strides, the example of his immediate predecessor, Julius II.

When Leo ascended the papal throne, the Arts in Rome had reached a very high, if not the highest, point of greatness: Leonardo Da Vinci, Michel Angelo, and Raffaele, the two former especially, had produced many of their most celebrated works; and the architect, Bramante, was engaged on the rebuilding of St. Peter's. The death of Julius was followed, at no great interval of time, by the departure from Rome of Michel Angelo, whom Leo sent away to Florence to build the façade of the Church of S. Lorenzo, which had remained unfinished from the time of the pope's grandfather, Cosmo de Medici; and, as a consequence of his absence, Raffaele received from the new pontiff a large increase of favour and patronage. But before proceeding to speak of his works in Rome, a brief outline of his previous life seems necessary here.

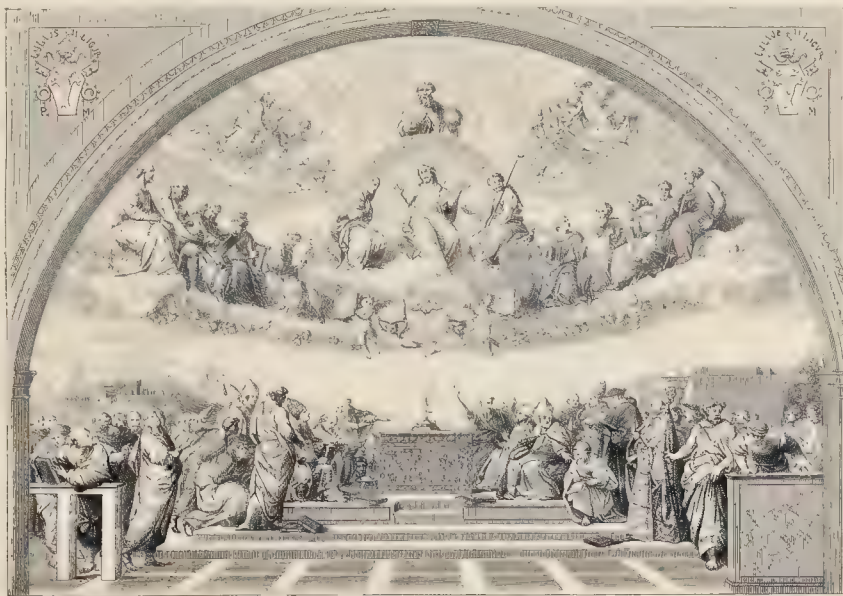
In the small town of Urbino, in the Papal States, there lived, during the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, a family of the name of Sanzio, of which

several members had distinguished themselves, in a greater or less degree, as artists. Giovanni Sanzio was a painter of some considerable reputation, but it has been so entirely eclipsed by that of his son, that he is now scarcely recognised, except as the father of "the divine painter," as Raffaele has, not inappropriately, been called.

Raffaello Sanzio was born on the 28th of March, 1483, at a time when painting had in some measure emancipated itself from the narrow limits of invention and quaintness of style which, till the appearance of Bellini, Francia, Ghirlandaio, Perugino, and others, had characterized it. Giovanni Sanzio, himself an enthusiast in Art, determined that his son should adopt it as a profession, and afforded

him the opportunity of profiting by the best instruction. The school of Perugino—the name given to Pietro Vanucchi, from the place of his birth, Perugia—was at this period in great esteem, and thither young Raffaele was sent. Perugino was charmed with the extraordinary talent manifested by his pupil, and not less so with his sweetness of temper, winning manners, and graceful person; he was not long in discovering that the scholar would very soon transcend the master. On the other hand, the former seemed so unconscious of his own powers that he imitated, it is said, the works of Perugino as assiduously as though he were never to be any other than his disciple. "The copies of the one are not distinguishable from the originals of the other; when the pupil worked on the same canvas with the master, the result seems the product of one hand;" while there seems every reason for supposing that the genius of Raffaele had no small influence on the later works of his master. "Both by letter and in conversation," says Hazlitt, in a note appended to his translation of De Quincy's "Life and Works of Raffaele," "the noble-minded master, far from envying the superior success of his pupil, expressed the most sincere gratitude to Giovanni Sanzio for having conferred on his school so great an honour as to give him a pupil of such distinguished merit; and on the return of Raffaele to Perugia, after his visit to Florence, Pietro was the first to admire his works and proclaim his improvement."

Among Raffaele's earliest patrons was Vitellozzo Vitelli, of the illustrious family of that name, resident at Citta di Castello, a town distant about forty-six miles from Urbino. At the court of Vitelli the young artist is said to have taken up his abode, and there he painted many of his earliest works, some of which were preserved there till the French invaded Italy in the present century, and spoiled the country of so large a portion of its Art-treasures.



THEOLOGY, OR THE DISPUTE OF THE SACRAMENT.

The first picture painted, according to tradition, was 'The Coronation of St. Nicholas of Tolentino'; it was executed when Raffaele was only seventeen years of age, for the Church of St. Agostino, in Citta di Castello. Lanzi speaks of this composition as being far in advance of the ordinary manner of

the time; but there are no means now of testing its merits. It was purchased from the brotherhood of the church by Pope Pius VI., and placed in the Vatican, whence it was carried away by the French, and ultimately lost.

From the very outset Raffaele seems to have devoted his genius to the service of the Church; sacred and legendary subjects alone were the productions of his pencil; ecclesiastical were his great patrons: indeed, Art at that period had few others—nor did it require any; there were churches and monasteries in abundance, and the clergy attached to them were only too glad to avail themselves of the services of those who could enrich their edifices with meritorious works. Thus we find Raffaele painting at a very early age a 'Crucifixion' for the Church of St. Domenic, at Citta di Castello; a 'Holy Family,' and 'The Assumption of the Virgin,' for the Church of Maddalena degli Oddi, at Perugia; pictures which shadowed forth the power of expression and refined feeling that his maturer works manifested in so high a degree.

"It were a difficult task," says De Quincy, "fully to satisfy the curiosity of the reader as to the degree of authenticity due to the various productions assigned to the first manner of Raffaele. A critical investigation of this nature, it may readily be imagined, is—more particularly in Italy—the source of infinite doubt and uncertainty; the solution, after all, seems of very slight importance, either to the honour of the artist, or to the character for fidelity of his historian. Doubtless history, which collects with interest the least circumstances of the infancy and youth of celebrated men, in order to trace there prognostics of the qualities which rendered them illustrious, could not have omitted to point out here the manner in which the prince of modern painters preluded, in his earliest essays, the great works which secured him the supremacy he has enjoyed for the last three centuries. . . . It is embarrassing enough for the historian of Art when, instead of facts to relate, he has only works to describe, and this without being able to convey to the reader those delicate resemblances and distinctions which the eye alone can appreciate. The history of Raffaele, indeed, could alone be done thorough justice to in the sight and presence of his works, but this obviously may not be." The truth of these remarks can only be felt by those who, like ourselves, undertake to write the biography of painters; even the aid of engravings will enable us to do little more than convey to the reader an idea of the picture as a composition, for in a copy, however excellent, many of the best points of the picture—its most striking qualities—are very inadequately represented.

At the age of twenty, or somewhat earlier, it is generally believed Raffaele was employed to assist Pinturicchio in the execution of some cartoons at Sienna. The latter artist, who was a fellow-pupil with Raffaele in the school of Perugino, had received a commission from the cardinal Francesco Piccolomini, nephew of Pope Pius II., to decorate the library of the cathedral with a series of pictures, illustrating the principal events of his uncle's career. The extraordinary genius of the young Raffaele had not escaped the notice, nor excited the envy, of his fellow-pupil, who was nearly thirty years his senior, and he associated him with himself in the task he had to perform. How much, or how little, of these frescoes Raffaele actually painted is matter of doubt among connoisseurs of the present day: Vasari says he made the sketches and prepared the cartoons of all the subjects, and the Siennese say he painted the whole work. The former statement is probably true, for the compositions exhibit the influence of a master-mind—one, too, of a character which no antecedent or contemporary painter is known to have possessed; but the Siennese claim is not so readily granted—at least to the extent they ask for, though it is more than probable that Raffaele painted some portions; and, on the authority of Orsini, as quoted by De Quincy, he "is generally admitted to have himself painted the story nearest to the window as you enter on the right hand, wherein he is supposed to have drawn his own portrait in the person of the handsome young man on horseback." The cartoon of this composition is still preserved,

among other drawings by Raffaele, at Florence, and there is another of the same series in the Casa Baldeschi, at Perugia.

The Tuscan school of painting had at this time reached a position of great eminence, supported by the genius of Michel Angelo, of Leonardo Da Vinci, and other distinguished painters; artists from all parts of Italy hastened to Florence, stimulated by the advantages which the school offered, as well as to see the two celebrated cartoons of the 'Battle of the Standard,' and the 'Battle on the Arno,' executed in competition by Da Vinci and Michel Angelo respectively. The fame of these works had reached Raffaele, and, in the autumn of 1504, he visited Florence, furnished by the Duchess of Urbino with a letter of introduction to the *gonfaloniere* Soderini. It is supposed that he had paid a short visit to the city in the previous year, as some of his earlier biographers speak of pictures painted by him both in Florence and Perugia in the year 1503, whether this were the case or not, it is quite evident that the pictures he executed from the date of 1504 possess a grace, purity, and expression not manifest in any of his former works. From this period, remarks Kugler,

"begins his emancipation from the confined manner of Perugino's school; the youth now ripened into independent manhood, and acquired the free mastery of form. If the earlier works of Raffaele are the expression of his own mild spirit, the greater part of those which immediately follow are characterized by an unconstrained and cheerful conception of life."

Before asking our readers to accompany us with Raffaele to Rome, it may not be considered out of place to offer a few remarks upon some of the works now in England, which the artist executed ere he went thither. In the National Gallery are two, one of which, entitled 'The Vision of a Knight,' belongs unquestionably to the Perugino school, and is supposed to have been painted during the time when he was with that master, or, as some think, after Raffaele's first visit to Florence; it is a miniature in oils, very poetical in composition, and, for the period, elegantly expressed: the picture was brought to this country by the late Mr. Ottley, from the Borghese Gallery, and, after passing through the hands of Sir T. Lawrence and others, was purchased, in 1847, for the national collection: the original sketch for the picture, in pen and ink, hangs with it. The other is 'St. Catherine,' painted about the year 1507, and classified with his second style, that is, characterized by the manner he acquired after considerable study at Florence: the expression of the young Christian princess, an Alexandrian, is very beautiful. The picture was brought over here from the Aldobrandini collection in Rome, and was purchased, in 1839, for the National Gallery, at the sale of the late Mr. Beckford's collection. The other two pictures, in Trafalgar Square, belong to a later period. In the collection of the late Mr. S. Rogers, was a



THE VIRGIN OF FOLIGNO.

'Christ on the Mount of Olives,' a small painting that once formed a portion of the *predella* to the large altar-piece, executed, in 1505, for the convent of St. Anthony Padua, at Perugia; unfortunately, it has been so much injured by cleaning and injudicious repairs, that very little, comparatively, of the original work is apparent; sufficient, however, remains to show it to be a very beautiful composition. Another portion of the same *predella* is in the possession of Mr. Miles, of Leigh Court, near Bristol; the subject is 'Christ bearing his Cross'; another, the 'Dead Christ lamented by the Women and his Disciples,' is in the collection of Mr. Whyte, of Barron Hill, Derbyshire; and two single figures, 'St. Francis,' and 'St. Anthony,' are in the Dulwich Gallery. The whole of these works show the influence of the Florentine school. Of the same period is a painting at Bowood, the mansion of the Marquis of Lansdowne; it constituted the middle portion of the *predella* of the altar-piece executed for the Church of the Serviti, at Perugia: it represents 'St. John preaching in the Wilderness,' and is "a most interesting specimen of Raffaele's transition from the Perugino to the Florentine style. Quite on the left of this picture, on a moderate eminence,



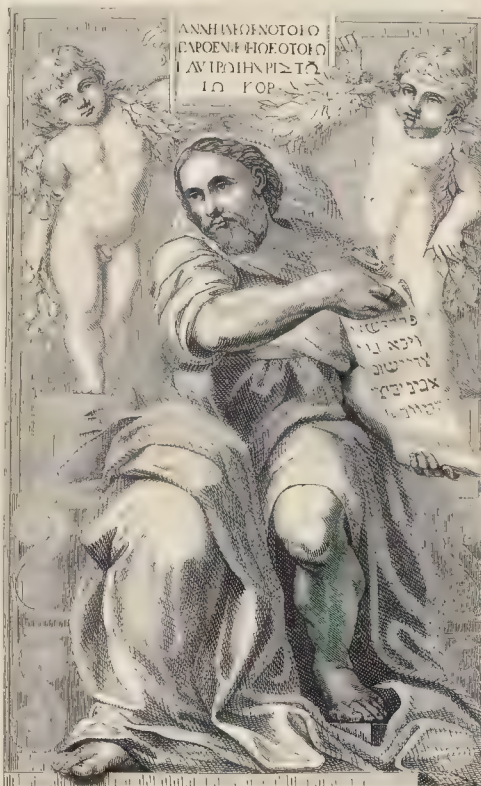
stands St. John preaching, with the cross on his right hand. A youth in the group next to him resting on his arm, and looking with fervent and enthusiastic devotion into the face of St. John, still shows in full force the manner of Perugino. In the other figures of this admirably composed



DECORATION IN THE FARNESINA PALACE.

group, ardent devotion is combined with a more free observation of nature. | dered one of the most admirable of

A youth in a green cap is evidently a portrait of Raffaele himself. In the two other groups, which are disposed with his usual refinement, there is a manifest tendency to introduce forms from every-day life—a manner then much in vogue at Florence. Hence the figures throughout look like portraits, with the rather strange costume and head-dresses of that age. Nay, a corpulent man in the third group, on whom the sermon does not seem to make any very deep impression, verges on the humorous, which Raffaele was otherwise not used to introduce in scriptural subjects. The episode of two very pretty children playing with each other, is also a result of the pleasure he took in attractive natural incidents. In the slender proportions, and in other respects, it has a close affinity to Raffaele's two drawings for the fresco-paintings in the library of the Cathedral of Sienna. The bright tone of the flesh approaches the Madonna del Granduca," in the Pitti Gallery, at Florence, "and in the broader folds of the drapery the study of Masaccio's frescoes is obvious. On the other hand, the dark, full colours of the drapery, the blackish-green trees of the landscape, which is otherwise beautiful, are quite in the manner of Perugino." We have transcribed Dr. Wagnen's criticism on this painting, because it is, as he says, "a precious little picture," notwithstanding it has undergone the ordeal of cleaning: it is only a few inches in size. In the possession of the Duke of Marlborough, at Blenheim, is another portion of the same altar-piece, a large picture on panel, about nine feet high, and five feet wide, representing the 'Virgin enthroned, with the Infant Christ on her lap; John the Baptist, and St. Nicholas of Bari,' in pontificals: Kugler calls it a work "of surpassing beauty and dignity;" it is engraved in his "Handbook of Painting." Of a somewhat later date—about the end of the year 1506—is the picture entitled, 'The Madonna with the Fan-Palm,' at Bridgewater House, the Earl of Ellesmere's; it is generally consi-



THE PROPHET ISAIAH.

those executed at Florence: it is a round picture, exhibiting the Virgin sitting under a palm-tree, and holding the Infant Christ on her lap; Joseph, kneeling, presents flowers to him. An engraving of it is given in Kugler's book: he remarks, that it is interesting to observe Raffaele's progress in the small pictures which he painted in Florence—half-figures of the Madonna with the child in her arms. In this instance, again, the earliest of the series are characterized by the deepest, tenderest feeling, while a freer and more cheerful enjoyment of life is apparent in the later ones. All these works belong to what is called Raffaele's second period.

The third period commences with his residence in Rome, to which our notice more especially applies. Bramante, the architect of St. Peter's, was distantly related to Raffaele, and having recommended him to his patron, Julius II., as a painter whose genius reflected lustre on the Arts of Italy, the pope engaged him to execute a portion of the decorations in the state apartments of the Vatican: accordingly Raffaele went to Rome about the middle of the year 1508; he was then in the twenty-fifth year of his age. Most of the state apartments had already been decorated by the best artists of Rome, among whom were Della Francesca, Da Cortona, Bramantino, and Perugino. Julius received the young painter with every mark of kindness, and at once commissioned him to proceed with the paintings in the hall called *della Signatura*. These works, with the exception of two allegorical figures in the Saloon of Constantine, are in fresco, and, with those in three other apartments, which we shall hereafter notice, are known by the name of the 'Stanza of Raffaele:' they occupied him during the whole of his residence in Rome, in fact, to his death, and were only completed by his scholars. He received in payment for each of the large wall pictures the sum of 1200 gold scudi.

The four great compositions in the saloon *della Signatura*, have received the names respectively of the 'Dispute of the Sacrament,' the 'School of Athens,'

'Parnassus,' and 'Jurisprudence,' but the more appropriate titles of the first three, perhaps, are those which Kugler and most modern writers have given them,—'Theology,' 'Philosophy,' and 'Poetry;' the whole of these were completed in 1511. 'THEOLOGY' is one of the engraved illustrations here introduced. On the ceiling of the apartment are four round pictures, between which are four others of an oblong shape: in the former is represented an allegorical female figure throned on clouds, and symbolising the subject; at the side of each, the space is filled with genii, holding tablets with inscriptions referring to each personification. "Of the square side-pictures, that next to 'Theology' represents the 'Fall of Man,' a picture of simple and most harmonious composition, perhaps the most beautiful treatment of this subject; next to 'Poetry' is the 'Punishment of Marsyas;' next to 'Philosophy,' a female figure examining a terrestrial globe; next to 'Jurisprudence,' the

'Judgment of Solomon.' All these eight pictures are on a golden ground like mosaic."

The picture of 'Theology' is divided, as will be seen by reference to the engraving, into two portions: the upper portion illustrates scripture history; the lower symbolises the history of the Christian, or, perhaps with more truth it may be said, of the Romish Church. In the upper half of the picture is a half-length figure, representing the Deity surrounded by the heavenly hosts; immediately beneath is Christ enthroned on clouds; at his right hand is the Virgin Mary bowing in adoration, and on his left, the "Forerunner," John the Baptist. Around this group, in a half-circle, are arranged patriarchs, apostles, and saints, of whom one only seems to be recognisable, Moses, who holds the Tables of the Law in his hands. These figures are finely expressed, and show very considerable dignity in their forms and atti-



DECORATION IN THE VATICAN—ISAAC COMMANDED TO DEPART INTO CANAAN.

tudes, though partaking in no small degree of what may be called the *Peruginesque* manner. Below them, as if supporting the clouds, are numerous heads of angels, and in the centre of these four angel-boys hold the Gospels of the Evangelists, while between them is the Third Person in the Trinity, typified by the dove. In the centre of the lower half of the fresco, and raised on a flight of steps, is an altar, or sacramental table, on which stands the "Host," the mystical type of Christ's bodily presence on earth; on each side of the altar sit four distinguished fathers of the Latin Church, St. Gregory, St. Jerome, St. Ambrose, and St. Augustine; near them are grouped many of the most eminent theologians and divines; and, in the front, is a crowd of laymen, attentively listening to one who appears to be expounding the Scriptures, or explaining the tenets of the Romish Church. In some of these figures Raffaele has adopted a practice which painters both before his time and since

have occasionally employed. He has introduced portraits of individuals cotemporary with himself, and of others who in their own proper persons would appear to be out of place in such an assembly; thus, they who have closely examined and studied the picture have discovered, or assume to have discovered, in the group, Raffaele and his master Perugino, arrayed as bishops. The architect Bramante, is the figure, with a book in his hand, resting on a parapet, in the left corner of the composition; the head of Dante, crowned with a wreath of laurel, is seen among the group on the right side, in the foreground; near him are Duns Scotus, St. Thomas Aquinas, and Savonarola.

The large engraving that follows this notice, of "CHRIST BEARING HIS CROSS," is from the famous picture known as the *Spasimo de Sicilia*, in the Royal Gallery of Madrid: we shall refer to it more especially hereafter.

J. DAFORNE.









THE HERMITS AND RECLUSES  
OF THE MIDDLE AGES.

BY THE REV. EDWARD L. CUTTS, B.A.

We have already related, in a former paper,\* that the ascetics who abandoned the stirring world of the Egypto-Greek cities, and resorted to the Theban desert to lead a life of self-mortification and contemplation, frequently associated themselves into communities, and thus gave rise to the Cenobitical orders of Christendom. But there were others who still preferred the solitary life; and they had their imitators in every age and country of the Christian world. We have not the same fulness of information respecting these solitaries that we have respecting the great orders of monks and friars; but the scattered notices which remain of them, when brought together, form a very curious chapter in the history of human nature, well worthy of being written out in full. The business of the present paper, however, is not to write the whole chapter, but only to select that page of it which relates to the English solitaries, and to aim especially at giving as distinct a picture as we can of the part which the Eremites and Recluses played on the picturesque stage of the England of the middle ages.

We have to remember, at the outset, that it was not all who bore the name of Eremita who lived a solitary life. We have already had occasion to mention† that Innocent IV., in the middle of the thirteenth century, found a number of small religious communities and solitaries, who were not in any of the recognised religious orders, and observed no authorised rule; and that he enrolled them all into a new order, with the rule of St. Augustine, under the name of Eremiti Augustini. The new order took root, and flourished, and gave rise to a considerable number of large communities, very similar, in every respect, to the communities of friars of the three orders previously existing. The members of these new communities did not affect seclusion, but went about among the people, as the Dominicans, and Franciscans, and Carmelites did. The popular tongue seems to have divided the formal title of the new order, and to have applied the name of *Augustine*, or, popularly, *Austin Friars*, to these new communities of friars; while it reserved the distinctive name of *Eremites*, or *Hermits*, for the religious, who, whether they lived absolutely alone, or in little aggregations of solitaries, still professed the old eremitical principle of seclusion from the world. These hermits may again be subdivided into Hermits proper, and Recluses. The difference between them was this: that the hermit, though he professed a general seclusion from the world, yet, in fact, held communication with his fellow men as freely as he pleased, and might go in and out of his hermitage as inclination prompted, or need required; the recluse was understood to maintain a more strict abstinence from unnecessary intercourse with others, and had entered into a formal obligation not to go outside the doors of his hermitage. In the imperfect notices which we have of them, it is often impossible to determine whether a particular individual was a hermit or a recluse; but we incline to the opinion that of the male solitaries few had taken the vows of reclusion; while the female solitaries appear to have been all recluses. So that, practically, the distinction almost amounts to this—that the male solitaries were hermits, and the females recluses.

Very much of what we have to say of the mediæval solitaries, of their abodes, and of their domestic economy, applies both to those who had, and to those who had not, made the further vow of reclusion. We shall, therefore, treat first of those points which are common to them, and then devote a further paper to those things which are peculiar to the recluses.

The popular idea of a hermit is that of a man who was either a half-crazed enthusiast, or a misanthrope—a kind of Christian Timon, who abandoned the abodes of men, and scooped out for himself a cave in the rocks, or built himself a rude hut in the forest; and lived there a half-savage life, clad in

sackcloth or skins, eating roots and wild fruits, and drinking of the neighbouring spring; visited occasionally by superstitious people, who looked and listened in fear at the mystic ravings, or wild denunciations, of the gaunt and haggard prophet. This ideal has probably been derived from the traditional histories, once so popular,\* of the early hermit saints; and there may have been, perhaps, always an individual or two of whom this traditional picture was a more or less exaggerated representation. But the English hermit of the middle ages was a totally different type of man. He was a sober-minded and civilized person, who dressed in a robe very much like the robes of the other religious orders; lived in a comfortable little house of stone or timber; often had estates, or a pension, for his maintenance, besides what charitable people were pleased to leave him in their wills, or to offer in their lifetime; he lived on bread and meat, and beer and wine, and had a chaplain to say daily prayers for him, and a servant or two to wait upon him; his hermitage was not always up in the lonely hills, or deep-buried in the shady forests; very often it was by the great high roads, and sometimes in the heart of great towns and cities.

This summary description is so utterly opposed to all the popular notions, that we shall take pains to fortify our assertions with sufficient proofs; indeed, the whole subject is so little known that we shall illustrate it freely from all the sources at our command. And first, as it is one of our especial objects to furnish authorities for the pictorial representation of these old hermits, we shall inquire what kind of dress they did actually wear in place of the skins, or the sackcloth, with which the popular imagination has clothed them.

We should be inclined to assume *a priori* that the hermits would wear the habit prescribed by Papal authority for the Eremiti Augustini, which, according to Stevens, consisted of "a white garment, and a white scapular over it, when they are in the house; but in the choir, and when they go abroad, they put on, over all, a sort of cowl, and a large hood, both black, the hood round before, and hanging down to the waist in a point, being girt with a black leather thong." And in the rude woodcuts which adorn Caxton's "Vitas Patrum," or Lives of the Hermits, we do find some of the religious men in a habit which looks like a gown, with the arms coming through slits, and may be intended to represent a scapular, and with hoods and cowls of the fashion described; while others, in the same book, are in a loose gown, in shape more like that of a Benedictine. Again, in Albert Durer's St. Christopher, as engraved by Mrs. Jameson, in her "Sacred and Legendary Art," p. 445, the hermit is represented in a frock and scapular, with a cowl and hood. But in the majority of the representations of hermits which we meet with in mediæval paintings and illuminated manuscripts, the costume consists of a frock, sometimes girded, sometimes not, and over it an ample gown, like a cloak, with a hood; and in the cases where the colour of the robe is indicated, it is almost always indicated by a light brown tint. It is not unlikely that there were varieties of costume among the hermits. Perhaps those who were attached to the monasteries of monks and friars, and who seem to have been usually admitted to the fraternity of the house,† may have worn the costume of the order to which they were attached; while priest-hermits serving chauntries may have worn the usual costume of a secular priest. Bishop Poore, who died 1237, in his "Ancien Riewle," speaks of the fashion of the dress to be worn, at least by female recluses, as indifferent. Bilney, speaking especially of the recluses in his day, just before the Reformation, says, "their apparel is indifferent, so it be dissonant from the laity." In the woodcuts, from various sources, which illustrate this paper, the reader will see for himself how the hermits are represented by the mediæval artists, who had them constantly under their observation, and who at least tried their best to represent faithfully what they saw. The best and clearest illustration which we have been able to find of the usual costume in which the

hermits are represented, we here give to the reader. It is from the figure of St. Damasus, one of the group in the fine picture of 'St. Jerome,' by Cosimo



Rosselli (who lived from 1439 to 1506), now in the National Gallery. The hermit-saint wears a light brown frock, and scapular, with no girdle, and, over all, a cloak and hood of the same colour, and his naked feet are protected by wooden clogs.

A man could not take upon himself the character of a hermit at his own pleasure. It was a regular order of religion, into which a man could not enter without the consent of the bishop of the diocese, and into which he was admitted by a regular religious service. And just as bishops do not ordain men to holy orders until they have obtained a "title,"—a place in which to exercise their ministry,—so bishops did not admit men to the order of Hermits until they had obtained a hermitage in which to exercise their vocation.

The service for habiting and blessing a hermit\* is preserved in a pontifical of Bishop Lacy of Exeter, of the fourteenth century.† It begins with several psalms; then several short prayers for the incensing hermit, mentioning him by name.‡ Then follow two prayers for the benediction of his vestments, apparently for different parts of his habit; the first mentioning "hec indumenta humilitatem cordis et mundi contemptum significancia,"—these garments signifying humility of heart, and contempt of the world; the second blesses "hanc vestem pro conservande castitatis signo,"—this vest the sign of chastity. The priest then delivers the vestments to the hermit kneeling before him, with these words, "Brother, behold we give to thee the eremitical habit (*habitum heremiticum*), with which we admonish thee to live henceforth chastely, soberly, and holily; in holy watchings, in fastings, in labours, in prayers, in works of mercy, that thou mayest have eternal life, and live for ever and ever." And he receives them, saying, "Behold, I receive them in the name of the Lord; and promise myself so to do according to my power, the grace of God, and of the saints, helping me." Then he puts off his secular habit, the priest saying to him, "The Lord put off from thee the old man with his deeds," and while he puts on his hermit's habit, the priest says, "The Lord put on thee the new man, which, after God, is created in righteousness and true holiness." Then follow a collect, and certain psalms; and finally the priest sprinkles him with holy water, and blesses him.

Men of all ranks took upon them the hermit life, and we find the popular writers of the time sometimes distinguishing among them; one is a "hermit-priest,"§ another is a "gentle hermit," not in the

\* "Officium indendi et benedicendi heremitam."

† We are indebted to Mr. M. H. Bloxam for a copy of it. ‡ "Famulus tuus N." It is noticeable that the masculine gender is used all through, without any such note as we find in the Service for Incensing (which we shall have to notice hereafter), that this service shall serve for both sexes.

§ The hermit who interposed between Sir Lionel and Sir Bors, and who was killed by Sir Lionel for his inter-

\* "The wonderful and godly History of the holy Fathers Hermits," is among Caxton's earliest printed books.

† For the custom of admitting to the fraternity of a religious house, see paper on the "Monks of the Middle Ages," *Art-Journal* for 1856, p. 343.

\* *Art-Journal* for 1856, p. 255.

† "Monks of the Middle Ages," *Art-Journal*, 1856, p. 315.

sense of the "gentle hermit of the dale," but meaning that he was a man of gentle birth. The hermit in whose hermitage Sir Launcelot passed long time is described as a "gentle hermit, which sometime was a noble knight and a great lord of possessions, and for great goodness he hath taken him unto wilful poverty, and hath forsaken his possessions, and his name is Sir Baldwin of Britain, and he is a full noble surgeon, and a right good leech." This was the type of hermit who was venerated by the popular superstition of the day: a great and rich man who had taken to wilful poverty, or a man who lived wild in the woods—a St. Julian, or a St. Anthony; a poor man who turned hermit, and lived a prosaic, pious, useful life, showing travellers the way through a forest, or over a bog, or across a ferry, and humbly taking their alms in return, presented nothing dramatic and striking to the popular

mind; very likely, too, many men adopted the hermit life, for the sake of the idleness and the alms, and deserved the small repute they had.

It is *apropos* of Sir Launcelot's hermit above-mentioned that the romancer complains; "for in those days it was not with the guise of hermits as it now is in these days. For there were no hermits in those days, but that they have been men of worship and prowess, and those hermits held great households, and refreshed people that were in distress." We find the author of "Piers Ploughman" making the same complaint.\*

This curious extract from "Piers Ploughman" leads us to notice the localities in which hermitages were situated. Sometimes, no doubt, they were in lonely and retired places among the hills, or hidden in the depths of the forests, which then covered so large a portion of the land. Here is a very interesting



little picture of hermit life, from a MS. Book of Hours, executed for Richard II. (British Museum, Domitian, A. xvii., folio 4 v.). The artist probably intended to represent the old hermits of the Egyptian desert, Piers Ploughman's—

"Holy eremites,  
That lived wild in woods  
With bears and lions;"

but, after the fashion of medieval art, he has introduced the scenery, costume, and architecture of his own time. Erase the bears, which stand for the whole tribe of outlandish beasts, and we have a very pretty bit of English mountain scenery; the stag is characteristic enough of a wild scene in medieval England. The hermitage on the right seems to be of the ruder sort, made in part of wattle-work. On the left we have the more usual hermitage of stone, with its little chapel bell in a bell-cot on the gable. The venerable old hermit, coming out of the doorway, is a charming illustration of the typical hermit with his venerable beard, and his form bowed by age, leaning with one hand on his cross-staff, and carrying his rosary in the other. The hermit in the illustration hereafter given from the "History of Launcelot" (Add. MS. 10293, folio 56), leans on a similar staff; it would seem as if such a staff was a usual part of the hermit's equipment.\* The hermit in Albert Durer's "St. Christopher," already mentioned, also leans on a staff, but of rather different shape. Here is a companion picture, in pen and ink, from the "Morte Arthur":—"Then he departed from the cross [a stone cross which parted two ways in waste land, under which he had been sleeping], on foot, into a wild forest. And so by prime he came unto an high mountain, and there he found an hermitage, and an hermit therein, which was going to mass. And then Sir Launcelot kneeled down upon both

his knees, and cried out, 'Lord, mercy!' for his wicked works that he had done. So when mass was done, Sir Launcelot called the hermit to him, and prayed him for charity to hear his confession. 'With a good will,' said the good man."

But many of the hermitages were erected along the great highways of the country, and especially at bridges and fords;† apparently with the express view of their being serviceable to travellers. One of the hermit-saints set up as a pattern for their

\* [We have a little modernized his language:]—

But eremites that inhabit them  
By the highways,  
And in boroughs among brewers,  
And beg in churches,  
All that holy eremites  
Hate and despise,  
(As riches, and reverences,  
And rich men's alms),  
These lollers (a), latche drawers (b),  
Lewd eremites,  
Covet on the contrary.  
Nor live holy as eremites,  
That lived wild in woods,  
With bears and lions.  
Some had livelighd from their lineage (c),  
And of no life else;  
And some lived by their learning,  
And the labour of their hands,  
Some had foregivers for friends,  
That their food sent;  
And birds brought to some bread,  
Whereby they lived.  
All these holy eremites  
Were of high kin,  
Forsook land and lordship,  
And likings of the body.  
But these eremites that edify  
By the highways  
Whilome were workmen—  
Webbers, and tailors,  
And carter's knaves,  
And clerks without grace.  
They held a hungry house,  
And had much want,  
Long labour, and light winnings.  
And at last espyd  
That lay fellows in friar's clothing  
Had fat cheeks.  
Forthwith left they their labour,  
These lewd knaves,  
And clothed them in copes  
As they were clerks,  
Or one of some order (of monks or friars),  
Or else prophets (Eremites).

(a) Wanderers. (b) Breakers out of their cells.

(c) Kindred.

† Bloomfield, in his "History of Norfolk," 1532, says—"It is to be observed that hermitages were erected, for the most part, near great bridges (see *Mag. Brit.*, On Warwickshire, p. 597, Dugdale, &c., and Badwell's "Description of Tottenham") and high roads, as appears from this, and those at Brandon, Downham, Stow Bardolph, in Norfolk, and Erith, in the Isle of Ely, &c."

imitation was St. Julian, who, with his wife, devoted his property and life to showing hospitality to travellers; and the hermit who is always associated in the legends and pictures with St. Christopher, is represented as holding out his torch or lantern to light the giant ferryman, as he transports his passengers across the dangerous ford by which the hermitage was built. When hostleries, where the traveller could command entertainment for hire, were to be found only in the great towns, the religious houses were the chief resting-places of the traveller; not only the conventual establishments, but the country clergy also were expected to be given to hospitality.\* But both monasteries and country parsonages often lay at a distance of miles of miry and intricate by-road, off the highway. We must picture this state of the country and of society to ourselves, before we can appreciate the intentions of those who founded these hospitable establishments; we must try to imagine ourselves travellers, getting belated in a dreary part of the road, where it ran over a bleak wold, or dived through a dark forest, or approached an unknown ford, before we can appreciate the gratitude of those who suddenly caught the light from the hermit's window, or heard the faint tinkle of his chapel bell calling to vespers.

Such incidents occur frequently in the romances. Here is an example:—"Sir Launcelot rode all that day and all that night in a forest, and at the last, he was ware of an hermitage and a chapel that stood between two cliffs; and then he heard a little bell ring to mass, and thither he rode, and alighted, and tied his horse to the gate, and heard mass." Again: "Sir Gawayne rode till he came to an hermitage, and there he found the good man saying his even song of our Lady. And there Sir Gawayne asked harbour for charity, and the good man granted it him gladly."

We shall, perhaps, most outrage the popular idea of a hermit, when we assert that hermits sometimes lived in towns. The extract from "Piers Ploughman's Vision," already quoted, tells us of

"Eremites that inhabit them  
In boroughs among brewers."

The difficulty of distinguishing between hermits proper and recluses, becomes very perplexing in this part of our subject. There is abundant proof, which we shall have occasion to give later, that recluses, both male and female, usually lived in towns, and these recluses are sometimes called hermits, as well as by their more usual and peculiar name of anchoresses and anchoresses. But we are inclined to the opinion, that not all the male solitary men who lived in towns were recluses. The author of "Piers Ploughman's Vision" speaks of the eremites who inhabited in boroughs, as if they were of the same class as those who lived by the highways, and who ought to have lived in the wildernesses, like St. Anthony. The theory under which it was made possible for a solitary, an eremite—a man of the desert—to live in a town, was, that a churchyard formed a solitary place—a desert—within the town. The curious history which we are going to relate, seems to refer to hermits, not to recluses. The Mayor of Sudbury, under date January 28, 1433, petitioned the Bishop of Norwich, setting forth that the bishop had refused to admit "Richard Appleby, of Sudbury, conversant with John Levyn-ton, of the same town, heremite, to the order of Hermits, unless he was sure to be inhabited in a solitary place, where virtues might be increased, and vice exiled;" and that therefore "we have granted hym, be the assent of all the said parish and church reves, to be inhabited with the said John Levyn-ton in his solitary place and hermytage, which y<sup>e</sup> is made at the cost of the parish, in the churchyard of St. Gregory Chereche, to dwellen togedyr as (long as) yey live, or whiche of them longest liveth;" and thereupon the mayor prays the bishop to admit Richard Appleby to the order.

This curious incident of two solitary men living together, has a parallel in the romance of "King Arthur." When the bold Sir Bedivere had lost his lord King Arthur, he rode away, and, after some adventures, came to a chapel and an hermitage be-

ference (Malory's "Prince Arthur," un. lxix.), is called a "hermit-prise." So, in the Episcopal Registry of Lichfield, we find the bishop, date 10th February 1409, giving to Brother Richard Goldston, late Canon of Womburgge, now recluse at Prior's Lee, near Shiffenall, licence to hear confessions.

\* In "Piers Ploughman" we read that—  
"Hermits with hooked staves  
Wander to Walsingham;"

but the hooked staves may perhaps have been pilgrim staves, not hermit staves. The pastoral staff on the official seal of Odo, Bishop of Bayeux, was of the same shape as the staves above represented. A staff of similar shape occurs on an early grave-stone at Welbeck Priory, engraved in Cutts's "Manual of Sepulchral Slabs and Crosses," plate xxxv.

† In the settlement of the vicarage of Kelvedon, Essex, when the rectory was appropriated to the abbot and convent of Westminster, in the fourteenth century, it was expressly ordered that the convent, besides providing the vicar a suitable house, should also provide a hall for receiving guests.



tween two hills, "and he prayed the hermit that he might abide there still with him, to live with fasting and prayers. So Sir Bedivere abode there still with the hermit; and there Sir Bedivere put upon him poor clothes, and served the hermit full lowly in fasting and in prayers." And afterwards (as we

have already related) Sir Launcelot "rode all that day and all that night in a forest. And at the last he was ware of an hermitage and a chapel that stood between two cliffs, and then he heard a little bell ring to mass; and thither he rode, and alighted, and tied his horse to the gate, and heard mass."



And when Sir Bedivere had made himself known, and had "told him his tale all whole," "Sir Launcelot's heart almost burst for sorrow, and Sir Launcelot threw abroad his armour, and said,—"Alas! who may trust this world?" And then he kneeled down on his knees, and prayed the hermit for to shrieve him and assail him. And then he besought the hermit that he might be his brother. And he put an habit upon Sir Launcelot, and there he served God day and night with prayers and fastings." And afterwards Sir Bors came in the same way. And within half a year there was come Sir Galahad, Sir Galiadin, Sir Bieoberis, Sir Villiers, Sir Clarus, and Sir Gahalatine. "So these seven noble knights abode there still; and when they saw that Sir Launcelot had taken him unto such perfection, they had no list to depart, but took such an habit as he had. Thus they endured in great penance six years, and then Sir Launcelot took the habit of priesthood, and twelve months he sung the mass; and there was none of these other knights but that they read in books, and helped for to sing mass, and ring bells, and did lowly all manner of service. And so their horses went where they would, for they took no regard in worldly riches." And after a little time Sir Launcelot died at the hermitage: "then was there weeping and wringing of hands, and the greatest dole they made that ever made man. And on the morrow the bishop-hermit sung his mass of requiem." The accompanying woodcut, from one of the small compartments at the bottom of Cosimo Rosselli's picture of St. Jerome, from which we have already taken

the priest's cope and amys are coloured red, while those of the hermits are tinted with light brown.

If the reader has wondered how the one hermitage could accommodate these seven additional inhabitants, the romancer does not forget to satisfy his curiosity; a few pages after we read—"So at the season of the night they went all to their beds, for they all lay in one chamber." It was not very unusual for hermitages to be built for more than one occupant; but probably, in all such cases, each hermit had his own cell, adjoining their common chapel. This was the original arrangement of the hermits of the Thebais in their Laura. The great difference between a hermitage, with more than one hermit, and a small cell of one of the other religious orders, was that, in such a cell one monk or friar would have been the prior, and the others subject to him; but each hermit was independent of any authority on the part of the other; he was subject only to the obligation of his rule, and the visitation of his bishop.

There are indications that these hermitages were sometimes mere bothies of branches; there is a representation of one, from which we here give a woodcut, in an illuminated MS. romance of Sir Launcelot, of early fourteenth century date (British Museum, Add. 10293, folio 118 v., date 1316): we have already noticed another of wattle work. There are also caves here and there in the country which are said by tradition to have been hermitages: one is described in the *Archæological Journal*, vol. iv., p. 150. It is a small cave, not easy of access, in the side of a hill called Carcliff Tor, near Rowsley, a little miserable village not far from Haddon Hall. In a recess, on the right side as you enter the cave, is a crucifix, about four feet high, sculptured in bold relief in the red grit rock out of which the cave is hollowed; and close to it, on the right, is a rude niche, perhaps to hold a lamp. But nearly all the hermitages which we read of in the romances, or see depicted in the illuminations and paintings, or find noticed in ancient historical documents, are substantial buildings of stone or timber. Here is one from folio 56 of the "History of Launcelot" (Add. 10293): the hermit stands at the door of his house, giving his parting benediction to Sir Launcelot, who, with his attendant physician, is taking his leave after a night's sojourn at the hermitage. In the paintings of the Campo Santo, at Pisa (engraved in Mrs. Jameson's "Sacred and Legendary Art"), which represent the hermits of the Egyptian desert, some of the hermitages are caves, some are little houses of stone. In Caxton's "Vitas Patrum" the hermitages are little houses; one has a stepped gable; another is like a gateway, with a room over it. They were founded and built,

and often endowed, by the same men who founded chantries, and built churches, and endowed monasteries; and from the same motives of piety, charity, or superstition. And the founders seem often to have retained the patronage of the hermitages, as of valuable benefices, in their own hands. A hermitage was, in fact, a miniature monastery, inhabited by one religious, who was abbot, and prior, and convent, all in one; sometimes also by a chaplain,\* where the hermit was not a priest, and by several lay brethren, *i.e.* servants. It had a chapel of its own, in which divine service was performed daily. It had also the apartments necessary for the accommodation of the hermit, and his chaplain—when one lived in the hermitage—and his servants, and the necessary accommodation for travellers besides; and it had often, perhaps generally, its court-yard and garden.

The chapel of the hermitage seems not to have been appropriated solely to the performance of divine offices, but to have been made useful for other more secular purposes also. Indeed, the churches and chapels in the middle ages seem often to have been used for other great occasions of a semi-religious character, when a large apartment was requisite, for holding councils, for judicial proceedings, and the like. Godric of Finchale, a hermit who lived about the time of Henry II.,† had two chapels adjoining his cell; one he called by the name of St. John Baptist, the other after the Blessed Virgin. He had a kind of common room, "communis domus," in which he cooked his food and saw visitors; but he lived chiefly, day and night, in the chapel of St. John, removing his bed to the chapel of St. Mary at times of more solemn devotion.



In an illumination on folio 153 of the "History of Launcelot," already quoted (British Mus., Add. 10293), is a picture of King Arthur taking counsel with a hermit in his hermitage. The building in which they are seated has a nave and aisles, a rose-window in its gable, and a bell-turret, and seems intended to represent the chapel of the hermitage. Again, at folio 107 of the same MS. is a picture of a hermit talking to a man in red, with the title,—"Easi y come une hermites prole en une chapele de son hermitage,"—how a hermit conversed in the chapel of his hermitage. It may, perhaps, have been in the chapel that the hermit received those who sought his counsel on spiritual or on secular affairs.

In our next paper it is proposed to give some account of another class of English solitary, the Recluses. At a time when Art is searching the history of the past as allied with her in all its various ramifications, and literature is enlightening us upon the manners and customs of our forefathers, the subjects here sketched cannot be uninteresting.

\* In June 5, 1356, Edward III. granted to brother Regnier, hermit of the Chapel of St. Mary Magdalen, without Salop, a certain plot of waste called Shierrosse, contiguous to the chapel, containing one acre, to hold the same to him and his successors, hermits there, for their habitation, and to find a chaplain to pray in the chapel for the king's soul, &c. (Owen and Haksaw's "History of Shrewsbury," vol. ii., p. 165). "Perhaps," says our authors, "this was the eremitical habitation in the wood of Suttona (Sutton being a village just without Salop), which is recorded elsewhere to have been given by Richard, the Dapifer of Chester, to the monk of Salop."

† Vita S. Godrici, published by the Surtees Society.



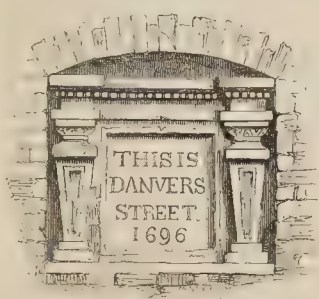
the figure of St. Damasus, may serve to illustrate this incident; it represents a number of hermits mourning over one of their brethren, while a priest, in the robes proper to his office, stands at the head of the bier and says prayers, and his deacon stands at the foot, holding a processional cross. The contrast between the robes of the priest and those of the hermits is lost in the woodcut; in the original

## TABLETS FOR STREET-CORNERS.

UGLINESS has almost become an integral part of modern utilitarianism; it certainly belongs to it more exclusively than the generality of persons may be inclined to think. Domestic architecture of the ordinary kind—country cottages and town streets—were never, so totally devoid of picturesque features at any period as when they were built at the commencement of the present century. Many of our quaint country towns furnish admirable examples of richly-carved old houses, which Art-students know how to value; and the old lath-and-plaster cottages, with their thatched roofs, are worth streets-full of modern cubical erections, with a door in the middle and a window on each side, so offensive to the eye in towns or villages. Norwich, Ipswich, Chester, Gloucester, Canterbury, still preserve much of the picturesque beauty of their old streets; London has some isolated examples of its olden houses; but



they are rapidly disappearing, and that of Sir Paul Pinder, in Bishopsgate Street, may be treasured as the last really artistic specimen of them. We do not, however, wish to ignore the fact of the revival of a better taste: in the very heart of the City, buildings sacred to trade have been lately erected, which are admirable in design and execution; and if this

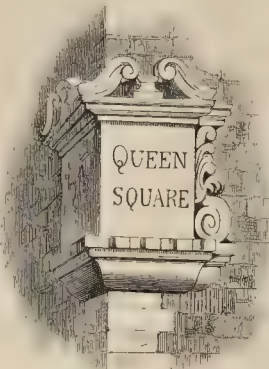


laudable spirit be continued, London may lose its unenviable character as the ugliest great city in Europe.

There is one minor detail of street architecture which has, curiously enough, been overlooked; and to which we would now call attention; and that is, the tablet at street-corners, upon which the names are painted. All that we see now is a flat square of white paint, upon which the name is inscribed in common black letters. As many of the parishes are now repainting them, and adding the letters of the postal district; and as many corner houses are being rebuilt, might we not obtain a retrospective movement, which would really look like a step in advance, and go back to the old plan of an ornamental framework for these names? A century ago such tablets were common, exhibiting much fancy and variety; and some few exist still. To make the matter more clear, four examples have been selected in illustration of this page: they will abundantly display the mode in which the older

designers adapted their ideas to the exigencies of their subject; and they will suggest the variety of design that may be devoted to it.

The earliest of our illustrations in point of date is the oval tablet from Duke Street, Westminster, which is of the time of Charles II., when the street was built, and named after his brother, the Duke of York, afterwards James II. The tablet is of quaint design, and appropriately surmounted by the ducal coronet. The scroll-work of the seventeenth century



is peculiarly applicable to this kind of design, which might be varied *ad infinitum*. Following in chronological order is the tablet from Danvers Street, Chelsea—a striking and appropriate work, which no longer exists, the house to which it was affixed having been long pulled down. It was placed in a brick recess, which gave relief and value to that portion of the design where stone was used. Our third example is from Queen Square, Westminster, which was built in the early part of the reign of Queen Anne, and named in compliment to her; a mutilated statue of her majesty still occupying a pedestal against the blank wall of one of the houses. The square is described by Hatton, in 1708, as “a beautiful new square of very fine buildings;” the houses are all remarkable for the beauty of their doors, with richly carved wooden canopies over them. This tablet is ingeniously adapted to the sides of a corner house, and one face of it originally



had a dial, now nearly obliterated. Our fourth specimen is comparatively modern, having been designed toward the close of last century, when the row of houses at Stangate, Lambeth, was erected; and its contiguity to Asley's Amphitheatre commemorated, by name, as well as by the figure of the horse which played so conspicuous a part there. The design is ingenious, and will show how much variety might be thrown into street-tablets.

F. W. FAIRHOLT.

## THE ROYAL PICTURES.

## THE LADY CONSTANCE.

F. Winterhalter, Painter. T. Vernon, Engraver.  
Size of the Picture, 1 ft. 8½ in. by 1 ft. 4½ in.

NUMEROUS as are the portrait-painters of the present day, and excellent as many of them are, there is not one who has supplied the place left vacant by the death of Sir Thomas Lawrence, especially in female portraiture. In this branch of art Lawrence proved himself the worthy successor of Reynolds, and the two may challenge comparison with the painters of any modern school, and in some characteristics of excellence, with any ancient masters. Writing in general terms of Lawrence's portraits, the late Mr. Howard, R.A., says: “In their intellectual treatment he has produced a surprising variety of happy and original combinations, and has generally conveyed, with the feeling and invention of a poet, the best representation of his subjects; seizing the most interesting expression of countenance which belonged to each: in this respect he has shown, perhaps, a greater dramatic power than either of his illustrious rivals, Reynolds and Titian; and certainly, in painting beauty he yields to none.”

How much of the excellence to which our countrymen attained may be attributed to the subjects of their works, is a question that some have taken upon themselves to decide affirmatively, and to consider as admitting of no dispute. It is quite true that the rank, fashion, and beauty of the land flocked to their studios; it is equally true, that in those qualities which are so closely allied with real beauty, and constitute its highest charm—grace and elegance of form and feature, sweetness of expression, and delicacy of tint, the female aristocracy and gentry of England out rival those of any continental country; still, the finest models, so to speak, placed before an artist avail little, if he knows not how to use them to the best advantage: the genius of the painter is always more apparent in his application of the materials at his command than in the subject he undertakes to delineate: an unskilful artist will *imitate*, and do nothing more; a man of taste and genius will impart to his copy not only imitative truth, but also qualities which will dignify, and add grace to, his work.

Reynolds in the court of George III., nor Lawrence in that of George IV., so far as we know of the pictures painted by these artists, never found a sweeter or more winning model sitting before him, than Winterhalter had in the Lady Constance Gertrude, now Countess of Grosvenor, one of the beauties of the court of Queen Victoria. This lady is the youngest daughter of the present Duke of Sutherland; she was born in 1834, and married, in 1852, the Earl Grosvenor, eldest son of the Marquis of Westminster, an alliance that united in relationship two of the wealthiest families in the kingdom. The portrait, taken before marriage, is exquisitely painted, and treated in a simple, unaffected style: it is that of a young English lady, a term so significant as to require no definition or explanation; she is attired in a dress of plain white satin, and wears in her hair a wreath of blush roses: the face is strongly expressive of sweetness of disposition, it is quiet, yet animated, and full of intelligence. The artist has done justice to his subject, but not more than justice; it would have been a libel on the lady to have presented her in a less lovely form than he has.

The talent of Winterhalter is unquestionably seen to greater advantage in single figures such as this, than in portrait groups; his compositions, where two or more figures are introduced, are not, generally, well arranged, and his full-length figures are sometimes stiff and ungraceful. Two or three portraits of the young princesses, painted by him, are very elegant productions, and quite justify his pretensions to royal patronage; yet even in this class of works there are English artists quite his equals, while in portraiture of men and women, especially of the former, he is surpassed by many painters of our own school. It is not meant by these remarks to undervalue the genius of this artist, but only to show in what peculiar direction it lies; he is fortunate in securing the approbation of the Queen of England and her royal Consort as, *par excellence*, the court portrait-painter.

This picture is in the Royal Collection at Osborne.





THE FINEST OF THE AGE

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# THE WESTMINSTER ABBEY WAX-WORK.

ABOUT a quarter of a century ago, there ceased in London a popular exhibition, which, originating in the observance of the middle ages, accommodated itself to the changing tastes of sight-seers, and only ended because rivals of a better kind had occupied the field. The "sight" at last, very properly, was thought to be unfitted for a sacred building; but it had naturally, as we hope to show, originated there. Wax-work, always popular, was "the sight;" Westminster Abbey the exhibition place. Its great popularity is curiously attested by an anecdote related in Pope's "Life of Seth Ward," of a sermon preached by Dr. Barrow on a holiday, when a crowd, as usual, had assembled to attend the vergers to the wax-work; and which sermon, exceeding its supposed legitimate length, was unceremoniously stopped by these officials, who "became impatient, and caused the organ to be struck up against him, and would not give over playing till they had blown him down." It was the oldest exhibition of wax-work in England, and the work just quoted assures us, that, in 1697 (when it was published), the lower classes on holidays would flock thither from all parts of the town, "and pay their two-pence to see 'the Play of the Dead Folks,' as I have heard a Devonshire clown most improperly call it." They were scattered in different chapels of the abbey church. Hatton, in his "New View of London," 1708, only notes, that in Henry VII.'s Chapel "are the effigies, in wainscot cases, of King Charles II., and the Duchess of Richmond, and General Monk." Dodsley, in his "London and its Environs," 1761, speaks more fully of the figures, when describing the south aisle of this chapel: he says, "at the east end of this aisle is the royal vault of King Charles II., King William III., Queen Mary his consort, Queen Anne, and Prince George. Over these royal personages are their effigies (except that of Prince George) in wainscot presses; they are of wax-work, resembling life, and dressed in their coronation robes. Another wainscot press is placed at the corner of the great east window, in which is the effigy of the Lady Mary, Duchess of Richmond, daughter to James, Duke of Richmond and Lennox, dressed in the very robes her grace wore at the coronation of Queen Anne. On leaving the aisle, you will be shown, in another wainscot press, the effigy of General Monk, who had a great share in the restoration of Charles II. to the throne of England, and was interred in a vault appropriated to him and his family. He is represented in armour, and his dual cap is generally made use of by those who show this chapel, to receive the bounty of those who visit it, those persons having no share of the money paid for seeing it." This practice continued till the exhibition was closed in 1839.

These figures may be traced to the old custom of placing an effigy, modelled and dressed, upon the bier of the deceased, in the funeral procession. The custom is a very ancient one. When the Roman emperors were consecrated, it was, according to Herodian, the custom to place on a royal couch a waxen likeness of the deceased. The Saxons buried their dead in full dress, with all their cherished personal adornments. In the middle ages the deceased was interred similarly: Charlemagne was found by the Emperor Otto, in 997, when he opened his funeral vault in the cathedral of Aix-la-Chapelle, sealed in the throne, still preserved there, arrayed in imperial robes, and wearing the crown, sceptre, and sword, which have since been used in the coronation ceremonies of the emperors of Germany, and are now among the most valued treasures of the imperial jewel office at Vienna. The tombs of our early kings have, when opened, been found to contain their mouldering skeletons, clothed precisely as the effigies placed above them delineate; and the same with ecclesiastics, who were buried in full pontificals. The stone or brass effigy, and the altar-tomb on which it is placed, may therefore be accepted as a permanent representation of the temporary hearse and funeral effigy used to solemnize the burial service. These effigies, after the ceremony was over, were preserved in the abbey; and in Newbery's description of it, published 1754, he notes that, over Islip's Chapel "is a chantry, in which are two wainscot presses full of the effigies of princes and

others of high quality. Those that are laid up are in a sad mangled condition: some stripped, and others in tattered robes, but all maimed or broken." They were irreverently termed "the ragged regiment," and ceased to be shown long before the more perfect wax-work was discontinued as "a sight." Cunningham says, "some of these effigies were executed at great cost, and with considerable skill. The effigy of La Belle Stuart, one of the last that was set up, was the work of a Mrs. Goldsmith. This kind of exhibition was found so profitable to the Dean and Chapter, that they manufactured effigies to add to the popularity of their series." This is not quite correct; the abbey authorities had little to do therewith. The last effigy was of so recent a person as Lord Nelson, and is still in the abbey.

At the beginning of the present century, the tombs in the abbey were leased like a farm, and after that period the fees were given to the minor canons, the gentlemen of the choir, and other officers of the church. In 1833, the Dean and Chapter, in order to enable them to reduce the fees to the surplus for seeing the abbey,—which were then 2s. 6d. for each person,—commuted with the parties having an interest in the fees, for £1400 a year. A few years afterwards the present system was established, of throwing the abbey open to the public, without any payment, excepting a small fee for seeing the chapels. There are at present eight tomb-showers, who receive a salary of one guinea per week each, and the high constable of Westminster is paid £100 a-year for his supervision of the establishment, during the hours of public admission.

When the wax-work was abolished as "a sight," the cases were all removed from different parts of the edifice, and packed closely in the small chantry over Islip's Chapel, where the old wainscot presses mentioned above used to stand. These two presses are now condensed in one, and contain the debris of the ancient effigies. Around the small room remain, in solitary oblivion, the other figures, each in its own glass case, of which we here give a list:—

Queen Elizabeth.  
King Charles II.  
The Duke of Buckingham.  
The Duchess of Buckingham, and her Son.  
King William III., and Queen Mary.  
Queen Anne.  
The Duchess of Richmond.  
The Earl of Chatham.  
Lord Nelson.

This list does not include some that we have previously mentioned as noted by earlier writers; they are gone. Newbery, in 1754, speaks of the damaged condition of many: "those of Queen Elizabeth and King James I. are entirely strip, as are all the rest, of anything of value." Elizabeth was, however, too popular a favourite to be disposed, and she appears to have been renovated soon after this time, with a lavish display of false jewellery, and ropes of fallacious pearls; she has been adapted to the popular ideas of the early days of George III., and is fully in accordance with what she was supposed to be, if not what she really was. The only genuine dresses of the figures given in our list seem to be those of the Duchesses of Buckingham and Richmond; and they preserve the marked and distinctive character of the costume of the days of King William III. and Queen Anne. They wear the high head-dress of lace; the long-waisted, open gown, looped up with jewels to display the rich petticoat; the sleeve, with its deep elbow cuffs, its laces and ribbons; and are unique in the curious details of forgotten modes. The son of the Duchess of Buckingham is an interesting figure, as he is habited in the dress of a boy of ten or twelve years of age, with a cap of curious form upon his head. We have already quoted an authority sufficiently near her era for the fact that the Duchess of Richmond's figure is habited in the robes she wore at the coronation of Queen Anne; in the case is preserved a stuffed parrot, which was said to have died of grief a few days after the duchess, whose pet it had been. Chatham is in the ordinary robes of a peer; Nelson in full naval uniform: he was evidently added as an attraction; for he was buried at St. Paul's, and, therefore, his effigy had no legitimate right to be among the others in Westminster Abbey.

Few persons would imagine the present existence

of such figures within the abbey walls. But there is much of a remarkable kind hidden there, in lonely corners, of which the world outside knows nothing. There are few things more striking than this little chapel, and its company of figures,—once sufficient to attract half London,—now mouldering in silent neglect. A "dead" exhibition may "point a moral" of its own. We will not here "consider too curiously of these things;" we simply record their existence, and the value of some few of them as authorities in costume; and we do this the more willingly, as our annals of London take little note of their past history, and no note whatever of their present condition.

F. W. FAIRHOLT.

## ART IN CONTINENTAL STATES.

PARIS.—The assembly of Academicians for the distribution of prizes to the successful competitors for the *Prix de Rome* passed off this year with great éclat; the address was delivered by M. Lefuel, who mingled praise and criticism in fair proportion.—The exhibition of statues for the judgment of the Government is continued in the alcove of the Louvre; few of them are remarkable for merit. They consist principally of female figures. Those accepted are for the decoration of the Louvre, in which building are spaces for a large number.—It was reported some months since that M. Biard, the distinguished painter, had been killed by a leopard in the Brazilian forests; we are happy to say the report is untrue. He has been living with the Indians in the forests, and will, no doubt, soon bring back an immense number of sketches from those picturesque regions.—The Boulevard of Sebastopol is progressing; a large portion of the *Rue de la Harpe* has been pulled down, and this ancient part of Paris is now a small plain of desolation. A monumental fountain is being finished facing the *Pont St. Michel*. The whole of the *Rue de la Barillerie* is also levelled; the buildings from the *Place St. Michel* to the Observatory will be the next demolished. This portion presents great difficulties, being much elevated.—M. Yvon seems destined to be the successor of Horace Vernet; he has received commissions for pictures of the battles of Magenta and Solferino, and also of the interview of the two emperors at Villafranca: these paintings are for Versailles.—The memory of Lord Seymour, whose death will be lamented by all artists, of whom he was a liberal protector, and who made so good use of the fortune he left, has been attacked in a most disgraceful way by the principal writer in the *Univers*, who has raked up all the idle and unfounded statements he possibly could find, because his lordship was a Protestant.—Five Art-students have been named this year by the Minister of Public Instruction for the Academy at Athens.—The recent fire at the Luxembourg destroyed several specimens of Art. M. Abel de Pujol has been particularly unfortunate with his works; at the Louvre his ceiling was destroyed by the necessity of the alterations; his performances at the Church of St. Roch met the same fate; and now those at the Luxembourg perished in the conflagration.—The 'Vision of Joan of Arc,' by the deceased painter Benouville, has been purchased by Government.

BERLIN.—The Prussian Government is about to issue directions for the execution and erection of monuments in memory of Frederick William III., the minister Von Stein, and the chancellor Von Hardenberg, distinguished members of the late monarch's government.

AMSTERDAM is following the example of England, in erecting a Crystal Palace, which is expected to be completed in 1861. Its dimensions are to be 400 feet in length, 200 in width, with a central dome, at the junction of the transept and nave, 200 feet in height. The iron for the work is supplied by England.

VIENNA.—It is reported that the fine cathedral of St. Stephen's is in a dangerous state, and that a committee has been appointed to examine its condition, especially with reference to the steeple, which some suppose must be taken down.

DRESDEN.—Rietchel is expected to leave this city for London in the month of March, taking with him a model, one-third of the real size, of his monument to Luther, a description of which has already appeared in the columns of the *Art-Journal*.

COPENHAGEN.—The Industrial Exhibition, which was announced to take place here during the year just commenced, has been postponed till 1861.

### EARLY DOMESTIC ARCHITECTURE IN ENGLAND.\*

It may appear a strange assertion, but nevertheless it is most true, that a work which even in this book-producing age yet remains a *desideratum*, is a popular History of England really worthy of its title. Pretenders of this class, of course, exist in large numbers and abundant variety; and they naturally differ very considerably in the degree in which they either approach or fall away from the standard of accuracy and completeness, as their authors may have been more or less qualified for their task. Until very recently the writers of English History have scarcely considered their qualifications to include a familiarity with English archaeology—a familiarity, in other words, with those historical monuments, upon which a genuine History of England must necessarily in so great a measure be built up. At length, however, the true character of the history of our country is beginning to be understood amongst us, and we are at the same time rapidly advancing towards the general adoption of a just estimate of its value and importance. Without in the slightest degree depreciating the worth of classic histories, we are in the act of assigning to our national annals their proper position in our esteem. The interest of the Peloponnesian war and of the campaigns of Hannibal remains fresh and vivid as ever; but we are now disposed to regard with at least equal attention the Wars of the Roses, and the other struggles, both foreign and civil, in which our remote ancestors were almost habitually engaged. It is the same with the early Arts of England. We do not think of substituting them, as objects of study and investigation, for those of Greece and Italy; and yet we have become conscious both of their intrinsic worthiness, and also of the important part which they alone are able to discharge with fidelity in framing Histories of England. In the great art of Architecture, for example, while zealously exploring what relies the middle ages have left of their stone-inscribed memorials, we still look with reverence to a style of which the Parthenon is at once the type and the crowning achievement; and the grandeur of old Rome remains, as of yore, inseparably associated in our minds with its temples, its fora, and its amphitheatres. Perhaps, indeed, we have learned for the first time to form the highest possible estimate, because the most accurate one, of ancient classic architecture at the very period in which we find ourselves striking out fresh paths of inquiry respecting the early architecture of our own country.

We hear, in these times, but too much of an architectural controversy which has been entitled *Gothic* versus *Classic*; whereas the architectural researches and studies of the present day ought in fact to be considered as being directed, with a twofold and yet a single object, to the conjoint investigation of national as well as of foreign architecture.

It has hitherto been one of the singular characteristics of our study of architecture, that we have been content to know as little as possible about that of our own country, provided we might become connoisseurs in the architecture of classic antiquity. Of late years Gothic architecture has excited unwonted attention; still, as the more remarkable and the better known buildings in that style were cathedrals and churches, the Gothic has very generally been assumed to be an exclusively ecclesiastical style,—precisely as it has been taken for granted that the columnar orders of Greece and Rome are universally applicable and always appropriate for every purpose, here in England. An inevitable result of such a system of architectural study has been an inability to deal justly and consistently with the novel question of determining the distinctive attributes of what we may now be disposed to accept as our own national style of domestic architecture. Having little or no acquaintance with the domestic architecture of England in early periods of English history, and being familiar with the prevailing architectural styles both of old Rome and of

the Italian Renaissance, men would be led to regard a proposal for the adoption of a modern English domestic architecture as simply equivalent with the definite recognition of the Romano-Italian style, as the domestic architecture of this country. And this is exactly the position assumed by the present most strenuous supporters of an Anglo-Classic style, as the lawful, legitimate, and by far the most desirable architecture for English domestic edifices. Not being acquainted with a native English domestic architecture, they peremptorily ignore any claims which the advocates of such a style may unexpectedly advance. This closely resembles that effect of the fashion for foreign travel, which leads tourists superciliously to condemn English scenery, that they not only have never seen, but which they appear to have regarded as unworthy of their attention, because

it was close at hand and easy of access. Fortunately, the picturesque beauty of our island scenery has no longer any need of triumphant vindication. And, in like manner, just at the time when we were informed that the revival of an early English domestic architecture was simply impossible, from that most conclusive reason that no such early English domestic architecture ever existed, Mr. Parker quietly places in our hands the concluding volumes of his admirable history of this very art. Never was a book more opportune in the period of its appearance,—never one that dealt in a more satisfactory manner with the subject to which it was devoted, or was more conclusive as a reply to those who were ready to assume the non-existence of an architecture, of which they chanced to be ignorant.

It must be distinctly understood that Mr. Parker's



KITCHEN AT STANTON HARCOURT, OXFORDSHIRE.

work is absolutely free from the slightest inclination towards any architectural controversy. He neither advocates one style, nor assumes a position opposed to those who may maintain the superiority of another style. His volumes form a descriptive history, and they are consequently filled with the records and illustrations of facts, and leave arguments and discussions without notice. Following out the historical and descriptive inquiry so ably commenced by the late lamented Hudson Turner, the editor of the Oxford Glossary has thoroughly investigated the subject of early domestic architecture in England, and in three distinct yet most closely associated works he has brought down his "account" from the Norman Conquest to the era of Henry VIII. Mr. Parker's volumes, accordingly, trace out both

the development and the decline of the purely national domestic architecture of old England; they accompany the progressive establishment of peaceful society in England in the place of feudal despotism, and show how the older castles were succeeded first by castellated mansions, and then by manor-houses in which but faint traces of military architecture could be said to linger; they point out also the intimate connection between the English of the middle ages and their domestic architecture, and demonstrate the immense importance of our early domestic architecture as a chisel-written chronicle for the guidance and instruction of our historians.

When we find Mr. Parker's volumes lying open before us, and observe that the two last of the series bear the date 1859, we are involuntarily led to

\* SOME ACCOUNT OF DOMESTIC ARCHITECTURE IN ENGLAND. FROM RICHARD II. TO HENRY VIII. WITH NUMEROUS ILLUSTRATIONS. BY THE EDITOR OF THE "GLOSSARY OF ARCHITECTURE." OXFORD AND LONDON: JOHN HENRY AND JAMES PARKER, 1859.



inquire about former editions, for it is difficult to conceive that the early domestic architecture of England should have been permitted to remain without any authoritative exponent and record until the middle of the last year. Yet such is the fact. The new work is its own first edition. This is the first work that has given a real "account" of our early domestic architecture. This circumstance is sufficiently singular in itself, but it becomes even more remarkable when it appears that that subject has not been overlooked, either from a want of materials, or from their being deficient in interest or authenticity. It is not possible to examine Mr. Parker's volumes without an increasing surprise at the rich abundance of his materials; and, as we proceed from chapter to chapter, we appear to have the England of the olden time brought before us under a fresh, yet a thoroughly truthful and a deeply interesting aspect. Examples of early English domestic architecture, which we had supposed to exist only in rare instances, and in advanced conditions of ruinous dilapidation, are found to remain in vast numbers, and to retain, comparatively unimpaired, all the characteristic features of their original aspects and uses. We thus learn to regard the Gothic of

England as English architecture, not merely from its having bequeathed to us our cathedrals, but because we see how it pervaded our country, and for centuries was the only style known to exist among our forefathers. It must also be remarked that this architecture grew up in our country, with the growth of our country itself. The domestic edifices which it produced were always well adapted for the purposes for which they were intended; as the architecture is invariably found capable of the happiest adaptation to a diversity of particular circumstances, and a constant change in the general condition of society at large. The arrangements, however, of the early buildings of different classes, and at successive periods, were not, in each stage of mediæval English architecture, the result of the working of any one powerful mind; they were not produced from "the design of some one great architect," nor were they the work of even a single generation; on the contrary, the entire architecture was the progressive growth of centuries. The style advanced with advancing time. "Side by side with the gradual development of the civilization, wealth, and power of England, grew the domestic habita-

tions of the country; in each age reflecting not only the manners and customs of the people, but the position and prosperity of the English as a nation; each progressive step in the gradual development of the style and plan" of the successive edifices constituting "an illustration to a page of history." These remarks are equally applicable in the case of the more decidedly castellated structures of the strong border towers, in which strength and security were held to compensate for defective domestic accommodation, of country manor-houses, of monastic establishments, and of every variety of public and private buildings, as well in the streets of the towns as in the villages which studded the country. So far as the buildings of those days aspired to any architectural character, they were in their degree and capacity exponents of the national style; and, on the other hand, the national style was always found to be prepared and qualified to provide whatever architectural requirements Englishmen, in the days of the Edwards and Henries, had occasion to seek. Mr. Parker traces the working of the style under every contingency, and the perusal of his volumes leaves the mind impressed with a picture of English history, such as cannot be drawn without



COWDRAY HOUSE.

the aid of the materials of which he has been the first clearly to explain the use.

It is not our purpose to follow Mr. Parker from chapter to chapter of his work, nor do we even intend to place before our readers a condensed analysis of any one single chapter. Much less have we any thoughts of entering upon a course of argument, deduced from what Mr. Parker has so ably written upon the domestic architecture of England in past times, and applicable to the existing contest which is carried on with such warmth, with reference to what should, or should not, be the domestic architecture of the time now present. We are content to accept the work under our consideration as a most valuable addition to the Art-literature of our country, and we direct attention to its pages, as containing contributions of the highest importance towards the production of the popular history of England, for which, whenever it appears, we have in store so cordial a welcome. Mr. Parker professes to give an "account" of that domestic architecture which grew up and flourished in England, and then fell into abeyance; and, having most faithfully accomplished the duty he had undertaken, he has left his work to accomplish its own proper effect. We do the same.

We set forth what the work is, what it undertook to do, and how it has done it; we strongly recommend it to all who are interested in its subject; and to those who would take any part in the discussion and application of that subject, we pronounce a study of this work to be indispensable.

It is scarcely necessary to add that a first intimate acquaintance is formed, or an existing familiarity with the early domestic architecture of England is renewed, under very pleasant conditions, through the agency of Mr. Parker's volumes. Concise, and yet explicit, lucid, and abounding in matter which is always agreeably conveyed, the work is second to none that bear the publishers' names, in the style in which it has been produced. The tables of contents, the classification and arrangement of the materials, the indexes, the illustrative and explanatory references, and, though last mentioned, far from least in merit and value, the wood-engravings—all of them by Orlando Jewitt—leave nothing to be desired. We have sincere pleasure in introducing, as specimens, two of Mr. Jewitt's admirable illustrations into our own pages. The first represents the interior of the square, lofty, tower-like kitchen at Stanton Harcourt, Oxfordshire, with its fine, open

timber roof, of admirable carpentry, that rises as a pyramidal vault over the spacious apartment. Louvre boards, for the escape of smoke and steam, are seen at the lower part of the roof; but there still remain fire-places and ovens, which have their chimneys built in the thickness of the walls. This thoroughly architectural kitchen, which is one of the finest existing examples of its class, stands apart from the manor-house, having its external walls embattled, and at one angle a stair-turret. It appears to have been erected during the reign of Edward IV. The second engraving is a view of Cowdray House, near Midhurst, in Sussex, built by William Fitzwilliam, Earl of Southampton, who died in 1542. This fine specimen of the English nobleman's country-seat of the period, in itself would be able to maintain the claims of our early domestic architecture for a high reputation. When perfect, it consisted of a quadrangle with some projecting structures, and it comprised, with many other apartments, a gateway, a chapel, and a hall of unusual size and magnificence. Unfortunately, in 1793, all that could burn of this noble building was consumed by fire, and what then resisted the conflagration has since remained a ruin.



THE  
COLLECTIONS OF THE BRITISH  
SCHOOL AT KENSINGTON.

ON the 5th of December the collections that were removed from Marlborough House were opened to the public in the new rooms that have been erected for their reception adjoining the Kensington Museum. In the first apartment we enter, the light is so far removed from the pictures, as to make the room somewhat sombre, in comparison with the others, of which the roofs are lower, and, consequently, the light is nearer the pictures. If this room were the first erected, it must have been found to be a mistake; if it were the last that was built, it is a marvel that such an experiment could be risked, after the better proof of the lower roofing. If, as we were assured on the voting of the supplies last session of Parliament, these rooms are to be only the temporary abode of these collections, there is nothing to be said "anent" the mode of lighting. But if it be shown that they are designed as the permanent resting-place of the pictures, then shall we question closely these mere slits in the roof and their limited light-shed. The walls of the large gallery, that is, of the first room we enter, are painted red, while those of the inner rooms are green, the former several tones darker than the latter. This cannot have been done under one direction; if so, wherefore such diversity? All positive hues are decompounds of the delicate harmonies of a highly wrought work of Art, when placed in opposition to it; hence the necessity of colouring in neutral tones all walls whereon pictures are hung, and of which so much is exposed as we see at Kensington. The first room contains pictures that we have been accustomed to see at Marlborough House, by Lawrence, West, Hogarth, Gainsborough, Reynolds, Constable, Hilton, Wilkie, &c.; and with them two Italian pictures, the large Bassano and the Caravaggio. At the end of this gallery two long parallel suites of rooms turn off at a right angle. The end of the first room of the left parallel is covered with a selection of Turner's drawings, and then succeed works by Wilkie, Hilton, Constable, Lawrence, Stothard, Phillips, Wilson, Jackson, Gainsborough, Reynolds, &c. In the third room commences the Vernon Collection, which continues through the other rooms of the same parallel, and in the corresponding rooms of the other parallel is the Sheepshanks Collection, with all the drawings and scraps which Mr. Sheepshanks was so many years in accumulating. The remaining rooms of the right-hand parallel are occupied by the Turner Collection, and here is Turner seen as he has never been seen before. We may guess at the quality of other works in a low light; but at Marlborough House each picture of Turner was a splendid mystery, soluble only in a high degree of light. A few of his compositions we may instance: one bearing the humble title of 'Crossing the Brook'—a production painted before he was seized with the prismatic monomania—is one of the grandest landscapes ever placed upon canvas. It is put together from English scenery, with a classic realism sprung, surely, of the same inspirations that animated the best of the Greek and Latin poets. And then there is 'Dido and Æneas leaving Carthage on the Morning of the Chase,' that called 'Apuleia in search of Apuleius,' with a catalogue of others of rare excellence, those, especially, painted before 1825. Turner is here, at last intelligible, despite the books that have been written to mystify him by explanation. His poetry appears in the catalogue appended to those titles to which they were originally added in the Academy catalogues, but this would have been better omitted. It were too much to expect that his poetic had been equal to his graphic power; and yet it is marvellous that the poetic expression should be of so high an order in painting, and so base in verse. The line of landscapes hung near 'Crossing the Brook' is the most fascinating the world of Art has ever yet seen; and the lesson that we learn from them is not to follow Turner, but to study nature. Of the contents of these rooms we may be proud; for although there are works among them scarcely mediocre, there is no collection in Europe that is not open to the same objection. Of Turner's drawings there are but a few hung.

ART IN THE PROVINCES, IRELAND,  
AND SCOTLAND.

LIVERPOOL AND MANCHESTER.—SHILLING ART-UNIONS.—We may borrow some good things from France: the experiment made last year in Paris of shares in an Art-lottery, at one franc a share, was copied by an enterprising and estimable gentleman, Mr. Baruchson, a merchant in Liverpool, who is one of the committee of the "Society of Fine Arts," saw with regret, that in so wealthy a city little more than 350 guineas could be raised in any year, by guinea subscriptions, for the aid and encouragement of Art: he therefore laboured to plant this exotic in Liverpool, and, assisted by the society's excellent and indefatigable secretary, Joseph Boulton, Esq., set to work, with a success that will surprise our readers, when they learn that the shilling subscriptions now amount—not to 350—but to 2000, guineas, and will probably reach a third more before the lists are closed. As pictures to the amount of £2000 have been "sold" in the rooms of the society in Bold Street, we may reasonably expect that the sum to be expended there, this year, will not be much more than £5000. The example of Liverpool has been followed by Manchester, and with nearly the same results: the liberal and energetic people of Manchester are indeed running a race with those of the sister city, and it is a question by whom the larger amount will be raised. No doubt the principle will spread; and perhaps in all the large manufacturing towns of England, this year, there will be "Shilling Art-UNIONS." We have been at some pains to ascertain the class of people who are the principal subscribers to these two large funds. We find among them comparatively few artisans, and none of a grade lower, as yet. We were under the impression that masters who employ numbers of men had influenced their workmen to subscribe; such, however, is not the case. The lists are composed chiefly of the middle classes—tradesmen, clerks, and so forth—who might reluctantly part with a guinea, but who readily contribute five shillings for as many shares, and consequently as many chances. It is needless to say no prints are given; nothing is obtained but the chance of gaining a picture—that is to say, the right to choose a picture, of a given price, from the walls of the respective exhibitions of the two Art-societies—the one in Bold Street, Liverpool, the other in the Royal Institution, at Manchester—both being now open. It is hard to guess as to the nature of the choice when a prize is gained for a shilling by a person probably ignorant of Art; but no doubt proper advice will be sought, to my nothing of the rapidly growing intelligence on all such subjects. We have no great fear that bad works will be chosen in preference to good. But, next year, we imagine the selection will not be left altogether in the hands of prize-gainers; a committee will select, for instance, ten of £50 each; prize-gainer No. 1, who has the prize amount to £50, will thus choose from ten pictures, while prize-gainer No. 10 will have no choice. This is the plan we long ago recommended to the Art-Union of London, and which we have urged—we believe with a different result—upon the committees of Liverpool and Manchester. Artists will thus find it absolutely essential to paint up to the knowledge of competent judges, and not down to the comprehensions of persons who measure value by gay colour or large size; otherwise, perhaps, the greatly increased sales that may be looked for in provincial exhibitions would be a calamity, and not a boon to Art.

MANCHESTER.—We understand that the artists of Manchester have for very many years desired to found an Academy of Arts; in fact, that the Royal Institution—one of the finest buildings in the city, an early work of Sir C. Barry—owes its existence to efforts of the artistic body, who initiated its foundation, but who were afterwards—rather by mistake than intention—deprived of any share in its management. For some time immediately succeeding the Art-Treasures Exhibition, the artists made to carry out the formation of an exhibition of local Art, to take place at the same time as the world's great show of Art. This exhibition was peculiarly successful, receiving admiring attention from many thousand visitors, and from royalty itself. The Prince Consort visited its galleries, examined the pictures minutely, and for upwards of an hour, under the guidance of Mr. Hammerley, made himself acquainted with the condition of Art in Manchester. So successful was this local effort, that it became doubly evident that Manchester should found a school worthy of itself, and worthy of a Prince known to possess such a refined feeling for all that is beautiful and ennobling—his Royal Highness promising to give his countenance when such

an Academy should be formed. Its formation is now an accomplished fact, and we only wait more additional details to present to our readers such a veritable scheme of Art-union as will command success by its excellence.

PORTSMOUTH.—We have occasionally referred to the Art-character of the works executed by Messrs. Emanuel, gold and silversmiths to the Queen, at Portsea and Portsmouth. One of their most recent productions is a massive chain of office, intended for the use of the mayors of Portsmouth; it weighs nearly 36 ounces, and in fashion consists of the clasp formed after the rare and quaint old mediæval seal of the ancient college of "Donus Dei," with curious allegorical designs. From this, plain rectangular links (intended to bear the names of future mayors) pass on either side to shields, engraved with the obverse and reverse of the great seals of the borough, viz., the antique ship of Edward II., and the shrine of the titular saints. The links terminate in the hands of the mayors, and the chain is then plain, and part engraved. On the succeeding shields the maritime anchors stand in full relief, and the centre shield bears the crest of the present mayor, Mr. H. Ford. From this hangs a massive pendant, in rich scroll-work, supporting a shield that bears the crest of the borough (the crescent and star), crossed at the base by the mace and the sword of state. In design and workmanship the chain is a beautiful specimen of the art of the goldsmith.

DUBLIN.—The Royal Hibernian Academy have relinquished their annual grant of £300: we congratulate that body; the act is becoming and honourable; it releases them from trammels embarrassing and depressing and makes them free labourers on a soil they can now rise and assuredly will rise, for neither genius nor energy are lacking in the Irish character: its great defect is the opposite of self-dependence. It was a bold act, however; manly and right; we trust there will be a public to appreciate and reward. Many years ago—more than twenty—we mathematized this grant, and made many enemies by our outspaking. We rejoice to know that time has brought conviction of the truth and wisdom of our words.

CORK.—Mr. Wylde, one of the inspectors of the Department of Science and Art, paid a visit to the Cork School of Art towards the close of the past year, to examine the drawings of the pupils, and to award the prizes, which on this occasion, amounted to twenty-eight, only two less than the greatest number allowed by the Department. Out of the twenty-eight works selected for the medal prize, twenty were chosen to be forwarded to London, for competition in the united exhibition of the various Schools of Art in the Kingdom. Besides the medals, forty-five prizes of books, colour-boxes, &c., were awarded to the students for proficiency in subjects connected with Art, and twenty-one to those who are taught in four national schools, by Art-pupils, under the direction of the master, Mr. Shiel, who has held the appointment since July, 1857, but is about to relinquish it, and proceed to Rome to study painting.

GLASGOW.—The great western window of the Glasgow Cathedral has recently been filled in with painted glass, and "inaugurated," as the phrase now is, in the presence of a large and influential body of subscribers and citizens, of different religious Protestant creeds, in a fitting manner. The window is the gift of the brothers Baird, of Gartnaville, and has been executed by the glass painters of Munich, from the design of M. Von Schwind, a distinguished member of the Royal Academy of that city. To attempt a descriptive analysis of this ecclesiastical decoration would occupy more space than we could afford; moreover, as we have had no opportunity of personally examining the work, we are not in a position to express our own opinion. It is something, however, to be assured of the public feeling that exists—of which the window in question is an expression—for ornamenting our sacred edifices worthily, and in a manner that bespeaks a love of a pure Protestant faith, far removed from Puritanism on the one hand, and Romanism on the other. The committee appointed to carry out the work acknowledge the service rendered by their secretary, Mr. Charles Heath Wilson, for the zeal and attention he has given to it. But may we not ask if there were absolutely necessary to go to Munich? are there no glass painters in England capable of producing what the German artists have done?



## THE COMPANION-GUIDE

(BY RAILWAY)

## IN SOUTH WALES.

BY MR. AND MRS. S. C. HALL.

ILLUSTRATED BY

J. D. HARDING, HERBERT FOSTER, F. W. HULME, R. W. COLEMAN, J. A. BROOKS, E. M. WIMPRESS, F. W. FAIRBOLT, COMMANDER MAY, R.N., AND OTHERS.

## PART I.



OUR pleasant duty is to lead our readers through a district that affords abundant materials for the pen and pencil: conducting them by railway through South Wales, beginning at venerable Gloucester and ending at Milford Haven; passing through Chepstow, Newport, Cardiff, Neath, Swansea, and Carmarthen—towns of high interest and historic fame, that neighbour many places famous since

the Britons warred with the Romans, and the brave and indomitable Welsh struggled, not always in vain, with Norman conquerors, who have left imperishable traces of their contests and their settlements—suggestions for thought and subjects for pictures.

Of late years there has been a very general—a strong and marked—desire to be made acquainted with objects that merit attention, and reward inquiry, at home; to remove a reproach, not unjustly urged, against the English—of being more familiar with attractions they have sought abroad than with those they may find in their own Islands: such as are associated with glorious memories, and are wholesome and honourable stimulants to Patriotism and to Virtue. Not only are they fair to the eye,—our plains and woods, hills and dales, streams and rivers, rural villages and rich demesnes, spacious harbours and stern or sheltered sea-coasts,—the mind is perpetually instructed and enlightened by remains of past ages that illustrate our History. The cromlech of the Briton, the tumulus of the Roman, the barrow of the Saxon, abbeys, monasteries, and churches, "in ruins eloquent!"

"Time consecrates,

And what is grey with age becomes Religion."

The Artist and the Author find in Great Britain themes more abundantly prolific than they can encounter elsewhere; and may rejoice if it be their destiny to extend the teachings and the influence which any Home Tour is certain to convey.

Of all that can inform the mind and delight the eye there is in SOUTH WALES a mine of wealth—inexhaustible, yet comparatively unexplored. Although amazingly rich in landscape beauty, and historic remains, little has been hitherto accomplished for making known its many and manifest advantages: the tide of popular favour running northward through the Principality. We shall show, however, that if there be less of savage grandeur in the mountains and sea-rocks, and of "breadth" in its wooded valleys, the South may vie with the North in attractions that reward the lover of nature, the artist, the historian, the ecclesiologist, and the archaeologist.

The SOUTH WALES RAILWAY is now not only the road to the extensive and busy district between Gloucester and Milford,—the vast coal-field of the kingdom, and its iron mine, and therefore the true source of its prosperity and power,—it is also the great highway to the south of Ireland, and is increasing daily in value and importance. We shall endeavour to describe and illustrate every point of interest on the way.

Our purpose, however, is not so limited. There are ruins, valleys, hills, and river-sides to be visited on this route, by day-excursions from leading stations. They are rich in picturesque beauty, in local traditions, and in heroic histories. Thus, "laire Tuterne" is but five miles from Chepstow; while at Chepstow is the fine Norman castle so long the prison of "the Regicide." At even a less distance from Newport is the ancient city of the Romans, Caerleon, beside the romantic river Usk. From Cardiff there is a delicious run, by road or railway, up the vale of the Taff; while the vale of Neath is more than its rival in interest and beauty; and possibly both will be considered as surpassed by the charms of the Towy, that, running through rich alluvial meadows, under high hills, of which far-famed "Grougar" is one, watering the rock foundations of many castles, and refreshing ancient Carmarthen, loses itself in the bay to which it gives name,—a bay, however, second in interest and in beauty to that of Milford, the "happiest" of all the harbours of either Wales or England.

Through this interesting and highly instructive district we purpose to conduct the reader, aided by the many Artists with whom we have the honour to be associated in our task.

Our TOUR commences at venerable—very venerable—GLOUCESTER. Where its Cathedral now stands, there was a Christian church seventeen hundred years ago; one of those primitive edifices, constructed of clay and wattle, that cradled religion when its missionaries were few, labouring amid difficulties, surmounted only by Divine aid—aid accorded to men of superhuman energy, to whom perils were duties, and who, strong in faith, encountered and conquered!

Gloucester ranks among the oldest of English cities. It was a place of strength and importance before the Roman invasion. The Britons called the city "Caer Glowe," which signifies a fortress bright or beautiful. After the Roman conquest, the word had "a Latin termination,



ST. MARY-DE-LODE: HOOPER'S MONUMENT.

and became Glevum." By the Saxons it was named "Glew-ceastre," a name which, with slight variation, it has since retained; and to which, from its situation, in the midst of fertile lands that border "princelike Severn," and surrounded by lofty hills, it is eminently entitled.

It has sustained its prominent position among the foremost cities of the kingdom, from that far-off time to our own day. Here the Norman conqueror frequently held his court: here the first Henry assembled the first British Parliament; here Henry III. was crowned: here the second Richard presided over a "factious and unprofitable parliament;" here Edward II. was "entertained;" and here, after his murder at Berkeley Castle, he was buried: hence the third



GLOUCESTER CATHEDRAL: ST. OSWALD'S PRIORY.

Richard took his ducal title: here Harry of Monmouth held a parliament: here a "stout stand" was made, during the civil war, against a besieging army commanded by the unhappy King in person. In all the conflicts of a thousand years, "old Gloucester" has borne its part—and has ever borne it bravely, increasing and prospering the while, and maintaining its claim to rank among the most powerful, as well as the most beautiful, of English cities.

Gloucester stands on an elevation above the Severn, admirably situate for trade and commerce by land and sea; for it is the outlet of a large and productive district, agricultural and manufacturing; the great river is a high-way to all parts of the world; a canal connects it with the Thames; a ship-canal is a valuable aid to its prosperity; and several railroads establish

direct and rapid intercourse with all parts of England. Notwithstanding its antiquity, Gloucester does not contain many relics of by-gone times; they are sufficient, however, to provide for the Tourist a day's profitable occupation. Foremost amongst them is the venerable and beautiful Cathedral, to which grand object of attraction we limit our observations; adding a few passing remarks concerning the old PRIORY OF ST. OSWALD, of which a striking view is obtained from the railway as we leave the city; and the renowned church of ST. MARY-DE-LODY, in the graveyard of which stands a monument to Bishop Hooper, raised there to commemorate an event recorded in the following inscription:—"John Hooper, D.D., Bishop of Gloucester and Worcester, was burnt on this spot on Saturday, February ix, MDLX., for his steady adherence to the Protestant Religion." There is no need to relate the history of this persecution and martyrdom:—Hooper was one of many who, in an age of cruelty and bigotry, by their heroic deaths, gave vigorous life to that purer faith which, far beyond all other things—princes, parliaments, and powers—makes England a land of liberty.

Tradition informs us that a bishop and preachers were appointed at Gloucester in the year of our salvation 139, and that Eldad, or Aldate, was bishop of that place in the year 522. It is also said that Lucius, the first Christian king of Britain, by the advice of Fagan and Damian, missionaries from the see of Rome, placed three archbishops in England—at London, York, and Gloucester—instead of the three heathen arch-priests who then resided in those "cities."

The missionary "settlement"—for it was little more until a much later period—underwent many changes. It is probable that after at least two "removals" further off from the danger of river inundations, the edifice was placed on the site it now occupies; and that it was indebted to the Norman conquerors for the form it eventually assumed of strength and beauty, together with its status and dignity as "a church." The establishment was successively a nunnery, a college of secular priests, and a Benedictine abbey; which latter character it bore until the Reformation. The conqueror appointed his own chaplain, William Serlo, abbot of Gloucester. He found in the abbey only two monks, but soon increased the number to a hundred. The old church and monastery were burned down in 1088, a circumstance that enabled Serlo to increase the magnificence of the abbatial buildings. The main structure of the present cathedral, from the seventh western arch of the nave to the extremity of the choir, is to be attributed to him; and though it is in some places masked, and in other parts partially concealed by the lighter and more elaborate work of a much later period, we still recognise in the massive and rude masonry, in the plain cylindrical piers, and the rounded arches with their characteristic enrichments of zigzag and billet carving, the solid and almost imperishable work of the Norman architect.

Throughout the entire region, in the midst of which the city of Gloucester is placed, very shortly after the establishment of the Norman rule in England, the churches of the Anglo-Normans arose on every side in massive strength, and on a scale of grandeur truly wonderful. The old church-builders must have felt they were at home in England, and were providing for the religious worship of their descendants through many generations. Their edifices are of vast size, and abound in close proximity to one another; some of them still impressively Anglo-Norman, others either changed or modified in accordance with the architectural changes and modifications of succeeding centuries, or sometimes still thoroughly Anglo-Norman in their ruins.

The Norman architecture of the Cathedral is singularly grand. The piers of the nave are lofty, cylindrical in form, and quite plain; they are crowned by the characteristic "cushion-capitals" of the style, from which spring the half-circular arches of the great arcade. The true proportions of these noble piers are now lost in consequence of the present pavement rising above the level of their plinths, as is the case at York. The ancient roadway at Gloucester, however, is said to be still in existence, and *in situ*, Herulaneum-like, beneath its modern covering. Above the pier-arches is a low Norman triforium, and, still higher, the remains of a lofty clerestory of the same period may yet be distinguished.

Besides the nave there are many other parts of the cathedral of Norman architecture; the entire choir, with its chapels, is also for the most part Norman,—that is, the Norman work remains, though it is overlaid with the most elaborate traceries and panelling of a late Perpendicular Gothic period. This part of Gloucester Cathedral is most remarkable, as an example of *venetian in stone*. In part the Perpendicular is engrafted upon the Norman, and in part the old work is simply revetted or cased. And, unlike the ordinary practice of the Tudor architects, the choir of Gloucester repeatedly shows the original Norman work *through* the later Gothic; and in the open triforium, the old masonry is left unmasked, in the open discharge of its original duty. The vault of the

choir (which rises to a higher elevation than that of the nave) is one of the most complex examples of rib-tracery in England; and the great east window fills the entire end of the edifice with pierced Perpendicular panelling, with stained glass. The crypt, the remains of the conventual buildings, and all the details of the edifice, with its adjuncts, possess peculiar points of interest. The south aisle of the nave is supreme as a specimen of the decorated Gothic, when revelling in richness of decoration; and the cloisters, with their beautiful fan-tracery vaulting, stand pre-eminent amidst works of their class.

For a long period subsequent to the death of the first Norman prelate, the annals of the church at Gloucester are silent. During the thirteenth century, however, much was effected; and during the century following, a succession of abbots devoted themselves to the architectural improvement and embellishment of their edifices. Several additions were then made to the church, and the enrichments which still remain were executed. In the fifteenth century



THE STATION, GRANGE COURT.

the same spirit was manifested: the noble tower was then built by Abbot Sebroke (1450-1457); the Lady-Chapel followed; and the other Perpendicular works were completed before 1520. It is worthy of note, that large sums were obtained from the offerings of pilgrims to the tomb of Edward II.

William Malvern, *alias* Parker, was the last of the abbots: his monumental effigy, in full vestments, lies in the choir. At the Reformation the church became a cathedral; it was anew dedicated—to the Trinity; but the old name of St. Peter clings to it; it is usually called St. Peter's Cathedral. Time, although it has been more than commonly lenient to this glorious old church, has rendered much restoration necessary, and such restoration is proceeding, happily, under the direction of Gilbert Graham Scott.\*



WESTBURY-ON-SEVERN.

There are many venerable and interesting churches in Gloucester: such are St. Michael's, St. Nicholas, St. Mary-de-Lode, St. John's, St. Mary-de-Crypt. The once renowned inn, also,—

\* Those who delay at Gloucester to visit the beautiful cathedral, may purchase an ably written guide-book,—not to the cathedral only, but to the city,—published by Edward Power, Westgate Street. It fully and very accurately describes the several points of interest—the tower, the front, the nave, the choir, the north and south transepts, the crypt, the chapel of our Lady, "the whispering gallery," the library, and the monuments. The most remarkable of the monuments is the shrine of Edward II., murdered at Berkeley Castle in 1327. It was erected by his son Edward III., and is a work of great beauty. The effigy to Robert Curthose, Duke of Normandy, eldest son of the Conqueror, who died at Cardiff, in 1134, is a singular work, boldly carved in Irish oak; the figure is recumbent and cross-legged, and about the head over the mail there is a diadem coronet. It is not possible to determine its exact date; but it was probably the gratuitous work of a monk long subsequent to the duke's interment, perhaps about the middle of the thirteenth century. The cathedral is filled with monuments, from that of "pious King Lucius," the first Christian king of Britain, who died A.D. 118, to that which honours the memory of Dr. Jenner, and records the comparatively humble name of Dr. Stock, who "planned and instituted the first Sunday school in the kingdom." There is, however, one most exquisitely beautiful work, which all who love and honour "Art" will examine with delight: it is by immortal Flaxman, and one of the finest efforts of his genius. Strange to say, no mention is made of this beautiful production of Art in either of the Guide-books.



"the Bell,"—the birth-place of the present Bishop of Exeter, is famous in the annals of the past century.

We have exceeded somewhat our limits to convey a sufficiently clear idea of the beautiful structure, Gloucester Cathedral, which greets the eye as we enter and leave the city: but there is yet another object that cannot fail to interest the passenger by railway, and induce inquiry—the RUINS OF ST. OSWALD'S PRIORY, a few broken walls of which he sees almost immediately after the train is *en route* for South Wales.

The Priory of St. Oswald, commonly called St. Katherine's Abbey, was founded by Ethelred, a later Earl of Mercia, and his famous princess Ethelfleda, or Elida. St. Oswald was King of Northumberland in the year 634: he was a devout and religious prince. Being defeated by the Danes and slain by Penda, the fierce and sanguinary Duke of Mercia, his remains were first carried to the Abbey of Bardrey, in Lincolnshire, but afterwards removed to Gloucester, by order of Ethelred and his princess, who "built a college by Severn side," where they richly entombed his body, dedicating the edifice to his honour.

During the Norman period the Priory of St. Oswald seems to have been much enlarged and beautified. We read that Thurlstan, Archbishop of York, pulled down the old church, built a new one at large cost, and repaired St. Oswald's tomb. This building has suffered so much from the hand of time, from the ravages of war, and from neglect in peace, that little is left to attest its former magnificence; its use as an edifice dedicated to the worship of God has long since ceased. The extent of the monastery is marked by a few crumbling walls and disjointed stones, which lie scattered in all directions in the neighbourhood of the chapel, the east and south walls of which are the only parts that retain enough of their original character for us to identify their style.

Towards the close of the last century the ruins and the ground were sold by the corporation, and are now appropriated to "base uses." These broken walls "by Severn side" will, however, attract the notice of all passers by.\*

Leaving Gloucester (by railway 114 miles from London), we are in an island at first, formed by two branches of the Severn—Alney Island. Here the Romans, the Saxons, the Danes, and the Normans, often fought; and here "the fierce Silures"†—ancient Britons, from neighbouring Wales—waged perpetual war with each of the intruders in succession.

The river is crossed by two ugly railway bridges; gradually we lose sight of the graceful and beautiful cathedral tower; we may, if we please, glance at the masts of tall ships moored at distant quays; and look back on green hills that shelter the venerable city. We run over lowlands, where cows are at pasture, with little to arrest the eye except fertility—and that is everywhere.

\* The Severn is, next to the Thames, the largest and most important of British rivers: its original name was *Hafren*, of which Severn is a corruption; or, according to some writers, it is derived from the Saxon word "*Sæferne*"—sea-flowing. By the Romans it was called "*Sabrina*," the legend which accounts for its name is thus given by Milton:—

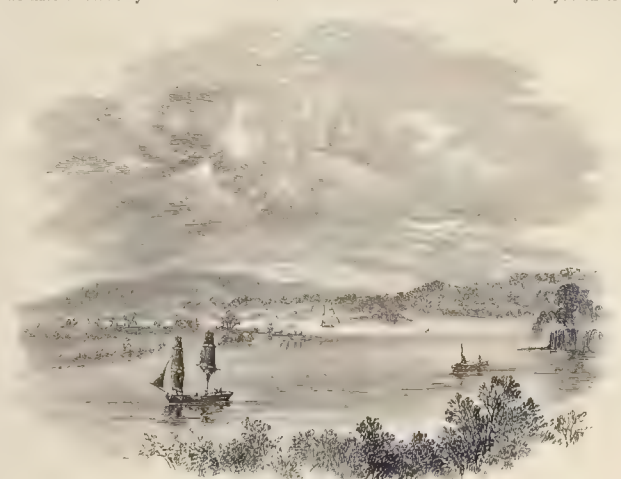
"There is a gentle nymph not far from hence,  
That with moist curb sways the smooth Severn stream,  
*Sabrina* is her name; a virgin pure,  
Whilome she was the daughter of *Loecine*,  
That had the sceptre from his father *Brute*.  
She, guiltless dæmon, flying the mad pursuit  
Of her enraged stepdame, *Guendolen*,  
Commended her fair innocence to the flood,  
That stay'd her flight with its cross-flowing course."

The Severn rises from a spring on the eastern side of "lofty Plinlimmon," at a considerable elevation, and within a short distance of the sources of the Wye and Rhidol. It flows eastward about twelve miles to Llanidloes, where it receives the waters of the Clywedog, thence it inclines to the N.E. towards Welshpool, where it becomes navigable for small barges. A little below Welshpool, the Severn is joined by the Vyrnwy, a considerable stream; about a mile below the confluence of the Vyrnwy, the Severn quits Montgomeryshire, and enters Shropshire, inclining its general direction through the vale of Shrewsbury, nearly surrounding the town. From Shrewsbury it takes a south-eastern course, through Coalbrook Dale to Bridgenorth, and enters Worcestershire a short distance above Bewdley. From Bewdley it flows southward to Worcester, receiving in its course the Stour and Salwarpe. About two miles below the city it obtains a considerable accession of water by the junction of the Teme. Still flowing nearly due south, and passing Upton, it leaves Worcestershire at Tewkesbury, where it receives the Upper Avon, and enters the county of Gloucester. From Tewkesbury the river again changes its course, gradually inclining to the S.S.W., which direction it chiefly follows for the remainder of its course. One mile above the city of Gloucester the stream divides into two channels; the left, and main branch, flowing by Gloucester, and the right receiving the Ladden, the two branches reuniting a little below the city, forming the rich tract of land called Alney Island. From Gloucester the river pursues an extremely winding course to Newnham, previously receiving the Frome from the left. A short distance below Newnham its channel widens considerably, and although it retains the name of river as far as the mouth of the Lower Avon, it is in fact rather the estuary of the river, than the river itself. The width of this estuary between the village of Frethorn, below Newnham and the mouth of the Avon, where the Bristol Channel may be said to commence, varies from one to three miles. The total length of the Severn is about two hundred miles from this point to its source.

† "The Silures were reduced to subjection about the year 72 of the Christian era, by Julius Frontinus, from whom the *Via Julia* is thought to have been named."

The rich meadows and blooming or productive orchards of Gloucestershire greet us as we proceed. On one side is the Severn, always to the left of the line; on the other are green fields, backed by cultivated hills, with now and then, rising above trees, the steeple of a village church, round which are gathered pleasant cottages, half-hidden by thick hedge-rows, and, here and there, a mansion;—all indicating ease, comfort, and prosperity, and presenting a scene such as England only can show.

And so our first station out of Gloucester—GRANGE COURT—is reached, a distance of seven and a half miles from the city. Here commences the SOUTH WALES RAILWAY: hitherto we have travelled by the Great Western: and we should still do so if we journeyed on to



THE SEVERN, FROM NEWNHAM CHURCHYARD.

Ross and Hereford; for here their line branches off, and thus we can, if we please, make our way through Shrewsbury to Liverpool and Holyhead; or we may travel round to Newport, through Hereford, Abergavenny and Pontypool—increasing the distance certainly, but varying the journey much, always a desirable object to the tourist for pleasure; it may be, hereafter, our duty to guide him by this route through a district of surpassing beauty, leading, directly or indirectly, to many of the most charming valleys in South Wales—the valleys of the Usk and the Taff, and the Vale of Neath.

The station at Grange Court is pretty and picturesque—as much so, that is to say, as a



NEWNHAM.

railway station can be: moreover, it has the charm of solitude; there is no house of any kind near it, and seldom are there any sounds except the railway whistle and the songs of birds from adjacent woods.

We have lost the river for some miles: presently it again comes in sight, affording a pleasant subject for the pencil—of which the artist has availed himself. The distant church is that of WESTBURY. The station next reached is NEWNHAM; whence we obtain another view of the broad Severn—here nearly a mile in width at high water. Newnham is a market town, and was formerly of some note: it was the place of appointed meeting between Henry II. and

Strongbow, when the stout earl returned from his Irish conquest. Remains of fortifications may still be traced—protections against incursions of the Welsh, who rarely left long at peace any settlement of the English within a day's march of their mountains. The church, dedicated to St. Peter, though not of very remote date, occupies the site, and is partly formed from the remains of a more ancient structure; it stands on a commanding cliff, that overlooks the river.

We have now the Severn always with us, until its junction with the Bristol Channel. Passing the small station of Bulloppill, at which few trains stop, and reaching that of Gatcombe, we take note of "Purton Passage,"—the old ferry across the river. There is no bridge after we leave Gloucester, the Severn soon becoming too wide and too deep; and the only way of reaching the fine, fertile tract of country—in Gloucestershire—we see on the opposite side, is by boats; it will be readily understood that in bad weather the passage is a voyage, and not without danger. If the tide is out, the eye will be continually arrested by huge sand-banks; these are of sufficient importance to have names:—Frampton Sand, Waveridge Sand, the Ridge Sand, Priun Sand, Sausager Sand, Lydney Sand, Shepherdine Sands, Oldbury Sand, rapidly follow each other between Gloucester and Chepstow.

For some miles we have skirted the famous Forest of Dean: it is on our right, the Severn being on our left. The name is derived, according to one authority, from the Saxon word "dene,"—a dale; according to Giraldus, "from its early settlers—the Danes;" or, according to Camden, from "arden,"—a term "which the Britons used to signify a wood." Many Druidic remains are found there: its ancient iron mines were undoubtedly worked by the Romans; the Saxon kings conferred upon it several privileges; the Norman conquerors made it their hunting-ground, and knew its value as a huge forge and "nurse-ground" for iron and wood. Many of the castles, in ruins, on its borders, attest the care by which it was guarded. The miners and foresters had peculiar "customs and franchise, time out of minde." And many a tall tree, that sprang from an acorn here, has borne the commerce of Britain over the world, and upheld its glory in a hundred fights. It is recorded by John Evelyn, that when, in 1588, the Spanish Armada was on its way to England, it was "expressly enjoined, that if they could not subdue the nation, and make good their conquest, they should yet be sure not to leave a tree standing in the Forest of Dean." In the civil wars of the King and the Parliament, it bore its part bravely.

The inhabitants of the forest are a singularly primitive people; for centuries they were completely isolated, and had little or no intercourse with the world beyond the shadows of their trees. They are described by historians of various epochs, as "a robustic, wild people;" so indeed they are to this day; still following their old "customs," believing in witchcraft, in the evil eye, in the efficacy of charms and incantations, and, of course, in apparitions. "One half of the forest population is understood to be employed at the coal works; a fourth part at those of iron; and the remainder in quarries and woods." That population, by the census of 1851, numbered upwards of thirteen thousand, having more than doubled within a century.\*

The forest contains about 30,000 acres: there are now large and flourishing towns within its boundaries; its mines of coal and iron are richly productive; and the trees that grow there continue to furnish our dockyards. One of the chief outlets of its produce is the small town of LYDNEY—the station we next approach.

Between Gatcombe and Lydney, however—nearly midway—we must look across the Severn. The eye falls upon an assembly of masts of ships, the hulls of which are hidden by intervening banks. We take note also of a mass of masonry, that seems oddly out of place, beside a white house, and a series of red sandstone banks: it is the huge gateway of the BERKELEY SHIP CANAL, that leads from this point—Sharpness Point—to Gloucester. This great undertaking was commenced so far back as 1794: various "untoward events," however, postponed its opening to the year 1827. It is from 70 to 90 feet wide, 18 feet deep, 17 miles in length, and can be navigated by vessels of 700 or 800 tons.

The tall spire of the church at Lydney is seen long before the station is reached; and then the masts of vessels—coal barges they are, and nothing more—which mark the nature of the traffic in this busy district. Lydney is a place of historic note: the Romans were there; and it was the seat of Sir William Wintour, vice-admiral of England in the reign of

Elizabeth; one of those gallant men who shared in the great glory of that age—the defeat of the "Invincible Armada." It was his descendant who made the "famous leap" at the Wye; and who so fortified his "house," that the soldiers of the Parliament were fain to retreat from before it.\* Lydney is now the great outlet for coal and iron from the neighbouring forest. The artist has pictured its sole peculiarity—THE COAL BARGES.

The station that succeeds Lydney is Woolston: it is in no way remarkable. Between the



COAL BARGES AT LYDNEY.

two stations, however, there is a fine range of hills, that accompanies us all the way—to the right; the Severn, sometimes near and sometimes distant, being on the left. As we approach Chepstow, the eye is cheered by a remarkably pretty village—the village of Tidenham; and presently we cross the railway bridge over the Wye, leave Gloucestershire and enter Mon-



THE BERKELEY SHIP CANAL.

mouthshire—the river dividing the two counties. We have travelled twenty-seven miles and a quarter since we left Gloucester city, and our journey has occupied forty-four minutes of time.

\* A learned and interesting "Historical and Descriptive Account of the Forest of Dean," has been published by the Rev. H. G. Nicholls, one of the curates of the district. It is of great value, and contains a mass of curious information, the result of minute research. The author, however, unfortunately, has not collected the legends, traditions, and superstitions, to the peculiar character of which he so refers as to create a desire for another work from his pen.

\* Sir John Wintour, or Winter, was a gallant soldier, who "from the pen, as secretary to the Queen, was put to the pike, and did his business very handsomely." His lady, in his absence, bravely defended his house, replying to a summons for its surrender, that "by God's assistance she was resolved to maintain it, all extremities notwithstanding." It was the latest of the king's strongholds in Gloucester; when at length it was impossible any longer to defend it, and the cause of the king had become hopeless, the brave loyalist, resolved that it should never harbour the enemies of his master, burnt it to the ground. He escaped to France, and was declared "a delinquent." His lands were bestowed on his great opponent, General Massey. The Restoration, however, gave him back his honours and estates.



## MINOR TOPICS OF THE MONTH.

**THE ROYAL ACADEMY.**—On Saturday, the 10th of December, the usual annual distribution of medals to the students was made. *Gold medals* were awarded to Samuel Lynn, for the best Historical Group of Sculpture, and to Ernest George, for the best Architectural Design. *Silver medals* to Alexander Glasgow, for the best Painting from the Life; to Richard Sithey James, for the best Drawing from the Life; to George Augustus Freezor, for the second best Drawing from the Life; and to Henry O'Connor, for the best Drawing from the Life; to Charles Bell Birch, for the best Model from Life; to Edward Mitchell for the second best Model from Life; to George Augustus Freezor, for the best Painting from the living draped Model; to A. B. Donaldson, for the best Drawing from the Antique; to William Blake Richmond, for the second best Drawing from the Antique; to Robert Staniland West, for the best Model from the Antique; to George Slater, for the second best Model from the Antique; and to Henry M. Egton, for a specimen of Sciography. The *Gold Medal* for Painting was not awarded, the Council considering that no picture submitted to them merited this high distinction.

**THE SKETCHES AND DRAWINGS** of the late Mr. Leslie, R.A., will, it is said, be offered for public sale by Messrs. Foster, of Pall Mall.

**THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.**—Mr. Cope's fresco is in its place in the Lords' corridor. The subject is Lady Russel taking leave of her husband, before his execution. The figures are few, and the treatment is simple and natural. Lord and Lady Russel occupy the centre of the composition, standing, their hands locked together, and the features of both proclaim the poignant emotion by which they are wrung. The prisoner is about to receive the last consolations of religion, and the ministering bishop is moved to tears by the parting. A fourth figure, the turkey, is about to open the door for the departure of Lady Russel, and a fifth figure is the bishop's attendant. We have seen the work under great disadvantages, as it was in the centre of the corridor, surrounded by workmen in the act of moving it into the sunk panel prepared for its reception. It seems, however, to have been executed upon the only principle that can be safely applied to compositions intended for subdued light. It is broad, with effective oppositions, and must, in a good light, be a work of great power. All the frescoes in these corridors are painted upon entire panels of slate, guarded with copper, and having their backs protected by a coating of mortar on wooden bearers. When fixed in the wall, the picture does not close upon the wall, but is full an inch and a half clear of it, as a precaution against damp, which is so rapidly destroying the works in the West's Hall.

**MR. E. M. WARD'S** two pictures, 'The Queen at the Tomb of Napoleon' and 'The Installation of the Emperor Napoleon as Knight of the Garter,' are now finished, and are about to be placed in Buckingham Palace, her Majesty having signified her desire for their delivery. These pictures will be remembered at "the Exhibition," in 1858; they were unsatisfactory, and certainly did not uphold the reputation of the accomplished artist, who ranks among the heads of our British school. Such dissatisfaction, however, arose from their evident "incompleteness;" there were reasons for hanging them which could not be explained, and they were "sent in" as they were—to content neither the critics, nor the profession, nor, we assume, the august lady by whom they were commissioned. This, however, will not be the case now; several months of arduous labour and anxious thought have been given to them; the result is such as all who know the works of the artist—their high intellectual power—will reasonably expect. They are among the most admirable productions of our time; fine and effective illustrations of character; excellent in drawing; carried to the extreme of finish, and, in all respects, worthy national records of two remarkable events. It is right that this fact should be stated: the "Royal Academy" does not permit "unfinished" to be placed upon exhibited works; in this case the rule might have been relaxed; there were, consequently, some who imagined the

defects in these pictures to have arisen from a "falling off" in one who has not yet reached the prime of life, who is conspicuous for the thought and toil with which he works, and whose productions evidence not skilful manipulation alone, but the purpose of a high, a refined, and an educated mind.

**NATIONAL GALLERY, BRITISH SCHOOL, SOUTH KENSINGTON.**—The following regulations for the admission of the public have been arranged by the Committee of Council on Education, and the Trustees of the National Gallery:—1. The separate entrance to the National Gallery, British School, provided at the request of the trustees of the National Gallery, will be open for the public on Mondays, Tuesdays, and Saturdays, and for students on Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays, in the day-time only. 2. The public will be admitted to the National Gallery, British School, also through the Museum every day, and on those nights when the Museum is open, according to the regulations of the Museum. On those nights the National Gallery, British School, will be lighted by the department. 3. Wednesday being a public day at the National Gallery, and a students' day at the South Kensington Museum, will hereafter be a students' day at the National Gallery, British School, and the public admitted on payment (6d.) to the South Kensington Museum will be admitted also to the National Gallery, British School, through the Museum only, the National Gallery students being admissible by the separate entrance. 4. On Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays, when only students are admitted to the National Gallery, British School, the public admitted by payment (6d.) to the South Kensington Museum will be admitted to the National Gallery, British School, through the Museum only. 5. The National Gallery, British School, was opened early in last month.

**THE SOCIETY FOR THE ENCOURAGEMENT OF THE FINE ARTS** held its first annual meeting for the season on the 15th of last month, over which Mr. H. Ottley, Honorary Secretary, presided. A suggestion was made, after the motion for adopting the report, that the meeting should adjourn in consequence of the small number of members present; but it was ultimately decided upon to receive, print, and circulate the report, and to reconsider it at a future meeting.

**SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM.**—Mr. J. C. Robinson, F.S.A., curator of the Art-museum of this institution, delivered a lecture in the theatre of the building, on the 13th of December; the subject, "Ancient Greek Painted Pottery." The address was illustrated by a numerous collection of beautiful ceramic works—vases, cups, amphore, &c.

**M. NIEPCE DE SAINT VICTOR** has, through M. Chevreul, communicated to the Academy of Sciences, at Paris, the results of some new experiments on the agency of light. It is known that gallic acid, oxalic acid, and some other organic salts, will precipitate silver and gold from their solutions, but M. Niepce now shows that they are much more active in effecting this decomposition when the solutions have been previously exposed to sunshine. He has also observed some similar and very remarkable changes which have been produced in solutions of the salts of bromium, and in solutions of organic matter; all of them exhibiting a different chemical action after they have been exposed to light, to the re-actions which they exhibit when preserved in darkness. Another remarkable result is the following: wine has been placed in a flask, and hermetically sealed; it has then been exposed for some days to sunshine, after which it is found to be sweeter than the same wine kept in darkness. These results, which are now brought forward as new discoveries, are only confirmatory of results published in 1844, by our correspondent, Mr. Robert Hunt. In his "Researches on Light," first edition, after stating some experiments of an analogous character, he continues:—"In addition to these I would state that a mixture of the hydriodate of potash, and the ferro prussiate of potash will remain without change for a long time in the dark, but in the sun's rays an hour or two is quite sufficient to occasion a precipitation of Prussian blue, and the liberation of hydrocyanic acid. As far as my own observations have gone, I find that in all cases where precipitation does not take place immediately upon mixing two solutions, there is a very marked difference in the time required for precipitation to take place in a fluid kept

in the dark, and one exposed to diffused daylight, this being, of course, more strikingly shown if one fluid is placed in the sunshine."

**PHOTOGRAPHIC PRINTING.**—Some very remarkable prints have lately been shown to his Royal Highness the Prince Consort, and subsequently to some members of the Photographic Society, which are stated to be obtained from the photographic picture itself, with printer's ink. The pictures are certainly superior to any of the attempts we have previously seen; and if they have been obtained in the manner described, the invention will be of great value, as enabling us to multiply our photographs, and to obtain copies which are beyond the risk of fading.

**ROBERTS'S SPANISH SKETCHES.**—These drawings, to the number of seventy-five, are now to be seen at the German Gallery, 168, New Bond Street. They were made during Mr. Roberts's visit to Spain, somewhere about 1833, and have all been engraved. They are all on tinted paper, and some have been very rapidly executed; but where detail presents itself, there is no lack of labour. These were the first series of drawings that showed us the picturesque wealth of Spain, and the juxtaposition of Moslem and Christian architecture. The engravings are so well known, that it is not necessary to describe the drawings; but it is extremely interesting to examine works from which such beautiful plates have been made.

**MACLISE'S 'EVA AND STRONGHOLD.'**—This famous picture is now in Mr. Cox's gallery, No. 14, Berners Street, where it is to be seen to much greater advantage than in the gallery of the late Lord Northwick, whence it came direct hither, having been purchased by Mr. Cox. On its appearance on the walls of the Academy, we expressed a hope that it would become the property of the nation; but it is by no means desirable that a production so magnificent should be doomed to the everlasting gloom of the Houses of Parliament, where, certainly, the endless beauties that court the brightest light could never be seen. Of the frescoes that are already in the Palace at Westminster, there are some which are infinitely below the quality of what public works of Art should be; and of the thousands of oil pictures that are produced in even a long course of years, there are but very few that it would be desirable the government should purchase. Thus, if Macclise's picture does not become public property, it will be a slur upon the British school, a chapter wanting in its patent history. In the same gallery there is the 'Venus,' by Titian, also from the Northwick collection, besides a variety of excellent works from the same source, by Annibale Caracci, Guercino, Rubens, Jordaens, Canaletti, Tiepolo, &c., and others by Dyce, Gainsborough, Reynolds, Calcott, Roberts, Collins, &c.

**BARON MAROCCHETTI'S** well-known colossal statue of Cœur-de-Lion, the destination of which has been so long matter of uncertainty, is at length to find a final resting-place in Palace Yard, opposite to the Peers' entrance of the Houses of Parliament.

**MR. HENRY COOK,** the water-colour painter, has, we learn, received a commission from the King of Sardinia to paint a series of pictures illustrating the principal engagements that were fought during the recent war in Lombardy. Mr. Cook paid a visit to Northern Italy, during the autumn, for the purpose of sketching its scenery, and in particular that of the late battle-fields; the drawings being submitted to the inspection of the King, he gave the artist the commission referred to.

**THE DRANE-HARDING REVOLVER.**—Antagonistic as are arms and the din of war to the Fine Arts, yet, as just now even artists are laying aside their pencils to learn their "facings," and acquire some knowledge of military science, we can scarcely be called to order for referring to the weapon bearing the above title, and which, from the simplicity of its construction, appears to deserve especial notice as a fire-arm. By the withdrawal of a pin placed over the cylinders, an immediate separation of the different parts is obtained, so that each is at once ready for cleaning; by a retrograde action of the pin the revolver again becomes perfect. This action is continuous, and as the functions of the discharge are solely confided to the cock and the trigger, the probability of the weapon getting out of order is much lessened.

MR. CHRISTOPHER DRESSER, Lecturer on Botany at the Department of Science and Art, and author of several papers on botany, which have appeared in the *Art-Journal*, has had the degree of Doctor of Philosophy conferred on him by the University of Jena, in consideration of the services he has rendered to the cause of botanical science. The chair of botany at Jena is occupied by Herr Schleiden, who is one of the most eminent botanists in Europe.

THE WELLINGTON MONUMENT FOR ST. PAUL'S.—W. Calder Marshall, R.A., and W. F. Woodington, are busied in preparing the bas-reliefs for this "national work." They are, however, designed to fill panels in the chapel, and not to compose parts of the actual monument. Each artist is to produce three bas-reliefs: one of 8 feet in length, and two of 4 feet, semi-circular in form. Mr. Marshall executes those which illustrate Peace; and Mr. Woodington those that designate War.

SCAFFOLDINGS TO STREET MONUMENTS.—The piles of scaffolding still remain, near the west front of Westminster Abbey, and in Waterloo Place, but the memorials that have been so long promised to these important public places have not yet made their appearance. We repeat our indignant protest against the positive nuisance of these piles of unsightly timber, and again call upon the parochial authorities to insist either upon their removal or their being brought into action for their only legitimate purpose—the completion of the memorials. The monstrous mass of ungainly timber that defaces the west entrance to Westminster Abbey has been there without alteration for at least six months.

ARTISTS' GENERAL BENEVOLENT INSTITUTION.—A general meeting of the subscribers was held at the Committee-room, No. 32, Sackville Street, Piccadilly, on Friday evening, the 18th of November, Sir Charles Lock Eastlake, P.R.A., President, in the chair, and which was fully attended by the subscribers. James Hargrave Mann, Esq., O.P., addressed the meeting, and stated that the purpose for which they were called that evening was either to confirm or reject the resolutions that had been recommended by the Council to the annual general meeting of the subscribers in August last, and then unanimously carried. First, "To change the time of the annual general meeting from August to February in each year." Secondly, "To direct relief to be distributed to applicants quarterly instead of half-yearly." After explanations had been asked and replied to, the meeting confirmed the previous minutes. The chairman informed the meeting that £1,028 had been distributed to seventy-two applicants during the present year.

VERONESE OR HOGARTH? (I).—The query is a curious one, but it is suggested by two sketches in the possession of Mr. Hogarth, of the Haymarket. They are painted in oil, upon paper, and are entirely initiatory essays with a view to large panel pictures. They were sold at Christie's as by Paul Veronese; but so unique, so single-headed, was he, even in his sketches, that scarce a doubt could even arise as to anything from his hand; his shot-silks, reflexes, and transparent lights are distinct characteristics of all his works, but in these sketches they do not appear. There are, however, figures in both sketches so like others in 'The Harlot's Progress,' 'The Rake's Progress,' and 'Marriage à la Mode,' that there are strong presumptions in favour of Hogarth's being the author of the sketches. The subject of the more remarkable of the two is the presentation of the head of St. John in the charger—a theme for which Hogarth, it may be thought, would have had no feeling, and which he never would have been rash enough to have treated. But Hogarth once contemplated the decoration of St. Paul's, and the story he selected was the life of St. John, and the similarity of certain of the figures and groups to others in the works named, induces a supposition that these two sketches may have been by him, in preparation for the proposed series. Paper is the material on which they are painted, and the oil having been absorbed, the colours are all but as fresh and brilliant as when first executed. This touches upon the much vexed question of absorbent grounds, and illustrates the truth that pictures, of which the oil rises to the surface, as does that on all ordinary grounds, become yellow; while those in which the oil sinks into the material on which

they are painted, retain a fresh and brilliant surface as long as they exist.

THE POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION.—A public meeting has been held with a view to resuscitate this institution; it was presided over by the excellent and patriotic gentleman—Samuel Gurney. The object is to form a joint stock company (limited liability) to purchase the old concern, and to form a "new" institution, under judicious and liberal management. We earnestly hope this project will succeed. It would be a disgrace to the Metropolis to suffer so useful an establishment to fall for lack of funds; the good it has effected has been immense, it may yet achieve services even greater. But apart from all other considerations, there is no doubt that it may be made remunerative: surely the "utilitarian" principle is spreading; there is a daily increasing desire to become acquainted with facts in science and in Art—to know "the why and the because" of everything. Knowledge has been here made not only easy, but agreeable; winding its way through pleasant paths, cheering and amusing as it proceeded, delighting while instructing.

THE NORTHWICK GIULIO ROMANO.—This picture is now in the National Gallery, and it looks much more pure and brilliant than it did when in the possession of its late owner. The subject is 'The Infancy of Jupiter.' The locality is an inlet rock, where the infant, sleeping in a wicker basket, is tended and anxiously watched by nymphs. It is not a specimen of the best style of the master. The figures are feebly drawn, without grace, and the poses do not evidence any apprehension of the beauties of form. Portions of the ground and foliage composition are unexceptionable, but it is probable that that part of the picture has been executed by some one of Raffaele's pupils who devoted himself to this department of study.

THE ARCHITECTURAL MUSEUM AT SOUTH KENSINGTON.—We are anxious to learn what this once active and energetic institution is doing, now that it is established in what we suppose is a condition for the most unrestricted freedom of action at South Kensington. Unlike a celebrated cardinal in one respect, but in another in exact accordance with what Shakspeare has written of him, *it lives, and makes no sign*. We explored its crowded gallery the other day, but without any satisfactory, much less any gratifying, result. Casts in endless abundance and infinite variety we found scattered on every side, in what might be picturesque confusion, but which could by no possible means be of any real and practical service to students. Then there are cases full of objects, which have but little business where they so effectually block up the little space that the casts had left unoccupied. And, over head, a long series of fancifully illuminated brass-rubbings, in a very unattractive fashion misrepresent the curious and often historically interesting originals. Perhaps the committee will explain all this that may be seen in their gallery, and also all that is wanting there, including the absence of students. We should be particularly grateful too for some information relative to certain prize designs in plaster, and some competitive wood-carvings, that are exhibited in the gallery. Are they, we venture to ask, the architectural results of the institution?

SNOW-CRYSTAL GAS DEVICES.—The first application of the exquisite crystalline forms exhibited by snow-flakes to the production of a gas device, has been attended with the most complete success. It was suggested by Mr. Nasmyth, and has been placed under his direction in the midst of the central transept of the Crystal Palace. The design may be described as a star of ten divergent radii, of which five are longer than the remainder, the longer and the shorter radii alternating, and all of them being feathered towards the extremity. The gas is emitted from small piercings, which are in close juxtaposition on either side of the tubes, and range over the entire figure. The effect thus obtained is singularly beautiful, while the light emitted is at once powerful and evenly diffused. The small size of the several jets secures to them a delicate white line of colour, and their propinquity imparts a rich brilliancy to the whole device. This is an example that will assuredly be followed, not only in the production of gas devices, but in other manufactures also which may find in the crystals of snow both forms and suggestions for decoration. One thing, at all events, is to be ex-

pected from Mr. Nasmyth's successful experiment—a happy revolution, that is, in what have hitherto been held to be decorative devices for gas illuminations. The stereotyped forms may now be laid aside, and the exhaustless store of artistic combinations which nature has laid open before the manufacturer, may be substituted in their stead. Our readers will not have forgotten the engravings of snow-crystals that appeared some time back in the *Art-Journal*, accompanied with remarks upon their beauty and suggestions for their application in various branches of manufacturing Art.

ANILINE DYES.—A short time since we gave some account of the dyes prepared from coal-tar. By a simple modification, some very beautiful violet and lilac dyes have been obtained from the original mauve, or Perkins's purple. To a salt of aniline in solution an equal quantity by measure of acetic acid is added, and to this a solution of the hypochlorite of lime is added; this produces the new and beautiful dye. If a mixture of aniline and anhydrous bichloride of tin is boiled for a quarter of an hour, the solution assumes, first, a yellow colour; it then acquires a reddish tint, and eventually becomes a beautiful red. This red colouring-matter can be separated in a solid form, and, when required for use, is readily dissolved in water. These colours are called by the inventor *fuchsianine*, from their resemblance to the colour of the *fuchsia*.

THE CERAMIC COURT AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE has recently received very important accessions to its contents, and its various collections have been newly arranged. The glass cases also have received the promised fresh linings of new velvet, and the whole court is in a condition which claims from us a decided expression of approval. From the first, this Ceramic Court was an example of what we had hoped the Crystal Palace ere this would have accomplished in the case of every important Art-manufacture of our times; it has been an admirable exponent of the fettle art, showing under what aspect its productions appeared in ages past away; and at the same time exemplifying, with fidelity and completeness, the development and present condition of this important art amongst ourselves and our contemporaries. This is precisely what the Crystal Palace, as we trust, will still effect in illustration of the other Art-industries, which divide with the ceramic art the attention of the civilized world. We understand that Mr. Battam will be enabled to introduce some other costly works, of equal rarity and beauty, in the course of the coming spring; and it is with much satisfaction we add that a handbook of the Ceramic Court is at length in actual preparation. Such a handbook ought to have appeared almost simultaneously with the first opening of the Ceramic Court, and it might have already accomplished much for the advancement of the art. As it is, its presence may compensate for the delay in its appearance by the experience and the prolonged observation, the fruits of which will, undoubtedly, be apparent in its pages. This handbook will consist of an illustrated historical and descriptive notice of the practice of the ceramic art in all countries, and at every period; and with this memoir will be associated a detailed description of the Ceramic Court and its contents.

THE SOCIETY OF FEMALE ARTISTS.—The exhibition of this society for 1860 will be held at the gallery of the New Society of Painters in Water Colours, No. 53, Pall Mall. It will be opened in the first week of February, and will continue open until required for the exhibition of the New Society of Painters in Water Colours. The secretary is Mrs. E. D. Murray, No. 8, Dorset Place, Dorset Square.

ARTISTS' ORPHAN ASYLUM.—Although we are not in a condition to report any special result as regards the project to found an asylum for the orphan children of artists, we are authorised to say that applications have received so many replies as to render ultimate success more than probable.

THE GRAPHIC SOCIETY.—On the evening of the 14th of December, the first meeting of the season took place at the London University. The exhibition of drawings and other works of Art contained some attractive productions, but the catalogue was not so copious as we have seen it; this is, however, not unusual on the first meeting of the season.



## REVIEWS.

**SCOTLAND DELINEATED:** A Series of Views of the Principal Cities and Towns; of the Cathedrals, Abbeys, Castles, and Baronial Mansions; and of the Mountains, Rivers, Sea-coast, and other grand and picturesque Scenery. By JOHN PARKER LAWSON, M.A. Published by DAY and SON, London.

This is a really splendid volume, sufficiently large, without being inconveniently unwieldy, abounding in well-selected and pleasantly-written historical and descriptive passages, and illustrated by no less than seventy-two lithographs, after artists of the highest celebrity, executed in tinted lithography in Day's best manner. It would indeed be strange were not this work to enjoy a distinguished popularity, as well to the south as to the north of the Tweed. It deserves to be popular, and that it will be estimated and dealt with in accordance with its merits, we entertain no doubt.

Mr. Lawson has selected his subjects with equal taste and discrimination, and he has interwoven with much skill the most memorable incidents of Scottish history with the fairest and most romantic scenes in that

"Land of the mountain and the flood."

and the admirable lithographs range well and harmoniously with the text. The two equally contribute to the production of the work. It is not, in this instance, an excellent collection of engravings, to which some text has been adapted as best it could; nor are the engravings simply the subordinate auxiliaries of a book that might have been considered complete without them; but each had its own important division of a common duty to discharge, and each has accomplished its own task with complete success. Edinburgh, with its historical Castle, with the Palace of Holyrood, and the Canongate, and the Wynds, and other well-known localities and scenes in and about "Auld Reekie," occupy the post of honour at the commencement of the volume. Then the reader is carried to Roslin, Crichton, Linlithgow, fatal Preston-pans, Tantallon, the Bass Rock, Dryburgh, Melrose, Kelso, Jedburgh, Rothsay, Loch Lomond, Staffa, Balmoral, Elgin, Benmore, Loch Katrine, St. Andrews, and along the Clyde to Loch Leven, Glenoeag, and Stirling,—a very pleasant tour, whether accomplished in *proprâ personâ*, or by the fire-side, by the instrumentality of Mr. Lawson's volume.

**COMMON WAYSIDE FLOWERS.** By THOMAS MILLER. Illustrated by BIRKET FOSTER. Published by ROUTLEDGE & CO., London.

"Common Wayside Flowers:" we should have liked the title of this charming volume better if the word "common" had been omitted, and it had been simply "Wayside Flowers;" but we must not stumble at a straw where the fruitage to be gathered is so beautiful and so abundant. The cover of this lovely book is exceedingly elegant and appropriate: an ornament, containing the title, divides it into four compartments; each is enriched by coloured groups of the flowers our childhood loved so well: this part of the work is highly creditable to the skill and taste of the binders, Messrs. Bone and Son. No matter how much in ripper years our love of floriculture has drawn us from the meadow to the parterre, from the parterre to the conservatory, no flowers blossom in our memory like those in the "nut-tree copse," or the "willow acre;" no forget-me-nots so blue, no cowslips so sweet, as those collected in the early morning of life, when, bedabbled with dew, and after struggling through a wilderness, we stood "breast high" among buttercups, grasped the luscious clover blossoms with eager hands, and enthroned ourselves on banks of the wild violet. We render the homage of admiration to cultivated flowers, but the affections of our heart are with the "wayside flowers" of our childhood.

The letter-press has been written by a loving hand—one who has found the flowers in their native homes, and read them in their shadows and sunshine—beside the brooks—on the hill-side, from the budding spring to the last hours of autumn. All honour to Thomas Miller, to his industry and diligence; his heart has been as open as his eyes. He revels in the perfume and beauty of the natural world, and bids others to the banquet. We wish we could tempt our readers to its full enjoyment by a sample of its quality, and are strongly inclined to quote some of the passages, particularly the observations on "foliage and its functions;" but we lack space, and our friends must take our word for it that the volume is well worth double its price.

The illustrations, by Birket Foster, are most tastefully arranged, and in general faithful. We note the "Dandelion," and the "Wood Anemone," as exquisite specimens of fidelity and delivery; but protest against those starved cowslips. We would not have given place to such in our cowslip balls, and would hardly have considered his primroses worth gathering. But how delicious are his wild roses! what a tempting wreath of honeysuckle! and the water-lilies absolutely float upon the page!

**MEMOIRS OF EARLY ITALIAN PAINTERS, AND OF THE PROGRESS OF PAINTING IN ITALY, FROM CIMABUE TO BASSANO.** By Mrs. JAMESON. Published by J. MURRAY, London.

This is a new edition of a work first published about fourteen years ago, and written, as Mrs. Jameson says, with the intention of affording "young travellers, young students in Art, young people generally, some information relating to celebrated artists, who have filled the world with their names and their renown; some means of understanding their characters, as well as comparing their works." A revision of the "Memoirs" has become a necessity from various causes, from the accession, within the last few years, of so many pictures by the Italian painters to our National Gallery, the re-arrangement of some of the continental galleries where others were hung when the book was first published, and by the increasing disposition to travel abroad for pleasure or profit. Mrs. Jameson has, therefore, revised it very carefully, enlarged the biographies and added new ones, so as to make it a complete *gradus* to a knowledge of Italian Art, and one admirably adapted to the comprehension of the young student and amateur, for it is written with a remarkable freedom from technicalities, considered as a professional work, and with all the graces of style and language for which the author is distinguished. No one ever can accuse Mrs. Jameson of *dilettantism*.

**CEYLON, AN ACCOUNT OF THE ISLAND, PHYSICAL, HISTORICAL, AND TOPOGRAPHICAL.** By Sir JAMES EMERSON TENNENT, K.C.S., LL.D., &c. Illustrated. Published by LONGMAN and Co., London.

Few books have been issued in our time at once so interesting and so useful as this. The public voice has been loud and hearty in its praise, and, although a costly work, a new edition has followed a first with singular rapidity,—a cheering fact in these days, when the ministers of wholesome intellectual food are few, and labour against many discouragements. Sir Emerson Tennent is a scholar, a man of letters, a close observer, a clear reasoner, and, in all respects, a valuable public servant, whose contributions to literature, to science, and to history, are, and will always be, of exceeding value. Ceylon has been hitherto little known "at home;" it will now be well known, its capabilities rightly estimated, its advantages and disadvantages thoroughly understood. It would be apart from our purpose to review this admirable book in detail; that task has been amply discharged by many leading periodical works; but it is a pleasant duty to join the general "hail," and to place on record the intense gratification derived from the perusal of volumes so interesting and so instructive, affording such ample evidence of sound practical knowledge, abundantly illustrated by rarely curious anecdotes, combined with a charm of "style" that might have rendered the book popular with a title of the valuable matter it contains. We might, however, but that our space this month is much absorbed by many topics, enter at length into an examination of those chapters which relate to "manufactures," the "working of metals," and "the Fine Arts" in Ceylon. With their carvings in ivory and in sandal-wood, and especially in ebony, we are in England somewhat acquainted: they are often graceful in design and surpassingly fine in execution. The history of their birth and progress, and present state, in our far away colony, may lead perhaps to more important results than even their author anticipates. This brief notice of a valuable book is all we can give it; but it needs no more. It will be read everywhere, not only with profit, but with delight.

**FIRST VISIT OF QUEEN VICTORIA TO HER WOUNDED SOLDIERS.** Painted by BARRETT. Engraved by T. O. BARLOW. Published by AGNEW and SONS, Manchester.

To say the least, this is a very interesting print; a worthy and becoming record of a touching incident; a lesson to humanity; a help to loyalty. The scene takes place in the Military Hospital at Brompton, where the wounded in the Crimea were received and tenderly cared for after their return from

"Alma, Balaklava, Inkerman!"—names imperishable in British history. The Queen of England resolved herself to see the brave men who had fought for their country. It is easy to imagine the pride and comfort they received from such a visit;—what a recompense for the past; what encouragement for the future! Who shall say to what victories such an event may lead hereafter, when the maimed at Chelsea talk with young recruits, and, as they shoulder their crutches to "show how fields were won," speak of the honour accorded to private soldiers, when their beloved Mistress saw herself how they were cared for when their work was done! The picture is skillfully and well painted, the grouping good and effective, the several portraits sufficiently accurate, and it has been engraved with much ability. The print is valuable to all orders and classes, and will be a treasure hereafter, when the band of brave men are dust, and they have found their places in history. It is a noble and truly national work, and regarded merely as a production of Art, is of much merit. Mr. Barrett has augmented his high reputation by this effort of well-directed talent; and he has been ably supported by the engraver, whose name is a sufficient guarantee for the ability of this portion of an important task. It is surely to the honour of provincial publishers that so good a work has issued from their house.

**NEW EXPOSURE OF SHAKESPEARE:** interpretation of his Plays on the principle of RACE. Published by A. and C. BLACK, Edinburgh.

An addition to our ethnology and aesthetics, as well as to our Shakesperian literature. If "vieux Guillaume," as Jules Janin familiarly calls our great bard, could for one moment see the large library of books which his plays have created, how great would be his astonishment! perhaps the most remarkable feature of the series would be its diversity. While artists illustrate his topography, or give portraits of his characters, antiquaries note his allusions to the manners of his era, philologists descend on his language, and philosophers on his profound views of the human heart, entomologists treat of his insects, botanists of his flowers, even lawyers speculate on the probability of his clerkship with an attorney, because of the clearness of his legal phraseology—it was reserved for modern scholars to follow the bias of the German school, and look to the wondrous fitness of thought, word, and action, in his character. The present volume is a deep study of this kind; and it is not a little curious to note how completely, in his great characters, Iago, Hamlet, Macbeth, and Shylock, the author establishes his theory of their accurate portrayal of race in its great governing mental action. Though our author occasionally is betrayed into a grandiloquent obscurity of words, a little too much of Germanism and transcendental philosophy, he very successfully argues his postulate—that not only is every word and action of the poet's great characters in keeping with themselves, but also with the grand features of the race—Celtic, Teutonic, or Italic—to which they belong. The author is singularly free in his mode of treating his subject, and "the great Anglo-Saxon race," as it is popularly termed, receives some hard hits, which may occasion useful thinking. The book is altogether to be thought over, each page is fraught with matter; and the volume is a new proof of the inexhaustibility of Shakesperian study.

**STORIES OF INVENTORS AND DISCOVERERS IN SCIENCE AND THE USEFUL ARTS.** A Book for Old and Young. By JOHN TIMBS, F.S.A. Published by KENT & Co., London.

Mr. Timbs is an indefatigable caterer of intellectual food, and his table is always spread with that which pleases and nourishes the mind. England is especially interested in the history of great inventors and discoverers, for many of the greatest are her own sons, who have enriched her as a country, and elevated her among the nations of the world. Mr. Timbs's heroes show a large proportion of those who have earned a world-wide reputation for their scientific labours; and his record of what they have done, and of what men in foreign countries have also effected, is full and comprehensive. The names and facts brought forward evince vast industry and research on the part of the compiler, whose book is literally what he calls it—one "for old and young;" both may profit by its perusal, the former by acquiring information which long years, perhaps, have not hitherto taught them, while the latter will derive from it a stimulus to industry and mental improvement. A new generation of men eminent for scientific attainments may arise from the practical lessons learned in these entertaining and instructive stories.



**THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.** By JOHN BUNYAN. With Forty Illustrations Drawn by JOHN GILBERT, and Engraved by W. H. WHYMPER. Published by Nisbet & Co., London.

Will the world ever tire of reading "honest John Bunyan's" wonderful allegory? certainly publishers do not think it can, by any possibility, pall upon the intellectual appetite, for in some form or other it is constantly appearing before the public. The new edition just issued by Messrs. Nisbet is in every way an inviting book, though in profusion and elegance of illustration, it may not be compared with some of its predecessors. Mr. Gilbert's versatile pencil is seen to great advantage in a few of the woodcuts; with others he has not been quite so fortunate, and seems to have lost sight of the *spirituality* of the text. The whole are admirably engraved by Mr. Whympere, and the book is as admirably printed by Messrs. Clark, of Edinburgh.

**SACRED POEMS.** By N. PARKER WILLIS. Published by CLARK, AUSTIN, & SMITH, New York.

A Christmas-book from the other side of the Atlantic, and a charming book too; pure and holy in thought, sweet in expression, and illustrated in a style that shows Art as making good progress among our American brethren. Mr. Willis's poetry has long met with a cordial reception in English homes, and this republication, in an elegant volume, of most of his sacred effusions will find a still more genial welcome among us. The woodcuts are numerous, and are, generally, excellent in design and very well engraved, so well as to be worthy of some of our best "hands;" but the printer has scarcely done justice to the engravers' work, the delicacy of which is too frequently lost in the heaviness of the printing; as a consequence, some of the cuts are unpleasantly black, while the gradations of distance are lost.

**THE SONG OF HIAWATHA.** By H. W. LONGFELLOW. Illustrated from designs by G. W. THOMAS; and Engraved on wood by W. THOMAS and H. HARMAL. Published by KENT & Co., London.

The admirer of Longfellow's muse, as expressed in the wild and peculiar Song of Hiawatha, will give a hearty welcome to this elegant edition of the poem, which is "got up" in the true Christmas-book style, as to paper, printing, binding and illustrations. The last, like the verse, are peculiar, because characteristic, as they should be, of the people and country represented.

**A BOOK OF FAVOURITE MODERN BALLADS.** Illustrated with Fifty Engravings, from Drawings by the First Artists. Published by KENT & Co., London.

Another very beautiful volume intended to find a place, as it must, among the gift-books of the year,—memorials of love and friendship, valued both for their own intrinsic worth and for the sake of the donors. If, to adopt the not most comprehensive and suitable term which appears on the title-page, the illustrations are by the "first" artists, the ballads laid under contribution are by the "first" lyric writers—Scott, Burns, Rogers, Longfellow, Southey, Campbell, Præd, Hood, Mrs. Norton, Macaulay, Barry Cornwall, and numerous others. The artists whose names appear in the list of Art-contributors, are Cope, Horsley, Birket Foster, Harrison Weir, Duncan, W. Harvey, G. H. Thomas, Corbould, and many more. The illustrations are printed in a warm tint, somewhat darker than the paper, and are heightened with white—a mode which imparts to them a very rich effect. The ornamental gold borders round each page, and the head and tail-pieces, are designed by A. H. Warren: they are exceedingly pretty and chaste.

**THE LAKE SCENERY OF ENGLAND.** By J. B. PYNE. Drawn on Stone by T. PICKEN. Published by DAY & Son, London.

This is a small copy of the large and costly work, with which some of our readers are, no doubt, familiar. It is now more easily accessible, and forms a charming volume for the drawing-room table—being gracefully bound, and very beautifully printed. The prints are in chromo-lithography, and supply us with a charming series of views of the leading attractions of our English lakes; their hills, and dells, and waterfalls; their rocky prominences and steep crags; their fine woods and lovely valleys, and the broad sheets of water they enclose. The letter-press has been carefully written, we know not by whom; it is full of quotations from Wordsworth, and other poets of our epoch, who have made "the Lakes" famous in immortal verse.

**DOGS OF ST. BERNARD,** from the Picture by Sir E. LANDSEER, R.A. Published by G. DANTON, London.

This, so far as we recollect, is the largest print executed by Mr. Baxter's patented process of oil-colour printing; and a remarkably clever copy of the original it is, even with due allowance for the peculiarity of the method by which it is produced. The inferiority of oil-printing to chromo-lithography appears to lie in the absence of transparency, and a consequent heaviness of colour, especially in distances, subjected to considerable atmospheric influences. Here, for example, the rocks to the right, in the upper portion of the picture, do not keep their proper places, they come too close to the eye of the spectator, and seem ready to topple down on the animal in the foreground—a real, live dog, whose deep bay one almost hears, as its echoes bring forth from their solitary dwelling the recluses of St. Bernard, who are hastening to the spot where the dogs watch beside the snow-covered traveller, benumbed, and to all appearance, dead. The original picture is one of Landseer's most poetically treated subjects, and, painful as it is, this reproduction will find many admirers, for, independent of its excellence as a copy, anything from our great animal painter is sure to find "troops of friends;" and this deserves them.

**METRICAL TALES, AND OTHER POEMS.** By SAMUEL LOVER. Published by HOULSTON & WRIGHT, London.

This is a beautifully printed volume, charmingly illustrated by Harvey, Brown, Skill, Skelton, and our old friend Kenny Meadows, whom we have missed too much from the volumes that herald Christmas; they have found engravers who are worthy associates. Mr. Lover holds high rank among lyric poets: the drawing-rooms of "all England" are familiar with his songs, but not more so than the streets and alleys, for they have long been the staple of the hurdy-gurdy. He excels in humour—he more than excels in pathos: we may laugh with him when he details the troubles that beset the wooer of "Molly Carew," but he has higher reward when exciting our sympathies—"moving to tears"—in the "Angel's Whisper." He has written much and well, and keeps honourably the place he obtained in public favour. In this graceful book he essays loftier efforts; the poems are Irish metrical tales, full of point and feeling, very interesting, and charmingly composed. They may not equal his lesser lyrics, but they will add to rather than take from his reputation.

**THE TURNER GALLERY.** With Descriptions by R. N. WORNUM. Part V. Published by J. S. VIRTUE, London.

*Vires acquirit cundo* is the motto which should be written on the cover of this publication, for each part of it seems to excel its predecessors, and this must be the truthful verdict which any one would pronounce on a careful examination of the numbers already issued. The first plate of Part V. is "The Grand Canal, Venice," engraved by E. Brandard from the picture in the possession of H. A. J. Munro, Esq.; it is a brilliant print, glittering with sunlight, which sparkles on gondola and its gay freight, on water and stately palace. "Ulysses deriding Polyphemus," that most strangely poetical of all Turner's poetical compositions, comes next; it is very delicately engraved by E. Goodall, who has preserved the fiery atmosphere of the picture with great truth. And, lastly, there is another "the painter's mystical fancies," "Apollo Killing the Python," engraved by L. Stocks, A.R.A.: what a savage grandeur there is in the whole scene, rude, gloomy, and almost unearthly; the "god of the silver bow" the only object whereon one can look without a nervous shudder. The Satan of Milton's imagination is not a more hideous monster of the poet's fancy than is the gigantic Python of the painter's. How diverse the operation of the mind that could at one time depict the glorious, though decaying, substantialities of Venetian architecture, and at another the vague, unreal monstrosities of classic mythology.

**LATIMER PREACHING AT ST. PAUL'S CROSS TO THE CITY AUTHORITIES.** Painted by Sir GEORGE HATTEY. Engraved by EGLETON. Published by GRAVES & Co., London.

There is considerable "learning" manifested in this work, and it is obviously the production of an artist who has studied much and well; the best authorities have been consulted, several remarkable and interesting personages of the period are introduced, and the theme is one of the loftiest and most inviting that a painter could select. The groups

seem a little overthronged, and there is in the composition more appeal to the mind than to the heart. It is, however, full of character and incident, and is unquestionably calculated to uphold the high reputation of the artist in works of this class. We recall with a happy memory his first great production, the "Trial of Lord William Russell," issued—we care not to say how long ago.

**THE ALLIED GENERALS BEFORE SEBASTOPOL.** Painted by T. JONES BARKER. Engraved by C. G. LEWIS. Published by AGNEW & SONS, Manchester.

Although the war in the Crimea is now a theme for history, it is still "green in our memory," and there are tens of thousands who are interested in its details. This print is an assemblage of portraits, skilfully and most ingeniously brought together by an artist who is unrivalled in this way. Nearly all the persons represented sat to him, and he had the valuable aid of Mr. Fenton in reference to minor accessories. The result is, therefore, a print of very great—of universal—interest to those who in any degree shared the glories, the sorrows, or the rewards of the war. The "portraits" are no fewer in number than eighty, to say nothing of such as are subordinate to the scene. Among them are, of course, those of Lord Raglan, Marshal Pelissier, Prince Napoleon, and the Duke of Cambridge, and that heroic woman, Florence Nightingale, whose deeds of mercy make the heart of every British subject beat with pride and with affection.

**SHAKESPEARE IN HIS STUDY.—MILTON IN HIS STUDY.** Painted by JOHN FAED. Engraved by JAMES FAED. Published by GRAVES & Co., London.

A pretty and pleasant "pair of prints," in which the artist has permitted scope to fancy: they are especially suited to a library, and excellently engraved; indeed, it would be difficult to find two more agreeable companions to thought, or more desirable suggestions to study. If the artist has "imagined," he has also read and considered: consulting such "authorities" as enabled him to arrive at right conclusions, and having just conceptions of the great minds he had to picture by Art.

**THE DAY OF SMALL THINGS.** By the Author of "MARY POWELL." Published by ARTHUR HALL, VIRTUE & Co., London.

The author of "Mary Powell" is the most industrious of all our writers. "The small things" that crowd this volume, and render it a pleasant fire-side book, are the hourly thoughts and feelings, rather than actions, of an invalid, who suffers patiently and in a truly Christian spirit, knowing that sunshine must hereafter come. Such experiences are great helps to the suffering and the weary, showing so evidently the under-current, that has greater influence over the larger, and more evident, manifestations of life than is generally believed. Yet, after all, it is a sort of pen and ink *Pro-Raffaellism*—jotting down every stray and pebble, every petal of the daisy, every worm-hole in the rose leaf—and however exquisitely finished, we cannot help wishing that the author of "Mary Powell" would take broader views of life and nature than she has lately done: she is narrowing her sphere, cramping her imagination, drawing herself down to the small things of the present, when we desire to partake of her rich banquet of the past. We are thankful for what we have, yet we long for something different.

**EVENINGS AT HADDON HALL.** With Illustrations by GEORGE CATTERMOLE. Published by H. G. BORN, London.

We have here a series of some twenty line engravings, small, but exceedingly beautiful, bearing the names of many of the best engravers of the country. They have been done under other circumstances, and are here supplied for the sum of four shillings: thus the collection is marvellously cheap. We confess that, to our minds, the series would be still cheaper if issued without the letter-press; for although the tales that accompany the prints profess to be written by "competent authors," they are of little worth.

**THE ARTIST: A Narrative from "The Fine Arts."** Published by LONGMAN & Co., London.

A pleasantly written little story, the idea of which is borrowed from a chapter on the Fine Arts, published in a work entitled "Common Sense;" it narrates the history of a young artist's struggles in life.



## THE ART-JOURNAL.



LONDON, FEBRUARY 1, 1880

## NOLLEKENS IN MORTIMER STREET.

BY WALTER THORNBURY.  
AUTHOR OF "THE IN SPAIN."



It is a morning—let us call it, as there is no one to object—a spring morning, in 1771; and there is a wedding procession emerging, amid much bell tumult above and kindly greeting below, from the doorway of Marylebone Church—that church Hogarth immortalised in his 'Rake's Progress.'

As there should be on marriage mornings, there is a hope of summer in the clear blue, tepid air; and a general sense, all among the flat tomb-stones and six-foot mounds, of primroses, and welcome flowers. This is one of the moments when life seems a poem, and heart-breaking an impossibility; delicious moment of temporary insanity—with such a cold daybreak of reality supervening upon it for some of us!

The bride and bridegroom—Let us show them you, reader; and let that hour of the spring morning, 1771, bloom again on our paper.

The bridegroom is a young sculptor of Flemish origin—a rising man—in a few months to be elected Associate of the Royal Academy. His name is Joseph Nollekens—well known to such rich amateurs as Mr. Townley and 'Athenian Stuart.' His bride is Mary Welch, daughter of the police magistrate who succeeded Fielding, the novelist, when he left London to die at Lisbon—and be buried on that hill above the Tagus among the pillared cypresses.

The bride is tall, and has good eyes; beautiful hair, ringletted in cascades; cynical old maids might call her nose a little short, and her expression scornful, but they must remember she has been complimented by Dr. Johnson; and her complexion is unimpeachable. She is clad in a flowing, graceful *sacque*, and petticoat of brocade white silk, flowered and netted, and that with pink. The deep, pointed stomacher, a little pinkly worn, is ravishingly gimped, and pinned with a large diamond pin, which fastens on a delicate point-lace apron—not fashionable, but worn in remembrance of the mother who gave it. The sleeves, which terminate a little below the elbow, are fringed with deep point-lace ruffles. A pretty Puritanism betrays itself in the lace handkerchief veiling up the maiden bosom, and fastened by a large blue bow, and a nosegay of rosebuds, which half hide a necklace of triple pearls tied behind with white satin. Happy man! The head of this belle of 1771 is topped with a little point-lace cap with plaited flaps, such

as is worn by the pretty young wife in the first print of 'Marriage à la Mode.' It crowns a high cushion, over which the lady's pretty, unpowdered auburn hair is arranged with large round curls on either side. The lady's shoes, peeping "like mice" from under the white brocade, have heels three inches high, and are sewn with silver spangles (long since tarnished), and studded with square buckles of Bristol stone.

Now for the bridegroom. He is short and thick set, and even with his hat on, scarcely reaches to his bride's shoulder. He wears a gorgeous suit of *pourpre de Pape* (perhaps brought from Rome); his silk stockings are adorned with broad blue and white stripes, and his lace ruffles and frill are all from Italy. About his head he is rather elaborate; and his solid, narrow brow, bold Roman nose, and rather pinched lips, look out from under an immense powdered pyramidal *toupet*,—a perfect snow mountain; he wears curls on either side, and a small silk bag sways behind.

Let us now pass over a great chasm of years, and in 1815 look in again at this gay couple—the illusion, and hope, and enchantment of that spring morning now really quite gone. Thirty years ago, and more, we find them in an oblong, dull, dirty house in Mortimer Street, Cavendish Square. I went and stared at its dreariness only yesterday, for there it looms still.

I see no longer a gay young bridegroom in striped stockings and *pourpre de Pape*, but a dirty, bent, snuffy old miser—crotchety, blunt, querulous, and worried by legacy-hunters. The rooms are a curious mixture of dirt, refinement, and meanness. The windows are festooned at the bottom panes with old green canvas instead of blinds; while on the walls are Zoffany drawings, and Gainsborough landscapes. Near the door is Barry's picture of 'The Origin of Music,' that Burke suggested to him; and close to the fire-place hang two little slates for memoranda of household expenses—for the wife is nearer and closer, if possible, than her husband, without his redeeming talent.

Near Raphael's 'Jonah' and Michael Angelo's 'Moses' is a candle closet, where preserves and pickles are kept; in the recesses, seldom invaded, are nutmegs, stolen from the Academy club, scraps of string, half a loaf, and some fresh butter. All the rooms, indeed, amid all their dirt and penury, are crowded with reminiscences of bygone ages of Art. In the dining-room (or sitters' parlour) there is over the chimney-piece a three-quarter portrait of Nollekens himself, with a modeller's tool in one hand, leaning on his well-known bust of Fox. In the drawing-room there is a portrait of Mrs. Nollekens, by her old friend and Fuseli's flame, Angelica Kauffman; there are Bartolozzi's, too, by Cipriani, three landscapes by Wilson, and a picture by West. There, in perpetual contrast, sordidness debasing talent, in the small back room, is the old magistrate's bequeathed library, snugly shut up; and in some close-locked drawer, eleven hundred golden guineas, received for rent, years ago, for a new house in Drury Lane.

There is no longer the *pourpre de Pape* bridegroom, but a miserly old man, whose spare moments are spent—when not playing with his cat "Jenny Dawdle," or his great yard dog—in teasing his servant, Dodiny—his brown old drudge Bronze—Goblet, his principal carver—his Scotch mason, who propitiates him with snuff; or in turning over his old Roman sketch-books.

The pretty bride, too, has become slightly a shrew, and a great hand at bargains. She is followed by her old dog, Daphne, and is the terror of Oxford Market. She has no mercy in cheapening things, and is dreaded in Oxford

Road shops. It is a strange contrast, too, to see the bust-maker, who, perhaps, was in the Palace this morning, this evening counting coal sacks, or taking in the milk!

But as it is painful unintermittingly to dwell upon a miser's meanness, let us follow the eccentric little bust-maker to his modelling room some years before this, when he was in his prime,—where Dr. Johnson is, perhaps, on the sitters' chair, near the door, thinking to himself, half aloud, that "my friend, Joe Nollekens, can chop out a head with any of them." Doctor is, perhaps, going with blind Miss Williams, and friend Joe and wife, down in a coach to Sir Joshua's villa at Richmond. He is rather annoyed at the huge shock of hair, modelled from an Irish beggar, with which Nollekens has crowned his bust; but the little man with the conical head and pinched lips, tells him that it makes him look more like an ancient poet.

As we began with contrasts, let us go on with contrasts. Let me first show you Nolly in full dress—in the heyday of his wits, prosperous and thriving, and able to afford, like Abernethy, to be odd, eccentric, blunt, high charging, and generally independent. Then let me show you him the lean and slippered pantaloon—sans eyes, sans teeth, sans everything: one of the living morals nature shows to proud young human nature, with the usual result—for, as Crabbe says,

"I preach for ever, but I preach in vain."

I will show you him drivelling—the prey of legacy-hunters, and flattering old women, who dance round the room with a cat to amuse him, and even strain a rueful, forced laugh at his imbecilities.

Naturally simple-hearted, and always successful, Nollekens never had to flatter and oil his way to fame. He was even accustomed to squeeze aristocracy's kid glove rather tight, and his telling the truth sometimes sounded like sarcasm, and was verging on wit. His malicious and amusing biographer, Smith—the disappointed legacy-hunter—confesses that Nollekens never intrigued for work, but waited manfully till it came. To a lady sitter who squinted dreadfully, and had been easily persuaded that it was "rather becoming," he said, "Look a little the other way, and then I shall get rid of the shyness in the east of your eye." Horrid, plain-spoken man, he had never heard even of such things as "feelings," and accordingly fine tonics indeed to rank, and folly, and vanity he administered—and lost nothing by it, for he flattered with his chisel if he did not with his tongue. When a lady of rank bowed to him with the back of her head, with a politeness meant to be deadly and frozen, Nolly looked up from his wet clay coolly, and merely said, "Don't look so scornful—you'll spoil my bust; and you're a very fine woman—I think it will be one of my best busts." Without the slightest consideration, he once told Lord Yarborough's daughter, in the presence of her husband, that he remembered dancing her on his knee when she was a *bambina*. Nolly was very fond of speaking bad Italian, and talking of his old days in Rome, when Barry and Sterne were there.

Eminently a mere pin-head maker—a barrel organ of one tune—pre-eminently the man of one faculty, Nollekens was a dull and even stupid man, apart from a certain love for old London traditions, and an average memory of old times. His kind biographer, Smith, who after years of expectant friendship reared two volumes which are dunghills over Nolly's grave, has preserved some admirable photographs of his mode of conversation, which are evidently only too maliciously true. Whoever it was, even to that gravest of owls, Lord Chancellor Bathurst,—the hero of Hogarth's

last caricature, upon which he worked the very day of his death,—he would talk the baldest chatter of nonsense, less vivacious, but quite as insipid as that of the barber who had perhaps held his lordship's honourable nose an hour before.

"Ah, there goes the bell tolling; no, it's only my clock on the stairs. Oh, when I was a boy you would like to have seen me toll the bell; it's no very easy thing, I can tell you—look a little that way—you must toll—that is to say I did—one hour for a man, three times three; three times two for a woman. Now your lordship must mind, there's a moving bell and a passing bell, which the Romans always attended to—"

*His Lordship.* You mean the Roman Catholics, Mr. Nollekens?

*Nolly.* Yes, my lord. They call that the moving bell which goes when they move a body out of one parish to the next, or so on. The passing bell is when you are dying, and going from this world to another place.

*His Lordship.* Indeed, Mr. Nollekens.

Such was the conversation of the gifted maker of pins' heads—of the two hundredth part of a pin.

In his blunt style, too, Nolly had many opportunities of rebuking, in a severe and profitable way to himself, affectation and that sham grief which is enough to make all monument-makers inveterate, if not professional, cynics. Clergymen have told me that among the village poor, the widows who "take on" most, who faint at the grave, or go into hysterics while settling the vulture undertaker's bill, as a rule marry again within the year. 'Tis ever the same, I suspect—the grander the monument, the smaller the grief. So at least Nolly often found it, and acted upon it, by always taking his order when the grave was still soft; just as I have heard old doctors advise young doctors, to "always take the fee while the patient is still in pain." A lady in drooping weeds once came to him, and, regardless of money, ordered a special high monument to express her inconsolable loss for her dear departed. Nolly, mistrustful of temporary grief, rose early and lost no time in beginning; he finished the model, and waited for a second visit. At second monumental visits, the patrons or patronesses are generally bolder and more cheerful—ordering monuments has become a habit—it is really hardly more than buying a cheese or a gown, if you look at it in the right way. The carriage horses pant as if hard driven; they are pulled up with a jerk that sends them on their haunches—thunder at the door, modulated to music—door flung open—enter the lady, who speaks.

"You have not, Mr. Nollekens, commenced the model?"

"Yes, but I have though," grunts Nolly, sending for it.

*Lady (gracefully blushing, blandly to grunter).* Have you indeed! Well, these, my good friend, I own, are early days, (*timidly*), but since I saw you, an old acquaintance of ours, whom we knew at Rome, has (*slight and natural hesitation*) made me an offer, and (*coughs nervously, and at last brings up the linking word*)—and, I don't know how he would like to see in our church so expensive a monument to my late husband;—indeed, perhaps, after all, it would be considered quite enough if I got our village mason to put up just a line of inscription—he cuts very neatly—but not, of course (*bonos*), at all like you, Mr. Nollekens.

This is the flummery I expected, thinks Nolly, and thus I sweep away the silly spider's web.

"Madam, my charge for this model will be one hundred guineas."

"Enormous!" groans the fair widow, and picking the notes from her purse, she hastily pays him, in order "to have done with the

monster." I wonder if that line was ever cut by the neat-handed mason? I should rather, on the whole, think not.

But this is not grand company enough for contrast. Let us see him at the Palace—at Buckingham House, with the king, who, to Nolly's foolish eyes, appears little short of divine.

Let us follow him through St. James's Park as he goes to his royal sitter, followed by Dodimy with the honoured clay. Nolly is a short man, with a big head, on which he wears his flat dress hat, brought from Rome—not his usual high-crowned one. He has a short, thick neck, narrow shoulders, and large, clumsy body. He is bow-legged, it must be allowed, but then he is also hook-nosed. His lips are thin, his brow is deep-marked. He has on a drab coat, with ruffles, a striped Manchester waistcoat, and blue and white striped dress stockings, terminating in buckled shoes.

Nolly is to be at the Palace before seven, to model the king's bust after he has shaved, and before he puts on his stock. He arrives, and passes in. The king comes, and as he used himself to tell the story—

"I sot him down, to be even with myself; and the king seeing me go about and about him, says he to me, 'What do you want?' and says I, 'I want to measure your nose; the queen tells me I have made my nose too broad.' 'Measure it then,' says the king." Upon which, as the story ran, Nolly pricked the king's nose with his callipers—a fault as dreadful in the eyes of court ladies as Schalken making King William hold a lighted candle, and letting the grease run down on the royal fingers.

Notwithstanding royal command, Nolly always, being a Roman Catholic, neglected his visit on a Saint's day. After one of these infringements of etiquette, he went to the king, to know when he might go on again with the busto.

"So, Nollekens," said the king, in his quick, affable, rather silly way, "where were you yesterday—yesterday—yesterday?"

*Nolly.* Why, as it was a Saint's day, I thought you would not have me; so I went to see the beasts feed in the Tower.

*King.* Why did you not go to Duke Street—Duke Street—Duke Street?—eh? eh? eh?

*Nolly.* Well, I went to the Tower, your majesty. And do you know, they have got two such lions there! and the biggest did roar so! my heart, how he did roar!

And then the simple, uncourtly man gave such a tremendous and deafening imitation of the lion, in Bottom's best manner, that he drove the king to the end of the room. In fact, Nolly did every *gauche*, honest, thoughtless thing that a man could do; and instead of imitating the courtly Bacon, and bringing a silver syringe when the sitting was over, he ended a series of atrocities that made the very footmen wince, by filling his mouth with water, and spitting it at the model before he covered it with the damp cloth! Yet on this busto at home he laboured with his best skill and industry, and twice a day for a fortnight threw the cloth for the drapery—succeeding at last by an unintentional throw upon some interruption.

Nolly was equally delicious in his vulgar *novelty*, when he had to make a cast of Lord Lake's face after death. He arrives with his assistant, Mr. Gahagan, and is shown mournfully and silently upstairs. The body lies solemn, like a sacred thing, under that terrible and ghastly sheet. The footman bows, and retires. There is no one in the room for Nolly to speak to, but a mysterious stranger in black, who, with handkerchief to his eyes, paces inconspicuously up and down the room, almost unconscious of Nolly's presence. It is the brother of the corpse nobleman. Nolly cares for nothing

but what he wants,—mysterious man in black may be the butler, for all he knows; so up he goes to him, nudges his elbow, and in a loud, coarse voice says—

"I say, bring me a little sweet oil, a large basin, some water, pen, ink, and paper."

Indignant man groans, "Begone, sir!—call the servant."

Nolly, unabashed, pulls the bell as if he was at a tavern, and orders the oil and the *et cetera*. They are brought up, and pulling down the sheet, he begins, in a loud voice, with self-satisfaction at having got the job not altogether concealed.

"Now, let me see, I must begin to measure him. Where's my callipers? I must take him from his chin to the upper pinnacle of his head. I'll put him down in ink. Ay, that'll do. Now I must have him from his nose to the back part of his skull—now for his shoulders—now for his neck. Well, now I've got him all." This was not a sensitive man, this Nollekens.

Pitt always snubbed poor little Nolly, because he had dared, poor man, after fourteen years' delay, to petition King George to hurry the inscription for his Westminster Abbey monument of the three Captains. Pitt, offended at this, would never sit for Nolly, or ever recommend him for government work. Yet his old enemy took his mask after his death, in his lonely house on Putney Common, and made £15,000 by that mask; for he executed for £3000 the statue of Pitt, now in the Cambridge Senate House; and of the bust he sold seventy-four copies, and six hundred casts. The head of Pitt he carved cunningly from a piece taken out from between the figure's legs; the arms, too, he pieced. With a true miser's dexterity, he charged 120 guineas for each of his busts, and paid the men who did them only £24 each. He received £1300 for the pedestal, and gave the man who worked it only the odd £300. The marble for this £3000 figure of Pitt, is supposed by his kind and ingeniously malicious biographer, to have cost him not more than £20.

Directly a great man died, Nolly's spirits rose, and he ordered some plaster to be got ready for the order. No professional misery moved him: mothers' tears and fathers' breaking hearts were what he lived by; but he did not live on them, and he did not enjoy them as the sentimentalist does, who is ever on the prowl for food for his feelings. On one occasion, a disconsolate widow (since married, let us assume) told him, with angry tears, not to pull her dear departed's face "so about:" upon which, said Nolly, quietly, "Oh, bless ye, you had better let me close his eye-lids for then, when I cast him in my mould, he'll look for all the world as if he was asleep. Why do you take on so? you do wrong to *prey* upon such a dismal prospect. Do leave the room to me and my man; I am used to it,—makes no impression on me; I have got a good many down in my journal."

Nolly was too blunt and rough-hided to be easily ruffled, nor was he often wilfully rude—as Johnson and Abernethy, two honest, rough men, were—but he could be: he was once, for instance, working on the bust of what Mr. Smith calls "an illustrious personage;" he (Nolly) was decorated with a stiff, powdered *toupet*, and a high buckram collar, that his head kept disappearing in; the absurdity of the dress so amused our "illustrious personage," that after some time, smiling and telegraphing to his friend who stood behind the sculptor's chair, he at last fairly gave way, and burst into a fit of uncontrollable laughter. Nolly, unable to restrain his irritation, thrust his thumb into the "illustrious personage's" mouth, and shouted with an angry and repeated wag of his head, "If you laugh, I'll make a fool of ye!" Perhaps (between ourselves) not a



difficult thing to do with the "illustrious personage."

With poor old rich Mr. Coutts, reduced to almost second childhood, and fed during the modelling by lively Mrs. Coutts, with soup, warmed by herself over the fire, Nolly was more civil and courtly, as became an old miser, reverently watching the countenance of a dying millionaire.

Now let us turn the picture, and see the gay bridegroom of our introduction, and the slim Jessamy bride, in their sevilite and yellow leaf; for the moral is needed by proud youth, as much as by proud intellect. The scene is still in that dingy house in Mortimer Street: the magistrate's daughter—no longer in *sacque* and lace apron, no longer with nosegay in her bosom—is sitting a poor, paralyzed creature, with twisted spine and very neck—is sitting fed in a cushioned nurse's chair. Who would know her for the "Pekuah," described by Dr. Johnson—her cumbrous admirer—in his "Rasselas?" Her old husband—no longer the buxom bridegroom—has just been chided by her for making perpetual sketches of her, and telling visitors before her face how altered she is since his last drawing.

"You would never make sketches of me," she says, fretfully crying, "when I was worth sketching!" Can that poor, querulous, paralyzed old woman be the beauty of whom, just after her marriage, the Marquis of Rockingham said to her husband—"Ah! Nollekens, now we see where you get your Venuses from!" Why, it was only yesterday, that to a visitor Nolly said, "How's Mrs. N.? Oh, she's bad—very bad, she's now in bed. There's a mould of her spine down in that corner—see how crooked it is." What a change in the husband's mind, and the wife's body, since that spring morning we wot of!

A few years only after the bride's death, let us again look in at Mortimer Street, and call upon the bridegroom—dead now—everlasting cotton in his ears; paralytic—all but imbecile: he is starting for a ride in a hired coach with his workmen, and is vexed at the envious chiding of Bronze, his servant, and his hideous old Scotch nurse. He raves if two candles are lit instead of one, or if coals are put on the fire recklessly—"shamefully," as he calls it. He is haunted by legacy-hunters, who bring him presents: sometimes cheesecakes, sometimes pig-tail tobacco for chewing, the sprat for the whale is perpetually arriving. One man drives him out to Kensington to see an almond-tree in blossom; another actually brings him the Irish giant in a hackney coach to look at! Yet, from all these pleasures strewn before his dying eyes by crafty legacy-hunters—Volpones of the newest school—he turns to swear no soap shall be used in washing the house, or to count the lumps of coal in the old barrister's wig-box, that serves him as a coal-scuttle.

Later still, we see him in a still more terrible state of miserhood. He is sitting up at midnight in his poor four-post bed, with the faded orange and black curtains. His conscience, in those long, sad hours of watching, rouses to a remorse for a hard life, for charity denied, and for buried talents. He coughs, moves restlessly, and at last calls the kind and only friend, who sleeps on a hard, narrow sofa near his bed.

"Mrs. Holt! Mrs. Holt! are you asleep?" Mrs. Holt says, "I am here, sir; can I give you anything?"

The old man gasps out, "Get up, I can't sleep—I can't rest. Is there anybody you know who wants a little money to do 'em good?"

Mrs. Holt mentions a woman.

"Very well," says Nollekens, eagerly; "in the morning I'll send her ten pounds."

The old man is afraid of death—afraid of dying—afraid of ending a life passed with scarcely one act done of kindness or charity.

On May 1st, 1823, the miser's funeral moved slowly towards Paddington churchyard, followed by a mob, who mistook the Duke of Wellington's new state carriage for the Lord Mayor's: the black mourners and their black coaches are entangled in a gaudy morris-dancing train of chimney sweeps and Jacks in the green.

The disappointed, slandering biographer was there among the mourners; greedy hands were stretching out already for the miser's guineas. He who had made so many monuments now at last needed one. The grasping fist lay unclenched in the coffin that is hidden by that red-faced undertaker's pall. Ostrich feathers, horribly expensive, waggle idiotically above the bier. There are no hard-won sovereigns in the coffin. It has come to this, as it always must come. Yet a little gold, well spent, would have brought, O so many weeping eyes to that old man's grave-side!

Intellect, that does not win the love of even one heart, seemed to me a poor thing, when I stood yesterday, at Paddington, beside the grave of Joseph Nollekens, bust-maker, and moralized on the misery of meanness.

#### ON RENDERING FABRICS NON-INFLAMMABLE.

WE are constantly shocked by the newspaper reports of Indies, and of children, being burnt to death from the ignition of their clothing. As it respects the former, these casualties have increased considerably since, following blindly in the wake of the tyrant Fashion, women have, in defiance of all taste, given such amplitude to their garments that each one commonly occupies four times the space upon the Earth's surface that nature designed her to occupy. Too frequently these sad accidents have immediately attended upon arrangements for pleasure, and families have been thrown into mourning in the very hour when they were dreaming of nothing but joy. As it respects the latter, deaths by burning are lamentably prevalent amongst the children of the poorer classes, and, in the large majority of cases, the cause is the same. The light material, of which the child's pinafore is made, has been ignited by a spark, or it has been carried by a current of air against the fire, and thus, by its rapid ignition, the child has been speedily involved in flames.

It is well known that cotton and linen fabrics are more especially inflammable—woollen material burning with much difficulty, and even silk requiring a high temperature and peculiar conditions to produce flaming combustion. The products from the animal kingdom contain 18 per cent. of nitrogen, which is only to be found in very small quantities in the vegetable products, in combination with carbon, hydrogen, and oxygen. The animal fibres, although subject to the destructive influence of heat, char when in contact with a flame; but they do not *flame* themselves, because the carbonate of ammonia formed destroys the inflammable power; whereas vegetable fibres give out, when acted on by heat, carburetted hydrogen, which burns with flame, and, of course, very rapidly communicates intense combustion. The use of cotton and linen is largely on the increase, and probably these fabrics will not readily give place to any of a more solid character.

The subject appears to have engaged the attention of her Majesty the Queen, and, at her request, the Master of the Mint, Professor Graham, undertook to see that a series of experiments should be carried out, with a view to determine if these fabrics could, by easy means, be rendered non-inflammable. Professor Graham entrusted the inquiry to Dr. Oppenheim and Mr. Versmann; and these gentlemen have lately made their report, which is in every way satisfactory.

They commence, after stating some of the pecu-

liarities of cotton and linen, by asking—"What means may be applied for the rendering of these substances non-inflammable?—what is the comparative value of these means?—and why have none of the means hitherto recommended been introduced into public use?"

They then enumerate the numerous articles which have been, from time to time, employed and recommended by different persons—such as alum, borax, silicate and carbonate of potash, sulphate of iron, sulphate of lime, the chloride of ammonium, and other salts of ammonia. Proceeding with their inquiry, they state that none of the experiments made with these salts were attended with a favourable result. The experiments made by Messrs. Versmann and Oppenheim were subjected to trial on the large scale, in the works of Mr. Crum and Mr. Alexander Cochran of Glasgow; and on a scale which represented the ordinary conditions, in her Majesty's laundry at Richmond. They remark that the process resorted to by finishers and by laundresses differ principally in this—that in the manufacturing process the muslin is finished without the application of heat, whereas in laundries the ironing with hot irons cannot be dispensed with. "We may here premise that this circumstance explains why none of the salts hitherto recommended have found favour with the public—none of them allowing the iron to pass smoothly over the fabric, and some even destroying it under the influence of the heat of the iron."

We shall not state the experiments which were tried with salts—a numerous class—and proved, from some cause or other, ineffective; but proceed to describe those which give satisfactory results.

Gay-Lussac recommended the use of sulphate of ammonia for rendering light fabrics non-inflammable. The present experimentalists say:—

"Sulphate of ammonia, which is the cheapest salt of ammonia, because the ammonia obtained in gas-works is generally converted into this sulphate, and then frequently used as a manure, was tried. A solution containing 7 per cent. of the crystals, or 6·2 per cent. of anhydrous salt, is perfectly anti-flammable. In 1839 the Bavarian Embassy at Paris caused M. Chevalier to make experiments before them with a mixture of borax and sulphate of ammonia, as recommended by Chevalier, in preference to the sulphate alone. He thought the sulphate would lose part of its ammonia, and thereby give rise to the action of sulphuric acid upon the fabric. This opinion seems to be confirmed by the fact, that a solution of sulphate of ammonia gives off ammonia, as observed by Dr. R. Angus Smith, in his Paper on substances which prevent fabrics from flaring; but, on the other hand, this may be easily counteracted by adding a little carbonate of ammonia, and, besides, the solid salt remains perfectly undecomposed. We now have kept for six months whole pieces of muslin prepared in various ways with this salt; some have been even ironed, but we cannot find that the texture was in the least degree weakened. Chevalier's mixture, on the contrary, became injurious to the fabric, not only at temperatures above 212°, but even at summer heat; and this can easily be explained, because he did not actually apply sulphate of ammonia and borax, but bi-borate of ammonia and sulphate of soda." It is necessary, perhaps, to explain to our non-chemical readers, that decomposition of the salts had taken place before they were applied to the muslin.

"Tungstate of soda ranges amongst the salts which are manufactured on a large scale, and at a cheap rate. A solution containing 20 per cent. renders the muslin perfectly non-inflammable. It acts, apparently, by firmly enveloping the fibre, and thereby excluding the contact with the air. It is very smooth, and of a fatty appearance, like talc, and this property facilitates the ironing process, which all other salts resist."

The result of all the experiments of Messrs. Versmann and Oppenheim appears to be, that of all the salts tried, only four appear to be applicable for light fabrics. These salts are—1. Phosphate of ammonia. 2. Mixture of Phosphate of ammonia and Chloride of ammonium. 3. Sulphate of ammonia. 4. Tungstate of soda. The sulphate of ammonia is by far the cheapest and the most efficacious salt, and it was therefore tried on a large scale. Whole pieces of muslin, eight to sixteen

yards long, were finished, and then dipped into a solution containing 10 per cent. of the salt, and dried in the hydro-extractor. This was done with printed muslins, as with white ones, and none of the colours gave way, with the sole exception of madder purple, and that became pale. The pieces had a good finish, and "some of them were afterwards submitted to her Majesty, who was pleased to express her satisfaction." Notwithstanding the excellence of sulphate of ammonia, when used on piece goods, it has some objectionable qualities, which will prevent its use in the laundry. The sulphate of ammonia does not interfere with the ironing so much as other salts do, because a comparatively small proportion is required; but still the difficulty is unpleasant, and "sometimes a prepared piece, after being ironed, showed brown spots like iron moulds." "For all laundry purposes, the tungstate of soda only can be recommended." To avoid the formation of a bi-tungstate of little solubility, which is apt to crystallize out of, and consequently to weaken, the solution, the following formula, which has been found to be quite efficacious, is given. "A concentrated neutral solution of tungstate of soda is diluted with water to 28° Twaddle (an alkaliometer so called), and then mixed with 3 per cent. of phosphate of soda. This solution was found to keep and to answer well; it has been introduced into her Majesty's laundry, where it is constantly being used."

This salt, the tungstate of soda, which promises to become exceedingly useful, is prepared from the native combinations of tungstic acid with iron and with lime. It has not hitherto been largely employed, and consequently it may, if a sudden demand is created for it, become of high price. This, will, however, exist but for a short time. As soon as a sufficient inducement is offered, wolfram—the tungstate of iron—will be raised in any required quantities from the mines of Cornwall and Devonshire.

Nothing can be more easy than the application of this solution to any fabric. Nothing more is necessary than to dip the cleaned article in the prepared fluid, and then to drain and dry it, previously, to ironing; or, in the case of starching, the solution may form part of the stiffening solution. We have now before us some muslin thus prepared; its colours and its delicate appearance are quite unaffected. If it is held in the flame of a candle, the organic matter chars; but the spreading of the combustion is entirely prevented. This cannot but be regarded as a most important discovery. Sincerely do we hope that the public will avail themselves of its advantages, and that accidents by fire will be less common than they have been.

ROBERT HUNT.

## THE ART-UNION OF LONDON.

THE Council of this society has recently issued its printed Report for the past year, and is preparing for delivering to the subscribers of the present year the engraving, &c., to which each is entitled. The principal features of the Report we gave, when it was read at the annual meeting of the subscribers, but in the printed paper are some curious details concerning the operations of this well-organized institution, which did not come before the meeting, so far as we remember, and which ought not to be passed over, in justice to those who conduct its affairs. The list of subscribers last year contained, in round numbers, about 15,000 names; of these Scotland contributes 493, and Ireland 279—each country considerably less than Australia and the United States respectively. The following tabular statement gives the number of subscribers out of the United Kingdom, and where they are resident: it serves to show the extensive ramifications of the Art-Union of London, by whose instrumentality British Art is circulated almost over the whole extent of the civilized world; for it must be borne in mind that not only the engravings, &c., issued by the society, are dispersed throughout the localities enumerated above, but pictures find their way thither also, as prizes allotted to subscribers. Agencies have likewise been recently established in Germany, Russia, and Sardinia. Whatever else the fruits arising out of such broadcast sowing may be,

most certainly it widely inculcates a love of Art and an appreciation of it.

Australia . . . . .	535
Bermuda . . . . .	5
Canada . . . . .	56
Cape of Good Hope . . . . .	83
China . . . . .	70
East Indies . . . . .	108
Egypt (Alexandria) . . . . .	43
France (Little) . . . . .	19
Holland (Amsterdam) . . . . .	44
Malta . . . . .	23
New Brunswick . . . . .	53
New Zealand . . . . .	77
Nova Scotia . . . . .	70
Portugal . . . . .	30
Prussia (Coblenz) . . . . .	17
Spain . . . . .	34
St. Helena . . . . .	9
Tuscany . . . . .	19
Turkey . . . . .	10
United States . . . . .	502
Venezuela . . . . .	46
West Indies . . . . .	185

The subscribers of the current year will be entitled to receive an impression of Mr. F. Holl's engraving of 'Come Along,' from Mr. J. J. Jenkins's picture; and a volume containing thirty large woodcuts, executed by Mr. W. J. Linton from pictures by thirty deceased British painters; proofs of these works are now before us. The Council has done wisely in restricting the size of their principal plate, 'Come Along,' which is within reasonable dimensions, and will not therefore involve a considerable sum, as many prints previously issued have done, to frame. The picture is one of those pleasant, familiar incidents that always find favour with the masses: the foreground shows a very broad, yet tranquil stream—almost, indeed, a lake—intersected by huge boulders; the background is high, and a portion of it is cultivated—here, in the distance, gleaners are scattered about. But the title of the work is derived from two figures; the principal one a girl—old enough, however, to be a young mother, which, possibly, the artist meant her to be—bare-footed, and with a wheatsheaf on her back; and the other a child, who is following her over the water on the stepping-stones: the elder of the two turns her head slightly towards the younger, who, with arms extended, is carefully "feeling her foot-way," and repeats, as it may be presumed, the words of the title. This pair of figures are very sweet impersonations, life-like, and not exaggerated examples of rustic beauty. The print is carefully engraved, and will, no doubt, be popular.

The book of woodcuts includes subjects most of them well-known—some by engravings which have appeared in the *Art-Journal*, from the works of our principal deceased artists. We can point out only a few as more especially worthy of record:—Constable's 'Cornfield,' Northcote's 'Burial of the Poets in the Tower,' Blake's 'Death's Door,' a 'Coast Scene' by Bonington, one of Hogarth's series of 'Marriage à-la-mode,' P. Nasmyth's 'A Scene in Sussex,' Liversedge's 'Cobbler reading Cobbett's Register,' Morland's 'Old Horse,' Fuseli's 'Witches in Macbeth,' Hilton's 'Europa,' D. Scott's 'Duke of Gloucester carried Prisoner into Calais,' Romney's 'Milton dictating to his Daughters,' Barry's 'Victors at Olympia,' Müller's 'The Memnon,' and Copley Fielding's 'Burlington Old Pier.'

The small pocket Almanac published annually by the society, and presented to subscribers, will be found very useful, for it contains, in addition to the matters usually found in almanacs, information concerning our Art-exhibitions of every kind.

The Council and the Honorary Secretaries continue their labours for the great object they have through so many years kept steadily in view—the honour and advantage of British Art. It is very easy to ignore their efforts, as some are inclined to do, but the fact is beyond dispute, that, through the instrumentality of this society many, very many, thousands of pounds have gone into the pockets of the artists of England, which otherwise would not have found their way thither. As yet there has not only been no record, but scarcely any expression, of the gratitude to which they are entitled, after working nearly a quarter of a century without recompense of any kind. It would be unbecoming and distasteful to estimate the monetary value of the time the Honorary Secretaries have devoted to this cause, during so long a period. They have their reward, indeed, but it is that which in no way emanates from the multitude they have served.

## THE ROYAL PICTURES.

### LIBERATION OF THE SLAVES.

H. Le Jeune, Painter. C. H. Jeens, Engraver.  
Size of the Picture, 6 ft. by 4 ft.

SOMETIMES we feel surprise that our artists who essay historical painting do not, for subjects, resort more frequently than they are seen to do, to the history of the ancient Jews, as recorded in the Old Testament. Beyond certain well-known incidents, which are familiar to us all from the prominence given to them in the sacred volume, it is a rare thing, indeed, to find a Jewish narrative represented on canvas. And yet the whole history of the Hebrew nation abounds with material in the highest degree suitable for the artist's purpose—materials remarkable no less for the interest they furnish, than for the picturesque qualities associated with them: magnificence of scenery, natural and architectural, richness and variety, oftentimes, of costume. From the period when Moses led the tribes of Israel out of the land of Egypt, to the time when Isaiah, Jeremiah, and others uttered their prophecies in the streets of Jerusalem, there is no nation of antiquity whose history stands forth so prominently, so truthfully, and, to all but the sceptic in revealed religion, with such intense interest, as that of this extraordinary and favoured people: and, consequently, there is no book in which the painter may find so surely all that he requires, as in the annals which have come down to us from the pens of the Hebrew writers. Take, as an example, what is recorded of one individual only, Elijah, the "Prophet of Carmel," whose life furnishes subjects enough for a whole gallery of pictures.

Mr. Le Jeune's painting of 'The Liberation of the Slaves' is a pleasing departure from the old and hacknied themes—we use the word in a pictorial sense only—that are constantly presented to us. He has searched the sacred record for something that would take him out of the beaten track of Art-work, and has found a subject equally novel and agreeable. Among the appointments which Moses, by divine command, made for the government of the ten tribes was one entitled "the Year of Release;" it is referred to in the book of Exodus, chap. xxi.:

"If thou buy an Hebrew servant, six years he shall serve: and in the seventh he shall go out free for nothing."

And at still greater length in the book of Deuteronomy, chap. xv.:

"At the end of every seven years thou shalt make a release."

"And if thy brother, an Hebrew man, or an Hebrew woman, be sold unto thee, and serve thee six years, then in the seventh year thou shalt let him go free from thee."

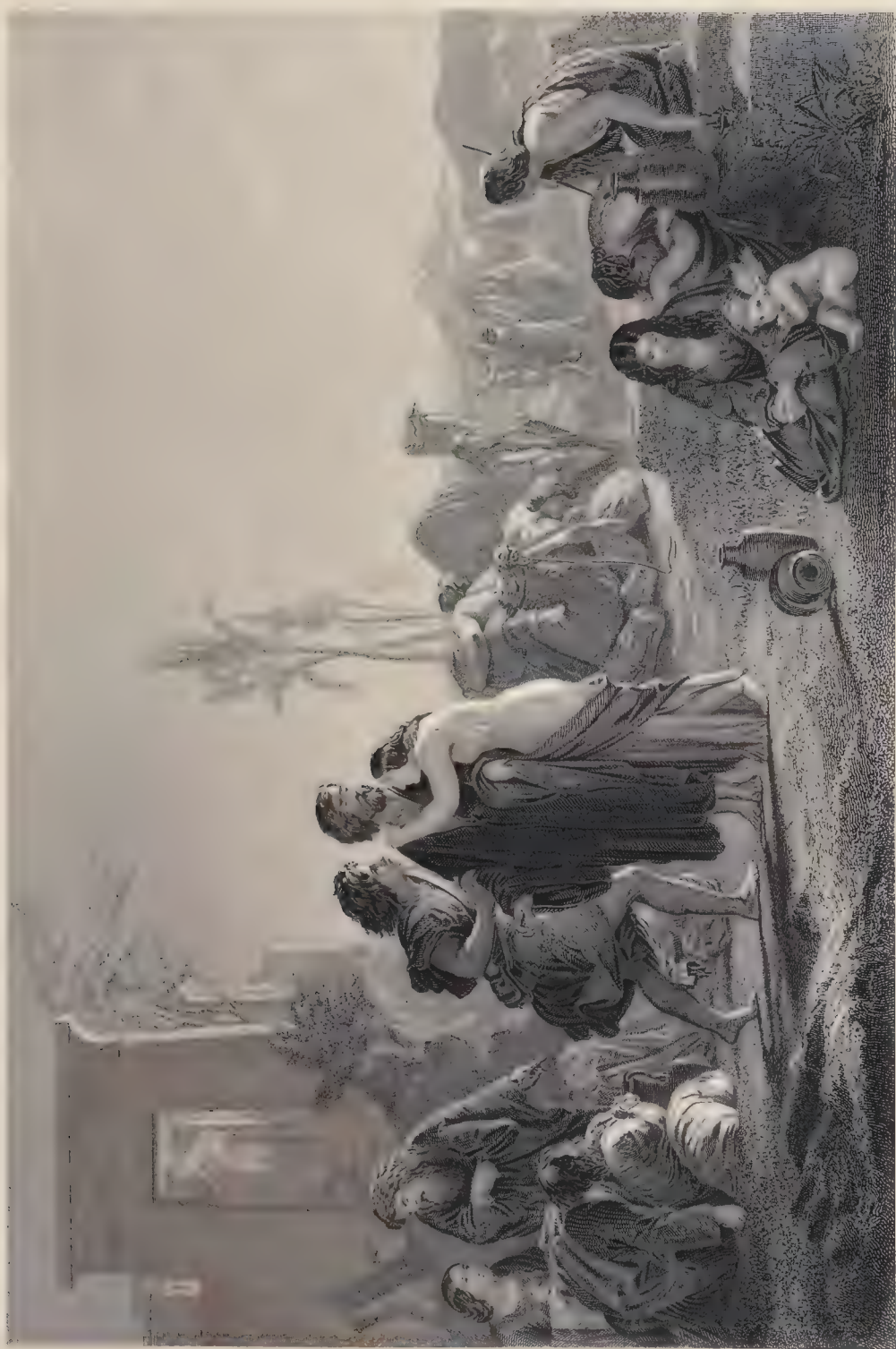
"And when thou sendest him out free from thee, thou shalt not let him go away empty."

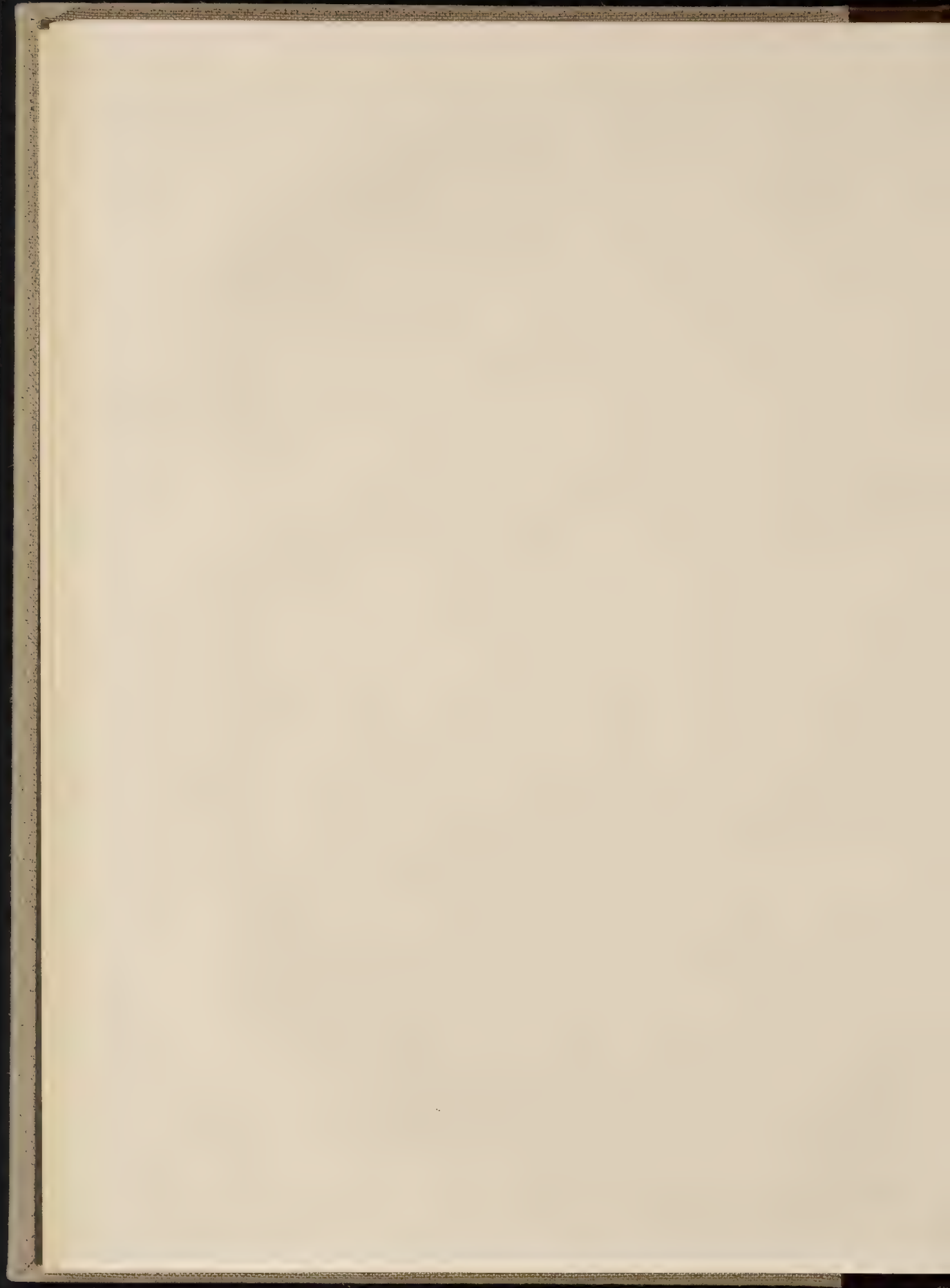
"Thou shalt furnish him liberally out of thy flock, and out of thy floor, and out of thy winneps: of that where-with the Lord thy God hath blessed thee thou shalt give unto him."

Mr. Le Jeune, in his representation, has brought this noble lesson of liberality ably before us; the only fear is that in this, as in too many cases, his work will be valued as a picture more than for the thoughts it ought to convey to the mind. To our reading it seems to offer two opposite meanings. A company of Hebrews travelling through Judea have left behind them at some town a young man and woman, released from servitude, who have met, and are embracing an aged father, perhaps; these constitute the principal group. But on each side of them is another group, whose attitudes and countenances indicate that they are left behind to commence their period of servitude, or are mourning that its period of expiration has not yet arrived. We know not how far this reading coincides with the artist's ideas. However, it is a very beautiful composition, drawn with masterly skill, and lighted up with great brilliancy, though the general tone of colour is rather too red to be pleasant to the eye; the right hand group is especially attractive, both from the feeling thrown into it, and by its exquisite finish.

The picture was purchased by the Prince Consort in 1847: it is in the Royal Collection at Osborne.









# GEOMETRY, AND ITS APPLICATIONS TO DECORATIVE PURPOSES IN INDIA.

BY ALEXANDER HUNTER, M.D., &c.\*

GEOMETRY has been cultivated for very many centuries in India, both among Hindoos and Mahomedans, as a branch of science, and as a necessary element of education. The theory as well as the practice have been thoroughly understood by the educated natives of India, and the principles upon which it has been taught (not so much in schools as in the domestic circle) prove that geometry has had an importance assigned to it in former times by some enlightened minds in India, who have foreseen that it might be made the means of improving the taste, and directing it to the study of beautiful forms.

In the following remarks we shall confine ourselves to the practice of geometry, and to the methods by which it has been simplified by the Hindoos, and made interesting as a study for even the infantile mind. In this department of applied science we have a great deal to learn from the nations of the East; for they have not only surpassed us in the study of a deep, abstruse science, but have shown us how and where to collect the most simple and beautiful forms of nature, and to apply them judiciously and tastefully to many of the manufactures and wants of daily life. The mode of commencing to teach geometry in India is very simple and impressive for children; and the cheapness of the materials employed, the sources

Square forms are usually selected as being the easiest for a child to draw, and more attention is bestowed on educating and accustoming the eye to judge of distances than in teaching to draw perfectly straight lines. At first plain squares are drawn, preserving the dot in the centre as a guiding point to aid the eye in judging of its accuracy. The square is next drawn, in a variety of combinations, in a large, bold style (Fig. 1); first with one square inside of another, and then in a number of other ways, but with all the lines crossing at right angles, the central dots being at first used, but being omitted when proficiency is attained.

Various combinations of lines and dots are next

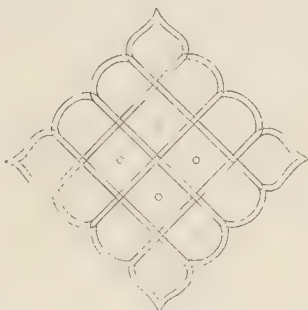


Fig. 2.

attempted, the dots being arranged horizontally and perpendicularly, so as to form squares, and lines being drawn diagonally between them, so as to form alternate rows of squares with and without dots. The introduction of the dot in the centre of the square assists the pupil in judging of its relative proportions, and this system of instruction has the advantage of explaining itself without being perplexing or intricate; it also accustoms the child to draw in a bold, free way, from the shoulder, and not from the wrist, as in the English schools, and the consequence is that many of the Hindoo women thus acquire great steadiness and delicacy of hand. The patterns are usually drawn in the sand from eighteen inches to two feet in length, so that each square would vary from two to four inches. After a facility of drawing them with single lines has been acquired, they are done on a larger scale, with double lines, two fingers being used, the fore and little fingers usually, as they can be more easily steadied. A few curved lines are

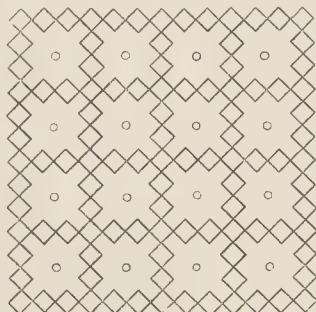


Fig. 3.

occasionally added to complete the border of the pattern (see Fig. 2).

The square is looked upon by the Hindoos as a very important geometrical form, and as the basis upon which most of the measurements for the spaces in their designs for surface ornamentation are to be laid down; hence the care they take to inculcate an early familiarity with it, and a freedom of drawing it in different positions, combinations, and relations of size, as in Fig. 3. We shall afterwards see how skilfully it is applied in manu-

facturing designs, and in what a multitudinous set of combinations it is employed in Hindoo ornament. We may here insert a few of the lessons on the drawing of the square that are given to the Hindoo children, and the subject may have an interest for the public, from the originals of these drawings having been all done by the Hindoos themselves, and some of them purchased in their own houses, where the author of this essay had an opportunity of seeing their modes of educating young people for several branches of decorative and manufacturing art in Southern India.

In Fig. 4 we have a pattern made up entirely of squares, and the bordering lines composed of small

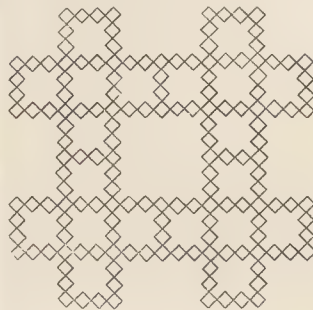


Fig. 4.

squares, the latter all touching each other at the corners.

In Fig. 5, the idea for which is taken from an ordinary bamboo flooring mat, a square forms the centre, with rectangular lines, suggesting the idea of other squares connected with each other, and angular forms diverging towards the corners: if the latter be examined, they will be found to give the idea of squares laid upon each other, and covering one quarter of the lower one. In some patterns it will be remarked that the squares are placed at right angles to the centre of the pattern, while in others they are placed diagonally; also that in some the dot materially assists the pattern. The reasons for these arrangements will be more apparent when we presently speak of the filling in of the spaces with colour.

We come next to some of the meanings and uses of the square as applicable to ornament, or suggested by different objects; for the Hindoo child is early taught to examine and produce forms for

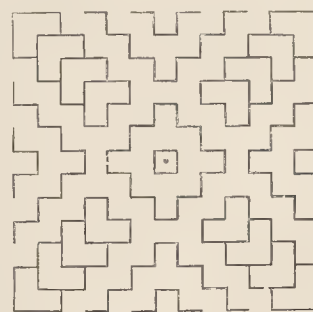


Fig. 5.

itself, and to attach some meaning or use to them. One of the great sources from which the square is derived is weaving, and we can trace the origin of many of the patterns and simple lessons in geometry to the weaver's loom, or to the coarser forms produced by bamboo mat plaiting, or basket-work. Another simple but elegant way in which the square is made, is by pulling a quantity of flowers to pieces, and selecting the petals which are of a uniform size, or nearly so, and arranging them in the form of Fig. 6. We shall afterwards

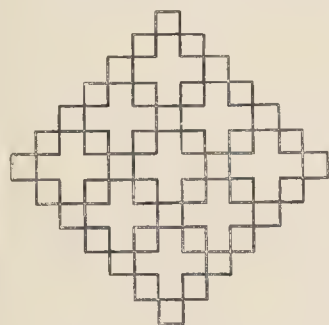


Fig. 1.

from whence the forms are selected, and the principles upon which the science is based, are so practically inculcated that some advantage may be derived from the comparison of the European and Eastern methods. A Hindoo child is first taught to draw with the points of the fingers on a floor covered with sand. The surface of the sand is made level with a straight piece of wood: dots or depressions are first made in the sand with the points of the fingers, held at certain distances—the fore and little fingers being generally employed as the compasses for determining long distances, and the fore and middle fingers at their natural stretch for half that distance.

At first the eye is taught to judge of distances by the position of dots, and, after a little while, the pupil learns to connect these dots by straight lines.

\* [It may interest many of readers to know that Dr. Hunter is a gentleman, for some years resident in Madras, whose love of Art has induced him to relinquish an extensive practice in his own profession to devote his time, talents, and energies in promoting Art-schools in India: he is now superintendent of the principal school at Madras. He visited England a short time since, in order to interest the government at home in the work he is now carrying on with so much success; and also to exhibit to leading manufacturers in Lancashire, Scotland, &c., some of the results of his labours. We have reason to know that he everywhere received the greatest encouragement, and that the subject attracted much attention, especially in our manufacturing districts. Dr. Hunter left with us two papers, with a number of drawings, on the system of teaching employed in India: the first we now publish; the second will appear in a future number. Both will be found novel and curious to a European student of ornamental art, and no less suggestive to the teacher.—Ed. A. J.]

see what beautiful combinations of flowers and geometrical forms are sometimes produced with very simple and cheap materials.

After a facility of drawing in sand square forms and patterns, like some of the above, has been acquired, the child is allowed to draw them on the

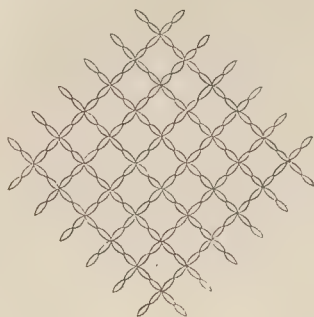


Fig. 6.

mud floor, or on the stone steps at the door, in the following method. A little pounded white chalk, called *chunam*, is held in half a cocoa-nut shell, and the finger points are dipped into it; a succession of dots is then laid down, to mark the

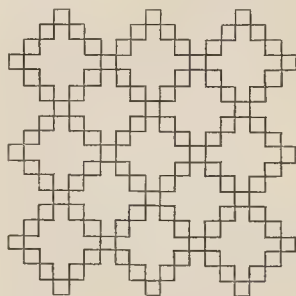


Fig. 7.

leading parts of the pattern, the lines of which are drawn by sprinkling the powdered chalk, and not by drawing with a hard piece of chalk as practised in Europe. In this way a steadiness of hand, and bold freedom, are acquired, which are frequently

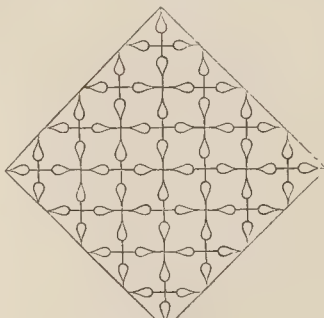


Fig. 8.

carried to great perfection in after life, especially by the Hindoo women of Southern India. In order to make the patterns more attractive and interesting to children, various simple, but cheap and tasteful, modes of combining colours with them are had recourse to: one of the most common methods is

to fill up the squares with coloured powders, and either to trim up the lines of junction with a piece of pointed bamboo, or to pull some pale flowers to pieces, and to arrange the petals along the sides of the squares, so as to hide the inequalities.

In Fig. 7 we have a simple arrangement of

colours, showing the characters of the square well preserved throughout the pattern.\*

The coloured powders employed are usually natural ochrey earths for some of the reds, purples, dull yellows, and browns; arrowroot, or starch, coloured with king's yellow, turmeric, orange and yellow

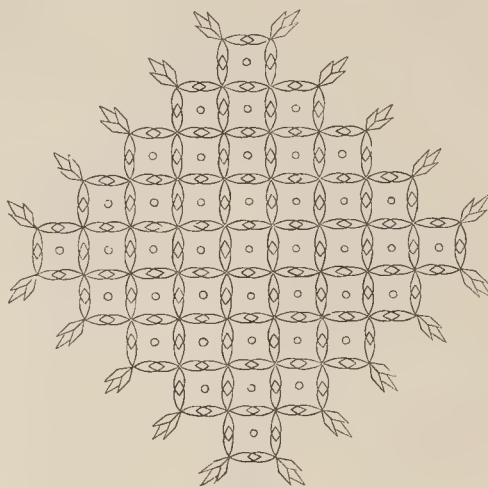


Fig. 9.

chromes, or red lead, these colours being occasionally used pure, but in small quantities, to give effect and brilliance. Kaolin, or porcelain earth, of a brilliant whiteness, is used to mix with delicate blues or lakes.

The object of using different substances with particular colours, is to avoid the chemical action of the lime, used in outlining the patterns, on some of the colours when wet. It will be remembered that the chalk, starch, and kaolin, are all pure white substances. The pattern is made to adhere

to the floor by sprinkling it with rice-water. A new pattern is drawn every day, and the colours of the previous day are either washed entirely away, or rubbed up with the mud of the floor and rice-water; and they often produce a pleasing tint, besides affording amusement and instruction to the child in watching the effects of mixing the colours. The flowers which are pulled to pieces, and laid along the lines, are usually jessamine, or some pale yellow flower.

Fig. 8 shows a combination of squares, filled in

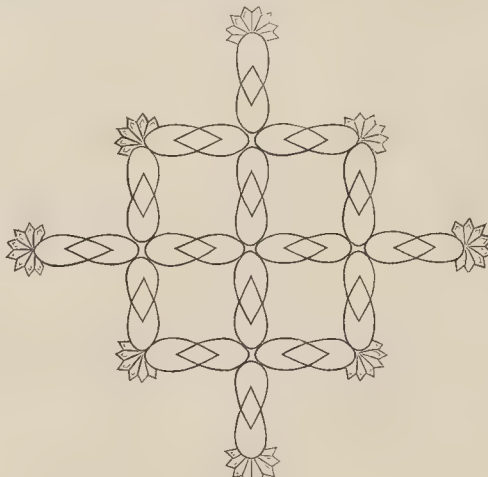


Fig. 10.

with coloured powders and a simple arrangement of petals of a white flower, conveying the idea of an interrupted stellate pattern delicately arranged through the whole.

In Fig. 9 we have a very pleasing arrangement of lines, coloured squares, and parts of flowers,

grouped with great taste, and a proper and delicate appreciation of the relative value and proportion of

\* [The drawings of this, and the three following designs left with us by Dr. Hunter, are in colours; but we could not, of course, reproduce them in this way on our pages. —Ed. A.-J.]



pure colours. We have also another important character in the pattern, which illustrates one of the sound principles upon which Hindoo ornamental art is based, and which pervades the system of colouring for manufactures. This principle is introducing lines or points of white between all combinations of tender colour. When we come to treat of the principles of colour applied to manufactures in India, we shall show how combinations of strong colour are dealt with by the Hindoos. In the centre of this pattern there is a square of bright orange, repeated again in the coloured petals of a flower round the margin; chains of white petals are laid along each square, and make a pleasing relief between the colours; next the orange is a set of squares, of green, then of lake, next of blue, and lastly, four small squares of yellow. The dots in the centres of the squares are left, and the shapes of the petals give a pleasing, pointed form to the corners of the squares.

I need hardly say that patterns like these could not be produced so perfectly or tastefully by children, but the principles inculcated in them are good. The best coloured patterns were drawn by Cheugbroy and Moorgesan, teachers in the School of Arts, and some of the others by A. Rajagopal.

In Fig. 10 the petals and green leaves of flowers are arranged first on the lines forming the squares; the centre lines are prolonged, and terminate in a pale green leaf, resting on a star of light red florets; in the centre of the square these are contrasted with violet petals, resting on yellow, and in the opposite corners violet resting on pale blue: the meaning of these colours is, that the blue, if mixed with the yellow, would produce the two shades of green employed. Thus, if the yellow predominated, the apple-green of the outer leaves would be produced; and if the blue predominated, the dark green of the centre would result. The reds are also judiciously placed, the bright leaflets both assisting the harmony and giving point to the arrangement of colours. In making a pattern of this kind out of natural flowers, green leaves, and earthy colours sprinkled on the floor, the effect is much finer than can be produced in an illustration, as there is a quality in the colour of the flowers, leaves, and materials employed, heightened by the colour of the plain mud floor on which the pattern is drawn, that cannot be given in an illustration on white paper. Sometimes these patterns are drawn carefully on a board or tray wet with rice-water, to make the colours adhere; and the effects are heightened by the use of fruits, brass or silver plates, and burning camphor. It is customary to make presents of this kind on the occasions of birthdays, ceremonies, or feasts. We shall have occasion to refer again to this when we come to the higher branches of decorative art among the Hindoos and Eastern nations. The scale of colours in these patterns is varied, but it will be remarked that pure colours predominate, and that there is a tenderness in the treatment, and an originality and simplicity in the style, that are well calculated to strike the eye of the child.

We need not institute a comparison between the theory of geometry, as taught in the universities, academies, and schools of Art in Great Britain, and the systems followed in India, as they are pursued with totally distinct objects. In England geometry is taught as a science, and as a means of leading the student to think and reason. The Hindoo also understands geometry as a science, but he looks at it mainly as an aid to the principles of design, and abstracts and applies some of the leading forms with taste and judgment to many of the purposes of ordinary life, particularly to the forms of domestic vessels, and decorations in daily use. He also selects pleasing arrangements of lines, and combines them well with colours in a geometrical way, always arranging the parts of plants in a conventional method; but here Art may be said to stop in India. The delicate beauties of nature, depending upon specific distinctions or combinations of light, shade, and colour, are either disregarded, or not sufficiently understood to be appreciated.

The natives of India are, however, thirsting for artistic education, can appreciate it when brought to their notice, and are willing to pay for education of this kind. It is our duty, then, to attempt to aid them by supplying good, sound instruction in the Fine Arts, in return for what we learn, or have

learned, of manufacturing art from them; and we cannot do better than direct them to the contemplation of those delicate graces and beauties in God's works which transcend the beauties of geometry, and open up to them a field of enjoyment and rational reflection that might be the means of conferring lasting benefits on the nations of the East.

## LINCOLN'S-INN HALL.

THE FRESCO BY MR. G. F. WATTS.

For some time past it has been known that Mr. G. F. Watts has been engaged in the execution of a fresco in the hall of Lincoln's-Inn. The work is at length completed, after a long term of anxious study and arduous labour, the difficulties of which have been enhanced by local circumstances. The fresco covers the wall forming the end of the hall, and looks as if framed by the extreme Gothic arch that supports the roof. The conditions of Gothic architecture, with its inevitable stained glass, are not generally favourable to fresco, nor indeed to painting of any kind: nor do we find the hall of Lincoln's-Inn an exception to the rule. But we believe that the work has been a labour of love on the part of Mr. Watts; he must, however, have studied the surface under every change of our fickle climate, and he knew therefore perfectly the obstacles against which he had to struggle. His experience and knowledge have taught him that there is but one way of dealing with mural painting in a subdued light—that is, to place the groups and figures in the strongest relief. This simple rule he has followed with the best results, the masses being opposed to the white marble steps on which all are placed.

The fresco is entitled 'The School of Legislation'—an ambitious subject which would suggest the thought that it was the intention of the author to break a lance with Raffaele. Be this as it may, it is a conception yielding in grandeur neither to the 'Disputa,' nor the 'School of Athens.' In obedience to the lines of the space at his disposal, the artist has arranged his composition in a pyramidal form, the apex of which presents a sculptural group; but whether painted, or in the round, cannot well be determined from the floor of the hall. The group consists of three figures—Religion, Justice, and Mercy. Immediately below this, on one of the uppermost steps of the flight, is ranged a row of figures of which Moses is the centre as the first great lawgiver. Thus on the same plane with him are placed—on his right, Minos, Lycurgus, Draco, Solon, Numa Pompilius, and Servius Tullius; and on his left are Sesostris, Zoroaster, Pythagoras, Confucius, and Menu. Below Moses, and forming also a group, are Justinian and Theodora, immediately agrouped with whom are scribes copying, or writing from dictation, the Pandects, which are distributed by legal officers to certain rude figures representing the barbarous nationalities then subject to the empire. The next centre point is Charlemagne, at once determinable by his style, and especially the famous crown. Near him are a Druid priest, Ina, King of the West Saxons, and Alfred, a youthful and buoyant figure, ascending the steps. To the right is another allusion to England, in two of the barons of the Magna Charta, with Stephen Langton. And again, the lowest figure seated on the left, disjointed and alone, is our English Justinian, Edward I., his kingly state designated by royal robes and his military character by a suit of plate armour worn beneath these ample draperies. The plate armour, by the way, is an inaccuracy; the suit of plate was not accomplished until long after Edward's time. This may be said to be of no moment; but if it be unimportant, then the distinctive points of costume between the Roman and the Saxon, and between the Saxon and the Goth, are also of no account.

'The School of Legislation' is undoubtedly a great work, but its greatness is not accumulative but distributive: it is an assemblage of splendid individualities. The effect is strikingly sculptural. The majority of the figures are qualified rather for statues than for pictorial agroupment—so few of them condescend to recognise those with whom they are associated. If this be Mr. Watts' intention, his success is signal; but it is a treatment

less natural, and therefore less satisfactory than that of his predecessors in this line of art. The necessary relief of the figures in a low light has bound him more or less to a distributive scheme of composition; but there were yet means, without outraging this principle, of securing a greater measure of correlation between the figures. 'The School of Legislation' would have been more truly illustrated if the traditions of the fundamental legislators were acknowledged by their successors. Delaroche, in his 'Hemicycle,' plainly indicates the course of Art-tradition. If we consider the remote beginning of that eloquent narrative, we find its acknowledged source in 'Appelles, Ictinus, and Phidias. As the current flows on, we find Rubens and Vandyke listening with attention to Titian; and near them, and intent upon the common subject, are Paul Veronese, Velasquez, and Murillo. Van Eyk and Bellini are interested in those who have succeeded them. Near Raffaele, and having direct reference to him, are grouped Masaccio, Perugino, Giulio Romano, Fra Bartolomeo, Mantegna, and others; Michael Angelo is, very properly alone—apart in thought as well as person. Delaroche has followed Raffaele with more felicity than has Mr. Watts; for although the history of Law has a base more definite than that of Art, the painter has availed himself but little of the advantage. It might be supposed that the successive planes whereon the groups are placed was an arrangement according to which the divine origin of law would have been insisted on. Yet we find Moses in nowise exalted, but occupying a plane common also to idolaters.

Mr. Watts, following a custom of the great masters, has given to his most remarkable personages the features of living individuals; but his flesh tints are so extremely and uniformly low in tone, that from the floor of the hall the faces are not distinguishable: in complexion, certainly, the likenesses cannot be faithful. The flesh tints appear to have been darkened by being overworked; the draperies are overdone in the same way—inasmuch that in many cases so entirely is colour subdued, that an approximate result may be attained by means of sepiæ. The markings and drawing of the figures are indistinct, as we see the picture, and the light stair background, instead of having its proper effect with figures firmly drawn and strongly marked, looks like a sky background to which are opposed figures whereof there is presented to us the shaded side. In the fresco in the Poets' Hall, Mr. Watts fell into the extreme of thinness. That picture is executed in what has been called "pure fresco,"—that is in short in the manner of the early Florentine school, which eschewed all attempts at enrichment of execution because the means were unknown. As far as the work in the hall of Lincoln's-Inn can be seen, the artist has rushed into the opposite extreme, and toned and hatched down overmuch the drawing and the colour.

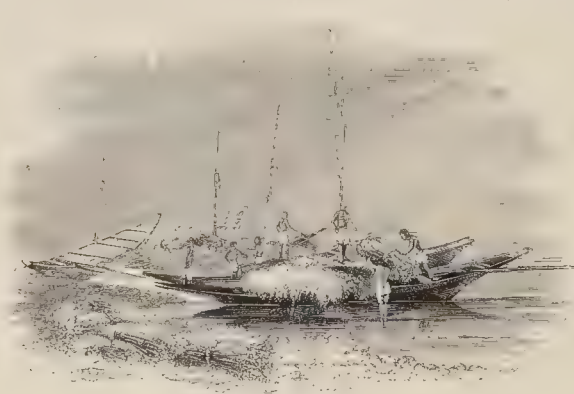
We have sympathized with Mr. Watts in his difficulties in respect of the insufficiency of the light; but if the work were seen by a breadth of daylight, the infirmities we mention would be more unfavourably apparent than they are. There is nothing in fresco more charming than those works in the Loggia of the Santissima Annunziata, at Florence—the 'Virgin and Elizabeth,' by Pontorno; the 'Assumption,' by Del Rosso; and that by Del Sarto, 'The Birth of the Virgin.' The breadth, brilliancy, substance, and grace of these works are equal even to the best qualities of Raffaele—and these are Florentine art; but the flesh tints are not embrowned, nor the other colours deprived of their power. A low light may be made to contribute to the mystic grandeur of a work of Art, but in this case, while we feel the force of the oppositions, we lose the character of the heads and the drawing of the forms. The subject is however an idea of infinite grandeur, such as under suitable treatment would have graced Westminster Hall. Many of the figures are distinguished by the most impressive dignity, and the severity that pervades the entire composition is unexceptionably appropriate. The leading of the subject down to the history of our country is happily achieved; and, all in all, it is the loftiest aspiration that has been elicited immediately or remotely by the decoration of the Houses of Parliament.

## RURAL LIFE IN BENGA.

AN appropriate sequel to Dr. Hunter's practical paper, which occupies a portion of the preceding pages, is a notice of this interesting book.\* We have all heard much of India within the last year or two; but, unhappily, what we have heard and known has been of a character almost to close up every feeling of sympathy with a country where such enormities have been committed. Rebellion and wholesale crimes are, however, now so far crushed; and rural

life is, we may hope, in such a condition to resume its peaceful occupation, that we may regard the terrible storm which darkened the land only as one of those tempests of nature which sometimes sweep over a country, and render it desolate for a season: "the wilderness and the solitary place shall once more be made glad, and the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose."

Numerous as are the works which have been written about our Eastern possessions, all are more or less of a general character: this is specific, and, in a series of letters, addressed by the author to his



BOATS LADEN WITH INDIGO.

sisters in England, he enters upon a detailed account of the cultivated products of India, but more especially of the tillage and manufacture of *indigo*, the great staple commodity of the country. Little is said about cotton, and still less about rice, though we should have supposed that the cultivation of these plants would have formed no inconsiderable items in Eastern agriculture. The narrative is not a dry statement of mere field-operations, a sort of "farmer's calendar," but the writer dilates upon the social condition of the planters and the peasantry; and,

without being a political disputant, comments at length upon the oppressions to which the latter are subjected, and on the poverty and misery resulting from the bondage that presses so heavily upon them. This subject, in the present condition of the Hindoo population, is a delicate one for discussion, but it is treated with a sense of its delicacy. In all that touches upon matters in dispute, describing principally what he saw, and in those things which he could not see, taking his information from sources deserving implicit confidence, the author considers



CONVEYING THE INDIGO IN CARTS, UNLOADING, ETC.

himself exempt from any charge of impartiality; and certainly his observations leave such an impression upon the mind of the reader. Few writers have

\* RURAL LIFE IN BENGA: Illustrative of Anglo-Indian Suburban Life; more particularly in Connection with the Planter and Peasantry, the varied Produce of the Soil and Seasons, &c., &c. By the author of "Anglo-Indian Domestic Life." Published by Thacker and Co.; Allen and Co., London; Thacker and Co., Calcutta, and Bombay.

ever advocated any cause—especially that of the oppressed sons of toil—without incurring the displeasure of their masters. He also talks of the labours of the missionary, who is oftentimes, like the clergy of our rural parishes, the friend, adviser, and benefactor of the poor. Interspersed with these graver matters are anecdotes of individuals and of travel, the whole constituting a book of pleasant and most instructive reading.

It is enriched with more than one hundred and sixty woodcuts of varied subjects, admirably engraved



SUPERINTENDENT OF COOLIES.

by Messrs. Nicholls—of these a few specimens are here introduced. Both text and engravings have had full justice done to them in the printing, by



CUTTING AND STAMPING THE INDIGO.

Mr. J. Cook, who has worked the sheets at the presses of Mr. J. S. Virtue. Mr. Cook, when in business in Fleet Street, some years ago, printed



THE GOMASTAH, OR HEAD CULTIVATOR.

the illustrated pages of the *Art-Journal*: we are gratified at seeing his work now retaining the excellence that then distinguished it.



# BRITISH ARTISTS: THEIR STYLE AND CHARACTER.

WITH ENGRAVED ILLUSTRATIONS.

No. XLVIII.—DAVID COX.



It is now, so far as our memory serves, somewhat more than thirty years ago that we first made the personal acquaintance of David Cox: he was then in the prime of manhood, and in the full enjoyment of his deservedly high reputation. Our own love of Art was at that time only commencing, and our knowledge of it little more than that of the veriest tyro; but the works of Cox in the gallery in Pall Mall had, more than others, arrested our attention, and an earnest desire to know the artist whose productions had so won our early respect was the result. There was no difficulty in effecting the object, through the medium of a relative of his with whom we had long been on terms of intimacy. Our first introduction to the studio of the painter, then living at Kennington, was on a spring afternoon,—the recollection of the visit is as vivid now as if it were but yesterday: he had removed his seat from immediately before the easel, whereon was placed a large unfinished drawing, on which he had very recently been at work,—for the colours were yet wet in some places,—and was quietly contemplating it from a short distance while occupied in smoking a cigar, “his custom always of an afternoon,” as he said it gave him a little rest and a few minutes for thought. The room was partially hung round with picture-frames, some of which were filled with finished pictures, some with subjects still incomplete, or studies from nature: other drawings, framed and unframed, were resting against the walls, on the ground—for the Water-Colour Exhibition was to open in a short time, and the artist, in the midst of his labours for that occasion,

was at all times a liberal contributor to the gallery, sending twenty, thirty, or even more, pictures annually, till within a very few years of his death. A kind and cordial welcome we received, and after a short conversation about Art and artists, but not about his own art and himself,—Cox always liked to talk of the merits of others, and spoke modestly of his own performances, and not even this unless reference was made to them by any one who chanced to be present,—he laid down his unfinished cigar, drew his seat to the easel again, and resumed his work, yet without dropping the conversation. What particularly struck us, while watching the artist, was the ease and rapidity with which he used his pencil, and the few, simple materials he employed. Body-colours, now so much in vogue with many water-colour painters, were then but little used. Cox, even to the last, almost entirely abjured them, and adhered to the old-fashioned, genuine method, which we still think is the only legitimate one; eight or ten of these cakes—pure water-colours—constituted his ordinary *pharmacopœia* for landscapes, and three or four others, such as emerald-green, scarlet, for the draperies of his figures: yellow ochre, Venetian red, and cobalt, were favourite colours for the composition of warm greys, especially when applied to old buildings, and were employed not unfrequently in the foliage of trees. Many a pleasant and profitable hour have we passed in that studio since the first visit, listening to his genial, unaffected conversation, watching the action of his pencil and its effects; learning while we looked and listened, and gaining stronger impulses of the love of Art from each renewed acquaintance with the kind-hearted and earnest painter, whose memory we shall always revere.

David Cox was born in Birmingham, in 1783; his father was a smith, and for some time the son, as we have heard him say, worked as a lad in the same business. His constitution, however, was not sufficiently robust for such a pursuit, and having an inclination for drawing, he turned his attention to it, by painting small pictures from prints, and ornamenting some of the manufactured articles for which his native town is famous. His remuneration for such works was scanty, but his wants were very limited, so he persevered in his labours till circumstances should arise when his industry and improving talent might be turned into a more productive channel. Such an opportunity



Engraved by

MEADOWS ON THE RIVER LUGG, HEREFORDSHIRE.

J. and J. P. T. 1860.

occurred at length. The Birmingham Theatre, at the time referred to, was under the management of the father of Mr. Macready, the eminent tragedian, who was then a boy at Rugby School. The manager wanted a scene-painter, and young Cox received the appointment. With Macready's company he visited some of the principal towns in the midland counties, and at length found his way to London, having thrown up his engagement with his employer. He next entered into arrangements with Astley as scene-painter to his company, then a migratory one, and with him he travelled into various parts of the country; but the parents of the artist at length expressing a dislike to the theatrical connection, Cox left his employment, though he always had a predi-

lection for scene-painting. “It’s capital fun,” we have heard him say jocularly, “to go to work with a palette of colour, and brushes as long and thick as a birch-broom.” We know not how Messrs. Grieve, and Telbin, and Marshall, may accept such a definition of their beautiful art; for certainly these painters, with Mr. David Roberts, Mr. Stanfield, and others, have made scene-painting an art that well merits the epithet of beautiful, whatever the instruments or tools used in its production.

Cox, still young, was now once more thrown upon his own resources, but not discouraged: he again set to work to make drawings, disposing of them wherever he could find purchasers. As he walked through the streets to sell



his productions, he would stop at the windows where pictures were exposed for sale, study them carefully, if worthy of his attention, and gather hints and ideas from what he saw, which he applied to his own practice. John Varley was at that time in great repute as a painter in water-colours, and his works, as might have been expected, attracted the notice of Cox, who went to him, and received a few lessons from the eccentric but worthy man, and clever artist. We believe this was the only instruction that Cox ever derived from any one. At the period referred to, lithography, that useful aid to Art-instruction, was unknown, and not a few artists of the day contrived to maintain themselves respectably by making drawings to serve as copies for the pupils of drawing-masters who either had no time to work for their own purposes, or had not the ability to do so. Most of these drawings went into the country through the hands of the London dealers, to whom they were first sold. Cox, Prout, and others, were among those whose drawings in lead pencil, sepia, and Indian-ink, found a ready market: we knew an artist some years ago who has told us he used to earn eight and ten guineas a week by this kind of work.

While residing at the charming little village of Dulwich, he was sought out by the late Earl of Plymouth, then the Hon. Colonel Windsor, who had seen and admired some of his drawings, and was desirous of taking lessons; the colonel gave him some good introductions, and he soon began to improve his

position. He also obtained an appointment as drawing-master to a department in connection with the military college at Sandhurst, but he could not endure the routine duties, the rigid order, nor the exact punctuality required there, and soon relinquished his post.

We now reach a point in the life of Cox to which, perhaps, may be traced back that devotion to Welsh scenery which has characterized so large a portion of the productions of his genius. While occupied in the manner just referred to, he was introduced to a lady who had come up to London from Hereford to seek a drawing-master for the pupils in her establishment. An engagement was made, and the artist went down into the country and resided there some few years, teaching, and making drawings of the picturesque scenery round and about Hereford, which he readily disposed of. But the desire to come up to London again was so strong that he threw up his engagements, and once more put his fortune to the test in the great metropolis.\*

In 1818 David Cox exhibited at the British Institution a small oil picture of 'A Heath Scene,' but his attention was almost wholly given to water-colours. He was among the early members of the Water-Colour Society, when it held its annual exhibitions in Spring Gardens; and since its removal to the gallery it now possesses in Pall Mall East, the pictures of this artist have been, with those who know and can appreciate good Art, among the most attractive and admired. But Cox's "style," as it is called, did not come within the grasp



Engraved by]

GEORGE IV. EMBARKING FOR SCOTLAND AT GREENWICH.

[J. and G. P. Nicholls.

of the multitude; they could not see, and, therefore, could not understand, its beauty and its truth. We have observed the finest of his works passed by with a glance by people who would stand for half an hour before a picture vapid, insipid, and passionless, yet in their eyes deserving of favour, because the qualities it possessed were those rather of patient industry than of genius.

Cox was essentially a painter of English landscape: he cared not to travel out of his native land in search of subject, and never went abroad for such a purpose, though he occasionally exhibited something or other evincing that his pencil had not been idle when he was seated on the sands of Calais, or the benches in the gardens of the Tuileries. His love of the scenery of his own country, south of the Tweed, was maintained throughout his long career, and no artist of his time has done more—few so much—in the way of representing its numerous and varied beauties. His pictures have often reminded us, by their truth and simple heartfelt expression, of the writings of Thomson, the poet of the "Seasons:" the pen of the one and the pencil of the other are equally poetical and alluring in their descriptions. Wander with him where you will, through the green lanes or the meadows, on the purple-clad heath, by the mountain-side or the wooded copse, in the richly-timbered park, you are ever sensible that the hand which leads and the eye which directs have been taught in the school of nature, and well taught too. Mr. Ruskin has truly remarked, in his first volume of "Modern Painters," that "there is a perfection of the hedge-row and cottage, as well as of the forest and the palace; and more ideality in a great artist's selection and treatment of road-

side weeds and brook-worn pebbles, than in all the struggling caricature of the meaner mind which heaps its foreground with colossal columns, and heaves impossible mountains into the encumbered sky." It is this perfection, which Cox has realized in the meanest plants that grow by the wayside, as well as in the grandest objects of nature, that constitutes the great charm of his works; yet it was not reached by an adherence to those principles of painting which Mr. Ruskin has since advocated, but by the agency of a mind that saw nature rightly, and expressed what it saw in its own peculiar and original way. Cox followed no system, recognised no theory of art but his own: no other was necessary.

While Mr. Ruskin's volume lies open before us, we will extract from it two other passages,—the only references made besides that already quoted,—in which he speaks of the works of this artist; both are highly complimentary, although in that which immediately follows, he designates Cox's peculiar execution as "loose and blotted." But, he goes on to say—"There are no other means by which his object could be attained: the looseness, coolness, and moisture of his herbage; the rustling, crumpled freshness of his broad-leaved weeds; the play of pleasant light across his deep-heathered moor or plashing sand; the melting of fragments of white mist into the dropping blue above;—

\* Some of the facts stated above are taken from one of the Birmingham papers, in which appeared a biographical sketch of the artist, soon after his death. The notice was written by an intimate friend who had frequent opportunities of hearing from his own lips many particulars of his early life.



all this has not been fully recorded except by him, and what there is of accidental in his mode of reaching it, answers gracefully to the accidental part of Nature herself. . . . The foliage of David Cox is altogether exquisite in colour, and in its impressions of coolness, shade, and mass; of its drawing I cannot say anything, but that I should be sorry to see it better."

Independently of the notices of the works of Cox exhibited annually in the Gallery of the Water Colour Society, which have appeared in our pages since the first publication of the Journal, we have on three separate occasions within the last year or two made especial reference to them in distinct articles: once in a paper entitled "The Sketching-Ground of David Cox"—his favourite Welsh place of resort, Bettwys-y-Coed; next when an exhibition of a large number of his pictures was opened last summer at the German Gallery; and the third time, when, shortly afterwards, it was our sad duty to record the death of the veteran artist. These combined records must necessarily limit the scope of our present observations, unless we proposed wearying our readers by retracing the ground already travelled over: besides, productions such as his—and indeed those of most landscape painters—can be dealt with only in their general character, and not individually; a few words, however, with reference

to the pictures here engraved are indispensable: we have selected them, chiefly, because of their distinctive properties.

The first, 'MEADOWS ON THE RIVER LUGG, HEREFORDSHIRE,' is in the collection of John Allnutt, Esq., of Clapham Common, one of the earliest patrons of the artist, and to whom we desire to express our thanks for his readiness in permitting our artist to copy both this, and the one immediately following it. We know not the date of the picture, but it must have been painted very many years ago; it is very unlike Cox's subsequent works, and even unlike any others we remember from his pencil: he seems to have had the drawings of the late George Barrett in his mind when he painted it: and if, as may not unreasonably be inferred, he desired for once to attempt an imitation, the success could not be more complete. Barrett was frequently called the "English Claude of water-colour painting;" and those who know the works of Claude, and of Barrett also, can scarcely fail to be reminded of both by this composition: instead of the bold, sharp, and apparently careless touch of Cox's usual handling, there is here the round and studied forms which are characteristic of the foliage of the two painters to whom we have referred. The surface of the drawing—a large one—is smooth, and the tone throughout warm and



F. Ansell.

DEER STALKING, DOLTON PARK.

[J. and G. P. Nicholls.

golden, as if few other colours but browns and yellows had been used for it: not a hue is visible of the fresh, luxuriant green which Cox loved to represent; yet it is a charming picture, eloquent of sunshine and quietude.

'GEORGE THE FOURTH EMBARKING FOR SCOTLAND AT GREENWICH,' also the property of John Allnutt, Esq., cannot be regarded otherwise than as a strange work from the pencil of this artist: we have no recollection of anything at all like it from his hand, nor had we seen the picture till it was exhibited in the German Gallery, though we had often heard of it, sometimes from the lips of the painter, with whom it was, we believe, a favourite production. The King went to Scotland in 1822, consequently it must have been painted almost as far back as that year. One might readily imagine that the artist whose deepest love was given to hawthorn hedges, the sweet hay-field, the cottage environed with the lilac and guelder-rose,—we remember several of these latter subjects, so rich in colour, and so beautiful as "bits" of true nature,—the purple mountains of Wales, the bright yellow sands of Calais and of Lancaster, would have had little sympathy with the pomp and pageantry of royalty and courtiers, in so far, at least, as to make them the subject of his pencil: and a failure in such an attempt might have found in it extenuating causes. But there is nothing here which needs apology: it is a brilliantly

painted picture, with all the peculiar attributes of Cox's style brought into play upon a theme which, though apparently uncongenial with his mind, he knew how to treat as powerfully and effectively as the simple works of nature.

The third and last engraving, 'DEER STALKING, DOLTON PARK,' is from a large drawing which is in the possession of H. W. Birch, Esq., of Welbeck Street, who courteously allowed us to copy it. The picture may be taken as a fine example of the artist's style at the best period of his career: the whole scene is one of those rich and picturesque woodland views that are rarely seen out of England, and which none treated with more feeling and beauty.

We have spoken of him as an original artist—original, that is in manner; for, unlike another great and original landscape painter, Turner, he never went—nor even appeared to go—beyond the bounds of ordinary nature; and one proof of the originality of both is, that no painter presumes to copy them: the difficulty of the task is perhaps the safest guarantee against imitation. But Cox has exercised no little and a most favourable influence on our school of water-colour painters; there are many whose works manifest the master whose guiding they followed; while few have passed from us more admired as an artist, and more loved and respected as a man, than the veteran David Cox.

J. DAFORNE.



## TOMBS OF ENGLISH ARTISTS.

No. 17.—GEORGE MORLAND.

LOOKING at the pictures of George Morland, and through them imagining the life of the painter, we should be inclined to consider him country-born, and spending his days chiefly in the farm-yard, or rambling in simple innocence down green lanes, gossiping with gipsies, or village folk. In the pleasant pursuit of the subjects he delineated so truthfully, his days might have glided well and profitably on, and a quiet country tombstone have ultimately recorded his talent, his industry, his competence, and his last rest. All this might have been Morland's career; it was in his grasp, it was the natural and proper course of his genius: but he chose the very reverse, and lived a vicious town life, among depraved and low associates, loaded with debts which he need not have incurred, ultimately wearing out constitution and character, and sinking early to an unhonoured grave.

Much of this was due to bad early training. He had a father who knew enough of Art and picture-dealing to see and value his son's talent, which began to show itself in his earliest years. But he saw and valued it in a mercantile spirit only, and overtasked his son in mind and body to make sketches he might sell. Until he was sixteen years of age he was thus kept in duress, a high-spirited boy in a hopeless, uncongenial captivity. When twilight closed his labours, he made such friends as he could in the street, and hid himself with them from his father in the nearest tap-room, where he always found many glad to join him; for he made sketches for himself at stolen intervals, and commissioned some of the young rogues to sell them, to pay the general score. This kind of life, with ignorant parasites, put George in a higher position, by reason of their debasement, than he could hope for elsewhere; his uneducated coarseness could only thus be tolerated. So he took to himself the pernicious rule, "better to reign in hell, than serve in heaven," as his guide ever after, and no company was too debased for him. Ostlers and prize-fighters were his particular favourites, and he ended in entertaining an implacable dislike to the society of educated men, or respectable women: avoiding, even when in the house of Mr. Angerstein, to mix with or notice the family, but joining the servants and stable-boys in drinking and ribaldry. For this his father was again responsible; for, finding the habits his son had contracted, and fearing to lose him, he pandered to his depraved taste, allowed him to drink and swear, dressed him in the silliest style of the day, and gave him unbridled licence. But home had become so repugnant to George that he left it, and rambled to Margate, thence to London to his old bad associates; for, as one of his biographers says, he had "a particular distaste for all others." His days were spent in labour, to pay for nightly debauchery with the worst of London's refuse. At this time the suburbs of the city were sufficiently rural to supply Morland with the simple farm-buildings, pigsties, and general material for the backgrounds of his pictures; at Somers Town was a yard where he kept pigs, rabbits, &c., to paint from. At one time he resided at Kensall Green, the lanes between which and Willesden still show some old farm-buildings, retaining a look of secluded country life. The Plough, a public-house at Kensall Green, was his favourite resort; and he was only weaned from it for a short time by marriage with Ann Ward, the sister of the late James Ward, R.A., painter. Soon after this he left the neighbourhood, and lived with his brother-in-law—who had married Morland's sister Maria—in High Street, Marylebone; but the reformation was short-lived; his old propensities prevailed, and he never again became reputable. Many are the anecdotes of his degradation: one of the most ludicrous is told by Hassall, in his life of the painter. He was endeavouring, in company with friends of more respectability than usual, to pass a turnpike on the road to Barnet, which was blocked by a rickety cart, in which a sweep was disputing with the toll-man, while a friend beside him held the horse, and aided the quarrel. The latter proved to be a crony of Morland's, one Hooper, a tinman and pugilist, who at once hailed him in exuberant terms, and introduced

him to his friend the sweep, who, with a broad grin, shook hands with his "brother of the brush." The late William Collins, R.A., has recorded, with a due sense of disgust, his first sight of Morland, from whom he received some instruction; he found him sunk in the heavy sleep of intoxication in his father's kitchen, in company with a prize-fighter of repulsive appearance. It was Morland's habit to carry his wretched associates with him wherever he went; and he did not scruple to introduce them to gentlemen's houses, who in their ignorance had invited the popular painter.

A few artists, not too particular, some engravers

who profited by copying his works, and a knot of picture-dealers, who gave him small prices and large supplies of drink, were the best of his intimates. With them he founded a club called "Knights of the Palette," and he attached to the ceiling of the room in which they met the emblematical palette, of which we give a cut; under it each new candidate drank to the founder's health when he was admitted a member. "This ill-fated artist," says Hassall, "seemed to have possessed two minds: one the animated soul of genius, by which he rose in his profession; and the other, that base and grovelling propensity, which condemned him to the very abyss



MORLAND'S EMBLEMATICAL PALETTE.

of dissipation." In spite of all he was industrious: Cunningham says he painted "four thousand pictures, most of them of great merit," but his extravagance and dissipation outran all gains, and, after many escapes from bailiffs, he was at last lodged in prison for debt. Palsy attacked him at an early age; he lost the use of his left arm; he worked on at drawing, only selling his sketches for drink, till he was again carried for debt to a spunging-house in Air Street, where death struck him in the fortieth year of his age.

Morland was buried in the cemetery of St. James's Chapel, in the Hampstead Road, November, 1804. In the same month of the same year, his

unhappy wife was laid beside him. There is no mark over the grave, but its position is noted in the Life of the painter Collins: "he was buried in the middle of the small square plot, as you enter the gates on the left hand." The incumbent of this chapel, the Rev. Henry Stebbing (a name as honourably connected with literature as with the church), assisted me in clearly defining the spot. He told me that the portion of ground nearest the chapel, and parted by a line of hushes from the lower portion, is the most expensive part of the ground; consequently Morland's friends desired to testify a respect for his genius. The registers enabled us to define the spot. It is shown in the



MORLAND'S BURIAL-PLACE.

engraving, where the figure introduced points toward it. It is in an open space, a little in advance of the tomb of the Corbould family (the third and highest to the spectator's right); and not far from the spot is buried (also in an unmarked grave) the once-celebrated Lord George Gordon, the instigator of the "No-Popery" riots of 1780, who died in Newgate, 1793. Of other artists buried here some lie in unmarked repose; but two Royal Academicians, Charles Rossi, the sculptor, and John Hoppner, the portrait-painter, have inscribed tombs. The ground is now closed against all interments; but is it well that we close up the resting-places, and forget even the memory of our ancestors? The

altar-tomb of Rossi is lying in broken confusion; he died only in 1839. Twenty short years have brought an apparently enduring record to ruin; and who is to restore? Morland never had a memorial; perhaps the spot should be marked by his name; but is there not a silent teaching in the obscure grave, an epitaph more eloquent than any written one? His fame is engraven on his works: with them let it remain. Save as an example to others, it is well not to lay open the sad history of the painter's life, nor

"Draw his frailties from their dread abode."  
F. W. FAIRHOLT.



## MEDIÆVAL MANNERS.

BY THOMAS WRIGHT, F.S.A.

THE ILLUSTRATIONS BY F. W. FAIRHOLT, F.S.A.

## THE KITCHEN AND THE DINNER-TABLE.

It is an opinion, which has not unfrequently been entertained, that living in the middle ages was coarse and not elaborate; and that old English fare consisted chiefly in roast beef and plum-pudding. That nothing, however, could be more incorrect, is fully proved by the rather numerous mediæval cookery books which are still preserved, and which contain chiefly directions for made dishes, many of them very complicated, and, to appearance, extremely delicate. The office of cook, indeed, was one of great importance; and the kitchens of the aristocracy were very extensive, and were furnished with a considerable variety of implements of cookery. On account, no doubt, of this importance, Alexander Neckham, although an ecclesiastic, commences his vocabulary (or, as it is commonly entitled, *Liber de Utenisibus*), compiled in the latter part of the twelfth century, with an account of the kitchen and its furniture. He enumerates, among other objects, a table for chopping and mincing herbs and vegetables; pots, trivets or tripods, an axe, a mortar and pestle, a mover, or pot-stick, for stirring, a crook or pot-hook (*uncus*), a caldron, a frying-pan, a gridiron, a posnet or saucepan, a dish, a platter, a saucer or vessel for mixing sauce, a hand-mill, a pepper-mill, a miler, or instrument for reducing bread to crumbs. John de Garlande, in his *Dei nominarius*, composed towards the middle of the thirteenth century, gives a similar enumeration; and a comparison of the vocabularies of the fifteenth century, shows that the arrangements of the kitchen had undergone little change during the intervening period. From these vocabularies the following list of kitchen utensils is gathered:—a brandreth, or iron tripod, for supporting the caldron over the fire; a caldron, a dressing-board and dressing-knife, a brass pot, a posnet, a frying-pan, a gridiron, or, as it is sometimes called, a roasting-iron; a spit; a "gobard," explained in the MS. by *ipepurgium*; a miler, a flesh-hook, a scummer, a ladle, a pot-stick, a slice for turning meat in the frying-pan, a pot-hook, a mortar and pestle, a pepper-quern, a platter, a saucer.

The older illuminated manuscripts are rarely so elaborate as to furnish us with representations of all these kitchen implements; and, in fact, it is not in the more elaborately illuminated manuscripts that kitchen scenes are often found. But we meet with representations of some of them in artistic sketches of a less elaborate character, though these are generally connected with the less refined processes of cookery. The mediæval landlords were obliged to consume the produce of the land on their own estates, and, for this and other very cogent reasons, a very large proportion of the provisions in ordinary use consisted of salted meat, which was laid up in store in vast quantities in the baronial larders. Hence boiling was a much more common method of cooking meat than roasting, for which, indeed, the mediæval fire, placed on the ground, was much less convenient; it is, no doubt, for this reason that the mediæval cook is most frequently represented in the drawings with the caldron on the fire. In some



Fig. 1.—MAKING THE POT BOIL.

instances, chiefly of the fifteenth century, the caldron is supported from above by a pot-hook, but more usually it stands over the fire upon three legs of its own, or upon a three-legged frame. A manuscript in the British Museum of the fourteenth century (MS. Reg. 10 E. IV.), belonging formerly

to the monastery of St. Bartholomew, in Smithfield, contains a series of such illustrations, from which the following are selected. In the first of these it is evidently a three-legged caldron which stands over the fire, to increase the heat of which the cook makes use of a pair of bellows, which bears a remarkably close resemblance to the similar articles made in modern times. Bellows were certainly in

common use in Anglo-Saxon times, for the name is Anglo-Saxon, *belg*, *belig*, and *bylig*; but as the original meaning of this word was merely a *bag*, it is probable that the early Anglo-Saxon bellows was of very rude character: it was sometimes distinguished by the compound name, *blast-belg*, a blast-bag or bellows. Our second example from this MS. is one of a series of designs belonging to some



Fig. 2.—THE HOLY-WATER CLERK AND THE COOK.

mediæval story or legend, with which I am not acquainted. A young man carrying the vessel for the holy water, and the aspersoir with which it was sprinkled over the people, and who may therefore be supposed to be the holy-water clerk, is making acquaintance with the female cook. The latter seems to have been interrupted in the act of taking some object out of the caldron with a flesh-

hook. The caldron here again is three-legged. In the sequel, the acquaintance between the cook and the holy-water clerk appears to have ripened into love; but we may presume from the manner in which it is represented (Fig. 3), that this love was not of a very disinterested character on the part of the clerk, for he is taking advantage of her affection to steal the animal which she is boiling in the caldron.



Fig. 3.—INTERESTED FRIENDSHIP.

The conventional manner in which it seems to be drawn, renders it difficult to decide what that animal is. In our next cut (Fig. 4), taken from another MS. in the British Museum, also of the fourteenth century (MS. Reg. 16 E. VIII.), the object cooked in the caldron is a bear's head, which the cook, an ill-favoured and crook-backed



Fig. 4.—THE BEAR'S HEAD.

man, is placing on a dish to be carried to the table. The caldron, in this instance, appears to be intended to have been of more ornamental character than the others.

It will have been remarked that in most of these pictures the process of cookery appears to have been carried on in the open air, for, in one instance, a tree stands not far from the caldron. This appears, indeed, to have been sometimes the case, and there can be no doubt that it was intended to be so represented in our next cut (Fig. 5), taken

from the well-known manuscript of the romance of "Alexander," in the Bodleian Library, at Oxford. We have here the two processes of boiling and roasting, but the latter is only employed for fowls (geese in this case). While the cook is basting them, the quistron or kitchen-boy, is turning the spit, which is supported in a very curious manner on one leg of the tripod or trivet, on which the caldron is here supported. The building to the right is shown by the sign to be an inn, and we are, probably, to suppose, that this out-of-door cooking is required by some unusual festivity.

Although meat was, doubtless, sometimes roasted, this process seems to have been much more commonly applied to poultry and game, and even fresh meat was very usually boiled. One cause of this may, perhaps, have been, that it seems to have been a common practice to eat the meat, and even game, fresh killed—the beef or mutton seems to have been often killed for the occasion on the day it was eaten. In the old fabliau of the "Bouchier d'Abbeville," (Barbazan, tom. iv. p. 6), the butcher, having come to Bailluel late in the evening, and obtained a night's lodging at the priest's, kills his sheep for the supper. The shoulders were to be roasted, the rest, as it appears, was recommended to be boiled.

In large houses, and on great occasions, the various meats and dishes were carried from the kitchen to the hall with extraordinary ceremony by the servants of the kitchen, who delivered them at the entrance of the hall to other attendants of a higher class, who alone were allowed to approach the tables. Our cut, No. 6, from MS. Reg. 10 E. IV. represents one of these servants carrying a pot

and platter, or stand for the pot, which, perhaps, contained gravy or soup. The roasts appear to have been usually carried into the hall on the spits, which, among people of great rank, were sometimes made of silver; and the guests at table seem

to have torn, or cut, from the spit what they wanted. Several early illuminations represent this practice of people helping themselves from the spits, and it is alluded to, not very unfrequently, in the mediæval writers. In the romance of "Parise la Duchesse,"



Fig. 5.—BOILING AND ROASTING.

when the servants enter the hall with the meats for the table, one is described as carrying a roasted peacock on a spit:—

"Atant ex les serjanz qui portent le mangier;  
Li uns porte .i. paon roti en un astier."  
*Roman de Parise*, p. 172.

In the romance of "Garin le Loherain," on an occasion when a quarrel began in the hall at the



Fig. 6.—TEA-POT AND PLATTER.

beginning of the dinner, the Duke Begon, for want of other weapons, snatched from the hands of one of

the attendants a long spit "full of plovers, which were hot and roasted:—"

"Li dus avoit un grant hastier saisi,  
Plain de ploviers, qui chaut sunt et rosti."  
*Roman de Garin*, li. 19.

But the most curious illustration of the universality of this practice is found in a Latin story, probably of the thirteenth century, in which we are told of a man who had a glutton for his wife. One day he roasted for their dinner a fowl, and when they had sat down at the table, the wife said, "Give me a wing." The husband gave her the wing; and, at her demand, all the other members in succession, until she had devoured the whole fowl herself, at which, no longer able to contain his anger, he said, "Lo, you have eaten the whole fowl yourself, and nothing remains but the spit, which it is but right that you should taste also." And thereupon he seized the spit, and beat her severely with it.

Our cut (Fig. 7), taken from a large illumination, given from a manuscript of the fifteenth century by the late M. du Sommerard, in his great work on mediæval art, represents the servants of the hall, headed by the steward, or *maître d'hôtel*, with his rod of office, bringing the dishes to the table



Fig. 7.—BRINGING THE DISHES INTO HALL.

in formal procession. Their approach and arrival were usually announced by the sounding of trumpets and music. Those who served at the table itself, whose business was chiefly to carve, and present the

wine, were of still higher rank—never less than esquires—and often, in the halls of princes and great chiefs, nobles, and barons. The meal itself was conducted with the same degree of ceremony, of

which a vivid picture may be drawn from the work called the "Ménager de Paris," composed about the year 1393. When it was announced that the dinner was ready, the guests advanced to the hall, led ceremoniously by two *maîtres d'hôtel*, who showed them their places, and served them with water to wash their hands before they began. They found the tables spread with fine table-cloths, and covered with a profusion of richly ornamented plate, consisting of salt-cellars, goblets, pots or cups for drinking, spoons, &c. At the high table, the meats were eaten from slices of bread, called trenchers (*tranchoirs*), which, after the meats were eaten, were thrown into vessels called *couloueres*. In a conspicuous part of the hall, stood the dresser or cup-board, which was covered with vessels of plate, which two esquires carried thence to the table to replace those which were emptied. Two other esquires were occupied in bringing wine to the dresser, from whence it was served to the guests at the tables. The dishes, forming a number of courses, varying according to the occasion, were brought in by valets, led by two esquires. An *asseleur*, or placer, took the dishes from the hands of the valets, and arranged them in their places on the table. After these courses, fresh table-cloths were laid, and the *entremets* were brought, consisting of sweets, jellies, &c., many of them moulded into elegant or fantastic forms; and, in the middle of the table, raised above the rest, were placed a swan, peacocks, or pheasants, dressed up in their feathers, with their beaks and feet gilt. In less sumptuous entertainments the expensive course of *entremets* was usually omitted. Last of all came the dessert, consisting of cheese, confectionaries, fruit, &c., concluded by what was called the *issue* (departure from table), consisting usually of a draught of hypos, and the *bonite-hors* (turn out), wine and spices served round, which terminated the repast. The guests then washed their hands, and repaired into another room, where they were served with wine and sweetmeats, and, after a short time, they separated. The dinner, served slowly and ceremoniously, must have occupied a considerable length of time. After the guests had left the hall, the servers and attendants took their places at the tables.

The dinner was always accompanied by music, and itinerant minstrels, mountebanks, and performers of all descriptions, were allowed free access to the hall to amuse the guests by their performances. These were intermixed with dancing and tumbling, and often with exhibitions of a very gross character, which, however, among the looseness of mediæval manners, appear to have excited no disgust. These practices are curiously illustrated in some of the mediæval illuminations. In the account of the death of John the Baptist, as given in the gospels (Matthew xiv. 6, and Mark vi. 21), we are told, that at the feast given by Herod on his birth-day, his daughter Herodias came into the feasting-hall, and (according to our English version) danced before him and his guests. The Latin vulgate has *saltasset*, which is equivalent to the English word; but the mediæval writers took the lady's performances to be those of a regular wandering jongleur, and in two illuminated manuscripts of the earlier part of the fourteenth century, in the British Museum, she is pictured as performing tricks very similar to those exhibited by the modern beggar-boys in our streets. In the first of these (Fig. 8), taken from MS. Reg. 2 B. VII., the princess is supporting herself upon her hands with her legs in the air, to the evident admiration of the king, though the guests seem to be paying no great attention to her feats of activity. In the second (Fig. 9), from the Harleian MS. No. 1527, she is represented in a similar position, but more evidently making a somersault. She is here accompanied by a female attendant, who expresses no less delight at her skill than the king and his guests.

It would appear from various accounts that it was not, unless perhaps at an early period, the custom in France to sit long after dinner at table drinking wine, as it certainly was in England, where, no doubt, the practice was derived from the Anglo-Saxons. Numerous allusions might be collected, which show how much our Anglo-Saxon forefathers were addicted to this practice of sitting in their halls and drinking, during the latter part of their day; and it was then that they listened to the minstrel's song, told stories of their own feats and



adventures, and made proof of their powers in hard drinking. From some of these allusions it is equally clear, that these drinking-bouts often ended in sanguinary, and not unfrequently in fatal, brawls. A moral poem, in the Exeter Book (p. 314), contains the following lines:—

“Thonne monige beoth  
mæthel-hergendra,  
wlonce wig smithas,  
win-burgum in  
sittath æt hymblic,  
soth-gied wreath,  
witan fuodiath  
hwylc æsc-stede  
inne in ræced  
mild werum wunige.

But many are  
lovers of social converse,  
haughty warriors,  
in pleasant cities  
they sit at the feast,  
recount tales,  
converse in words,  
strive to know  
who the battle place,  
within the house,  
will with men abide (i.e. they  
challenge anybody to  
fight)

Then wine wets  
the man's breast-passions ;  
suddenly rises  
clamour in the company,  
an outcry they send forth  
confused.

Thonne win hweteth  
beornes breost-sefan,  
breahme stigeth  
eirn on corthre,  
ewide-sceal letath  
missenlice."

In a poem in the same collection (p. 330), on the various fortunes of men, we are told :—

"Sumum meces eeg  
on meodu-bence,  
yrrum ealo-wosan,  
caldor oththringeth,  
were win-sadum."

From one the sword's edge  
on the mead-bench,  
angry with ale,  
life shall expel,  
a wine-sated man.

And in the Anglo-Saxon poetical legend of St. Juliana, the devil is made to say.—

"Sume ic larum geteah,  
to geflite fremede,  
that hy feringa,  
eald-geþhongan  
eduiwedan,  
beore druncne;  
ic him byriade  
wroht of wege,  
that hi in win-sele  
thurh sword-gripe  
sawle forletan  
of these man."

Some I by wiles have drawn,  
to strife prepared,  
that they suddenly  
old grudges  
have renewed,  
drunken with beer ;  
I to them poured  
discord from the cup,  
so that they in the social hall  
through gripe of sword  
the soul let forth  
from the body

*Codex Bezae*, p. 271.

Such scenes of discord in the hall occur also in the early French metrical romances, but they take



Fig. 8.—KING HEROD AND HIS DAUGHTER HERODIAS.

place usually at the beginning of dinner, when the guests are taking their places, or during the meal. In "Parise la Duchesse," a scene of this description occurs, in which the great feudal barons and knights fight with the provisions which had been served at the tables: "There," says the poet, "you might see them throw cheeses, and quarter-loaves, and great pieces of flesh, and great steel knives."

In "Garin le Loherain" (vol. ii. p. 17), at a feast at which the emperor and his empress were present,

a fight commences between the two great baronial parties who were their guests, by a chief of one party striking one of the other party with a goblet ; the cooks are brought out of the kitchen to take part in it, with their pestles, ladles, and pot-hooks, led by Duke Begon, who had seized a spit full of birds as the weapon which came first to hand ; and the contest is not appeased until many are killed and wounded.



Fig. 9.—PEROD AND HELOPIAN.

monastic houses and of the higher clergy, where, if possible, the luxury even of princes was overpassed. The examples of clerical and monastic extravagance in feasting are so numerous, that I will not venture on this occasion to enter upon them any further. All recorded facts would lead us to conclude, that the ordinary course of living of the monks was much more luxurious than that of the lay lords of the land, who, indeed, seemed to have lived, on ordinary occasions, with some degree of simplicity, except that the great number of people who dined at their expense, required a very large quantity of provisions.

"On li aporte plain un barris de vin,  
Et quatre pains, et un paon rosti."  
*Garin le Loherain*, vol. ii. p. 257.

## OBITUARY.

MR. RICHARD WOODMAN.

THE close of the last year removed from a long and meritorious career in connexion with Art, Mr. Richard Woodman, whose talents have, for several years past, been engaged in the service of the *Art-Journal*; and who, on that account only, if not other motive prompted us to a recognition of his talents, demands a space in our columns as a tribute to his memory.

Mr. Woodman was born in London, in July, 1784. He was the only son of a historical engraver of some eminence, and was educated at the Philological School, now situated in the Marylebone Road, where he acquired himself with much credit. At the age of fifteen he was placed by his father with the late Richard M. Meadows, generally acknowledged as the first stipple-engraver of his time, and the author of "Lectures on Engraving," whose works even now are referred to as standards of excellence in that especial branch of the art. While thus engaged, Mr. Woodman received a few lessons in colouring from James Holmes, an elder fellow-pupil, who subsequently attained distinction as a miniature-painter; and, after leaving the studio of Mr. Meadows, he was much employed in working up, in colours, the soft ground imitations of William Westall's drawings, in which he was most successful—many of them being so highly finished as scarcely to be distinguished from the originals, and realizing high prices. In the year 1806, he received an offer from the celebrated Mr. Wedgwood, of Etruria, who was desirous of obtaining the best artistic talent on his pottery works, to superintend the engraving department. The offer was accepted, but the post soon relinquished; for, finding the employment not in accordance with his inclinations, Mr. Woodman returned to London. Here he was for many years engaged in engraving several large plates, chiefly of hunting and sporting subjects, from the paintings of B. Marshall, R. B. Davis, A. Cooper, and others. His principal plates, however, are that from the picture of 'The Judgment of Paris,' by Rubens, in the National Gallery, and another, also by Rubens, of 'Children Feasting,' in Fountaine's Hall. But his reputation as an engraver must not be strictly limited to those executed in the chalk, or stipple, manner; for he engraved various works in line, and several of the plates in the *Portrait Gallery*, published many years since by Mr. C. Knight, under the superintendence of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge. As a miniature-painter and water-colour draughtsman, Mr. Woodman possessed very considerable talent: a large number of copies of pictures in the Vernon Gallery, and in the collections of Her Majesty, made for the *Art-Journal*, testify to the accuracy and care with which these works are executed. We sincerely regret the loss of so valuable an assistant in this department of our "staff."

Mr. Woodman assisted, in the year 1810, in the formation of the Artists' Annuity Fund, taking a most active part in its affairs, and devoting a considerable amount of time and attention to the framing of its laws and tables; in 1838 and 1839 he served the office of president of the society.

Towards the latter part of his life, Mr. Woodman almost entirely relinquished the use of the graver, and followed water-colour painting. His drawings possess great refinement and delicacy of finish; his latest efforts, notwithstanding his advanced age, being fully equal to anything he ever produced: we may instance a copy, made for our Journal within the last few months, of Copley's fine picture of the 'Young Children of George III.' In the month of May, 1857, he met with a severe accident by falling down the stone steps in the interior of the National Gallery, and striking his head violently. The effects of the fall gradually became more and more evident, till in September of last year he was prostrated by an attack of congestion of the brain, under which he ultimately sank on the 15th of December.

Mr. Woodman married, in 1809, the daughter of Charles Horwell, sculptor: among the four children who now survive their parents are two sons, both of whom inherit the talents of their father as a copyist. He maintained through life a consistent Christian character, and has left the world much respected and regretted by many friends.

## ASSYRIAN ANTIQUITIES.

MORALISTS, speaking or writing figuratively of the flight of time, are accustomed to affirm that the morrow treads closely on the heels of to-day: it is an incontrovertible truth, but not more so than that we of the present are tracing his footsteps through the far-distant past, and bringing back into our busy world much that has lain silent and unseen—or, at least, unregarded—by countless generations of man-



NIMROD.

kind. Ancient Rome and Greece, the older dynasties of Babylonian, Assyrian, and Egyptian empire, are yielding up their long-buried treasures of Art, resuscitated by that wonderful energy of mind which characterises our day, and displays itself in some men by searching into the past, in some by restless activity concerning the present, and in others by seeking to dive into the future: each class has its object— one, moreover, professing to be good, if it is not actually so, and therefore entitled to respect. The



WINGED HUMAN-HEADED BULL.

antiquarian, for example, whose researches illumine the lives of individuals or the annals of nations, becomes a valuable auxiliary to historical literature: we have had, and still have, many such.

What a flood of light has been cast upon the ancient eastern nations by the discoveries of Belzoni, Benomi, Burckhardt, Layard, and other enterprising travellers!—men who have gone forth into the wilds and deserts, not for the sake of amusing or enriching

themselves, but to search among the dust and darkness of ages long gone by, for such mementoes of the dead as will instruct the living. Every fragment of antique remains recovered from its sandy or rocky grave, has become a page of history; and in the rooms of the British Museum are thousands of these pages lying open, so that all who can may read. The study of the objects placed within reach of the visitor is as interesting as it is profitable; they are no less the eloquent expositors of the annals of profane history than witnesses to the truths, and revealers of the mysteries, narrated in the sacred records.

Among the most recent additions made to our national museum are the sculptured remains exhumed from the site of the once mighty city of Nineveh by the enterprising spirit of Dr. Layard. Far away from the high-roads of modern commerce, and the tracks of ordinary travel, lay a city buried in the sandy earth of a half desert Turkish province, with no certain trace of its place of sepulchre. Tradition affirmed that it was hidden somewhere near the river Tigris; but for a long series of ages its known existence in the world was little else than a name, yet one associated with the idea of an ancient capital of almost fabulous splendour and magnitude, till an English gentleman and scholar, urged by a noble inspiration, sought the seat of the once powerful Assyrian empire, found it, threw off its shroud of accumulated dust, and revealed once more to the world its temples, palaces, and idols—its representations of war, and triumphs of the arts of peace. The Nineveh of Scripture—"the rejoicing city that dwelt carelessly, that said in her heart, I am, and there is none beside me"—the Nineveh of the oldest historians—the Nineveh, twin-sister of Babylon, glorying in civilization, pomp, and power, all traces of which were believed to be gone—the Nineveh in which the captive tribes of Israel had laboured and wept, and against which the most solemn warnings and prophecies were uttered—is, after a slumber of twenty centuries, once more partially brought to light, and fragments of it are now exhibited to the eyes of wondering thousands.

Two of the most remarkable Assyrian objects which the British Museum contains are here represented. The first is a bust—we scarcely know what else to call it—of Nimrod, the "mighty hunter," and the first on record of the kings of Assyria. Little or nothing is known of him beyond the short description found in Scripture, where we read that he was great grandson of an engraving is from the winged human-headed bull, which stood by the palace of Sargon, who reigned over the kingdom about seven hundred years before the Christian era. The features, which are of true Persian type, are noble and expressive, and probably resemble those of the reigning monarch: on his head is a cap; in the ears, which are like those of a bull, are pendent rings. The elaborately-sculptured wings extend over the back of the animal: they are very graceful in form and arrangement. The symbolical combinations of the man, the bull, and the eagle, are presumed to have been derived from the traditional description of the cherubim, handed down after the Deluge by the descendants of Noah. These bulls were generally placed, as guardians, at the chief entrances of the palace of the Assyrian kings—most probably in imitation of the cherubim which guarded the gates of Paradise, and of the cherubic symbols in the great Jewish temple. We thus see how the early events recorded in Scripture became types, or examples, for the imitation of the idolatrous civilized world.\*

\* It may not be out of place to mention here, that very truthful miniature copies of these objects, and of the celebrated Lion, also in the Museum, have been modelled by Mr. A. Hays, of Elizabeth Street, Hans Place, Chelsea, who has had them executed in statuary-porcelain by Messrs. Copeland and Co., as ornamental works of a singular but interesting character.

## THE ROYAL PICTURES.

## THE VIRGIN AND CHILD.

Carlo Maratti, Painter. J. Tourny, Engraver.  
Size of the Picture, 1 ft. 10½ in. by 1 ft. 6 in.

LANZI, the historian of the latter days of painting in Italy, places Maratti, or Maratta, in the fifth epoch of the Roman school, or towards the close of the seventeenth century, a period when the arts of that country began to decline most perceptibly, though literature had rallied from the low position into which it had fallen. He remarks—and the observation applies with even more truth to our own time than it did to that he refers to—that both the fine Arts and the *belles lettres* never long remain in the same condition, and that they often experience great changes, even in the ordinary period allotted to the life of man. Many causes contribute to such a result,—public calamities, the instability of the human mind, which is too frequently guided by fashion and the love of novelty, the influence of particular artists, and the taste of art-patrons, who, from their selection and encouragement of particular artists, silently indicate to others the path they should follow to attain the same amount of favour. Rome, about the middle of the century alluded to, was in a distracted and disturbed state, and the Arts fell all the evil influences arising out of such a condition.

The Roman schools most in repute after the death of Sacchi, Maratti's preceptor, in 1661, and of Benetini, in 1670, when the best pupils of the Caracci were dead, were reduced to two,—that of Cortona, supported by Ciro Ferri, and that of Sacchi, by Maratti. In some descriptive remarks that accompanied an engraving, in an earlier part of this series, from a picture by the last-mentioned painter, a brief sketch of his life was given. An ardent admirer of the works of Raffaele, which he had carefully studied, he was employed, in his earlier years, in restoring the frescoes of that great master, in the Vatican and the Farnesina Palace—a task requiring infinite care, skill, and judgment, and the execution of which is perspicuously described by his biographer, Belloni. Though he painted several pictures, from sacred and legendary history, on a large scale, and of very considerable merit, he is most distinguished by his portraits and single figures of Madonnas and saints; the latter exhibit much grace of composition, and sweetness of expression, combined with a true devotional character, but there is an absence of power, both in colour and in *chiaroscuro*.

The principal works of this artist are in Rome; almost every collection of importance possessing examples of his pencil: in our own country we have a few, and some of a very high character, and they consist chiefly of portraits and single figures. In the gallery of the Duke of Marlborough, at Blenheim, is a carefully-executed picture, somewhat in the manner of Guido, of the Virgin standing on a celestial globe, and surmounted by angels; at Stourhead House, Wiltshire, are 'The Flight into Egypt,' and a portrait of the painter, accompanied by the three Graces, a picture alluded to by Belloni. In the Northwick collection, recently dispersed, was an admirably painted portrait of a cardinal; in the Leicester Gallery, at Holkham, is 'Judith giving the head of Holofernes to the attendant,' which, Dr. Waagen says, is "so much more spirited, dramatic, and powerful than most of the pictures by this master, that one would almost hesitate to ascribe it to him, had it not been described as his by Belloni." In the collection of the Duke of Sutherland, at Stafford House, is a 'Holy Family,' representing the Virgin teaching the infant Christ to read, and Joseph standing by, a pleasing picture, of cabinet size. The portrait of a cardinal, in the National Gallery, presented by the late Mr. Gally Knight, is a very favourable example of Maratti's style of treating portraiture; and a 'Virgin and Child,' in the possession of the Earl of Normanton, at Somerley, is, perhaps, as fine a work of its class as any he ever painted.

The 'Virgin and Child,' in the Royal Collection, is a composition of much feeling; the holy mother bends tenderly over her sleeping infant, with an expression of countenance calm and sweet; the "child" is modelled after the true Raffaele fashion, round and plump of limb, and easy in attitude.

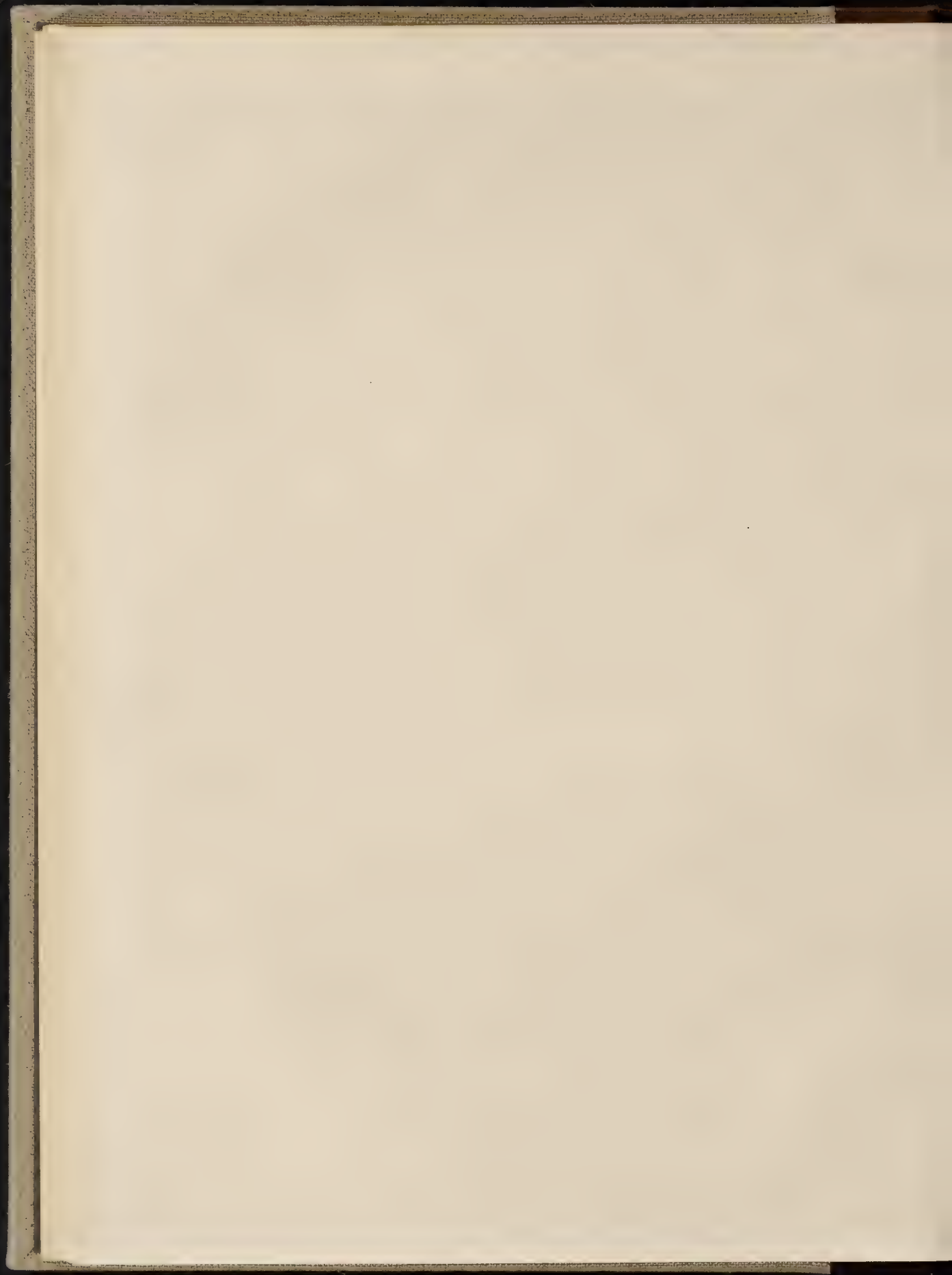
The picture, which is in Windsor Castle, is low in colour.





THE VIRGIN

BY J. H. B. 1811



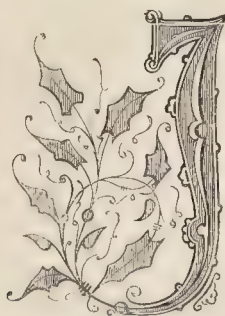


# THE HUDSON, FROM THE WILDERNESS TO THE SEA.

BY BENSON J. LOSSING.

THE ILLUSTRATIONS FROM DRAWINGS BY THE AUTHOR

## PART II.



THE old settlement of Pendleton, in the town of Newcomb, Essex County, lies between the head of Rich's Lake, and the foot of Harris's Lake, a distance of five or six miles along their southern shores. It derives its name from Judge Nathaniel Pendleton, who, forty or fifty years ago, made a clearing there, and built a dam, and grist and saw-mill, at the foot of Rich's Lake, where the lumber dam and sluice, before mentioned, were afterwards made. Here is the home of Sabattis, our Indian guide, who owns two hundred and forty acres of land, with good improvements. His wife is a fair German woman, the mother of several children, unmistakably marked with Indian blood.

It was Friday night when we arrived at the thrifty Pendleton settlement, and we resolved to spend the Sabbath there.

We found excellent accommodation at the farm-house of Daniel Bissell, and, giving Preston a furlough for two days, to visit his lately-married wife at his home, nine miles distant, we all went in a single boat the next day, manned by Sabattis alone, to visit Harris's Lake, and the confluence of its outlet with the Adirondack branch of the Hudson, three miles below Bissell's. That lake is a beautiful sheet of water;

and along the dark, sluggish river, above the rapids at its head, we saw the cardinal flower upon the banks, and the rich moose-head\* in the water, in great abundance.

The rapids at the head of Harris's Lake are very picturesque. Looking up from them, Goodenow Mountain is seen in the distance, and still more remote are glimpses of the Windfall range. We passed the rapids upon boulders, and then voyaged down to the confluence of the two streams just mentioned. From a rough rocky bluff a mile below that point, we obtained a distant view of three of the higher peaks of the Adirondacks—Tahawus or Mount Marcy, Mount Colden, and Mount M'Intyre. We returned at evening beneath a canopy of magnificent clouds; and that night was made strangely



SABATTIS.

luminous by one of the most splendid displays of the Aurora Borealis ever seen upon the continent.

Sabattis is an active Methodist, and at his request (their minister not having



RAPIDS AT THE HEAD OF HARRIS'S LAKE.

arrived) Mr. Buckingham read the beautiful liturgy of the Church of England on

\* This, in the books, is called Pickerel Weed (*Pontederia cordata* of Linnaeus), but the guides call it moose-head. The stem is stout and cylindrical, and bears a spear-shaped leaf, somewhat cordate at the base. The flowers, which appear in July and August, are composed of dense spikes, of a rich blue colour. A picture of the moose-head is seen in the water beneath the initial letter Part I.

Sunday morning to a congregation of thirty or forty people, in the school-house on our guide's farm. In the afternoon we attended a prayer-meeting at the same place; and early the next morning, while a storm of wind and heavy mist was sweeping over the country, started with our two guides, in a lumber waggon, for the Adirondack Mountains. We now left our boats, in which and on foot we had travelled, from the lower Saranac to Harris's Lake, more than seventy miles. It was a tedious journey of twenty-six miles, most of the way over a "corduroy" road—a causeway of logs. On the way we passed the confluence of Lake Delia with the Adirondack branch of the Hudson, reached M'Intyre's Inn (Tahawus House, at the foot of Sandford Lake) toward noon, and at two o'clock were at the little deserted village at the Adirondack Iron Works, between Sandford and Henderson Lakes. We passed near the margin of the former a large portion of the way. It is a beautiful body of water, nine miles long, with several little islands. From the road along its shores we had a fine view of the three great



SANDFORD LAKE.

mountain peaks just mentioned, and of the Wall-face Mountain at the Indian Pass. At the house of Mr. Hunter, the only inhabitant of the deserted village, we dined, and then prepared to ascend the Great TAHAWUS, or Sky-piercer.

The little deserted village of Adirondack, or M'Intyre, nestled in a rocky valley upon the Upper Hudson, at the foot of the principal mountain nucleus which rises between its sources and those of the Au Sable, and in the bosom of an almost unbroken forest, appears cheerful to the weary wanderer, although smoke may be seen from only a solitary chimney. The hamlet—consisting of sixteen dwelling-houses, furnaces, and other edifices, and a building with a cupola, used for a school and public worship—is the offspring of enterprise and



THE IRON DAM.

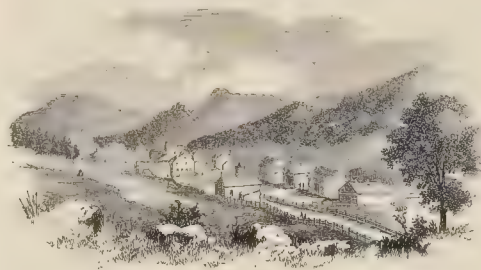
capital, which many years ago combined to develop the mineral wealth of that region. That wealth is still there, and almost untouched,—for enterprise and capital, compelled to contend with geographical and topographical impediments, have abandoned their unprofitable application of labour, and left the rich iron ores, apparently exhaustless in quantity, to be quarried and transformed in the not far-off future.

The ores of that vicinity had never been revealed to the eye of civilized man until the year 1826, when David Henderson, a young Scotchman, of Jersey City, opposite New York, while standing near the iron-works of his father-in-law, Archibald M'Intyre, at North Elba, in Essex County, was approached by

a St. Francis Indian, known in all that region as a brave and skilful hunter—honest, intelligent, and, like all his race, taciturn. The Indian took from beneath his blanket a piece of iron ore, and handed it to Henderson, saying, "You want to see 'um ore? Me fine plenty—all same." When asked where it came from, he pointed toward the south-west, and said—"Me hunt beaver all 'lone, and fine 'um where water run over iron dam." An exploring party was immediately formed, and followed the Indian into the deep forest. They slept that night at the base of the towering cliff of the Indian Pass. The next day they reached the head of a beautiful lake, which they named "Henderson," and followed its outlet to the site of Adirondack village. There, in a deep-shaded valley, they beheld with wonder the "iron dam," or dyke of iron ore, stretched across a stream, found afterwards to be one of the main branches of the Upper Hudson. They at once explored the vicinity, and discovered that this dyke was connected with vast deposits of ore, which formed rocky ledges on the sides of the narrow valley, and presented beds of metal adequate, apparently, to the supply of the world's demand for centuries. It is believed that the revealer of this wealth was Peter Sabatis, the father of our Indian guide.

The explorers perceived that all around that vast deposit of wealth in the earth was an abundant supply of hard wood, and other necessary ingredients for the manufacture of iron; and, notwithstanding it was thirty miles from any highway on land or water, with an uninterrupted sweep of forest between, and more than a hundred miles from any market, the entire mineral region—comprising more than a whole township—was purchased, and preparations were soon made to develop its resources. A partnership was formed between Archibald McIntyre, Archibald Robertson, and David Henderson, all related by marriage; and, with slight aid from the State, they constructed a road through the wilderness, from the Scarron Valley, near Lake Champlain, to the foot of Sandford Lake, halfway between the head of which and the beautiful Henderson Lake was the "iron dam." There a settlement was commenced in 1834. A timber dam was constructed upon the iron ore, to increase the fall of water, and an experimental furnace was built. Rare and most valuable iron was produced, equal to any from the best Swedish furnaces; and it was afterward found to be capable of being wrought into steel equal to the best imported from England.

The proprietors procured an act of incorporation, under the title of the "Adirondack Iron and Steel Company," with a capital, at first, of \$1,000,000 (£200,000), afterward increased to \$3,000,000 (£600,000); and constructed



ADIRONDACK VILLAGE.

another furnace, a forge, stamping-mill, saw and grist mill, machine-shops, powder-house, dwellings, boarding-house, school-house, barns, sheds, and kilns for the manufacture of charcoal. At the foot of Sandford Lake, eleven miles south from Adirondack village, they also commenced a settlement, and named it Tahawus, where they erected a dam seventeen hundred feet in length, a saw-mill, warehouses, dwellings for workmen, &c. And in 1854 they completed a blast furnace near the upper village, at the head of Sandford Lake, at an expense of \$43,000 (£8,600), capable of producing fourteen tons of iron a-day. They also built six heavy boats upon Sandford Lake, for the transportation of freight; and roads at an expense of \$10,000 (£2,000). Altogether the proprietors spent nearly half a million of dollars, or £100,000.

Meanwhile the project of a railway from Saratoga to Sackett's Harbour, on Lake Ontario, to bisect the great wilderness, was conceived. A company was formed, and forty miles of the road were put under contract, and actually graded. It would pass within a few miles of the Adirondack Works; and it was estimated that, with a connecting branch road, the iron might be conveyed to Albany for two dollars a ton, and compete profitably with other iron in the market. A plank road was also projected from Adirondack village to Preston Ponds, and down the Cold River to the Raquet, at the foot of Long Lake.

But the labour on the road was suspended; the iron interest of the United States became depressed; the Adirondack Works were rendered not only unprofitable, but the source of heavy losses to the owners, and for five years their fires have been extinguished. In August, 1856, heavy rains in the mountains sent roaring floods down the ravines; and the Hudson, only a brook when we visited it, was swelled to a mighty river. An upper dam at Adirondack gave way, and a new channel for the stream was cut; and the great dam at Tahawus, with the saw-mill, was demolished by the rushing waters. All was left a desolation. Over scores of acres at the head and foot of Sandford Lake, overflowed when the dam was constructed, the white skeleton trees now stand, and heighten the dreary aspect of the scene. The workmen have all departed from Adirondack, and only Robert Hunter and his family, who have charge of the property, remain. The original proprietors are all dead, and the property, intrinsically valuable but immediately unproductive, is in the possession of their respective families. But the projected railway will yet be constructed, because it is needful for the development and use of that immense mineral and timber region;

and again that forest village will be revived, and the echoes of the deep breathings of its furnaces will be heard in the neighbouring mountains.

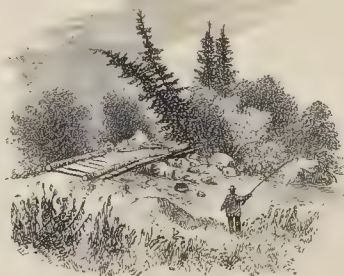
At Mr. Hunter's we prepared for the rougher travel on foot through the mountain forests to Tahawus, ten miles distant. Here the expectant tourist in this region may be instructed in regard to such preparation. Every arrangement should be as simple as possible. A man needs only a stout flannel hunting shirt, coarse and trustworthy trousers, woollen stockings, large heavy boots well saturated with a composition of beeswax and tallow, a soft felt hat, and



DEPARTURE FOR TAHAWUS.

strong buckskin gloves. A woman needs a stout flannel dress, over shortened crinoline, of short dimensions, with loops and buttons to adjust its length; a hood and cape of the same materials, made so as to envelop the head and bust, and leave the arms free; woollen stockings, stout calfskin boots that cover the legs to the knee, well saturated with beeswax and tallow, and an india-rubber satchel for necessary toilet materials. Provisions, also, should be simple. The hunters live chiefly on bread or crackers, and maple sugar. The usual preparation is a sufficient stock of Boston crackers, pilot-bread, or common loaf-bread; butter, tea or coffee, pepper and salt, an ample quantity of maple sugar,\* and some salted pork, to use in frying or broiling fish, birds, and game. The utensils for cooking are a short-handled frying-pan, a broad and shallow tin pan, tin tea or coffee-pot, tin plates and cups, knives, forks, and spoons. These, with shawls or overcoats, and india-rubber capes to keep off the rain, the guides will carry, with gun, axe, and fishing-tackle. Sportsmen who expect to camp out some time, should take with them a light tent. The guides will fish, hunt, work, build "camps," and do all other necessary service, for two dollars a-day and food. It is proper here to remark that the tourist should never enter this wilderness earlier than the middle of August. Then the flies and mosquitoes, the intolerable pests of the forests, are rapidly disappearing, and fine weather may be expected. The sportsman must go in June or July for trout, and in October for deer.

Well prepared, excepting flannel shirts, we set out from Adirondack on the afternoon of the 30th of August, our guides with their packs leading the way. The morning had been misty, but the atmosphere was then clear and cool.



BRIDGE OVER THE HUDSON.

We crossed the Hudson three-fourths of a mile below Henderson Lake, upon a rude bridge, made our way through a clearing tangled with tall raspberry shrubs

\* The hard, or Sugar Maple (*Acer saccharinum*), abounds in all parts of the State of New York. It is a beautiful tree, often found from fifty to eighty feet in height, and the trunk from two to three feet in diameter. From the sap, which flows abundantly in the spring, delicious syrup and excellent sugar are made. In the Upper Hudson region, the sap is procured by making a small incision with an axe, or a hole with an augur, into the body of the tree, into which a small tube or gutter is fastened. From thence the sap flows, and is caught in rough troughs, dug out of small logs. It is collected into tubs, and boiled in cauldron kettles. The syrup remains in buckets from twelve to twenty-four hours, and settles before straining. To make sugar it is boiled carefully over a slow fire. To cleanse it, the white of one egg, and one gill of milk are used for every 30 lbs. or 40 lbs. of sugar. Some settlers manufacture a considerable quantity of sugar every year, as much as from 300 lbs. to 600 lbs.



full of fruit, for nearly half a mile, and then entered the deep and solemn forest, composed of birch, maple, cedar, hemlock, spruce, and tall pine trees. Our way was over a level for three-fourths of a mile, to the outlet of Calamity Pond. We crossed it at a beautiful cascade, and then commenced ascending by a sinuous mountain path, across which many a huge tree had been cast by the wind. It was a weary journey of almost four miles (notwithstanding it lay along the track of a lane cut through the forest a few years ago for a special purpose, of which we shall presently speak), for in many places the soil is hidden by boulders covered with thick moss, over which we were compelled to climb. Towards sunset we reached a pleasant little lake embosomed in the dense forest, its low wet margin fringed with brilliant yellow flowers, beautiful in form but without perfume. At the head of that little lake, where the inlet comes flowing sluggishly from a dark ravine scooped from the mountain slope, we built a bark cabin, and encamped for the night.

That tiny lake is called Calamity Pond, in commemoration of a sad circumstance that occurred near the spot where we erected our cabin, in September,



DARK CABIN.

1845. Mr. Henderson, of the Adirondack Iron Company, already mentioned, was there with his son and other attendants. Near the margin of the inlet is a flat rock. On this, as he landed from a scow, Mr. Henderson attempted to lay his pistol, holding the muzzle in his hand. It discharged, and the contents entering his body, wounded him mortally: he lived only half-an-hour. A rude bier was constructed of boughs, on which his body was carried to Adirondack village. It was taken down Sandford Lake in a boat to Tahawus; and from thence again carried on a bier through the wilderness, fifteen miles to the western termination of the road from Scarroo valley, then in process of construction. From thence it was conveyed to his home at Jersey City; and a few years ago, his family erected an elegant monument upon the rock where he lost his life. It is of the light New Jersey sandstone, eight feet in height, and bears the following inscription:—"This monument was erected by filial affection to the memory of DAVID HENDERSON, who lost his life on this spot, 3rd September, 1845." Beneath the inscription, in high relief, is a chalice, book, and anchor.



HENDERSON'S MONUMENT.

The lane through the woods just mentioned, was cut for the purpose of allowing the transportation of this monument upon a sledge in winter, drawn by oxen. All the way the road was made passable by packing the snow between the boulders; and in this labour several days were consumed. The monument weighs a ton.

While Preston and myself were building the bark cabin, in a manner similar to the bush one already described, and Mrs. Lossing was preparing a place upon the clean grass near the fire for our supper, Mr. Buckingham and Sabattis went out upon the lake on a rough raft, and caught over two dozen trout. Upon these we supped and breakfasted. The night was cold, and at early dawn we found the hoar-frost lying upon every leaf and blade around us. Beautiful, indeed, was that dawning of the last day of summer. From the south-west came a gentle breeze, bearing upon its wings light vapour, that flecked the whole sky, and became roseate in hue when the sun touched with purple light the summits of the hills westward of us. These towered in grandeur more

than a thousand feet above the surface of the lake, from which, in the kindling morning light, went up, in myriads of spiral threads, a mist, softly as a spirit, and melted in the first sunbeam.

At eight o'clock we resumed our journey over a much rougher way than we had yet travelled, for there was nothing but a dim and obstructed hunter's trail to follow. This we pursued nearly two miles, when we struck the outlet of Lake Colden, at its confluence with the Opalescent River, that comes rushing down in continuous rapids and cascades from the foot of Tahawus. The lake was only a few rods distant. Intending to visit it on our return, we contented ourselves with brief glimpses of it through the trees, and of tall Mount Colden, or Mount M'Martin, that rises in magnificence from its eastern shore.

The drought that still prevailed over northern New York and New England, had so diminished the volume of the Opalescent River, that we walked more than four miles in the bed of the stream upon boulders, which fill it. We crossed it a hundred times or more, picking our way, and sometimes compelled to go into the woods, in passing a cascade. The stream is broken into falls and swift rapids, the whole distance that we followed it; and, when full, it must present a grand spectacle. At one place the river has assumed the bed of a displaced trap dyke, by which the rock has been intersected. The walls are perpendicular, and only a few feet apart—so near that the branches of the trees on the summits interlace. Through this the water rushes swiftly for several rods, and then leaps into a dark chasm, full fifty feet perpendicular, and emerges among a mass of immense boulders. The Indians called this cascade *She-gwi-en-daw-ko*, or the Hanging Spear. A short distance above is a wild rapid, which they called *Kas-kong-shadi*, or Broken Water.

The stones in this river vary in size, from tiny pebbles to boulders of a thousand tons; the smaller ones made smooth by rolling, the larger ones yet angular and massive, persistently defying the rushing torrent in its maddest career. They are composed chiefly of the beautiful labradorite, or opalescent feldspar, which form the great masses of the *Aganuchian*, or Black Mountain range, as the Indians called this Adirondack group, because of the dark aspect which their sombre cedars, and spruce, and cliffs present at a distance. The bed of the stream is full of that exquisitely beautiful mineral. We saw it glittering in splendour, in pebbles and large boulders, when the sunlight fell full upon the shallow water. A rich blue is the predominant colour, sometimes mingled with a brilliant green. Gold and bronze specimens have been discovered, and, occasionally, a completely iridescent piece may be found. It is to the abundance of these stones that the river is indebted for its beautiful name. It is one of the main sources of the Hudson, and falls into Sandford Lake, a few miles below Adirondack village.

We followed the Opalescent River to the foot of the Peak of Tahawus, on the borders of the high valley which separates that mountain from Mount Colden, and at an elevation nine hundred feet above the highest peaks of the Catskill range on the Lower Hudson. There the water is very cold, the forest trees are somewhat stunted and thickly planted, and the solitude complete. The silence was almost oppressive. Game-birds, and beasts of the chase, are there almost unknown. The wild cat and wolverine alone prowled over that lofty valley, where rises one of the chief fountains of the Hudson; and we heard the voice of no living creature, except the hoarse croak of the raven.

It was noon when we reached this point of departure for the summit of Tahawus. We had been four hours travelling six miles, and yet, in that pure mountain air, we felt very little fatigue. There we found an excellent bark "camp," and traces of recent occupation. Among them was part of a metropolitan newspaper, and light ashes. We dined upon bread and butter, and maple sugar, in a sunny spot in front of the cabin, and then commenced the ascent, leaving our provisions and other things at the camp, where we intended to repose for the night. The journey upward was two miles, at an angle of forty-five degrees to the base of the rocky pinnacle. We had no path to follow. The guides "blazed" the larger trees (striking off chips with their axes), that they might with more ease find their way back to the camp. Almost the entire surface was covered with boulders, shrouded in the most beautiful alpine mosses. From among these shot up dwarfing pines and spruces, which diminished in height at every step. Through their thick horizontal branches it was difficult to pass. Here and there among the rocks was a free spot, where the bright trifoliate oxalis, or wood-sorrel, flourished, and the shrub of the wild currant, and gooseberry, and the tree-cranberry appeared. At length we reached the foot of the open rocky pinnacle, where only thick mosses, lichens, a few alpine plants, and little groves of dwarfed balsam, are seen. The latter trees, not more than five feet in height, are, most of them, centenarians. Their



FALL IN THE OPALESCENT RIVER.

stems, not larger than a strong man's wrist, exhibited, when cut, over one hundred concentric rings, each of which indicates the growth of a year. Our journey now became still more difficult, at the same time more interesting; for, as we emerged from the forest, the magnificent panorama of mountains that lay around us, burst upon the vision. Along steep rocky slopes and ledges, and around and beneath huge stones a thousand tons in weight, some of them apparently poised, as if ready for a sweep down the mountain, we made our way cautiously, having at times no other support than the strong moss, and occasionally a gaunt shrub, that sprang from the infrequent fissures. We rested upon small terraces, where the dwarf balsams grow. Upon one of these, within a hundred feet of the summit, we found a spring of very cold water, and near it quite thick ice. This spring is one of the remote sources of the Hudson. It bubbles from the base of a huge mass of loose rocks (which,



CLIMBING TAHAWUS.

like all the other portions of the peak, are composed of the beautiful labradorite), and sends down a little stream into the Opalescent River, from whose bed we had just ascended. Mr. Buckingham had now gained the summit, and waved his hat, in token of triumph; and a few minutes later we were at his side, forgetful, in the exhilaration of the moment, of every fatigue and danger that we had encountered. Indeed, it was a triumph for us all; for few persons have ever attempted the ascent of that mountain, lying in a deep wilderness, hard to penetrate, the nearest point of even a bridle-path, on the side of our approach, being ten miles from the base of its peak. Especially difficult is it for the feet of woman to reach the lofty summit of the *Sky-piercer*,—almost six thousand feet above the sea,—for her skirts form great impediments. Mrs. Lossing, we were afterwards informed by the oldest hunter and guide in all that region (John Cheney), is only the third woman who has ever accomplished the difficult feat.

The summit of Tahawus is bare rock, about four hundred feet in length, and one hundred in breadth, with an elevation of ten or twelve feet at the south-western end, that may be compared to the heel of an upturned boot, the remainder of the surface forming the sole. In a nook on the southern side of this heel, was a small hut, made of loose stones gathered from the summit, and covered with moss. It was erected the previous year by persons from New York, and had been occupied by others, a fortnight before our visit.\*

Our view from the summit of Tahawus will ever form one of the most remarkable pictures in memory. And yet it may not properly be called a picture. It is a topographical map, exhibiting a surface diversified by mountains, lakes, and valleys. The day was very pleasant, yet a cold north-westerly wind was sweeping over the summit of the mountain. A few clouds, sufficient to cast fine shadows upon the earth, were floating not far above us; and on the east, when we approached the summit at three o'clock, an iridescent mist was

\* Within the hut we found a piece of paper, on which was written:—"This hospice, erected by a party from New York, August 19, 1858, is intended for the use and comfort of visitors to Tahawus.—F. S. P.—M. C.—F. M. N." Under this was written:—"This hospice was occupied over-night of August 14, 1859, by A. G. C. and T. R. D. Sun rose fourteen minutes to five." Under this:—"Tahawus Horse Race, August 14, 1859, Alfred G. Compton, and Theodore R. Davis, New York. August 16, Charles Newman, Stamford, Connecticut; Charles Bedford, Elizabeth Town, New York." To these we added our own names, and those of the guides.

slightly veiling a group of mountains, from their thick wooded bases in the valleys, to their bold rocky summits. Our stand-point being the highest in all that region, there was nothing to obstruct the view. *To-sar-loon-dah*, or Hill of Storms (Mount Emmons); *Ou-kor-lah*, or Big Eye (Mount Seward); *Wah-o-par-te-nie*, or White-face Mountain; and the Giant of the Valley,—all rose peerless above the other hills around us, excepting Colden and McIntyre, that stood apparently within trumpet-call of Tahawus, as fitting companions, but over whose summits, likewise, we could look away to the dark forests of Franklin and St. Lawrence Counties, in the far north-west. Northward we could see the hills melting into the great St. Lawrence level, out of which arose the Royal Mountain back of the city of Montreal. Eastward, full sixty miles distant, lay the magnificent Green Mountains, that give name to the State of Vermont; and, through a depression of that range, we saw distinctly the great Mount Washington among the White Hills of New Hampshire, one hundred and fifty miles distant. Southward the view was bounded by the higher peaks of the Catskills, and westward by the mountain ranges in Hamilton and Herkimer Counties. At our feet reposed the great wilderness of northern New York, full a hundred miles in length, and eighty in breadth, lying in parts of seven counties, and equal in area to several separate smaller States of the Union. On every side bright lakes were gleaming; some nestling in unbroken forests, and others with their shores sparsely dotted with clearings, from which arose the smoke from the settler's cabin. We counted twenty-seven lakes, including Champlain,—the Indian *Can-i-a-de-r-i Gua-run-te*, or Door of the Country,—which stretched along the eastern view one hundred and forty miles, and at a distance of about fifty miles at the nearest point. We could see the sails of water-craft like white specks upon its bosom; and, with our telescope, could distinctly discern the houses in Burlington, on the eastern shore of the lake.

From our point of view we could comprehend the emphatic significance of the Indian idea of Lake Champlain—the *Door of the Country*. It fills the bottom of an immense valley, that stretches southward between the great mountain ranges of New York and New England, from the St. Lawrence level



HOSPICE ON THE PEAK OF TAHAWUS.

toward the valley of the Hudson, from which it is separated by a slightly elevated ridge.\* To the fierce Huron of Canada, who loved to make war upon the more southern Iroquois, this lake was a wide-open door for his passage. Through it many brave men, aborigines and Europeans, have gone to the war-paths of New York and New England, never to return.

Standing upon Tahawus, it required very little exercise of the imagination to behold the stately procession of historic men and events, passing through that open door. First in dim shadows were the dusky warriors of the ante-Columbian period, darting swiftly through in their bark canoes, intent upon blood and plunder. Then came Champlain and his men, with guns and sabres, to aid the Hurons in contests with the Adirondacks and other Iroquois at Crown Point and Ticonderoga. Then came French and Indian allies, led by Marin, passing swiftly through that door, and sweeping with terrible force down the Hudson valley to Saratoga, to smite the Dutch and English settlers there. Again French and Indian warriors came, led by Montcalm, Dieskau, and others, to drive the English from that door, and secure it for the house of Bourbon. A little later came troops of several nationalities, with Burgoyne at their head, rushing through that door with power, driving American republicans southward, like chaff before the wind, and sweeping victoriously down the valley of the Hudson to Saratoga and beyond. And, lastly, came another British force, with Sir George Prevost at their head, to take possession of that door, but were turned back at the northern threshold with discomfiture. In the peaceful present, that door stands wide open, and people of all nations may pass through it unquestioned. But the Indian is seldom seen at the portal.

\* In the introduction to his published sermon, preached at Plymouth, in New England, the Rev. Robert Cushman, speaking of that county, says:—"So far as we can find, it is an island, and near about the quantity of England, being cut out from the mainland in America, as England is from the main of Europe, by a great arm of the sea [Hudson's River], which entereth in forty degrees, and runneth up north-west and by west, and goeth out, either into the South Sea [Pacific Ocean], or else into the Bay of Canada [the Gulf of St. Lawrence]." The old divine was nearly right in his conjecture that New England was an island. It is a peninsula, connected to the main by a very narrow isthmus, the extremities of which are at the villages of Whitehall, on Lake Champlain, and Fort Edward, on the Hudson, about twenty-five miles apart. The lowest portion of that isthmus is not more than fifty feet above Lake Champlain, whose waters are only ninety above the sea. This isthmus is made still narrower by the waters of Wood Creek, which flow into Lake Champlain, and of Fort Edward Creek, which empty into the Hudson. These are navigable for light canoes, at some seasons of the year, to within a mile and a-half of each other. The canal, which now connects the Hudson and Lake Champlain, really makes New England an island.



THE

PATENT WOOD-CARVING WORKS  
OF MESSRS. COX & SON.

AFTER many vicissitudes, and a protracted and tedious delay, at length the machinery originally patented by Jordan for wood carving has fallen into thoroughly able hands, and its powers are accordingly being developed in a manner that cannot fail to ensure their becoming fully appreciated. The business, for carrying on the formation of which a wood-carving company was in contemplation, together with the whole of the machinery and the patents, has been purchased by Messrs. Cox & Son, who have long been well known as eminent wood carvers, at their establishment in Southampton Street, Covent Garden. These gentlemen have already caused their works to assume a new and a gratifying aspect.

That some such destiny was in store for this most clever and effective machinery we have always confidently expected. It has, from the time of its invention, attracted our attention, and secured our favourable opinion; and now that the day of its prosperity has dawned upon it, we naturally rejoice at witnessing the fulfilment of our own confident anticipations. The machinery itself has already been fully described in this Journal; it is, therefore, unnecessary for us to do more than state that it has been perfected in its action, and that it now is able to accomplish, in the most satisfactory manner, precisely what it was intended to execute, and also *what it is desirable that it should execute*. For we maintain that, so long as it does its own work, without professing to step beyond the range of its legitimate action, the patent machinery is of unmixcd and unalloyed advantage to the practice of wood carving as an Art. This we know to be a point that still is disputed by many whose own works in architecture require the greatest amount of wood carving; and to this we, accordingly, are anxious to direct the thoughts of our readers, since it involves considerations of the utmost importance.

The application of Art to manufactures, and the perfecting of those departments of industrial occupation that both intervene between Art and manufacture, and also incline rather to the former than to the latter, are questions that, at the present time, very rightly are engaging the thoughtful attention of the public mind. Having learned that Art is of infinite value as an auxiliary to manufactures, we are seeking to establish and to consolidate a union between these two great agencies; and, in like manner, the more practically useful of the arts, having become better understood, are now regarded in their true light, and for their services there is found to be a continually increasing demand. This indicates a healthy condition of things in a great manufacturing country like our own, and it is one towards the cultivation of which our own efforts have uniformly and strenuously been directed. Now, while in all manufactures machinery is a recognised agency, and while, in the case of those higher productions which we have learned to distinguish as "Art-manufactures," the application of machinery is also admitted to be in some degree consistent, it is a maxim still in force, that pure works of Art must of necessity reject altogether the intervention of any machine. Whether wood carving ought to be grouped with the highest class of works of Art, or whether it may be more appropriately regarded as one of the most artistic of Art-manufactures, we are not disposed to argue; but, in any case, we must maintain that the machinery of the Messrs. Cox is rightly and legitimately applied to the production of wood carving, and that the carvings so produced are, in every respect, as worthy of esteem and admiration, as if they had been wrought out from the rough wood entirely and exclusively by a carver's hand. And, when the greatly reduced cost of production by the aid of this machinery is taken into consideration, these carvings rise to a still higher degree of estimation, from the fact that they are identical with hand carvings, and are to be purchased at two-thirds, and sometimes at half, the expense. We desire to see the best wood carving obtainable at a less cost than heretofore. This is a very different thing from exciting an increased demand for wood carving, by offering a specious,

but, in reality, an inferior class of works at considerably lower charges. In the one case, the public taste would be vitiated, whereas, in the other, it is cultivated and improved. The wood-carving machinery enables its proprietors to supply, at their reduced scale of charges, excellent carvings. If there were inferiority, however slight, prevalent in the productions of the machinery, then they would have to stand upon their own merits, whatever these might be; and, perhaps, they might after all prove to be the more costly, because the less worthy carvings. But the true value of the machine-carvings consists in their first-rate excellence; and this is a quality in these works that must be admitted, on a little reflection, by every candid observer who will shake off certain extravagant theories respecting a perfectibility, that really exists only in imagination. The carving machine works up to a certain point for the Messrs. Cox, and then it stops, its functions having become exhausted. The wood is thus brought to a certain stage of its progress towards a finished carving. If the same design had to be executed without this machinery, the process would, in effect, be precisely the same: workmen of inferior capacity would rough it out, and bring it to the very same condition as the machine does, and then leave it to be finished by the Art-workman or the artist carver. And this is the very thing that happens, when the wood carving, in its rough condition, leaves the machine. It then is transferred to the carver, who with his hand conveys to it its Art-character, and who *finishes* it. The carver does not merely refine upon the working of the machine, and smooth down the roughness of its action, and in so doing cut away whatever of spirit or boldness the work may, in the first instance, have had. On the contrary, he begins when the machine had stopped. His is an altogether independent course of action. The machine had merely cleared the way for him, and he enters upon his work under the advantages which he expects to be provided for him, by some process preliminary to his own working as an artist. There are instances, indeed, as in the case of bosses, and other objects that are to be placed in elevated positions, in which the rough action of the machinery produces such work as can be touched by the hand, only to be injuriously affected by it. In these carvings it is simply absurd to persist in seeing imperfections, which do not really exist, but which are held to be inseparable from the process of their production. If they are true to the required design, bold and spirited in execution, and capable of producing the proper effect when fixed in the positions assigned to them, these carvings are good carvings. When compared with the same objects cut by the hand, if they are identical with them both in every important quality and in their general character, they are as good carvings as if they had been themselves cut by chisels guided by hands. And, when the two classes of carvings are brought into comparison in the matter of cost, if the machine can produce the same boss for ten shillings, that the hand-carver is unable to supply for less than a pound, the machine proves victorious in the contest, since it can supply two bosses in the place of one.

In carvings which require the co-operation of the artist with the machine, the true value of the works in their finished state is determined by the skill of this artist, and it is not in any degree affected by the means employed to cut the wood in the first instance—always provided, that is, that the elementary operation be well executed. It would be as reasonable to object to the use of the lathe to turn circular forms, or to repudiate every mechanical appliance that the sculptor calls to his aid, or, in a word, in architecture to set all mechanical science on one side, as it is to depreciate wood carving, which is in part the production of such machinery as that of Messrs. Cox. And we trust that the prejudice which would persist in preferring the more costly productions of the hand, will speedily yield to sentiments that are at once more enlightened and more just.

The Messrs. Cox will be found to be dealing with their machinery upon a system different altogether from that, which before obtained for patent wood carving a very questionable reputation. They use their machines honestly as well as fearlessly; what the machines are able to do, what they constantly are doing, this they declare to be machine-work.

But they neither assign to their machines what, in fact, must be produced by the hand, nor do they profess that hands have executed what was actually in part, if not altogether, cut by their machines. They are also carefully securing the services of the ablest and most skilful carvers, who work under a thoroughly efficient superintendence. And they are no less thoughtful in their study of designs, their aim being to introduce into their works a rich variety, while in every instance their designs are strictly in keeping with the requirements of the purest taste. It affords us sincere gratification to add, that the patent wood-carving works are already in a flourishing condition. The Messrs. Cox execute at their works every variety of wood carving, and they invite visitors who take an interest in such Art-processes, to inspect their machinery in action at the works in the Belvidere Road, Lambeth, near the Surrey end of the Hangerford Suspension Bridge. We should be glad to know that a regular "public day" has been fixed in each week, when visitors, in addition to facilities for inspecting this ingenious and beautiful machinery, might rely on hearing a popular explanation of it, and of the interesting processes associated with it.

HAMPTON COURT AND ITS ART-  
TREASURES.

MR. HENRY COLE, C.B., has printed and partially circulated a *brochure*, the object of which is to direct public attention to a subject of great public interest. Mr. Cole's desire, no doubt, is that his judicious views may serve as guides to those whose influence is all-important in achieving a large service to Art. We believe, therefore, to reprint his "Remarks" will be to aid his purpose, and our readers will agree with us in earnestly desiring to see that purpose effectually carried out.

It is now eighteen years since I investigated the contents of Hampton Court Palace in order to write a Handbook upon it, and recently my attention has been again called to them in the course of my official duties. The result of my observations has prompted me to prepare the following remarks.

I. Since George IV. commanded that the pictures at Kensington Palace should be transferred to Hampton Court Palace, the latter has been little else than a *storehouse* for works of Art belonging to the Crown and the Public, and the character of the decorations of the Palace has been much deteriorated. The Tapestries forming the original decoration of the walls, as in the Queen's gallery and elsewhere, have been covered up, and the pictures hung almost at haphazard. In some cases pictures have been actually nailed to the tapestries. Models and remains of funeral decorations have been placed in the rooms. In very few instances are the pictures seen well. The metal-work and wood-carvings require looking to.

II. The state of the pictures, and perhaps still more of the tapestries, requires immediate attention, if they are considered to be worth preserving. At the present time, little doubt can be entertained that all works showing the Art of former periods are well worthy of the utmost care and preservation.

III. In the year 1839, her Majesty the Queen graciously permitted Hampton Court Palace to be most freely opened to the public, and it has become one of the chief popular metropolitan attractions. Some improvements in the arrangements and administration of the different kinds of Works of Art in the Palace would not only maintain the rights of the Crown in its property, which appears to be somewhat forgotten, but also increase greatly the public use and enjoyment of them.

IV. I venture to submit that instead of being treated as a mere storehouse, Hampton Court Palace would be a much more attractive public sight if the rooms were *restored as much as possible to their original state of decoration*. In many rooms this could be done by simply taking down the battens and faded calico which conceal the Tapestries. The Tapestries themselves would be much more interesting to the public than the present incongruous arrangement of pictures, for the proper display of which the lighting is rarely suitable.

V. The pictures collected at Hampton Court may be divided into the following classes:—

1. *Furniture Pictures*, which for a long period have formed part of the Decorations of the Palace, and are in some cases fitted into panels on the walls.
2. *Pictures more interesting as historical or decorative illustrations* than as Works of Fine Art, such as: 'The Battle of Pavia,' 'The Battle of the Spurs,' 'Embarkation of Henry VIII. from Dover,' etc.
3. *Portraits of persons eminent in English History.*
4. *Portraits of foreigners of distinction.*
5. *Pictures of a technical interest*, such as hulls of ships, dockyards, architecture, decoration, etc.
6. *Works of Fine Art.*

VI. If all the pictures were exhibited together in classes, it cannot be doubted but that their utility and interest would be greatly increased. I would suggest that the above classes, from 1 to 4, should be retained at Hampton Court Palace, and that, where necessary, screens and other improved arrangements should be adopted for exhibiting them. As respects the *technical pictures* (Class 5), those on nautical subjects for instance would be all the more interesting if publicly exhibited with models of ships, of which there is a public collection at the Admiralty. The architectural pictures with architectural models, and so on. As respects the *Pictures of Fine Art*, they are obviously out of place at Hampton Court. They cannot be well seen, and require especial care, which it is difficult and would be very costly to provide for them there. It was formerly the practice of the Crown to lend the Cartoons as studies to the Royal Academy, and it is still the practice for the Science and Art Department to avail itself of the gracious permission of the Queen to use the pictures for the Schools of Art.

VII. I would suggest that the Works of Fine Art should be brought to the Metropolis, where they would be much better preserved, where the facilities for making them available for public instruction would be greatly increased, and all classes of the public infinitely more benefited than by leaving them at Hampton Court Palace, which is visited by the great majority of persons as a Palace in the country having beautiful gardens, rather than for the study of Works of Fine Art.

VIII. I have already said that all the Works of Art urgently demand immediate attention, a fact which I believe the Crown Surveyor of the Pictures, etc., would confirm. The authority over them is divided between the Lord Chamberlain, as the representative of Her Majesty, and the Board of Works, as having the material custody and responsibility for the repairs of the building, and controlling the admission of the public. It will be admitted that these Departments have no technical knowledge, or special interest, or public duties in Works of Art as such. Hitherto when the Crown Pictures have required attention, they have been placed in the hands of picture cleaners, virtually without control, which experience has shown to be a process attended with great mischief to pictures. A proper reparation of Works of Art requires not only the labour of the picture cleaner and varnisher, but occasionally the attention of most skilful artists of different powers, and the knowledge of the chemist.

IX. If the Crown graciously permit the public to have the use of its pictures, it is quite clear that the public should be charged with the cost of their preservation.

X. The public also possesses pictures and Works of Art which require constant care, at many institutions, such as the National Gallery, the British Museum, the National Portrait Gallery, Greenwich Hospital, and at the South Kensington Museum, etc.

XI. I would suggest that a small Committee of consultation, consisting of three Artists, with one Chemist, and one Amateur, be appointed to determine what measures should be taken for the preservation of all Works of Art, either belonging to the public or lent by the Crown for public use, and that premises be provided and skilful persons be chosen for the purpose of carrying into effect, under proper superintendence, the recommendations of this Committee.

## ART IN SCOTLAND AND THE PROVINCES.

EDINBURGH.—Fountain at Holyrood Palace.—We have just seen a photograph of the new fountain erected in front of Holyrood Palace, which must form an important addition to the *tant ensemble* of that ancient structure. The design was drawn by Mr. Matheson, head of the Board of Works Department there, from fragments of the old fountain which stood in the quadrangle of Linlithgow Palace, so that the fountain is more a reproduction than an original design, the details having been taken from the fragments found; but these have been combined with so much skill as to reflect the highest credit on the architect: the entire structure not only harmonizes with the style of the palace, but presents in its general outline ideas of regal magnificence not often found combined in such works. The figures were carved by Mr. Thomas, of London, but all the other carvings were done by ordinary workmen, under the superintendence of Mr. Adam Beattie, builder, and Mr. Matheson. The original fountain at Linlithgow had no chain balustrade around it, and that placed round the fountain at Holyrood was suggested by high authority as a probable—we think a very evident—improvement; and we hope that the present temporary balustrade may be superseded by a permanent addition to the structure.

AWARDS.—The committee of the Archaeological Exhibition, recently held here, has in accordance with a wish expressed by the Prince Consort, when present in the gallery, published a series of forty-eight photographs from some of the most interesting portraits there exhibited. They are executed by Mr. G. W. Wilson, of Aberdeen, and may be purchased of the principal booksellers in the place, and of Messrs. Blackwood, in Edinburgh and London. The list includes many of the most distinguished characters in Scottish history.

DUNDEE.—An abbreviated statement of the last year's report of the Dundee School of Art has reached us; compared with that of the preceding year, it shows an increase of 466 in the number of children who are taught drawing in the public schools, and of 490 in the entire number of individuals instructed: the total number of the former attending the schools during the past year was 1376, and of the latter 1910. In future years a considerable falling off might be expected, both in the number of prizes awarded to the pupils, and in the number of masters and pupil-teachers in connection with the school. The one would be accounted for by the fact that the Government standard of proficiency was in course of being raised; and the other, in consequence of very many of the teachers in the district having already availed themselves of the advantages of the Dundee School, and are now in a position to instruct their own scholars, and to prosecute their own education in drawing independently. Such defection, it was argued, arising, as they did, from the causes alleged, would be no evidence of failure, but rather must be accepted as a gratifying proof of the success of the school.

MANCHESTER.—At a recent meeting in this city, on the occasion of presenting testimonials to Mr. Fairbairn, and the other members who formed the executive committee of the late Art-Treasures Exhibition, the former gentleman is reported to have said,—"I hope yet to see the inauguration of an institution to be dedicated to the Arts which shall be worthy of the wealth and importance and enlightenment of this great city. Let the design of such an institution be simple and comprehensive; let it be central in its situation; let it be a fitting receptacle for the display of the most costly and the most meritorious works of Art—a home where such works can be well seen and conveniently studied; let it be a free-will offering from the well-to-do among us to those whom we wish to see advancing in prosperity and improving in taste; and, above all, let it be opened absolutely and entirely free to all, for the sake of the good that it would gradually instil into the public mind." I will answer for it such an institution shall not lack either noble gifts or public appreciation. I, for one, towards the formation and establishment of such a permanent Art-gallery will willingly give my time, money, and whatever energies or influence I possess. Permit me to add that I should view its accomplishment as the most appropriate and enduring monument which Manchester could raise to the unbounded liberality and confidence which were extended to its representatives by the contributors to the Art-Treasures Exhibition."

The drawing of the prizes in the Manchester Art-Union took place last month in the theatre of the Royal Institution. The chairman stated that

23,000 tickets had been disposed of, chiefly among working people. There were sixty prizes, and the amount distributed was £900. The pictures selected by the committee for the first three prizes were, 'Mosque de Cordova,' by F. Bossuet (£105); 'Fruit,' by W. Duffield (£105); 'An Autumn Afternoon on the South Downs,' by J. S. Raven (£84).

LIVERPOOL.—The drawing for the prizes in connection with the Liverpool Art-Union took place on the 19th of December. The number of tickets sold, at one shilling each, was 32,000, thus allowing nearly £1800 to be expended in prizes.

BIRMINGHAM.—There seems at length some probability that the intended purchase of the old mansion, Aston Hall, will be effected. Our readers will doubtless remember that the new park, inaugurated about a year ago by the Queen and the Prince Consort, was a part of the land attached to the estate, but has now become public property. The mansion is still in private hands, but a company has been formed to purchase it, for the purpose, we believe, of a picture-gallery, museum, &c. Hitherto the terms submitted by the shareholders to the owners of Aston Hall were not deemed so satisfactory as to induce the latter to accept them; new terms have, however, been offered, which, it is presumed, will bring the project to a successful termination.

LEEDS.—The annual *soirée* of the Leeds School of Art was held on the 19th of December, the Mayor of the town occupying the chair. Mr. P. O'Callaghan, president of the school, read a report of its present condition and operations, referring in his remarks to the extraordinary increase in the demand for Art-education evident in Leeds and its locality, and which was spreading among the inhabitants of other large towns in the vicinity. Three additional masters have been appointed to the Leeds school: Mr. Ruskin has promised to present it with a picture by Mr. Hunt, and Sir E. B. Lutton has offered the sum of ten guineas for prizes.

WOLCSTER.—The annual exhibition of the Worcester Society of Arts was closed in December last; its results appear to be most encouraging, both as to the number of visitors and the sales effected. The rooms contained but 342 pictures and drawings, of which 46 found purchasers, at a gross cost of £1017.

STOURBRIDGE.—The second annual distribution of prizes to the students in the Stourbridge School of Art took place last month, under the presidency of Lord Ward, who stated, in his opening address, that the pupils now averaged 100 in the principal school, and 537 in the neighbouring localities. The head-master's report observes that "the Council of Education was pleased to find the class of students now attending the school bore a close relation to the productive industry of the place."

NORWICH.—Mr. Claude Nursey having relinquished his post of head-master of the Norwich School of Art, has been presented by the pupils of the morning class with a copy of the works of David Roberts, R.A., and of L. Haghe's 'Views in Germany and Belgium.' "as a mark of gratitude for his uniform attention and kindness during the time they were favoured with his valuable instruction." Mr. Nursey has been engaged for fourteen years in conducting schools of Art: he formed that at Leeds, and superintended it three years, during which period he also conducted a school at Bradford. He then went to Belfast, opening the school there, and managing it for more than five years; and he has been at Norwich about the same length of time. When he went to the latter city, he found the school disorganized and in debt; it is now in a prosperous condition, both financially and efficiently: and at Yarmouth Mr. Nursey's exertions have produced a result equally favourable.

SOUTHAMPTON.—It is proposed to erect a statue of Dr. Isaac Watts, the eminent nonconformist divine and Christian poet, in this his native town. A design for the work, by Mr. Lucas, has been provisionally approved of by the sub-committee. The statue and pedestal is to be 18½ feet high, made of Bolsover stone, at a cost of £450; a suggestion has been made that it should be erected in West Marland Park. At present the subscriptions reach only about £360.

LINCOLN.—The proposal for erecting, in this city, a statue of Sir John Franklin, appears, for the present at least, to be frustrated, in consequence of the inhabitants of the parish of St. Swithin, in which it was deemed advisable to place it, having refused their permission to allocate the site for such a purpose: a footpath in the square would have to be diverted, if the project was carried out, and this the parish declined to allow, when the vote was brought to a poll. The corporation had granted a sum of £1000 for the memorial, and £1500 had been raised by subscription. The money has, therefore, been returned to the subscribers.



THE  
CRYSTAL PALACE ART-UNION.

THE second year of this Art-Union has commenced auspiciously. The council, in their prospectus, quote from their report the congratulations therein tendered by them to the society, on the signal success which had been achieved during the past year, and they promise a course of future action, such as shall lead to still more important results. We rejoice to know that both the past career and the present operations of the council justify them in combining high promises for the future, with an expression of their complete satisfaction as to the existing position of the society.

For ourselves, we are disposed to regard this Art-Union with favour, and to offer to it every encouragement in our power, from a two-fold motive; as well, that is to say, from a conviction that this Art-Union may prove a means for realizing the greatest and most excellent objects that may be accomplished by the Crystal Palace, as from a confident belief that the institution is itself eminently calculated to promote "the advancement of Art, appreciation amongst all classes of the people," altogether irrespective of its association with the Crystal Palace. As the greatest and most successful, because the most comprehensive and attractive of popular teachers, the Crystal Palace may convey its lessons under many forms and systems of instruction; but the highest, as well as the most direct agency at its command, is that of an association, bearing its name, and conducted under its auspices, and intimately associated with its own daily career, which should both produce works of Art, that might elevate the public taste, and stimulate the public sympathy, and also should concentrate upon the advancement of Art the admiring attention of "all classes of the people."

Such an association is the Crystal Palace Art-Union; and it is doing its work thoroughly well. Even the very circumstance which at first appeared to militate against its progress, has proved to be an element of its strength. We refer to the caution displayed by the council during the last year, in the production of their presentation works, from which each subscriber should select the object he might prefer. It was objected to the council, that these works ought to have been all prepared in sufficient numbers, to meet instantly whatever demand might be made on them, whereas, in fact, it proved that when they had made their selection, subscribers were frequently obliged to wait some considerable time before they could receive the objects of their choice. Now, considering that it was an essential feature in the plan of this Art-Union, that subscribers should choose their own presentation works from a group of dissimilar objects, and also that it was impossible to conjecture which of the several works determined on to form the series might find most favour with the public, the council may justly claim commendation for leaving the public to pronounce their own decision, before any particular presentation works were ordered in very considerable numbers. And to these considerations must be added the circumstance, that all these presentation works were of such a high character as works of Art, that time, and care, and thought were essentially necessary for their individual production. Each object was at least fully worth the guinea subscribed, without any reference to the chance of a prize, which that same guinea also purchased. The presentation works for the second year more than maintain the artistic reputation and the intrinsic value of their order. Past experience will empower the council to take more decided steps than before, in accelerating their production; and, on the other hand, it is to be hoped that the public will strengthen the hands of the council, and increase their freedom of action, by coming forward early, and subscribing without delay. Prompt subscriptions are, indeed, the vital essence of success in an Art-Union, and more particularly when, as in this instance, elaborate works have to be executed to meet demands, of which the extent can only be estimated after they have actually been made.

The two beautiful Parian busts of 'Ophelia' and 'Miranda,' after Calder Marshall, together with several other works that, in the first instance, were

produced for the last season, have been retained in the list of presentation works for the present year; but it is intimated that they will not be obtainable after the 31st of March. We see no reason for this restriction as to time, since the works are so excellent, that they must always be equally worthy of the subscribers' attention; and it is opposed to the essential spirit of an Art-Union to sanction the idea, that any work of Art becomes depreciated by a more extended repetition of equally meritorious copies of it. At the head of the new group stands a third exquisite bust, entitled 'Lesbia,' after the same accomplished sculptor, and executed in statuary-porcelain, with his accustomed delicacy and truthfulness of translation, by Alderman Copeland. Five vases and tazzas of exceeding beauty, by Kerr and Biens, Copeland, and Battam, complete the series of works presented to subscribers of a single guinea. Subscribers of two guineas may select their presentations from no less than thirteen works, of which ten are new, and three are repeated from last year. This group includes the Lesbia bust, on an appropriate pedestal, and a fine statuette, by Bates, after the celebrated Dying Gladiator of the antique. Other suitable works await the option of subscribers of three and of five guineas, including a vase and a tazza in electro-silver gilt, by Elkington. In addition to these works in ceramic art and in metal, there are various photographs of the Crystal Palace of remarkable excellence, with two sets of stereographs also of the Palace, and two large chromolithographs, by Hanhart, after original drawings by Stanfield and David Roberts, all of them open to selection by subscribers of one guinea.

Their success of last year has inspired the council with such decided confidence in the soundness of the principles upon which their Art-Union is based, that in unhesitating reliance upon a very greatly enlarged measure of public support, they have already given commissions for various works, to be included amongst the prizes for the next distribution, to the amount of upwards of two thousand pounds. This commission includes pictures, sculpture, carvings, works in metal, porcelain, terra-cotta and glass, and other productions of Art-manufacture—all of a good class, and all suitable for the purposes assigned to them.

What has already been said renders altogether superfluous any recommendations to our readers, to enrol themselves as members of this Art-Union, and, by so doing, to join the ranks of volunteer patrons of Art, and artists, and Art-manufacturers. It would, however, be to fall short of doing an act of simple justice, were we to conclude our present notice of the Crystal Palace Art-Union, without a distinct and decided recognition of the valuable services of the secretary and general Art-superintendent, Mr. Thomas Battam, Jun., F.S.A., to whose intelligence, experience, and zeal, the institution still continues to be so deeply indebted. The council evidently understand and appreciate the worth of such an executive officer as Mr. Battam, and we feel assured that in them he will ever find that judicious and strenuous support, without which his utmost efforts could attain only to a comparative success.

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CORAL.  
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As this, in every way, interesting natural production is steadily becoming more and more fashionable, for purposes of personal decoration—and, as the resources of Art are brought to bear upon it, as a process of gem sculpture, and in the mounting of the finished work—it is thought that it cannot but prove interesting to our readers to give some account of it. The use of coral appears to be of considerable antiquity. Caylus has published an antique head of Medusa sculptured in coral, of which the eyes are composed of a white substance resembling shells, incrustated or let in (*Conversations Leriche*). Pliny states, that the inhabitants of the maritime parts of Italy used to make ornaments of coral, with which to decorate their armour and household furniture. With all the superstition of his age, he attributes many wonderful qualities to the coral; and hence it was

worn by the Romans as an amulet. There is a legend, evidently of very ancient date, to the effect, that when Perseus cut off the head of Medusa, he concealed it under some plants of coral, which instantly became petrified, and tinged with the blood, and hence from green it turned, and has continued to grow, red.

Coral is a calcareous substance, formed by a species of polype. Modern naturalists group an extensive class of animals under the *Anthozoa*—a name derived from two Greek words, one signifying a flower, and the other an animal: the term expressing the apparently compound, or rather uncertain, character, which belongs to all these remarkable organizations—which have the external characteristics of a plant, and many of the functions of an animal. In addition to the varieties of polypes which do not form coral masses, and with which we do not at present purpose to deal, we may name some species allied to the polype to which we owe the coral of commerce.

The sea-pens (*Penotulide*) have the polype mass free, of a fleshy substance, and in form of a pen. These are found around our own shores, and are frequently phosphorescent. The *Virgularia* has the polype mass elongated like a rod. In the *Gorgonia* the polype mass is attached by a root, and is formed like a shrub, consisting of a horny, flexible axis, covered with a crust like the bark of a tree. In some of these, this axis is quite black, and it has therefore been called *black coral*. These corals were formerly much valued, for their supposed magical and medicinal virtues, but are now only used for making riding-whips and whisks. Some of them are much branched, and very handsome; when found in this state, they are called Venus's fans. The organ corals (*Tubiporide*) have at first a tough skin, which becomes at length so hardened, by the deposition of calcareous matter within its substance, as to become a real coral. The animals live in groups, side by side, and the shelly tubes formed by them give the appearance of the pipes of an organ. These tubes are of a vivid red, and the animals being bright green, the mass forms a beautiful object when alive.—(*Baird*.) The calcareous corals—the corals of commerce (*Corallide*)—deposit a larger quantity of calcareous along with the horny matter, which forms the branching structure, than the other polypes. The minute animals to which these remarkable formations are due, construct in concert immense ramified habitations, consisting of an assemblage of small cells, each the abode of an animal. The coral has no roots; but the first operation of the microscopic builders is to form a foot, which is spread over every part of the surface to which it is attached; from this base the deposition goes on upwards, and, having formed, as it were, the trunk, branches are produced laterally, until at length a tree-like form is produced, every branch being studded over with cells, each one being the abode of an animal, the structure presenting a striking analogy to the leaves on a tree. Physiologists have noted some other and remarkable analogies between those animals and the vegetable organisms. The coral must not be confounded with *corallines*, which are a family of marine plants, common on our own shores.

The finest coral is found in the Mediterranean Sea. It is fished for on the coast of Barbary, in the Bay of Naples; and fine varieties, as regards colour, are found round Sardinia. A large trade in coral is carried on at Marseilles; but the finest kind of work is executed in the Neapolitan States. The coral is sometimes dredged for; but by this process it is often much broken, since, although the coral is attached to the rocks as a tree to the soil, its branches shoot downwards. To the divers this is an advantage, as it enables them readily to

detach the coral from the rocks. For this kind of fishing, eight men, who are excellent divers, equip a felucca, or small boat, commonly called a "coralline." They carry with them a large wooden cross, with strong, equal, and stout arms, each bearing a strong bag-net. They attach a good rope to the middle of the cross, and let it down horizontally into the sea, having loaded its centre with a weight sufficient to sink it. The diver follows the cross, pushes one arm of it after another into the hollows of the rocks, so as to entangle the coral in the nets; then his comrades in the boat pull up the cross and its accompaniments.

Coral varies in colour, the commoner kinds being red; the delicate flesh-colour variety, which is very rare, fetching very high prices. We have seen an invoice for this choice coral, in which the manufacturer was charged 75 piastres, or £15 11s. 7d. sterling, for the Neapolitan ounce; as the Neapolitan ounce is one-third less than the English ounce, we have £20 15s. 5d. as the price for that quantity: the value of gold being, at the present time, less than £4 per ounce. There are also some corals of a yellow colour, and some quite white.

In connexion with the Art-history of coral, it may be stated, that it was much employed for carving small figures of saints for the shrines, and was, indeed, for some centuries intimately connected with the beautiful shrine-work of Italy. Mr. Phillips, of Cockspur Street, has a fine example of this early work, in a crucifixion; and another, the figure of a St. Sebastian. The great centre of this Art-manufacture appears to have been Trapani, where it is continued to the present day. The coral manufacture appears to have been greatly encouraged by Murat during his sovereignty. He established a royal coral manufactory, which, however, declined after the death of the chivalrous marshal of France.

All kinds of coral being of considerable value, the skill of the workman is shown in the manner which he appropriates every portion to some useful end. The larger pieces are cut *en cameo*, and mounted for brooches, pins, &c. The other parts are cut into leaves or beads, so as to be used in combination to form bunches of grapes, or other graceful ornaments for brooches. Large beads are strung for bracelets, while the smaller ones are sent, in very large quantities, to India and the Colonies: the fragments too small for any other purpose are pierced and strung into necklaces, under the name of *seed coral*. Thus every portion, from the base to the terminal point of a branch, is appropriated by the skilled workman. In the remarkable collection of corals, which we had the privilege of inspecting, by the kindness of Mr. Phillips, there are many very remarkable examples of large corals, and of extraordinary displays of skill in workmanship. One piece of coral has been carved into a chain sufficiently large for a bracelet; and the ingenuity which has been displayed, in many other examples, in adapting the design to the peculiarities of the material, is exceedingly remarkable.

We should not be doing justice did we not state, that the revival of Art-workmanship in coral, both in this country and in Italy, is entirely due to the enterprise of Mr. Phillips, whose collection is unique, and well deserving the inspection of the curious. He has some of the finest examples of gem-carving in coral, and of ingenious combination, which were, perhaps, ever produced. And, independent of the art value, regarded merely as a subject of natural history, there is not again to be seen such a collection of the commercial coral.

A few years since, much spurious coral, or, rather, artificial resemblances to the real coral, and pretending to be genuine, were introduced to this country. This material appears

to have originated with some of the artificial gem-manufacturers of France; and it was so perfect in every respect, as to have deceived for some time the most experienced dealers. The fraud was, however, at length exposed by Mr. Phillips, and these spurious productions have been banished from the market.

Had the character of this publication permitted it, we should have delighted to dwell on the extraordinary workings of the coral animals in the Pacific Ocean, so beautifully described by Mr. Darwin in his work "On Coral Reefs." "Every one," he says, "is struck with astonishment when he first beholds one of those vast rings of coral rock, often many leagues in diameter, here and there surmounted by a low verdant island, with dazzling white shores, bathed on the outside by the foaming breakers of the ocean, and on the inside surrounding a calm expanse of water, which, from reflection, is of a bright, but pale, green colour. The naturalist will feel this astonishment more deeply, after having examined the soft and almost gelatinous bodies of these apparently insignificant creatures; and when he knows that the solid reef increases only by the outer edge, which, day and night, is lashed by the breakers of an ocean never at rest." Those "insignificant workers" are amongst the most ancient forms of organization with which we are acquainted. In the oldest of rocks their wonderful works are found, and mountains of limestone, in our own islands, have been formed by the coral polype, by the same process by which they are now forming the "lagoon islands," and the "atolls" of the Pacific Seas.

Those creatures which helped to build our world, as it exists to us, are busy, too, in forming, for the hand of man to display his skill upon, those branched, calcareous shrub-like creations, which, from decorating the depths of the European sea, are advanced to decorate the daughters of our sea-girl land.

ROBERT HUNT.

#### ART IN CONTINENTAL STATES.

PARIS.—A magnificent knight's helmet has been presented to the *Académie*, formed out of aluminium; it is of artistic elegance, light and solid.—Several pictures have been commissioned by the Government for the historic gallery of Versailles: portraits of Marshal Niel, St. Jean d'Angely, have been confided to M. Lavièvre; Horace Vernet is to execute that of the Marshal Duke of Magenta.—The entrance hall of the Institute has been decorated with busts of illustrious men.—A painting by Bellini, from the Northwick Collection, has found its way into the Louvre.

VIENNA.—The monument erected in memory of Mozart in this city was inaugurated, in the month of December last, in the presence of a large number of the authorities and people: the ceremony was preceded by a short choral performance, and followed by another musical display. The monument, which is the work of Hans Gasser, consists of a statue of the great composer; around this are grouped various symbolical accessories. Four candelabra ornament the memorial, and the names of Mozart's principal compositions are inscribed on foliage which the accessory Muse holds in her left hand.

AMSTERDAM.—Our contemporary, the *Builder*—whose illustrations, by the way, have wonderfully improved of late, and are now excellently engraved—has published in a recent number a beautiful print of the Crystal Palace at present being erected in Amsterdam, and to which we alluded last month. The architectural design of the edifice is very fine; it has a lofty elliptical dome surmounting the intersection of the nave and transept, and the whole external character is highly ornamental, yet not overdone. The picture conveys the impression of a noble palatial residence. The architect is Mr. C. Oudehoorn, of Amsterdam: the building is rapidly approaching towards completion.

MEXICO.—It is intended to erect a life-size marble statue of Von Humboldt in the quadrangle of the School of Mines in the city of Mexico.

#### CARACTACUS.

FROM THE STATUE BY J. H. FOLEY, R.A.

OUR surprise has often been elicited, when examining a gallery of modern sculpture, by the consideration that fable engages far more of the artist's mind than fact,—that fiction and legend are accounted, generally, more worthy of illustration than the records of actual history. But why should it be so? Surely the pages of the historian are as full of artistic material as those of the imaginative writer, whether in prose or poetry: the painter who essays the highest department of Art usually consults the former; the sculptor ordinarily appeals to the latter, but only, as it may be presumed, because he would follow the example of the Greeks, the great masters of his art, and his models for imitation. Every form of beauty, every passion of the human heart, has its type in some of the characters to be found in historic narrative; and that which we know or believe to be true ought, if it does not, to be more attractive, interesting, and instructive than the brightest fancies flowing out of the merely ideal mind; moreover, even in the representation of the former, there is always, in a greater or less degree, "ample room and verge enough" for the full scope of imagination.

We see this in Mr. Foley's fine statue of 'Caractacus,' a personage whose life is so imperfectly sketched out in the annals of history that it is only known by fragments: it is, in a measure, almost as ideal as are the stories of the gods whom the Greeks and Romans revered; and yet we have handed down to us so much of fact as to know he was a reality. Moreover, from what we read of his acts, and from what we may assume to have been his personal appearance, the ancient Briton is as worthy of the sculptor's chisel as a Mars, an Apollo, or a Mercury, or any other of the bright constellations that shine in the mythological firmament. So Mr. Foley must have thought—and few will be disinclined to agree with him—when he pondered over the career of the noble, but half-barbaric, aboriginal whose valour in battle was the terror, and whose magnanimity in defeat was the astonishment, of the Roman people.

Tacitus, from whose writings all we know of Caractacus is derived, says that after the defeat of the *Trinobantes*, the people of Essex, over whom he reigned, Caractacus carried the war against the Romans into the country of the *Ordovices*, the inhabitants of North Wales and Shropshire. His army was reinforced from other quarters by such as feared the Roman yoke, and who were now determined to make a decisive stand against the common enemy. Caractacus was a leader whose intrepidity, skill, and daring, had, notwithstanding defeat, raised his name high among the Britons, and had inspired the Roman legions with respect. He posted his forces upon a steep ascent, and fortified the approaches by strong ramparts of loose stones. A river which afforded no sure footing to those who attempted to ford it, ran in front of his position, and his best troops were stationed in advance. He animated them by his exhortations, declaring that "on this day and this contest it depended whether they should recover their freedom, or have to bow under an eternal yoke." But the native courage of the old Britons, half-clad, and imperfectly armed, was unavailing against the weapons and discipline of the Romans: they were defeated, and Caractacus, with his wife and daughters, was sent, a fettered prisoner, to Rome.

The statue represents Caractacus in the act of addressing his troops, as described by the Roman historian. His left arm is uplifted, implying energetic exhortation; the right hand grasps the point of his battle-axe, which may be supposed to rest on a fragment of rock, against which the round shield of the ancient British warrior is placed. The figure is that of an athletic man in the prime of life, with the muscles of the body all prominently developed by constant and vigorous exercise: the sculptor's knowledge of anatomy is here most favourably manifested. The attitude is firm and commanding, and the whole bearing of the heroic prince that of one who is determined to merit success, if he cannot achieve it.

This spirited figure was a commission from the Corporation of London; it is to decorate the Egyptian Hall in the Mansion House.









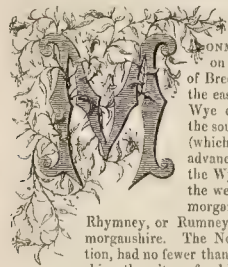
## THE COMPANION-GUIDE

(BY RAILWAY)

## IN SOUTH WALES.

BY MR. AND MRS. S. C. HALL.

## PART II.



MONMOUTHSHIRE is bounded on the north by the counties of Brecknock and Hereford; on the east by Gloucestershire (the Wye dividing the shires); on the south by the Bristol Channel (which is thus understood to advance as far as the junction of the Wye and Severn); and on the west by the counties of Glamorgan and Brecknock, the river Rhymney, or Rumney, separating it from Glamorganshire. The Normans, after its subjugation, had no fewer than twenty-five castles in this shire, the sites of which may still be traced—“a regular chain of fortifications.” Monmouthshire was anciently a part of Wales. It was included among the counties of England in the reign of Henry VIII.\*

The tourist, whose object is pleasure, will leave the train at Chepstow. There is a vast amount of enjoyment in store



GATE IN CHEPSTOW CASTLE

for him, be his taste what it may. He is at the mouth of “Sylvan Wye,” which holds high rank among British rivers, for pictorial beauty, rare antiquities, and monastic remains.† Close at hand is the ruined castle, in which the regicide,

\* The whole of this district was formerly called Gwentland; and “such was, probably, its designation till the formation of the English county of Monmouth, by statute, in the reign of Henry VIII.” According to Mr. Octavius Morgan, “no satisfactory etymology of this name of Gwent has yet been given.”

† The Wye (or Gwy, signifying the river) is one of the five streams that have their source in “lofty Plynlimon.” It rises on the south side of the mountain, within a quarter of a mile of the spring-head of the Severn, taking a course generally to the south-east, between the counties of Brecknock and Radnor. Entering Herefordshire it winds by, and partly through, the capital of that county; and then, turning southward, forms the boundary between the counties of Gloucester and Monmouth, joining the Severn a short distance below Chepstow. At its source, the scenery is wild and bare, but after descending to Builth, it becomes extremely beautiful. It enters Herefordshire at Hay, and receives the waters of the Dulas; thence to Hereford, it winds through a continuation of beautiful scenes, and passes by many pleasant villages and country-seats. A few miles below Hereford it receives the Lug, one of the principal rivers of the county. Passing Holme-lacy and Harewood Forest, it reaches Ross—a town made famous by “the Man,” who dwelt there. From Ross the river has a general inclination, first to the south, and then to the south-west, passing under the beautiful ruins of Goodrich Castle. At Monmouth it is joined by the Monnow, and, a mile lower down, by the Trothy. At Brook’s Weir the river is met by the tide, and this is the point where the maritime and inland navigation are connected. Flowing

Henry Marten, was confined: not a close prisoner, who, according to the poet Southey, lingered out life “secluded from mankind,”—who

“Never saw the sun’s delightful beams,  
Save when through yon high bars he pour’d a sad  
And broken splendour,”—

but lodged so comfortably and auspiciously, that the “wanderer of the Wye” may almost envy him his fate.

We see this “prison” as we approach THE RAILWAY-BRIDGE, over which we pass to enter Monmouthshire; it is the old castle of the border lords—lords of the Marches—ever at feud with the brave, restless, and indomitable enemies they had dispossessed. It was built, probably, by that kinsman of the Conqueror, Fitz-Osborne, “who cherished an enormous cause by his



THE WYE RAILWAY BRIDGE.

boldness;” but was erected on the site of a very early fortalice, called by the Britons Castell Gwent, by the Saxons Cheapstowe, and by the Normans Estrighoc, or Striguil.\* Amplely interesting, and very instructive, employment for a summer’s day may this ruin furnish, with its arched passages, its baron’s hall, its dilapidated chapel, its strong bastions, its solid ramparts, and especially its Keep—

“For thirty years, secluded from mankind,  
Here Marten lingered.”

We have engraved here but one of its broken towers, and a singular door of oak, very massive in character, studded with iron bolts, and obviously of immense strength. If not coeval with the



THE WYE BRIDGE, AT CHEPSTOW.

foundation of the structure, it was certainly here when the soldiers of the Commonwealth took the place by storm, and gave “a good account” of its brave defenders. There are other antiquities at Chepstow: the church will largely repay a visit, as “a curious remnant of Norman architecture.”

past the village of Tintern, to the ruins of whose famous Abbey it yields additional beauty, the river flows under Wyndeliff, and through the grounds of Piercefield to Chepstow, and, two miles and a-half below the town, falls into the estuary of the Severn. The length of the Wye is about one hundred and thirty miles.

\* Our readers are familiar with the history of this castle and the district; we gave it in detail in the Part for December, 1859. We do not, therefore, repeat it here, although travellers by railway will desire further information on the subject than is found in this page. The chapter on “Chepstow” concluded the Book of the Lower Wye. That book describes and pictures the beautiful river from Ross to its confluence with the Severn.

We have crossed the railway-bridge, and looked down upon a small and unassuming Iron Foundry, at which the huge masts of the *Great Eastern* were made. But that is not the *BRIDGE OVER THE WYE*; which is pretty and picturesque, and supplied a proper theme for the artist's pencil. There may be always seen one or more of the coracles, the singular boats which continually attract the eye in all parts of this beautiful river.\* The tourist, being at Chepstow, will naturally visit some of the scenes that have made the Wye famous: if his tour is to be a long one, he will have proceeded from Gloucester to Ross, or, it may be, Hereford, continuing, by the Great Western Railway, in order to voyage downward, or to take the coach roads that nearly all the way run by the river's banks. By water or by land the journey is full of exceeding delights, each having its peculiar attractions. The Wye has been well described by Wordsworth as—

"Sylvan Wye—a wanderer through the woods."

It is never a broad, though generally a rapid stream, usually wooded to the water's edge, huge cliffs towering above it on either side: these cliffs being almost invariably covered with shrubs and creeping plants, except where the fiercer winds beat upon them, leaving them bare in parts—thus giving them their peculiar character. Continually along its borders are grand or beautiful ruins: foremost among them all is



TOWER IN CHEPSTOW CASTLE.

"Faïre Tintern," but five miles from Chepstow; while between the grand old abbey and the town is far and wide-renowned "Wyndcliff." As we have intimated, however, on this subject we refer the reader to "the Book" we have written concerning the beauties of the Wye.

Almost immediately on leaving Chepstow station, we notice, right and left, remains of the old walls that enclosed and defended the town, and very soon we obtain a view of the junction of the Wye and Severn: they meet in a broad haven, with three huge sandbanks, Matherne Oaze, Dun Sand, and Northwick Oaze, with some "awkward" rocks—the Charston Rocks—immediately in front. The channel, how-

\* We have elsewhere had occasion to picture and describe this curious boat. It remains unchanged since the days of the Romans. In Hereford and Monmouth it is called also a *thoracle*, a *truckle*, and sometimes a *coble*, and on the western coast of Ireland a *corragh* or *corach*—all names evidently derived from one root, and proving the general use of these light boats among the early Britannie tribes. They are of profound antiquity, and are mentioned by the "father of history," Herodotus, as used by the ancient Babylonians. He describes them as round, and covered with skins, and the accuracy of his statement is confirmed by the sculptures now in our British Museum. Pliny, quoting the old Greek historian Timæus, says the Britons sailed in boats made of wattle, and covered with skins, to islands six days' distant from their starting places; and Solinus mentions that in his day communication was kept up between Britain and Ireland by these boats. Caesar, in his works, tells us he availed himself of such vessels in crossing the Spanish rivers; and that he obtained his knowledge of their use while in Britain.

ever, is wide and deep, and vessels of heavy burthen may voyage safely at high water. The neighbouring shores are low, although in part wooded, with occasional steep. The junction is by no means picturesque; it would seem as if the river had wearied of perpetual beauty, or was unwilling to grace its gigantic sister in whose embraces it was to be lost. The artist has pictured a distant view of the scene: his sketch is taken from the charming grounds of St. Pierre, the seat of a family who have dwelt there for seven centuries.

Before we reach this beautiful park, however, we pass the ancient and venerable remains of Matherne. It was long the episcopal residence of the Bishops of Llandaff,—was once, as described by Ireland, "a pretty pile in Base Venteland,"—and is now a farm-house, with many



JUNCTION OF WYE AND SEVERN, FROM THE PARK OF ST. PIERRE.

unmistakeable evidences of early magnificence. The last prelate who resided there, died in 1706. It is distant about a mile from the railway, but a glimpse may be obtained of the trees that surround it. Matherne is supposed to derive its name from "Merthyr Tewdric,"—Theodoric the Martyr,—and the story goes that, A.D. 560, having resigned his kingdom of Glamorganshire to his son, he "led an eremetic life among the rocks of Dindyrn." He was, however, reluctantly dragged from his hermitage to command an army against the invading Saxons, in the belief that having always conquered his enemies, he was destined to do so again; and he did: but being mortally wounded in the battle, he directed his son to erect a church on the spot where he should die. This was the spot; and Bishop Godwin, in his



MATHERNE CHURCH.

account of the see of Llandaff, asserts that he found, in a stone coffin, the bones of the hermit-king. Right or wrong, the prelate commemorated the circumstance in a fitting epitaph which relates the tale. The See, one of the poorest of Great Britain, was impoverished by one Anthony Kitchen—"its shame and reproach"—who having taken the oath of supremacy to Henry VIII., being the only bishop who did so, continued at Matherne unto the fifth year of the reign of Elizabeth, and then died, "first having so impoverished the Bishopricke by unreasonable demises of whatsoever was demisable, as there was no great cause he should be so loth to leave it." The artist has pictured the CHURCH, and also the RUINS, now a farm-house.



Moincourt, another ancient house in this vicinity, was also a residence of the prelates of Llandaff. And here resided Bishop Godwin, "a passing great lover of venerable antiquitie and of all good literature," to whom Camden—

"Camden, 'the nourice of antiquitie'  
And lantern unto late succeeding ages"—

was indebted for much assistance, which the learned antiquary acknowledges gratefully.

The railway skirts the park of St. Pierre, and above the trees may be seen the chimneys of the old house. The family, however, as we have intimated, are many centuries older than their mansion—"descendants of Cadivor the Great." It is pleasant to offer involuntary homage to those who have kept their name and land when thousands of illustrious men have "left no sign," except in the pages of history, or are indistinctly traced in the dim "twilight of tradition."

A mile or so onwards and we arrive at "the New Passage," for so a very old passage is called. It is about three and a half miles across the Severn at low water, and has "from time immemorial" belonged to the family of St. Pierre, and is theirs still. There is a rock, "The Black Rock," joining the shore, concerning which a well-authenticated story is told. King Charles I. being pursued by his enemies, was ferried across hence into Gloucestershire. The republican party arriving soon afterwards, compelled the boatmen, who had returned, to do a like duty for them. They were Royalists, however, and left them on a reef, pretending it to



CAERWENT.

be the main land, but which they knew would be covered at high water; and as the tide, that had just turned, came in very rapidly, the whole of the party were drowned. Cromwell, informed of the event, abolished the ferry, and it was not renewed until 1718, and then only after a suit at law between the family of St. Pierre and the guardians of the Duke of Beaufort.

The station next reached is PORTSKEWET,—Portscwit, in old histories,—now a village a mile from the shore, but formerly washed by the sea, and probably the port to Caerwent,\* the Roman city we are approaching. It is stated by the Welsh historian, Caradoc, that Harold, after conquering part of Wales from Prince Gryffith, built here a magnificent house, "in which he splendidly entertained the king," a house, however, that was, not long afterwards, destroyed by the Welsh.† No trace of it appears to have been discovered by early English writers.

There is at Portskewet a Roman encampment, called Sudbrook, or Southbrook, upon the verge of a cliff, abruptly rising from "the Severn Sea." It is surmised to have been formed as a defence to those vessels lying in the pool beneath, by which a communication was kept up with their naval stations on the opposite shore, near King Road. The singular remains of an old church or chapel are still standing on the very brink of the cliff. "It could not have been so

placed at the time of its erection, for it is evident the greater part of the camp and part of the churchyard have been washed away, since the ruins of the church stand absolutely on the edge of the sandstone cliff, which is here of so very soft a nature, that if the sea makes any farther encroachments, a portion of the chancel wall must of necessity fall."‡

A somewhat better fate than that of Portskewet has attended the Castle of CALDECOT, the ruins of which may be discerned from the railway, amid trees, on the right. Caldecot, or Calecoyd Castle, "a corruption probably of Cil-y-coed, or the skirt of the wood," exhibits some



CALDECOT.

interesting remains, the gateway being, as usual, the most perfect. Caldecot is called by Camden "a shell belonging to the constables of England," the De Bohuns; but "that the castle and the constabship were for many generations vested in the same person was quite accidental, and had nothing to do with the tenure." In 1613, the jury, at a Court of Survey, represented the castle as then in ruins, and that it had been so before the memory of any of them. Mr. Octavius Morgan, to whose valuable work on the early architecture and remains of this fertile district we shall have frequent occasion to refer, considers "there is no feature of decidedly



CALDECOT CASTLE.

Norman character in the building, and refers its date to the latter part of the 12th century."† "It seems to have been constructed and repaired at different intervals, but on the whole bears

that Harold, after conquering part of South Wales from Prince Gryffith, built a magnificent house at the place, which he calls Portascyth, in Monmouthshire; "and stowing it with great quantity of provision, splendidly entertained the king, who honoured him with a visit. This was by no means pleasing to Tostig, to see his younger brother in greater esteem and favour with the king than himself, and having concealed his displeasure for a time, could not forbear at length to discover his grievance; for one day at Windsor, while Harold reached the cup to King Edward, Tostig, ready to burst with envy that his brother was so much respected beyond himself, could not refrain to run furiously upon him, and pulling him by the hair, dragged him to the ground; for which unmannerly action the king forbade him the court. But he, with continued rancour and malice, rides to Hereford, where Harold had many servants preparing an entertainment for the king, and setting upon them with his followers, lopped off the hands and legs of some, the arms and heads of others, and threw them into the butts of wine and other liquors which were put in for the king's drinking; and at his departure charged the servants to acquaint him.—That of other fresh meats he might carry with him what he pleased, but for sauce he should find plenty ready provided for him." For which heinous offence the king pronounced a sentence of perpetual banishment upon him. But Caradoc-ap-Gryffith gave a finishing stroke to Harold's house and the king's entertainment at Portascyth, for coming thither shortly after Tostig's departure, to be revenged on Harold, he killed all the workmen and labourers, with all the servants he could find, and utterly defacing the building, carried away all the costly materials which, with great charges and expense, had been brought thither to beautify and adorn the structure."

\* We borrow these remarks from a work written by Octavius Morgan, Esq., M.P., and Thomas Wakeman, Esq., for the Monmouthshire and Caerleon Antiquarian Society; and also transfer to our columns an engraving of this venerable remain, from a drawing by John Lee, Esq., the excellent Secretary to the Society. Probably in a few years it will exist no more.

† "Notes on the Architecture and History of Caldecot Castle." By Octavius Morgan, Esq., M.P., F.R.S., F.S.A., and Thomas Wakeman, Esq. With illustrative Etchings by John Edward Lee, Esq. Printed for the Caerleon Antiquarian Association, by Henry Mullock, Newport.

\* "Harold's house at Portskewet was destroyed by Caradoc-ap-Gryffith-ap-Rhydderch, in or about the year 1066."—OCTAVIUS MORGAN. Caradoc, in his history, translated by Powell, informs us

a Norman character," so writes Archdeacon Coxe. It was early in the possession of the great family of Bohun, Earls of Hereford, but very often changed its lords, according to the will of the ruling sovereign. An important post it was, almost in the centre of a district ever active, for the "Welsh enemy" of the Norman seigneurs seldom slumbered, and kept their foes continually awake. It is now a graceful and picturesque ruin, discoursing eloquently of the past, but with less power than its far older neighbour—"remote Caerwent."

The Roman city of Caerwent is distant about three miles from the railroad: it was the "Venta Silurum" of the conquerors of Britain and of "the world," and in the days of its glory must have been a place of vast importance. Early writers, however, afford but little information concerning it. It is supposed to occupy "the exact site" of the chief city of the Silures; but Archdeacon Coxe states that he sought in vain for any trace of British occupation. Caerwent is situated on a gentle rise in the middle of a broad valley, bounded on the north and south by ranges of low hills. The walls enclose an area of about 40 acres, in the form of a parallelogram, in round numbers about 500 yards long by 400 wide; the great Roman highway, the "Via Julia," now the turnpike-road from Chepstow to Newport, passing through it from east to west, and dividing it into equal parts. To-day, as when Leland wrote, "there yet appear pavements of old streets, and y'n digging they finde foundations of great brykes." These relics of a remote age are growing scarce;



SUBURA CHURCH.

but occasionally even now fragments of stone, coins, and other "Roman remains" are delved by the peasantry from the soil that covers "the city," in the orchards and meadows that flourish on the site. The "great city" is a poor village, with a church built of stones that were hewn by Roman hands, and a population barely enough for seed-time and harvest where the "legions throng'd." That it was "sun time a faire and larg eyte" there can be no doubt; now, and for generations back, might be applied to it the lines of the poet Spenser—

"I was that city, which the garland wore  
Of Britain's pride, delivered unto me  
By Roman victors, which it won of yore:  
Though nought at all but ruins now I be,  
And lie in mine own ashes, as you see."

The station next reached is MAGOR, a small town where there are some interesting ruins, of which the artist made a sketch. We are now in a district full of such ruins—Penhow, Pen-coed, Lanvair, Dinham, and Striguil, are the names of but some of them. They are rich in the picturesque, and the pencil might be well employed in describing each of them. We have

\* Many writers have treated this subject—ancient Caerwent; but so little have they agreed, that, according to the most intelligent of them,—Donovan, whose "Descriptive Sketches in South Wales" were published in 1805,—"one might almost imagine there must be some fatality to err in speaking of the ruinous old walls of Caerwent." In 1866, a paper on "Excavations within the Walls of Caerwent" was communicated to the Society of Antiquaries by Octavius Morgan, Esq., M.P., one of its Vice Presidents, which establishes "the identity of Caerwent, or Caerwent, with Venta Silurum, one of the stations of the Via Julia mentioned in the 14th Itinerary of Antonine. With regard to the name Venta it is very probably only the

selected PEN-COED as that on which the eye may rest for a moment as the train flits by, between Magor and Newport. Each, too, has its history of "battles, sieges, fortunes," from the days of the Normans, who chiefly built them to "curb the natives, a bold and spirited race," and to secure the lands they had taken from a people who never admitted they were conquered.

Pen-coed—"the head of the wood"—stands at the extremity of a hilly and wooded district, on an eminence from which charming views are obtained. It appears to be "the most ancient of these agrarian fortresses, and was probably constructed soon after the Conquest." The principal remains are a gateway with circular arches, flanked by two narrow pentagon turrets, a round embattled tower, and parts of the ancient wall.

We are travelling by railroad at the rate of forty miles an hour, perhaps, and these "strong



MAGOR.

houses," that have stood sieges for months, would fall in a day before the assaults of modern artillery: let us fancy how the old lords of the Pale, or ancient dwellers by "Severn side," would marvel at the sight of these modern innovations upon ancient usages. It is stated that, within a century, a gentleman of this vicinity, being examined by the House of Commons concerning a turnpike bill, was asked—"What roads are there in Monmouthshire?" answered, "None." "How then do you travel?" "In ditches." Records also are preserved of a journey hence to London, which occupied eight days, at large cost, with perpetual dread of high-



PEN-COED CASTLE.

waymen. Let us be thankful for the marvellous changes wrought in our day, and not discourage a belief that still greater wonders even than these will astonish and benefit another generation.

We have yet a station, at which the slower trains only stop, that of Llanwrn, when we arrive in sight of the church that stands proudly on a hill, and the masts of tall ships that indicate the quays at NEWPORT ON THE USE.

Latinized form of the British Gwent—the ancient name of the district." "All we certainly know of the place," adds Mr. Morgan, "is that it was a Roman station; and the remains of the walls still visible, and the discoveries that have been made, from time to time, within the walls, and in the neighbourhood, prove, I think, beyond a doubt that it was a town of considerable importance, and, during the Roman occupation, second only to Caerleon." Mr. Morgan has collected all the information it was possible to obtain on this subject from previous writers, and from careful examinations, measurements, and excavations; and his paper is accompanied by various plans and copies of tessellated pavements found within the city.



## CORRESPONDENCE.

## THE GOWER STREET (FEMALE) SCHOOL OF ART.

Of several letters we have received on this subject—referred to on the next page—we print two, leaving them, for the present, to make their own way, expressing only a hope that the difficulty may be met by the co-operation of all who desire to promote Art, and especially of those who advocate every means of procuring employment for educated women.

## To the Editor of "THE ART-JOURNAL."

SIR,—May I be permitted to say a few words in your valuable Journal relative to the late determination of the Lords of the Committee of Council on Education to withdraw the annual grant of money from the Female School of Art, 37, Gower Street? In order, however, that the present position of the school may be clearly understood, it may perhaps be necessary to give a short account of its origin. The deficiency of good taste in the art of design had long been felt in England, and inquiries had arisen as to the reason why our neighbours in France should so far excel us in the production of manufactured goods requiring refinement of taste in design. Men of sound judgment attributed our shortcomings, not so much to any natural incapacity as a nation for the art of design, as to a lamentable want of cultivation of that art; and, moreover, maintained that French designers and artisans had the advantage of receiving their Art-education in the "Schools of Design" which were established in many parts of their country. The English Government took the matter into consideration, and at length founded the "School of Design" in Somerset House. At first male students only were admitted, but subsequently young women were allowed to share the advantages of the institution. Mrs. M'lan, a well-known and distinguished artist, being appointed superintendent of the female department. Most satisfactory proofs of the benefits to be derived from the school were soon shown in the designs produced by the students, many of which were afterwards manufactured and exhibited in the Great Exhibition of 1851; twelve of the students were also honoured by the presentation of season tickets from his Royal Highness Prince Albert; and several were chosen to make drawings from the rich treasures of many lands which were there collected.

Owing to the deficiency of accommodation, the female school was subsequently removed to 37, Gower Street, and the male school to Marlborough House; and both gradually merged into "The Department of Science and Art," and became known as "Schools of Ornamental Art." After a time the male school was again removed to South Kensington, where suitable premises had been provided for its accommodation, and female classes were also opened in the same building. The Gower Street school, owing to the resignation of Mrs. M'lan, in 1857, was now placed under the care of Mr. Burchett, who was also head-master at South Kensington, and who, in his address to the students, stated that the two establishments of South Kensington and Gower Street were "identical." In October, 1859, Mr. Burchett's superintendence at Gower Street ceased, and I was appointed to succeed him in his office. On the 1st December, 1859, the Lords of the Committee of Council on Education issued a minute of their proceedings with regard to the school, the concluding paragraphs of which I here extract:—"My Lords consider that the time has arrived when the Department should, no longer be charged with the local expenses which in other cases, are paid by the voluntary principle, and that if the school at Gower Street is to be maintained, some voluntary agency must undertake its local management. Towards accomplishing this, the Department will give every aid in its power; but it should be clearly understood that the rent and local expenses of the school will cease to be paid by the Government in the course of next year, and that if no voluntary agency should come forward, the school will be closed.—By order of the Committee of Council on Education. Dec. 1st, 1859."

Thus it appears that if the school is still to be carried on, it must be placed on an independent basis. It is, therefore, proposed to raise a fund for the purpose of meeting the local expenses of the establishment, or, if thought advisable, of building or purchasing suitable premises for its use—by this latter means avoiding the annual expenditure in house-rent. For this purpose I venture to ask the sympathy and aid of the nobility, the gentry, and the public; feeling convinced they will not allow so valuable an institution to fall to the ground.

Of its importance as a means of providing honourable and remunerative employment for educated women, too much can scarcely be said, especially

at the present time, when one hears the question asked on all sides, "What can educated women do?" Few, indeed, are the means by which they can earn a livelihood, and I believe I am fully justified in stating that should the Gower Street School be closed, one of the most useful institutions for the professional education of women would be lost to the public. It is an important consideration that the proposed means of benefiting this class of our population should be in a central position, and accessible to as large a number as possible.

Not wishing to trespass longer on your columns, I omit further details, which, however, I shall be happy to supply to any of your readers wishing for further information.

LOUISA GANN,  
Superintendent.

SIR,—Your long and liberal advocacy of the principle of improving the social condition of the women of England, by means of Art-education in combination with manufacture, leads me to hope you will find room for the insertion of the enclosed.

From a minute issued by the Committee of Council on Education, South Kensington, dated December, 1859, which has been inserted in the daily papers, the Committee of Council intend to bear no part of the local expenses of the normal school in Gower Street, which has done all the hard work from the first in improving the manufactures of the country; and which school is to be swept away, "unless some voluntary agency should come forward, and the school be made self-supporting." How politic this may be, is a question for the social sages of the day to determine, now that the necessity of finding remunerative employment for females is fully acknowledged by every one who takes any interest in the progress of civilization. Let us suppose an attempt made to render the South Kensington School self-supporting, the ground for which has already cost above £200,000: why, the amount received in fees would not produce one-tenth the annual expenses, let alone the rental; while the reason given for the intended closing the Gower Street school is, that it costs the country £500 a year, half of which sum is spent for rent, taxes, &c. &c.

During the period that Mr. Dyce was head-master of the School of Design at Somerset House, the female school had an equal amount of care and attention with the male, which was simply its right. After Mr. Dyce left, the female school was moved out of the apartments, to make room for a junior class of boys. The ladies' school was then located at a soap warehouse opposite, where the rooms were as unfit for the study of drawing as they could well be (see Report, Select Committee on the School of Design, 1857). The want of accommodation in the Strand, and the increase in the number of applicants for admission, led to the present premises in Gower Street being taken to carry out the first objects of the School of Design, of which the female school is a part;—i. e. not only to instruct pupils to a degree of excellence that would enable them to design, but to teach those who wished to learn the elements of Art, to sufficiently appreciate the combination of true Art with manufacture. The present superintendent, Miss Gann, whose designs for lace (when a student) were purchased by her Majesty—Janet Fife, who designed the bridal dress of the Princess Royal (the competition for which was open to both Kensington and Gower Street)—Miss Wilson, and Miss De la Belinaye, the appointed teachers to the school—Miss Ma, the present teacher of her Royal Highness the Princess Louise—Miss Greig, directress of the School of Art, Philadelphia, and many of the exhibitors in the Gallery of Female Artists,—four being chosen members of that institution,—the female teachers of the South Kensington, and all the teachers in the district schools of the metropolis, were educated in Gower Street, without reference to the number engaged in private schools and Art-manufactories.

The locality of Gower Street is the best in the metropolis for the female school; situated as it is in the borough of Finsbury, the great manufacturing district for gold and silver workers, modellers, engravers, die-sinkers, and other trades where Art and manufacture go hand in hand. To close, or even remove, the school from a spot where its utility for years has been so manifest to a distance that would prevent the majority from embracing its advantages, would do a large amount of injury to the progress of Art. The interests of this school have now become a public question, vital in importance both to Art and social progress; if the school continue to exist longer than this session, it will be only through the expression of public opinion.

R. H.

## MINOR TOPICS OF THE MONTH.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.—Rumour reports that the Royal Academy has agreed to the proposition made by Mr. David Roberts, for increasing the pensions granted to aged or incapacitated members. Academicians are in future to be entitled to £150 per annum; their widows to £100; Associates to £100, and widows of Associates to £75 per annum. The two vacancies among the Associates, caused by the elevation of Mr. J. Phillip and Mr. Sidney Smirke, was expected to be filled up on the 31st of the last month—some days after the sheets of our present number were in the hands of the printer. We have not heard who, among those eligible for election, were likely to prove the successful candidates.

THE NEW ROYAL ACADEMY BUILDING.—We learn, from the *Critic*, that, "At the request of the Council of the Royal Academy, Sir C. Barry has furnished a rough design and plan for the building of picture galleries and adjuncts on the side of Burlington House. It is a mere sketch of what Sir Charles thinks might be done, and, as a guess-work approximation to the cost, he mentions £250,000; but, of course, an estimate of the cost of a building, the purpose and extent of which is as yet undetermined, is utterly useless and impossible. The Academy, it is understood, accept the plan, as in a measure they are bound to do from one of their own members, and also because it is sufficient for the present,—sufficient to show that the Academy are prepared to build on the site,—and sure to be improved in its details when the Government give the site, and the conditions of a grant in aid of the limited funds of the Academy are settled. As, until then, no definite plan can be wanted, it must not be supposed that Sir Charles Barry, or any other Academician, is certain to be the architect of the new structure." In a later number, the *Critic* considers the plan "a snare," to mislead the public into a belief that the Academy mean to do nothing, but intend to remain where they are!

THE NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY.—We rejoice to learn that this collection is soon to be removed from dark and dismal chambers in George Street, Westminster, to daylight and ample space at South Kensington. It will there be seen by hundreds instead of tens, and its high purpose as a public teacher be, in a great measure, accomplished. We trust the hint we gave long ago will be acted on in its new locality—to photograph, at small cost, the more instructive of the works, and to accompany each with a brief biography. The most recent addition to this collection is a portrait of the late Sir M. I. Brunel, by S. Drummond: it presents a striking likeness of the great engineer, who is standing by the side of a table covered with books, plans, models, &c.; in the background appears the Thames Tunnel. Another picture has, we hear, been purchased by the trustees, though it was not hung when we were last in the gallery: this is a portrait of James Watt, by a Swedish artist, Breda.

THE NATIONAL GALLERY.—Three new pictures have been added to the collection—two Ruysdaels, and a picture of the Milanese school, by Ambrogio Borgognone. The subject of the Italian picture is the 'Marriage of St. Catherine.' It is a large upright composition, presenting an agroupment of the Virgin enthroned, and holding on her lap the infant Saviour; the latter is in the act of placing the ring on the finger of St. Catherine, who stands upon the right, richly dressed, and wearing the crown that is conventionally given to her, as typifying her condition. On the left of the Virgin is placed St. Catherine of Sienna, in the habit of a nun, whose hand Mary holds, as if also in preparation for the reception of a ring from the hands of the Saviour. The work has been diligently worked throughout, and certain of the draperies are admirably painted. Borgognone flourished at the commencement of the sixteenth century; he died in 1522. The Ruysdaels are moderate-sized pictures—both waterfalls; but there is a great difference in their respective degrees of excellence—inasmuch as one is more varied and harmonious in colour than the other, which has been toned down to extreme heaviness by dark glazes. Both are in perfect condition, whereby the value of the one is enhanced, but the assumed excellence of the other depreciated, as can be estimated at a glance. It looks like one of those works that have



given its author an immensity of trouble, inasmuch that when it leaves his hand, neither he nor any one else can satisfactorily account for its dispositions. It is necessary that the collection should contain examples of the master, and it is something that the originality of our acquisitions can be authenticated. But Jacob Ruydael is surely overrated; for these two pictures cost somewhere about two thousand pounds. We have tried to love him, having pored for hours over these pictures that were once the property of Leopold II. of Tuscany; but the affections will not be forced, and the heart seeks relief in the sunshine of Both, and the natural fragrance of Minderhout Hobbima.

THE SCHOOL OF ART FOR FEMALES, in Gower Street, has received a notification from the Lords of the Committee of Council on Education, that after this year, "the rent and local expenses of the school will cease to be paid by the Government;" on the ground that, "as the state bears no part of the local expenses in the district schools of the metropolis, the school in Gower Street is to that extent an unfair competitor with them. For all the requirements of female students, whose means are limited, the various district schools do, or may, afford ample and cheap opportunities for study."

THE SOCIETY OF ARTISTS AND AMATEURS holds its first *conversations* for the season, at Willis's Rooms, on February 2nd; the remaining meetings will be on March 2nd, March 29th, and May 3rd. The spirit with which this society carries on its operations, and the liberality that characterizes all its proceedings, contribute to render these gatherings of artists, their friends, and their works, in every way most pleasant.

THE MEMBERS OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY have expressed exceeding indignation as to the "treachery" to which they have been subjected by the garbled publication of their proceedings, considering all that occurs at their board as in strict and honourable confidence. For our own parts, although we adopted some part of what we read, we had nothing to report of what we had heard: nothing was communicated to us, either publicly or privately, although we have the privilege of personal intimacy with many of its members. If aught of intelligence had been conveyed to us, we should have been very scrupulous as to the use we might make of it. But the Academy may learn how much wiser it would be to let their proceedings be open and above "board."

THE ART-UNION OF LONDON has offered a premium of one hundred guineas for the best series of illustrations, about twelve in number, in outline, or shaded outline, of Tennyson's "Idylls of the King;" and another premium for a statuette, or group in bronze, to illustrate some incident of English history. The time of sending the competitive works will, in all probability, be so arranged that they may be exhibited to the body of subscribers with the pictures selected in the current year by the prizewinners.

"THE MANCHESTER ART TREASURES COMMITTEE" have once again had greatness thrust upon them; "their thing of beauty" seems likely to be—for them at all events—"a joy for ever!" In our simplicity, we imagined they had been amply supplied with laudation and glorification; "seven testimonials" had, however, yet to be delivered; and they have been delivered accordingly—seven, "made from one model, of silver oxydized and partly gilt;" with three—not seven—emblematical figures, presided over by "Genius," holding aloft a torch, from which bursts an "unquenchable flame." It is added, as important intelligence, that "His Royal Highness the Prince Consort saw and approved" the seven—the testimonials, not the committee—"as showing great advancement and progress in Art." This news will be received with deep gratification by all of the many who laboured to make of the Manchester Exhibition a great fact. The artists, the men of letters, the men of science, the antiquaries, the archaeologists, the connoisseurs, and the collectors, who were fellow-workers of "the seven," are not, indeed, honoured with any recognition; but it was, no doubt, assumed that as labour, like virtue, is its own reward, none was needed—especially as there was a lamentably diminished surplus fund, that seems to have dwindled down to farthings by some means hinted at, but very insufficiently explained. The chairman of the committee, senior of the seven, described it as having been "swallowed up;" "ex-

pendent in protecting themselves against a most unjust and fraudulent claim," "a claim supported by equivocation and false witnesses." "It had been," he added, "a question whether they ought to allow a man, who brought the action against them, to escape from a legal punishment, after so much wrong doing. They had deliberated upon the question very long; but as they had been informed he had lost every shilling he possessed in the world, so that if they followed him, it must have been through an indictment of a criminal character for perjury, they would probably approve the resolution they had arrived at to let the question drop." Now, as there is no name mentioned, this terrible charge, amounting in substance to that of perjury as well as fraud, may be applied to any gentleman who conducted, for payment, any part of the business of the committee at Manchester, in 1857. It is impossible for any reader of Mr. Fairbairn's speech to determine to whom he refers, and, consequently, who is exonerated from this appalling sentence—for such, to all intents and purposes, it is; he merely describes the culprit as "their opponent;" he cannot but be aware that of "opponents" there were many; indeed, it would be difficult to find one gentleman of all whose services were retained, who departed from Manchester satisfied, and who would join cordially in expressing towards the committee the satisfaction they express in themselves. Who then is—or, rather, who is not—thus branded? We can name several "officials," whom we believe to be men of untarnished honour: are we deceived? Is Mr. A., or Mr. B., whom we know and respect (we imagine upon good grounds), the person thus put apart from honourable and upright society, companionship with whom must hereafter bring a taint? We do not hesitate to say that, until this matter is explained, every gentleman connected with the Manchester Exhibition of Art Treasures, and whose services were not gratuitous, is under a ban!

ENGLISH PICTURES AT SOUTH KENSINGTON.—It is stated in the *Critic*, that the duty of arranging and labelling the pictures was confided to Mr. Wornum, Secretary to the National Gallery. He has discharged a difficult task with sound judgment and discretion; there is scarcely a picture in the whole collection that cannot now be seen to the best advantage. It is added, that the trustees of the National Gallery "made no opposition to the removal of the pictures in question to the South Kensington Museum, but merely stipulated for a separate entrance to what is, in fact, a separate collection: in order that those of the public who go thither to see pictures may not be forced to pass through rooms containing miscellaneous collections in which they may possibly take no interest." If this paragraph be "from authority," it is by no means creditable to the trustees. One would imagine they considered visitors had to pass through rows of toy-shops, a contemplation of which would unfit the mind and eye for instruction from works of "high Art." We advise all who visit the pictures to avoid the "separate entrance," and to let the walk be as long as possible through rooms and passages filled with rare objects of grace and beauty, every one of which may be a teacher as effective as any "gem" in the Vernon, Sheepshanks, Turner, and Bell collections—all glorious and instructive as they are.

RAFFAELLE'S "DISPUTE OF THE SACRAMENT."—The notice, in our last Number, of this fresco, has been the means of calling our attention to a magnificent engraving of the work, by Keller, of Düsseldorf, who has just completed a labour on which he has been several years engaged. A proof impression may now be seen at Mr. Philp's, Orchard Street, the London agent for its sale. The plate is one of the largest line engravings we remember to have seen, measuring forty-two inches by thirty-six, yet every part is finished with the most scrupulous delicacy: it is, in truth, a marvellous example of the engraver's art, no less than of the unrivalled painter's genius. Every head is a study for variety, expression, and beauty; and every flow of drapery a study of graceful form. No wonder that the artist whose mind grasped, and whose hand carried out, such a subject, should, even if he had done nothing else, have acquired the title of "divine." Mr. Philp's gallery of engravings is worth a visit, for it contains a large collection of sacred and legendary subjects, by the great artists of Germany and Italy.

STEREOSCOPES FROM ATHENS.—A series of stereoscopic views of Athens has been issued by Mr. Jones, at his establishment, 140, Oxford Street. They are of the highest possible interest; it would be, indeed, difficult to find a theme more largely attractive. It is in this class of subject the stereoscope is peculiarly useful, for the sternest truth is here of especial value,—and that is always assured. To give a list of the subjects is needless: the collection includes every object of importance; the reader will, therefore, readily name the whole. They are produced with exceeding care and skill: though *facts* merely, they are not without pictorial effects; they bring us at once among the glories of great ages past, and convey the strongest impressions of remains that are now imperishable; for "let Time do his worst," Art will show us, ten centuries hence, what these ruins were in the middle of the nineteenth century.

THE BRITISH MUSEUM.—There seems some idea of making additions to this building, if the report be true that the trustees are negotiating for a piece of ground adjoining. It has been a matter of discussion at their recent meetings, whether this project be carried out, or a site at Kensington selected, on which to build a museum for the collection in natural history.

A STATUE of the late General Sir C. J. Napier has just been erected in St. Paul's Cathedral; it is the work of Mr. G. Adams, who also executed that in Trafalgar Square; but the one is not an exact copy of the other, the composition of both differing slightly in many respects. The St. Paul's statue represents the general resting, as it were, on the right foot, the left being slightly in advance. The left hand grasps the hilt of his sword, and the right, which contains a scroll, is supported on the hip. The figure is raised on a plain square block of Sicilian marble, on which a short but characteristic inscription is engraved. Though not in an advantageous light for critical examination, the whole work has a dignified appearance in the place it occupies in the magnificent cathedral.

LANGHAM CHAMBERS SOCIETY.—The first *conversations* of the season was held here on the evening of the 7th of January, when a number of interesting pictures were exhibited, among which were remarkable 'The Fairies' Barque,' a composition of infinite beauty; two or three by A. J. Stark, especially a mountain pasture, with cattle; a small cavalier subject by F. Weekes; several by H. Weigall, and others by Winfield, Rossiter, Webbe, Lawless, &c., besides portfolios of the works of T. M. Richardson, Hall, and others.

THE TEMPLE CHURCH will shortly have a new and convenient approach to it from Fleet Street, and considerable improvements and alterations are about to be made in adjacent parts of the Temple.

MR. E. M. WARD'S PICTURE of 'Louis XVI. and his Family in the Temple,' is now exhibited at Messrs. Jennings', in Cheapside, being about to pass into the hands of Mr. Cousins, the engraver. The picture was painted in 1850, and in that year it appeared on the walls of the Academy; in 1855 it was exhibited, with the productions of the English school, at Paris. It is one of the most touching of that valuable series of incidents relating to the French Revolution that Mr. Ward has painted, and it is but doing him justice to say that, in unimpeachable truth and reality of character, he has surpassed all the French artists who have treated these subjects. This, it may be remembered, is the scene in which the king is sleeping, and the queen, while sitting, watching him, in company with the Dauphin, the Dauphine, and Madame Elizabeth. The queen is repairing the king's coat, her sister-in-law is working, the prince is adjusting his batelore, and the princess is watering some lilies of the valley. Mr. Ward has succeeded in presenting a picture of the daily life of the prisoners, according to the most authentic records; yet the composition has all the interest and dignity of historical narrative.

THE ARTISTS' ART-UNION.—We presume the scheme some time ago announced by certain minor artists, to form an Art-Union in opposition to the Art-Union of London, has been abandoned; at least, we hear nothing concerning it. It was easy to foretell such an issue. The project was not creditable to its promoters; whatever may have been the shortcomings of the "London Art-Union," a blow came with very ill grace from the parties especially served



by the society. Moreover, they would soon have found that, however plausible perfection may be in theory, it is of rather difficult attainment in practice.

**THE CRYSTAL PALACE PICTURE GALLERY.**—We desire to direct attention to this gallery, as a means of communicating pleasure and instruction to thousands of visitors; it is thronged daily, and is, beyond question, one of the most useful attractions of the Crystal Palace. Artists who have works "on hand," and persons desirous of disposing of pictures, will find this gallery a valuable aid: of the former there are few, of the latter there are many; and the facilities for effecting sales, here afforded by Mr. Waas, the intelligent and indefatigable superintendent, should be made generally known.

**THE SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS** has resolved, after long and prejudicial delay, to abandon the right of members to "the line" in Suffolk Street: non-members will hereafter have chances in the lottery here. This is a good, and cannot fail to be a useful, move; the value of which will, we trust, be found in the coming exhibition.

**THE SOCIETY "FOR THE ENCOURAGEMENT OF THE FINE ARTS"** has, it appears, resolved to try the effect of music and singing to recruit its funds; seeming, indeed, disposed to make these enjoyments a primary object. So it was with the society in Harley Street, now defunct: the services of the best musicians and vocalists were engaged, while pictures, engravings, and Art-objects were, like parliamentary bills, "laid on the table."

**A PANORAMA OF VENICE,** by Mr. Burford, just opened in Leicester Square, will reward the visitor who desires to see a fine example of pictorial art, or what kind of a place is the great square of St. Mark, associated as it is with so many romantic historical events, and so much architectural beauty. What a marvellous mass of semi-barbarous but gorgeous display of Art is presented by the front of the cathedral! to describe which in detail would fill a small volume; and what picturesque beauty is there in those time-worn "stones of Venice," which, in the form of habitations, run at right angles with the cathedral! on a line with which, but receding from its front, is the red and black facade of the Ducal Palace. Behind the spectator, as he faces the basilica, is the great square, seen in the panorama covered with gay groups of figures, for it is the time of the Carnival, and Venetians and foreigners have met together to commemorate the season, and to witness its festivities. Very little of the blue waters of the Adriatic is visible in the picture; scarcely more than that which washes the quay in front of the columns of the Piazza, and separates it from the small island on which stands Palladio's fine church of San Giorgio Maggiore. The panorama is painted with great skill and illusory effect; indeed it is difficult to imagine, when looking at the front of the cathedral especially, that you have before you only a flat surface of canvas, so admirably is the perspective managed. Alas, that "Ichabod" should be written upon both the reality and the representation! for the one is rapidly decaying, and the other, after serving the purpose of the joint artists, Mr. Burford and Mr. Selous, will, in all probability, be cleared off to make room for another picture of beauty.

**THE BURIAL OF LORD MACAULAY.**—The earthly dwelling that contained the high soul of Macaulay has been laid with kindred dust in Westminster Abbey. It rests between that of Addison and that of Campbell in "Poets' Corner." No doubt a worthy monument will be there erected. Much has been written as regards the absence from the ceremony of so many of his contemporaries: many were not there who ought to have been there; of his "order" there were few; of men of letters there was but a limited number; but how poorly was Art represented upon an occasion that especially demanded the sympathy of artists! The late Lord Macaulay was "Professor of Ancient Literature" in the Royal Academy—an honorary post, we believe, but one which identified him with that body. Surely, then, its members should have joined in the general desire to mourn for his death, and to render homage to his memory. It was with deep regret we found the Royal Academy represented only by Mr. E. M. Ward, Mr. Foley, Mr. E. W. Cooke, and Mr. Richmond; while of artists who are not members, we observed only Mr. Severn and Mr. Durham. It is painful to record so humiliating an omission of a solemn duty.

**LAMBETH SCHOOL OF ART.**—The committee of this institution has sent out an appeal for funds wherewith to erect a school-room, to be devoted exclusively to purposes of Art-education, and in which day, as well as evening, classes may be held. In the autumn of 1854, evening classes for drawing and modelling were opened, in the National School-room, Prince's Road, Lambeth, under the superintendence of a master from the Department of Science and Art. These classes have been attended by a yearly increasing number of pupils, most of whom are connected with the building, engineering, and pottery trades, so extensively carried on in this large and thickly-populated district. The increase has now reached to so high a number, that it has become necessary to fit up a second room for the temporary accommodation of the pupils, which room is required during the day for other purposes, whereby much inconvenience is experienced by both masters and students; and it is to remedy this evil that the committee now ask for funds. The Science and Art Department has promised its co-operation, to enable the committee to purchase an excellent site, on Vauxhall Gardens; and if about £500 or £600 could be collected, this most desirable work would be accomplished. The district itself is poor, and it is, therefore, only by some extraneous aid that the object contemplated can be carried out. The importance of an Art-school in such a locality is too obvious to require argument; and it is to be hoped that those who are interested in the Art-education of the lower classes, will, as far as they can, lend a helping hand to those who stand in need of it. The treasurer of the school is J. R. F. Burnett, Esq., Vauxhall; the honorary secretaries are Mr. J. A. Linton, and Mr. J. Sparkes, at the school-room in Prince's Road; any one of these gentlemen will thankfully receive such donations as may be forwarded to them.

**THE HOSPITAL FOR CONSUMPTION.**—A set of five stereoscopic views of this building has been recently published by the London Stereoscopic Company, with the object of aiding the funds of an institution whose usefulness is second to none in our vast metropolis, or, in fact, to none throughout the country. The hospital, including the chapel, is a most picturesque building, in the Elizabethan style of architecture; these views, which are appropriately coloured, show admirably, when placed in the stereoscope, the principal points of the edifice. The committee that manages, so economically yet beneficially, the funds of this charity could extend its operations much further with increased means at its disposal,—for to keep expenses within the income, applicants for admission are almost daily denied: the publication of these illustrations will, it is to be hoped, direct attention and sympathy to an institution whose object is to relieve, or restore to health, those who are suffering from one of the most grievous maladies that afflicts human nature.

**TRAFALGAR SQUARE.**—The Havelock monument, which, it will be remembered, was chosen last summer by the committee, has been cast in plaster by the sculptor, Mr. Behnes, and is now being prepared in his studio, in Osnaburg Street, for the final casting in bronze. It is of the dimensions of the Napier statue, and is considered, by the family of the late Sir H. Havelock, as a striking resemblance.

**THE WORCESTER PORCELAIN WORKS.**—We transfer with much pleasure the following paragraph from our contemporary, the *Critic*, and rejoice to learn the progress of an establishment, in which we have long taken much interest. "Most of those who visited the Manchester Exhibition will remember a large tazza from the Porcelain Works of Kerr and Binns, of Worcester. It was very remarkable for its close imitation of the Limoges enamel in colour, but it had the extra advantage of being very beautiful in form. Within the last few years the Worcester works have become famous for productions of this kind; and now there has been discovered a pure and delicious emerald green, which is being worked with the same facility as the Limoges blue. They have at present in progress a dessert service for her Majesty, each plate of which is in itself a work of Art; the reliefs round the rim of every plate are taken from celebrated and well-known works of our best painters. Each compartment is a gem worth setting as a brooch; the emblems are also designed and executed with great taste and

skill. It is to be hoped such productions may not pass from Worcester to the cabinet of her Majesty without a public exhibition."

**PROFESSOR COCKERELL, R.A.**, has been elected president of the Institute of British Architects, the high and honourable office from which death removed the venerable Earl De Grey. The choice of the profession could not have fallen upon one more worthy of it as an artist and a gentleman.

**WESTMINSTER BRIDGE.**—The approaches to the new bridge, or rather the half of it, at Westminster, are in progress; and it is probable that during the spring, carriages will pass over this remarkable work—so honourable to its great engineer, Mr. Page.

**THE "1851" MEMORIAL.**—A meeting was held at the Mausion House, on the 20th January, of the general committee, in order to receive a report of the acting committee, Mr. Alderman Challis in the chair. The hon. sec., Mr. George Godwin, F.R.S., read the report. It stated in substance, that having failed to obtain for the memorial a site in Hyde Park, on the ground that public erections of any kind were inadmissible there, and inasmuch as part of the estate purchased by the Royal Commissioners was about to be laid out in ornamental gardens by the Horticultural Society, the acting committee recommended that arrangements be made for placing the memorial in the latter advantageous position. Mr. F. Fuller moved, and Mr. Alderman Wilson seconded, the adoption of the report, which was carried unanimously. The original design, by Mr. Joseph Durham, selected from the forty-seven in competition, will, however, be subjected to such "modifications" as the sculptor, acting with the committee and the trustees of the Horticultural Society, may consider desirable.

**THE PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY** opened its annual exhibition on the 13th of January, in the rooms of the Society of Painters in Water Colours, Pall Mall. Owing to the crowded state of our columns this month, we can now only notice the fact, and state that the character of the society is well sustained by the number and beauty of the works exhibited.

**KING'S COLLEGE.**—On the 19th of January upwards of 5000 persons, among whom were a large majority of those in the metropolis distinguished by their position in society, or their literary, scientific, and artistic reputation, accepted the invitation of the Principal and Masters of King's College, to attend their annual *soirée*. Everything that could make the meeting agreeable and instructive was provided for the occasion: works of Art and of Art-manufacture, and scientific objects of all kinds, met the visitor in every part of the building appropriated to the purpose; statues, pictures, both ancient and modern, of a high class; engravings; photographs by Professor Delamotte and others,—were there in profusion. Messrs. Elkington contributed a large variety of their beautiful metallic works; especially we noticed an exquisite centre table-ornament, a testimonial from the Hindoo community of Madras to the sergeants' mess of the 1st Madras European regiment, for their distinguished services during the late rebellion. Among works of this kind we also remarked an exquisite covered vase, by Vechte, contributed by Her Majesty; of porcelain were several fine specimens by Messrs. Daniel; in short, we should occupy some columns of our pages with only a brief catalogue of what there was to attract attention. A word of commendation is justly due to Mr. Cunningham, the indefatigable secretary of the college, who, we believe, in conjunction with Professor Delamotte, had the principal share in collecting the treasures exhibited. On the evening of the following day, the rooms were thrown open to the students of the college, and to Mr. Delamotte's evening drawing classes. The latter are chiefly young men, about 500 in number, occupied in business during the day, whom the Professor has drawn together to receive instruction after the hours of business are over.

**THE STATUE OF LORD CLIVE** has been removed from its temporary *locale*, in the gardens of the Duke of Buccleuch, Whitehall, to Shrewsbury, where it was inaugurated with appropriate ceremony. Lord Clive richly earned such a testimonial; we only wish that which has been erected in his honour were more worthy of him. All that we can say of Baron Marochetti's work is, that we are well pleased it is not in London.

## REVIEWS.

GOG AND MAGOG, the Giants in Guildhall; their Real and Legendary History. With an account of other Civic Giants, at Home and Abroad. By F. W. FAIRHOLT, F.S.A. With Illustrations by the Author. Published by J. C. HOTTEN, London.

Always clever, always combining in the happiest manner what is entertaining with what is instructive, Mr. Fairholt, of all others, is the person both to take in hand the real and legendary history of civic giants, and to extract from "so quaint a chapter of half-forgotten lore" the elements for producing a volume that cannot fail to be popular amongst ourselves. Such is the eminently characteristic little work to which we invite the attention not only of "genuine lovers of London and its history," but also of all who delight to trace out the development of modern civilization from its fountain-head in the civic guilds of the middle ages. Having sketched with a light yet vigorous touch the history, both "real and legendary," of the most famous civic giants of England, Mr. Fairholt observes—"I trace all these English giants to the much older guild observances of the continental cities. We owe to the merchantmen of the Low Countries that determination to carry out great trading enterprises,—through impediments of which we now can form very slight ideas,—and which resulted in the overthrow of the feudal system, the establishment of commerce on a firm basis, and the rise and prosperity of great cities with a free trade, such as Antwerp was and London is. Their prosperous traders rivalled the glories of the old nobility in the palaces they constructed for their guildhalls; and having no pride of ancestry, they chose the legends of their old cities for display on public occasions." Hence the legendary history of the great towns of mediæval commerce was typified in the colossal impersonations of certain giants, who were held to be in some way or other identified with the several civic communities. On various festive ceremonies the giant appeared in public amongst his fellow-citizens, as the chief ministrant of a civic pageant. On solemn occasions, such as the entrance of sovereigns into cities, or in great religious centenary solemnities, there used to be a reunion of giants—they were *lent* by the corporations of each town to swell the public shows; the only continental giant who had not thus visited his friends being he of Antwerp, by reason of there never having been a gate in that good city large enough for him to pass through. From these popular displays of the Low Countries Mr. Fairholt tells us that we may date the origin of our own ancient civic observances; and he adds, "it is curious to note how exactly they were copied in the minutest point." The history of English trade and municipal government, accordingly, can never be either complete, or indeed correct, without a reference to corresponding continental usages.

A popular belief in giants may be traced to a remote antiquity—in fact, almost to those primeval days in which it is positively recorded that a giant race arose and flourished on the earth. The giant theory, so to speak, as an article of the popular creed, has been transmitted from the earliest dawn of known civilization by means of the colossi of Egypt, and their successors of superhuman size amongst the Greeks and Romans, until they descended to the congenial era of the Gothic races—the Art-legend legends being here and there exemplified by a mycæan Polyphemus of Grecian story, and a veritable Goliath of sacred writ. Nor were gigantic heroes wanting to impersonate the characters which found such favour in the middle ages. King Arthur, Sir Gawain, Sir Bevis, and the renowned Guy of Warwick, stand well in the front of the northern race of giant warriors. Great favourites with the commonalty, giants entered very largely into the fabulous history, and thence they were introduced, *in propria persona*, into the tournaments and pageants of those times. Thus the giants of Guildhall, who still stand equipped and armed as of old in the ancient hall of the metropolitan corporation, are the representatives of other members of the same fraternity, who once moved in London processions, and they, in their turn, filled the places occupied by still earlier prototypes—gigantic figures, the images of two tremendous giants, whose lives and deeds were ultimately interwoven with the once popular and well-accredited (as it was held) fabulous history of the early foundation of London, by *Brute the younger, son of Antenor of Troy*. The names originally were Gogmagog and Corineus, but now the latter name has passed away, and the former has been split into two, to provide names for both of the

"great twin brethren." To the pleasant pages of Mr. Fairholt we must commend our readers, for full information respecting this formidable pair, coupled with no less satisfactory notices of the civic giants, both of other English guilds and of the Low Countries, together with certain gigantic animals that frequently graced the public spectacles of the middle ages, the last of which we ourselves well remember to have admired in our own earlier days, under his time-honoured title of "*Snap*," in the now obsolete procession of the mayor of the good city of Norwich.

MORAL EMPLUMS, with Aphorisms, Adages, and Proverbs, of all Ages and Nations. From JOHN CATS and ROBERT FARLIE. With Illustrations freely rendered, from Designs found in their Works. By JOHN LEIGHTON, F.S.A. The whole Translated and Edited by RICHARD PROCTOR. Published by LONGMAN and Co., London.

This, though a richly illustrated volume, is not a book for a Christmas or New Year gift only; it is one for all times and seasons, a gallery of pictorial art, a mine of wisdom. The learned Dutchman, Cats,—poet, jurist, and statesman,—is little known out of his own country, except by occasional quotations found in the writings of other learned men; not that the proverbs and wise sayings are altogether his own, for he culled and selected a large number from other writers, the whole constituting as it has been well observed, "a charming code of moral instruction, addressed alike to the youth of both sexes, and applicable to every phase of civil and political life." Cats found able illustrators of his "Emblems" in two contemporary artists, Jan and Adrian Van de Venne. It has been Mr. Leighton's task to reproduce a considerable number of these woodcuts, freeing them from the quaintness of style which characterises the drawings of the old artists. Farlie was a Scotchman, who, in 1638, published a volume of similar import to that of Cats. In a word, the book now presented to the notice of the public is, in every way, one to be appreciated for the sentiment it contains and the taste in which it is got up. There is an originality about the whole that is peculiarly attractive.

SOME OF MY BUSH FRIENDS IN TASMANIA. By Mrs. LOUISA ANNE MEREDITH. Published by Day & Son, London.

The accomplished lady, whose pen and pencil have produced this beautiful book, is an old friend. The world owes much to Louisa Anne Twainley; she is destined to confer honour on the name she receives from her husband—a gentleman who holds a high post in Tasmania. The work consists of groups of Tasmanian flowers and berries, botanically as well as popularly described, and illustrated by graceful verses. It is dedicated to the Queen, a more charming publication has been rarely laid at the feet of her Majesty. It contributes to the knowledge of the naturalist, to the pleasure of the Art-lover, and to the delight of the general reader, who can appreciate excellence in a novel and peculiar dress. Nature is, in the far away colony of Britain, very liberal in her gift of beauty; the forms here pictured are all of them full of grace, the colours harmoniously blended, while the leaves are as truly elegant as the flowers. It is in a rich and productive field, therefore, circumstances have enabled Mrs. Meredith to gather the many choice bouquets she conveys from her home in Tasmania to her home in England. But, inasmuch as the fairest objects fail to produce pleasure, if brought together carelessly or clumsily, even these collected charms of a luxuriant region might have been distasteful if arranged by a mind and hand incompetent to the task of rightly exhibiting their charms of harmony and contrast. It is Mrs. Meredith's peculiar privilege to combine acquired knowledge with artistic feeling, and one is at a loss which to admire most, the singular attractions of the forms and colours presented, or the consummate skill with which they have been brought together. Every page is, indeed, a fine copy of a charming drawing, those that are in plain neutral tints as well as those which are brilliantly coloured. Considered as mere copies from nature—flowers, berries, leaves, and insect life—are to nations of a mad; but the taste, judgment, matured study, and large intelligence exercised in giving *purpose* to the book, demand high praise from the critic; while to the naturalist there is so much of positive information that he, no less than the Art-lover, will have special delight in turning over page after page of the beautiful volume that, by the valuable aid of Messrs. Day, is made as effective as a collection of original drawings. The book wants nothing but the perfume of the flowers, the absence of which

Mrs. Meredith regrets, assuring us, however, that they have "a luscious fragrance, a honey-promising odour, blent with the daintiest idea possible of the warm aromatic property which pervades all the encyclopi."

THE HUMAN FACE DIVINE. By Mrs. ALFRED GATTY. Illustrated by CLARA S. LANE. Published by BELL & DALDY, London.

The second tale in this volume—"My Childhood in Art"—is so valuable, that we should like to see it published separately for the use, as well as the amusement, of young Art-students. We have seldom met with such faithful and abundant information given with so much tact and feeling. By dwelling upon this tale we do not wish to undervalue the other two that make up the volume, but "My Childhood in Art" is so well suited to our pages, that we may be pardoned for dwelling upon it with more than common interest. The illustrations are by Miss Clara Lane, and prove that sometimes Art is inherited: we are certain that Mr. Richard Lane must be well pleased to see his daughter treading in his footsteps. The designs are graceful and appropriate, and we hope soon to meet this young lady again.

THE CHILDREN'S PILGRIM'S PROGRESS. With Sixteen large Illustrations by EDWARD WEHNER. Published by BELL & DALDY, London.

We agree with the editor, that John Bunyan's "*Pilgrim's Progress*" is one of the most beautiful allegories ever written, but we do not see that an edition expressly for children, was necessary; we have never known a child of eight or ten years old, at all fond of reading, who did not read with pleasure and interest the "*Pilgrim's Progress*" as it was written. Children have an instinctive habit of getting at a story—they make it out "somehow," and are all the better for the mental exercise. There can be no objection to the beautiful allegory in its simplified form, but the other is certainly better. We would, however, purchase this edition ourselves for the sake of Mr. Wehner's beautiful illustrations; they deserve our warmest commendation, and are models of admirable drawing and expression.

LESSONS ON TREES. By D. K. MCKEWAN. Published by W. DUFFOUR, London.

This is quite an elementary work, consisting almost entirely of facsimile sketches of trees drawn from nature; they are probably leaves taken out of Mr. McKewan's sketch-book, accompanied with a list of the colours he has used in the drawings. The system on which the artist appears to work, is to put in his dark tints first, and to finish with the lighter colours—an operation that secures to the subject great purity of tint and sharpness of touch. As examples of "first studies" in water-colour painting, these lessons may be beneficially studied.

ETYMOLOGICAL GEOGRAPHY. By E. ADAMS. Published by T. D. DUTTON, Chelmsford.

A small pamphlet, the substance of a lecture delivered recently at the Chelmsford Grammar School: the object of it is to trace back the derivation of the names of places, chiefly of those in our country. The investigation is no less interesting than curious, and although the subject is not new to those who have made the English language, in all its ramifications, their study, there are multitudes who are ignorant of the matter referred to, and to such we would recommend Mr. Adams's concise epitome as affording both instructive and amusing information.

THE WHISKY DEMON; or, The Dream of the Reveller. By CHARLES MACKAY, LL.D. Illustrated by WATTS PHILLIPS. Published by W. P. Nimmo, Edinburgh; SIMPSON, MARSHALL, & Co., London.

Dr. Mackay's poem is well-known; would that the moral it conveys were as widely felt and acted upon as the verses have been circulated! It may be doubted, however, whether Mr. Phillips' aid will be found of much use in bringing about "a consummation so devoutly to be wished." His illustrations are very clever as drawings, and show much ingenuity in adapting his characters to the theme; but there is a coarseness in the conceptions that amounts to positive vulgarity, and which repels us from the pictures instead of attracting to them. They are rather caricatures of the drunkard's progress than truthful delineations of his unhappy career: like a loquacious, ignorant, or incautious witness in a law-court, they prove too much, and tend to damage the cause they are intended to serve. Such pictures can only promote ridicule in minds,—certainly neither pity for the morally depraved, nor abhorrence of the crime.



## THE ART-JOURNAL.



LONDON, MARCH 1, 1890.

## LOMBARDY, AND ITS CAPITAL.

## PART I.

**A** SUMMER excursion begun in Switzerland, and continued in Italy, is, to our thinking, very nearly the ideal of a delightful tour. The world cannot match it for the union of the attractions of Nature and Art, each heightening the other.

What free enjoyment, to roam awhile in the bright highlands of glaciers and snowy peaks, which so exhilarate the soul, and make us feel unwontedly a greatness in it, from the lofty aspirations and sympathies they call forth! And then, when imagination has received as much as it can harmoniously compass (for its powers are, alas! more or less limited), what mild, yet exquisite delight, to descend to that vast blue Italian plain beneath,—that tender ocean of fertility, teeming not only with the bounties of nature, but with those of the human mind not less,—and pass the remaining holiday time more calmly in the capital cities of the Arts! in the intervals of their attractions, it may be, recalling Alpine recollections, and familiarizing them in the mind by the aid of whatever feeling and fancy may contribute. Our present aim is to retrace certain delights in Lombardy more especially; but the picture were scarcely complete without some brief glancing at that which, by its invigorating influences of every kind, prepared the way, doubtless, for a fuller enjoyment and appreciation.

Several times have we entered Italy at striking and beautiful points of view; but none equalled that when she first appeared from Montemorone—a height between lakes Maggiore and Orta, which is the Piedmontese Rigi. Nor is it only that the landscape itself vies with any in those countries, but the effect under which we saw it was the most interesting and magnificent we have as yet the power of conceiving. The range overlooked there is immense. On all sides, save the south, extends in the distance a circuit of numberless Alpine peaks. Beginning from those far beyond Turin, the eye wanders at large over the crests of Monte Rosa, and her crowd of peers, the Simplon, and St Gothard, and hosts of others, till it loses itself quite in the remote ranges of the Tyrol. The numerous lower, greener, and more sylvan mountains, with winding lakes, fill the middle prospects; and to the south, the plain of Lombardy extends away without limit, except in the utmost clearness of the air, when the filmy Apennines of Genoa

appear, and even level lands fading from sight near Mantua and Parma. On such a day, when without haze, the earth seems left alone with heaven,—yea, almost brightened into a heaven itself in its serenity,—this prospect is divine; but to be there in the morning that precedes such a blessed condition of the landscape, and prepares for it,—to see the horizontal layers of bright cloud glide away from the shoulders and the flanks of lofty Alps, and unveil beauty after beauty of the lower world,—is something diviner still. And this we saw when last we stood on Montemorone; and the vision has become a type in our minds, which is most apt to draw forth beauty and majesty and glory of other kinds, and to oppose things contrary, whether of harsh narrow error, or depressing care.

On the morning we speak of, the sky overhead was blue everywhere—and, oh! ineffably clear, melting towards the horizon to that silvery, spiritual brightness which is as a divine illumination of purity in repose; but white level clouds lay embedded below, beginning near at hand, and receding to the distance like a vast far-stretching plain of bright snow, all in the clearest sunshine. The peaks of numbers of the highest Alps just rose from it, like so many islanded eminences from an ocean—the crystalline clearness of their snows most delicately distinguished from the soft, fleecy whiteness of the divine calm of vapour that bathed them. There soared the peaks of Monte Rosa, with one huge tower of luminous cloud built up beside them suddenly from the level layer of vapours—or, rather, a full-sailed galleon of cloud it was, at anchor there, and folding its wings. Crowds of other vast summits ranged from behind this. More to the right, the lower steepes of the Simplon were fully displayed, and the St. Gothard, in an empurpled light of wondrous beauty: they looked filmy, ethereal; and yet you could discern the character of their surface, rock and lichen-slope, and ridgy glaciers glancing down the high-seated hollows, beneath the upper world of snow.

But how solemn all was, pervaded by an imperturbable spirit of silence and calm! All that expanse of descended cloud-region rested in the most impressive stillness. It was solemn as a psalm; a very picture of majestic silence. A vision of Siberia it seemed, with icy ridges (the home of the Mammoth), and endless heaving of wintry snows lonely and desolate, as some poor Sarmatian chieftain banished there. But beneath, other clouds more slight, more steep of edge, more shadowy, were in loose light flitting motion. They parted; and then between them were momentary glimpses of the lower and nearer earth—cloud-framed vignettes far beneath, of blue lake, and hanging wood, with a turreted village haply shining between them, or a little green island; yet they were seen only for an instant. But presently, behold, the higher plain of white vapour itself begins to move and creep along, and rise, bubbling, as it were, into rounder forms, with a slow motion, which has almost the effect of divine music, of distantly-heard anthems, angelic choirs, or rejoicings of a people made melodious by the advent of some all-encircling good—a *Te Deum* of the Milanese in their Duomo down yonder, on the glad scattering of the Austrian power. Next, on turning to the other side, the summits of the sunny mountains above Como and Lugano were seen, all quite suddenly uncovered—resembling, amidst the ebbing vapour, an archipelago of gentle dimpling green hills, formed by streams, and gliding torrents, and lakes of a most milky brightness, or like snows shrieking beneath the flash of vernal sunbeams. But in one moment thin mists rise every where, and nothing is visible but luminous steam gliding nimbly along.

I delighted myself exceedingly with prying

about in the vapours. My casual companion, an English gentleman, declared he had never seen anything so fine as the appearances up to this point of universal mistification. It was pleasant, even a comfort to me, to see my enthusiasm brightly vindicated by the eyes, lips, and ejaculations of a manifest man of business. But, alas! when these gauzy curtains of the day were suddenly drawn around us, his raptures took a chill; he actually seemed ashamed of them. To the everlasting detriment of his imagination, perhaps, he turned his back on Nature at the very moment when her sweet wooing might have raised its tone in an important degree, permanently. His spirit dozed off again, even as another kind of man would wake from the unreal phantasmagoria of some dream unworthy of faith and memory; and buttoning up his coat, as if to exclude sentiment, and poetry, and every other trifling of the kind, he bustled away through the fog, with some remarks, not only prosaic, but peevish, as if he feared that such spectacles might tend to demoralize his substantial and most fructifying worldliness. Meanwhile, as it grew cold, the guide was lighting a fire, which flickered in the light film, like the rosy sparkles in the milky cloud of an opal; and we remained, in our slight degree, warders or watchmen of grandeur and beauty. And we were not unrequited, it may well be said. Not late in the afternoon, a soft and glowing serenity in the atmosphere began to ensue. The haze became thinner and thinner, and transparent; and the whole of the vast scene slowly and gradually dawned and brightened through it, with now no form of cloud intervening, and tints more golden, more rosy, and warmly verdant than had anywhere appeared in the morning. Now, lo! the Borromean Isles at our feet, reflected in the sky-blue lake, and Isola Bella, with its palace, and cypresses, and pyramid of green arcades; looking, from this height, like little Queen Mab's own villa, one would say, but that fairies have never yet been met with in Italy. Those crowds of secondary green mountains opposite were now all clear; and evening was beginning to crown and scarf them with her ethereal gold: the flocks of white Tyrolean peaks skirting the distance beyond, glittered like the last of the retiring clouds in sunny summer; and on the other side, the plain of Lombardy stretched away to the extreme visible horizon, like a calm green and azure sea. We could plainly distinguish Milan, and even its Duomo—a little cluster of shining building, looking quite lonely, ruralized most romantically by sylvan and lawny solitudes ranging around with oceanic vastness. Several lakes insinuate themselves into this tranquil pastoral expanse, and mirror its marginal trees in their seeming void of bluish silver. And but a little beyond them, around a vale watered by the Agogna, the heights finally melt away into the plain in a number of mounts, some entirely sylvan, others wilder and all ferny. They seem each worthy, in their gentle peacefulness, to be the seat of our Saviour's sermon; but, before long, the bloody battle of Magenta was to be fought in the lowlands, overlooked by them at no great distance. Now this whole realm of landscape beauty and magnificence manifestly smiled. The great mountains themselves, warmly glistening, displayed far more than in the morning their never-ending sinuosity of grace. They seemed the very emblems of serenity, and gentle tenderness, and heavenly peace; and all things thus revealed, or where shadowy mingling and losing themselves in each other in a tender mystery, formed an infinite loveliness, so subtle and exquisite, that human heart and mind cannot sufficiently appreciate it.

Where we descended, the pastoral heights were studded with noble chestnut and other



large trees; and the bells of the cattle straying about, kept up a tinkling noise, which harmonized with all around, filling you with happy rural ideas, even as the vesper-bell sounding from the dell lower down, instilled tranquilizing fancies of a more directly sacred character. By and by, Lake Orta appeared deep below, with its one little island, and *Monte Sacro*, and a blue torrent streaming in the shade down a pendent grove beside it. And, lo! nestling by the water, the tiny cluster of buildings, which seems so quiet, as if the inhabitants all had left it, and gone to some even more soothing place.—Yon little village, with its few bright buildings, looks solitary as a nest with three or four little eggs in it, in a bough, deserted by their parents, and yet of unassailable serenity!—Far, far above, the sun has set behind Monte Rosa, beneath those brighter golden dappled clouds that seem rising like blessed spirits from the pensive stillness of the shadowy earth to the higher purity and tranquillity of heaven. Embowered walks at length brought us down to Orta. I could here have fancied myself, sometimes, in one of those dear English parks, to which my youth was most frequently accustomed, but for some fresco-painted oratory peeping out amongst the shades, or the dress of the peasants returning from the vineyards homeward.

But memory has her privileges beyond strict connection of time and place; and so, in recalling impressions experienced on entering Italy, we find ourselves all at once—there is no resisting it—not at Orta, but at Macugnaga, not at the foot of Montemorone, but of Monte Rosa. It must be that the beauty of the landlord's wife draws us thither. Now who would have expected that, on first entering Italy, in that sequestered mountain valley, we should meet at once the nearest approach to the ideal of a refined, elegant Italian beauty, met with during the whole of that peregrination! But so it was; and to associate her the more completely with the endeavours of the old painters to define that beauty, and hallow it in our imaginations, she was (most fortunately) entirely occupied in nursing her baby. Her symmetrical delicate features, and sweet dark blue eyes, with somewhat large and soft lids to them (*idem*, two very decided lids), were indeed unmistakably quite Leonardoish in type and character, but more beautiful than any face by Da Vinci we know of. The nearest approach to her is, perhaps, that Madonna in the Ambrosian library by his pupil Luino, who has, we shrewdly suspect, a superior perception of beauty, though less of subtlety of character and expression. The costume, too, of this graceful Anzascan, was elegantly picturesque. The end of the crimson drapery folded round her head hung down on one side in a tasteful arrangement; and she wore a somewhat oriental-looking, dark-blue tunic, (eclipsed in colour by her eyes), girded round the waist with other crimson folds, beneath a chemisette, white as the snows on her own Monte Rosa. Her delicately-shaped feet, against which nothing could be alleged, except that they were ruddy from habitual toil in the fields, were bare. Her manners were exceedingly retiring and shy. Perhaps she had discovered that she was beautiful—an object of interest to many who cross her path; and hence that bashfulness, that elegant reserve, as we must call it, natural to one who feels that she must be ever liable to a more earnest scrutiny than her simplicity of nature permits to be acceptable. It was a most beautiful sight to see her rocking on her breast a child who seemed inheriting the most characteristic of her charms. Tired as we were by crossing the pathless snows of the Monte Moro, we could not help straying again and again into the kitchen, with a simulated inadvertency, for the pleasure of stealing a glance

at so very captivating a pair of Eve's children—that flower full-blooming magnificently, and its peculiar graces so brightly nascent in the bud.

But this fine and exquisite creature working in the fields! Even so; male labour in the upper part of the Val Anzasca is scarcely to be had; for the lads usually go forth to push their fortunes in wealthier lands, though they almost invariably return home, to marry and settle in comfort on their far-sought gains. In consequence, nevertheless, of these their roving ways, the females are obliged to undertake the roughest kinds of labour. You pass them thus employed, or journeying from village to village, handsome for the most part: the fair Anzascans, like their own valley, have an unrivalled reputation for beauty. Their clear intelligent Italian looks, fine well-grown forms, and spotless linen, (on which no *mauvaises bêtes* are ever known,) strikingly contrast with the Swiss of the lower parts of the neighbouring canton, and indicate a superior order of beings. Goitre, cretinism, and mendicancy are unheard of amongst them.

And their valley itself! It seems to have moulded them with its beauty—that vista of mountains magnificently sylvan, with Monte Rosa at the end of it; those downward-veining rills and dells of lawn around, and leafy shades in which the bright young river so often loses itself; and those few scattered dwellings, down on which you look now and then, nearly hidden, too—buried almost to the roof in greenest greenery! Oh memory, though I must often have offended thee very grievously, insulted thy divine power by making thee the keeper of things trivial, harassing, and unworthy—as if thou wert but some sorry jade, fit to be *châtelaine* to any trash—as if thou wert but as a dust-corner, to be heaped with the corrupting rubbish of the past, instead of a precious casket graciously appointed to receive its jewels, for the enrichment and delectation of our minds; and although I have often forced thee reluctantly to renew for me, and re-act to the very life the things that so much distressed and pained me, even at a time when I ought to have gathered from thy liberal hand the most rich and balmy restoratives,—yet forgive me so far, fair Sacristan, sweet sole bankress of the mind, as to garner up for me a distinct picture of this lovely valley, and of the joy and elevation of heart which it inspired on that bright day when we walked down it. A day only it was! Yet will I have a month there by and by instead of a day. As it was, did I possess the painter's power, I should certainly have staid at Macugnaga to study assiduously our lovely hostess, for pictorial purposes. There would I have set her in the middle of the valley, a little below Ceppo Morelli, in her own costume, nursing her baby with her own shy grace, on this truly Elysian lawn. Throned on this emerald grass should she be, with these very flowers, and pale blue butterflies, and scarlet-winged insects, and ore-glistening stones twinkling about her; all which I would introduce, because they are so beautiful, but yet carefully in due subordination to atmosphere, to the simplicity of general impressions, and to the poetical majesty of the principal part of my theme. The sparkling Anza, too, winding round the meadow, should just kiss one of her bare feet, and the peaks of Monte Rosa should ascend behind her graceful shoulders, where the vapourless infinity of the blue serene retires into the placid silver of the open horizon; and the work, when worthily accomplished, should certainly be dubbed *La Madonna del Monte Rosa*.

But what would become of it? Next spring it would, most likely, be as a little dentil of the lofty cornice of the Royal Academy, too high to be seen! However, let us not be discouraged. Perhaps our oracles, the leaders of

the sounding orchestra of public praise, alighting on it years afterwards in the back parlour of some picture-dealer (where it had been charitably permitted on trial), might gradually steal courage from one another to admire it; especially if encouraged by some influential, independent mind, with something of an eye for merit, as well as for fame—another sense besides *hearing* to guide him in determining the fate of pictures. Nay, the opera-glass of a widely-celebrated critic might, it is supposable, fix on it even in the former aerial position. But, no; the figure would be too utterly exempt from all traces of so-styled religious cares or anxieties; or, in other words, the wearing torture of ceaseless self-scrutiny, which is the consecration of egotism. There would also certainly be a "taint of composition" in the artful flow and involution of lines everywhere—even, perhaps, some lurking remains of "pestilent" classicity. The object being beauty, of which we have commonly so singularly dull and backward a perception, the painter would, we fear, have to wait for his due, till awakened Italy has time to vouchsafe us all another lesson. And, indeed, it were better he should do so, than (as we have seen) have his head turned by a mighty prate of purblind, spasmodic, turgid applause, which would only fool him to the top of his bent—develop his faults and morbid weaknesses in the swift hot-bed of vanity—suppress all natural healthy tenderness and bloom of feeling—and end in making his works as forced, fantastical, and frigid as the praises heaped on him, at least as much for the sake of their own eloquence, as of his merits.

A day or two after leaving Macugnaga, early morning found us rapidly travelling along a most fertile valley in Piedmont—a blessed land, cropping wonderfully with multitudes of various kinds of grain, and with numbers of admirable social institutions; especially with Indian maize and rice, and thoroughly Anglo-Saxon constitutional freedom. The grey mists were ebbing beneath singularly cloven and jagged mountains near at hand, whose purple-brown summits were becoming flaked and enlivened with strong ruddy light. The little fields, divided by nothing but rows of light trees, some with vines festooned between them, seemed mantling or overflowing with many different kinds of produce—unusually tall and luxuriant leaves being conspicuous. Long blue shadows ran from the stems of the trees along the green earth, across paths leading away under their low-hanging foliage, through which the sun seemed wheeling along beside us, piercing it with sharpest needle-like rays of diamond (the spokes of his wheel), and inflaming the verdure with broad kindlings and long streaming shifting rays of heavenly-regal gold. Sometimes he called the summits of the tall poplars out of the obscurity, and made them twinkle like the fountain-jets of pale gold in the fairy tale; sometimes he seemed to set long vistas of trees all in a flame, till you could not but think of the burning bush in Horeb, when that shepherd who led forth "the chosen seed," marked its first kindlings, ere the Divine Voice came forth.

We reached Baveno in a most hungry condition; and it was balm to learn at the inn that there was abundant time for breakfast, before the steamer, which was to take us on towards Milan, started. Only ten minutes afterwards, however, just as we had fairly compromised ourselves by the first sip and mouthful, we were whisked away by the assurance that the boat was on the very point of leaving. Nevertheless, the full charge had of course to be paid; and not simply this, but a waiter whom we had never seen before, pursued us on board with an excited and indignant protest that we had forgotten him.



The first glimpse of Lago Maggiore was exquisite. A line of light trees of the lightest feathery foliage, to which both autumn and sunshine imparted a rich umbery hue, formed a long and delicate screen, through which the lake was seen, most still, most clear; with smooth calm-shaped mountains beyond, all faint in the fair radiance of the morning. We entered a little boat, and glided by the Borromean Isles close under Isola Bella, too complacently so called, it became manifest. From Montemorene it seemed beautiful, but now its ugly pyramid of terraces, clipped trees, and shabby grotto work, was scarcely to be looked at beneath that which opened into view as we advanced. For here, beyond the expanse of the lake, various lines of mountains appeared, ranging along in diverse directions, some in the east most sharply defined against the sky, yet else film-like. But other eminences receding towards the west, in the face of the sun, were beginning to show their rocky brows, and the woods and village-scattered steep beneath them, emergent in glistening amber of delicate, slanting, lily gleams, over that greyish film of seeming vacancy. Monte Rosa, herself, lay like a flake of tender white cloud, at the end of one of those long, pale, glassy-looking ranges running from beyond Palanza, and including the mountains of our beloved Val Anzascia—a farewell retrospect of which occasioned a regret as intense as any thing seen for so very short a period is capable of inspiring. Palanza, pointing the horn of the bay which we were meanwhile approaching, is a little town of an *elegantly* picturesque and purely Italian character—the long horizontal lines of its large pale piazzad, and Venetian-shuttered, buildings, set off with tall slender square campanili, extending with a remarkable beauty of proportion and grouping. And the mass seems playfully mimicked beyond, by other little towns margining the lake at various distances, beneath sylvan promontories and verdant steep, crowned with turreted villages of a similar character, which sparkle and shine with airy serenity and brightness.

In the southernmost and less hilly third of Lago Maggiore (down which we next duly steamed), the chief pictorial business of the eminences seems to be to diminish and smooth themselves down to the Lombard plain, cheerfully as may be—like little green waves melting down to a perfect calm some days after the most mountainous heaving; and you find the task pretty nearly accomplished at Sesto Calende, at the foot of the lake. In the way thither, the views are not, as in the sister lake of Como, confined by steep rising close on both sides, but open and extensive. The shores here also are social, gay, and *villatic*—abounding in terraced gardens, rural palaces, rural hotels, churches, and chapels, the resorts of pleasure—private, public, and devotional. Hills, at airy distance, are crowned by castles formerly belonging to the subtle, cruel and terrible Visconti—a family to whom tragic poets, and romance writers and readers (but no others), are under deep obligations. Their fiefs extended all the way from the Alps along these shores; and so perhaps the beauties seen from some of those turrets at hand may have soothed the soul of the captive and doomed Beatrice de Teuda, lending their calm and tenderness to its grief. One of the most pleasing and animated of the views was where the Castle of Angera, crowning a pyramidal hill on one side of the water, and the turreted town of Arona, opposite to it at the foot of the heights on the other, formed two promontories, all suffused by a strong saffron-hued sunshine of astonishing vividness; beyond which a gray, aerial, lucid, crystalline range of the Alps distantly peered, extending itself along. Arona's towers and balconies and green shutters were intricately mingled with sails and boats and striped awnings; and the

whole place seemed to kindle with lively noise and bustle as we approached, and to grow remarkably quiet and still again as we glided away, looking up where, amongst vineyards and gardens, the vast colossus of the good San Carlo Borromeo, (one of the best hits, by the by, in saint-making the Church of Rome ever made,) conspicuously stands, lifting his hand to bless his native place.

The company during this little voyage was such as might accompany us up Windermere, or even, (costume apart,) to Blackwall or Richmond to a dinner; for it consisted almost entirely of English tourists. Here I happened to meet with several whom I had habitually met with in my own country, (though, to be sure, I had never heard the sound of their voices;) more than one of them, however, almost whimsically disguised in a quaint travelling gear, as if, indeed, to indemnify themselves for the trivial conventional strictnesses of home, by the indulgence of a little fantastical liberty abroad. But so, it is to be feared, doing all that in them lies, to convince the Italians that the English are really and truly a rude Vandalish people, thoroughly devoid of the graces. Very probably the Huns and earliest Lombards did not appear to their forefathers a whit more so. There was one, a very vacant and forlorn-looking, but gentlemanly man, (a lord, a scion of a most noble house,) looking as melancholy and irrespective of his surroundings as at home; the place *alone* different; apparently no mental mirror set in his goodly frame-work. But a sharp little attorney (unless indeed my wishes flattered me), had an improved physiognomy, a softer and brighter eye, as he sat identifying every place with the aid of his map, as diligently as if it had been some nice point of law; looking, however, three times as much at the chart as at the place itself. Oh may these cheerful, beauteous, and tender-hearted poems, written on the face of this country, nevertheless sometimes visit his memory, to raise and refine his imagination, and thus tend to soften and liberalize his feelings; that is, if they are not sufficiently so already; for we mean no presumptuous, illiberal surmises. Thus may Monte Rosa, in plain fact, demonstrably ameliorate a bill of costs, and this limpid, heaven-reflecting lake press away on its bosom things that might bear but heavily on the widow and the orphan. Gracious reflections and wishes!—flowing from the hills, where they ripple down to the level plain, like the last waves of a green sea ending in calm on a sunny day. Benignant aspirations! applicable no doubt, with variations to the rest of that motley crew of staid touring Londoners—my sentimental self included, questionless.

From Sesto to Milan the long straight road leads through a perfectly level country, where the view was almost always bounded by the next hedgerow, or, at all events, by the next beyond that, consisting chiefly of rank acacias, white with dust. The trees, too, dotted about the exuberant field behind, were commonly polled, and hideously distorted. But once or twice, to more than make amends, the Alps peered over our most narrow horizon for a moment, glimpsing on us under the very clearest evening sky, and looking, in the haste with which they were passed, like mingled pyramids of amethyst and topaz streaked about with lines of glorious fire-like light. In the lifeless villages, abounding with long dead walls of clay, scarcely any one was then to be seen but Austrian soldiers lolling or straggling about, in a forlorn state of vacant indolence. Instead of low rural wains, drawn by large, flabby, cream-coloured oxen, resting on their return from market, such as one would expect to find, a considerable number of pieces of artillery was ranged in the largest of these villages that lay in our route; and instead of a troop of merry rustics coming home from some *festa*,

we met, alas! with bands of stupid and clownish-looking young lads, in white and blue uniforms, hurrying up the country, in clouds of dust, through which their bayonets now and then momentarily glanced and glittered in the evening sun. Soon, how soon, was the sun to be withdrawn for ever from hosts of those weapons! and the pitiable dupes who bore them to be removed from the face of the earth.

At Milan, in the dark, we were soon at one of those magnificent public palaces usually called hotels (Bairr's), much travel-torn, and after our rough experiences in the higher Alps actually almost humbled by the imposing display of elegant splendour that there awaited us. A man, like a nobleman's butler, with footmen attendant, walks before you with two tall wax candles in his hands, along endless handsome corridors, and ushers you into a most spacious and lofty *salon à coucher*, fitted up like that of the Sleeping Beauty, with ormolu, gilt cornices, and rich and flowing draperies. If you were a plenipotentiary arriving with full credentials, he could hardly treat you with an air of more solemn respect. It is true, that some slight qualms of financial uneasiness may come across you, when left alone with these costly obligatory superfluities: already you apprehend the large amount of *la note*; but after roughing it for weeks in the Swiss highlands, the power of contrast gives a novel charm and pleasantness even to upholstery itself. So we were enabled to look into the chimney ornaments, and at ourselves in the mirrors, with an undisturbed complacency, which the nocturnal life and movement of Milan soon heightened to positive gaiety. These, indeed, were at once sufficiently obvious from our windows; the streets beneath, highly animated, the illuminated cafés full, huge blustering elephantine barrel-organs resounding here and there, and carriages rattling off in various directions. Such sights and sounds were pleasing and stimulative under the circumstances. The buildings bore a remarkably stately aspect by night, especially the lofty and large dome of the Servite church just opposite, rising above a semi-quadrangular colonnade. It was a pale mass of Roman architecture, which seemed itself left to a loneliness and silence that the almost immediate gaieties had no power to disturb. Rising with a delicate faintness into the black mysterious sky, it was lighted beneath by one or two lamps, which threw dim rays and gleams across it, worthy to illumine the most solemn and poetical groups that imagination could place there.

But if this building is worthy of the night, worthy of the brightest day is the Cathedral—a mazy mass of snowy, silvery fretwork, the holy marble crown of Lombardy, crowned itself by the azure sky, which also looks all sapphire love, and peace, through its light arches and bridges, in ten thousand jewel-like forms. It is our business now to consider it, to penetrate within, and mount to its skyey sanctuary; but, first, let us note a few general facts, and then, ere we proceed further, certain peculiarities in the façade, which are particularly characteristic of an Italian pile.

Milan Cathedral is the largest and the most costly in its materials and lavish ornaments of all the mediæval churches; a church purely Italian in plan, but German in the general character of its details, the original designer being of the Teutonic nation. The pyramidal façade is pinnacled, and bordered with light Gothic fretwork, but heterogeneously furnished with superbly ornate doors and lower windows, in the Italian style, introduced recently. These last, in such a situation, if you had not learnt beforehand to expect them, would create much the same surprise which you feel when, on reading Boccaccio's or Ariosto's poetry,



some antique goddess or demi-god suddenly advances towards you amidst the bowers and turrets of mediæval chivalrous romance. This modern front, thus mainly designed in the Gothic, to correspond with the earlier part, but completed in a style more suitable to the ancient associations and milder feelings of the Italians, reminds one of some fair damsel, from a "north countree," come to be the bride of one of the old Visconti, or Sforzeschi, and, though still in her own national costume, already decorated by him lovingly with some exceedingly choice and costly ornaments in the peculiar fashion of the land which has adopted her. Though of much beauty and magnificence, the architecture of the outside of the cathedral generally is of a somewhat feminine Gothic, so to speak—relaxed and enervated, not braced up within due limits by those bold vertical members and projections which give such soaring majesty and vigour to the best northern styles; and there is, moreover, a general flatness and feebleness in the traceries and niche-work, the arabesque heads of which are utterly un-Gothic. The exterior, altogether, looks like a fabric far more suited for the marriage, churchings, and christenings of queens and duchesses, than for the more grave and solemn services of religion. It is, in a word, a *very bride* of a cathedral, decorated with lace veil, and scarfs, and streamers, in the utmost affluence and delicacy of hymeneal pomp. One imagines it a fit place for the inauguration of those splendid tournaments for which Giovanni Galeazzo Visconti, the founder, (who endowed it with a rich marble quarry), was so famous—tiltings at which our own wandering Mowbrays and Beanchamps distinguished themselves like the veriest knights errant. It was at some such jousting here, that one of the latter—the very Golden Rose of Chivalry, who scoured all the then known world for adventures, and was dubbed by the German empress, the *Sire of Courtesy*, because of his imperious suavity—encountered in three courses Sir Pandulf Malcet, prowess of Lombard knights. "At the third course," says the ancient account, "he brake his be-sagurs, and would have done him a more fell detriment, had not the Lord of Milan suddenly dropped his warder, and cried 'Peace!'"

So far, the style of the northern architect has been much modified, and indeed enfeebled, suitably to the quieter, softer feeling of Italy; but enter, that Art I saw "was of a higher mood." And now, as with an organ's tones, one would fain expatiate to some enkindling purpose on that far grander and more solemn interior to which the lofty door conducts you. There a subdued contemplative light falling around, exalts yet more the long perspectives of columns of unrivalled tallness, crowned with capitals, formed of niches containing saints—here a magnificent device, however unsuitable for pillars of less colossal size. The clerestory windows, (which, Italian-like, are small,) filled with yellow glass, diffuse a subdued mellow glow throughout the upper part, or where the sunbeams directly strike, tinge, as with ethereal gold, the capitals of those gigantic columns receding in long rows opposite. Underneath, none but deep variegated hues are admitted; so that there prevails a tone of sombre warm harmonious richness rarely equalled. And where the brighter chequerings fall, there come and go, with the sunshine, tints like the plumes of visitant angels brightening and fading away, or like flower-banks of Paradise appearing to the visionary eye of some enthusiastic young devotee, novice or acolyte, who here pursues his cloistral reverie.

The unrivalled grandeur of the whole remains remarkably clear from Romish encumbrances. Oh for some service worthy of such a temple,

some tributary sounds suitable to this sight—some swelling peal of music loftily harmonizing with this aspiring psalm in stone, this solemn upward-soaring rapturous ode in marble! Some rolling peal of many organs who would not long for—heard distantly, sounding like the august melodious chariot-wheels of some forthcoming divine power, to whose vibrations, mingled with the sweetest, tenderest voices of voiceless choirs, the echoes of all these giant columns, and tall aerial arches respond, till the whole fabric seems to tremble and shake with awe at the serene advance of that celestial hymning thunder!

Meanwhile some service *was* going on in the choir, amidst a dim obscurity of bronze pulpits, immenso candelabra, and other objects of the kind; but it was nearly dark, so that we could little more than hear the arrogant-sounding chant of the priests—in truth a barbarous dissonance. Singular, at all events, that there should be no reformation *here!* Driven by this sound, we mounted to the roof, which presents an architectural *maze*, or *garden*, unrivalled for the light elegance and fancifulness of its effects, besides presenting a glorious bird's-eye view of Milan, and the Lombard plain, half girt by the lengthy ranges of the Alps.

Conceive, as you emerge into daylight, long avenues of Gothic pinnacles of rich and delicate imagery, delicately sculptured in whitish marble, and connected by perspectives of flying buttresses, or rather fairy-like bridges of open lace-work tracery. Across one of these you mount to the roof; which is also wholly of marble. Near its eastern end rises a broad pavilion-like structure, suddenly tapering into a spire, finished by Brunelleschi, the architect of the duomo at Florence, and conjectured to be similar to the original design for the crown of that church. By a turret of open-work, forming a spiral staircase, and by a flying buttress at the top, you ascend to its parapets. Capuchin monks and Austrian soldiers ascending amidst the light open tracery, make ill-omened living gargoyles and effigies. Finally, you ascend yet further the loftiest slender giddy spire of all; and there the plan of the whole presents itself conspicuously. You look down once more upon the several vistas of bright marble pinnacles, tenanted by hundreds and hundreds of saintly figures. And here are added in front of them, immediately below, ascending rings of airy spires, crowned by angels and gilded stars, where sunrise and sunset find their first and last beamy response.

The architectural details, it must be confessed, are flat and tame compared to the bold, animated, springy Gothic of the north. High-shouldered niches, stumpy finials, and a somewhat weakly pampered foliage, show, so far, but a languid feeling for the style adopted. But here such defects may well be overlooked for the sake of the general effects: the figure sculpture has elegance and beauty; and indeed, there is much to interest in the delicately fancied and wrought imagery of the other kinds with which the fabric is so profusely adorned in this part. A knot of vipers here and there reminds you of the Visconti, whose crest these creatures were, and whose subtle and cruel character they so admirably symbolize. That frequent Gothic ornament, a cluster of hounds ravening on a human shape, would be an equally apt memorial of one of them, Bernabo, who quartered more than five thousand of those animals on the citizens, and heavily fined and imprisoned those with whom they did not thrive. A cardinal eating a papal bull, too, would remind one of a certain sour jest perpetrated by another duke of the family. But who would multiply grim emblems on this seraphic terrace, worthy the resort of heavenly-minded spirits, who love to contemplate the earth?

## THE ROYAL PICTURES.

### THE MISERS.

Q. Matsys, Painter. H. Bourne, Engraver.  
Size of the Picture, 3 ft. 9½ by 3 ft. 2 in.

QUINTIN MATSYS, as the biographers of his country have recorded, was originally a blacksmith, and is commonly known as the "Blacksmith of Antwerp," his native place; he was born in 1450. There is a romantic story told of him, that he was induced to quit the anvil for the palette, from having formed an attachment to the daughter of some artist who had determined that the girl should marry no one but a painter. Most men, and women too, know how powerful a stimulus to exertion is a strong feeling of love; and it ruled so predominately in the heart of the young mechanic, who, at that time, was only twenty years of age, that he relinquished his labours at the forge, and set to work at the easel. Under whom he studied is not known, but it is a matter of Art-history that in due time he satisfied the inexorable father of the girl, and won his bride; a reference to the story is engraven on the tomb of Matsys, in Antwerp Cathedral, in which edifice is his most important picture, in the Chapel of "The Circumcision;" it forms an altar-piece, with two folding-doors, and is, as a whole, very singular in composition. The centre-piece represents the dead body of Christ resting on the knees of the Virgin, with Mary Magdalene, and other figures; on one side of the shutters is the daughter of Herod, with the head of John the Baptist, and on the other, St. John in a caldron of boiling oil. Sir Joshua Reynolds speaks of the picture in these words:—"In the Field, the Christ appears starved to death, in which manner it was the custom of the painters of that age always to represent a dead Christ; but there are heads in this picture not exceeded by Raffaele, and, indeed, not unlike his manner of painting portraits, hard and minutely finished. The head of Herod, and that of a fat man near the Christ, are excellent. The painter's own portrait is here introduced. In the banquet,"—the scene where Herodias appears,—"the daughter is rather beautiful, but too skinny and lean."

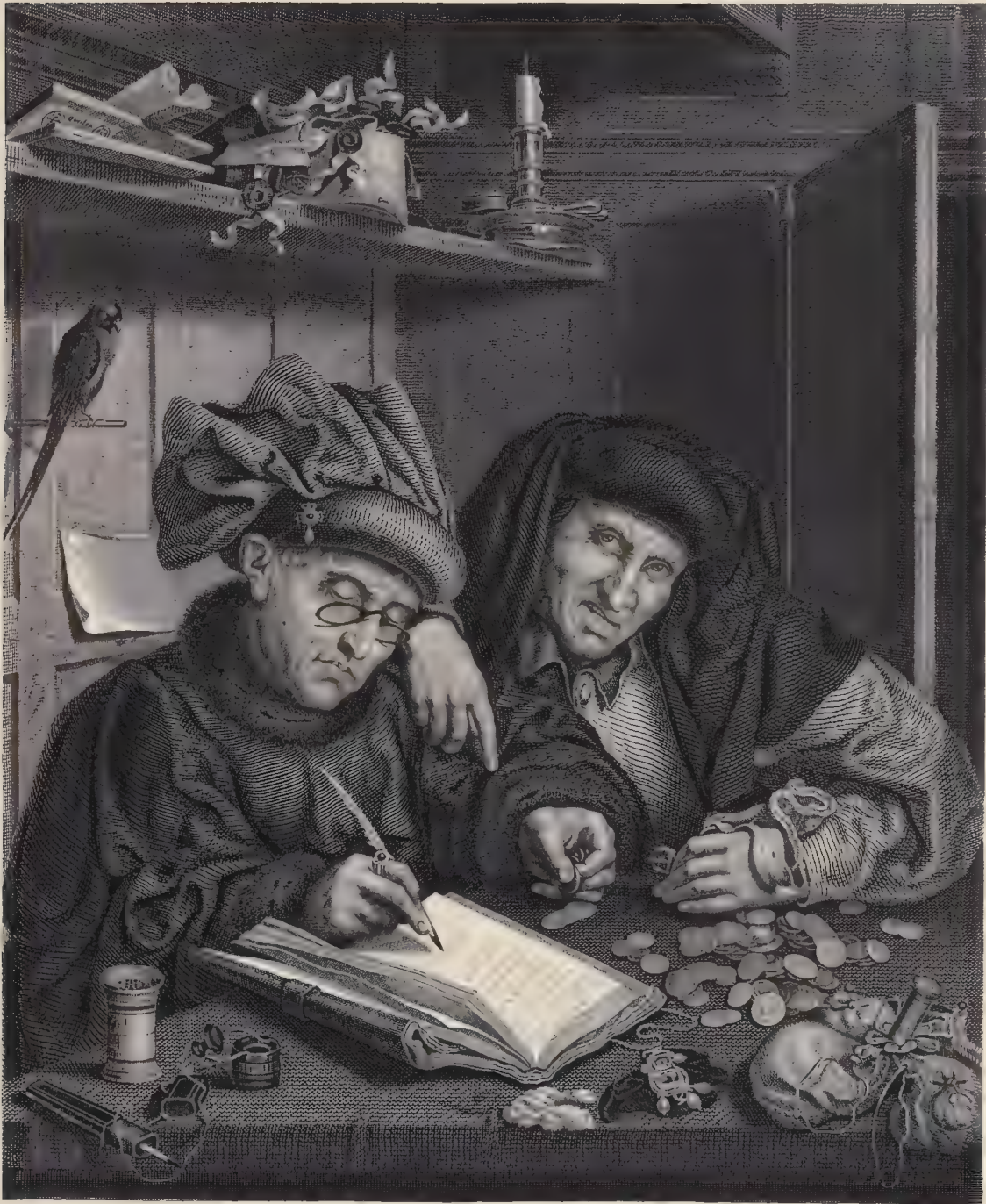
In the last edition of Bryan's "Dictionary of Painters and Engravers," that edited and enlarged by Mr. Stanley, appears a list of about seventy pictures presumed to be by the hand of the "Antwerp Blacksmith;" upwards of forty of these are subjects taken from Scripture and from the lives of the saints, St. Jerome being an especial favourite with the artist: the remainder are portraits and subjects similar to that which is here engraven. The majority of his works are in the galleries of the Continent, Antwerp and Vienna having each the largest proportionate numbers; in England there are none, so far as we know, except "The Misers," of which one or two repetitions exist.

Perhaps there is no picture by an old master so popularly known among us as this; it has been engraven in every possible way, and circulated in every possible form of Art-illustration: but, as a work unique in its kind, we could not, well-known as it is, omit it in the series of the "Royal Gallery" engravings. It is painted with extraordinary power; the execution, though hard, as was the custom of the time, being remarkable for its solidity, and finish of all the details and accessories; the expression of the faces is wonderfully characteristic, and the colouring is extremely rich and brilliant.

But "The Misers" is certainly a misnomer, though we have retained the name by which the work is generally known: there is nothing of a miserly character, either in the figures themselves or in the objects by which they are surrounded; we should designate them as bankers, or money-changers, of the olden time, "making up" their accounts, probably, when the hours of business are over. Misers seldom wear valuable jewels on their fingers, nor do they array themselves in rich vestments. Mr. Stanley assumes one of the figures—we certainly cannot tell, from its appearance, which of the two—to be a female, for he speaks of "the husband counting money;" we are quite willing to give the other the benefit of our doubt, but do not suppose the painter's wife sat for the model.

The picture is in Windsor Castle.

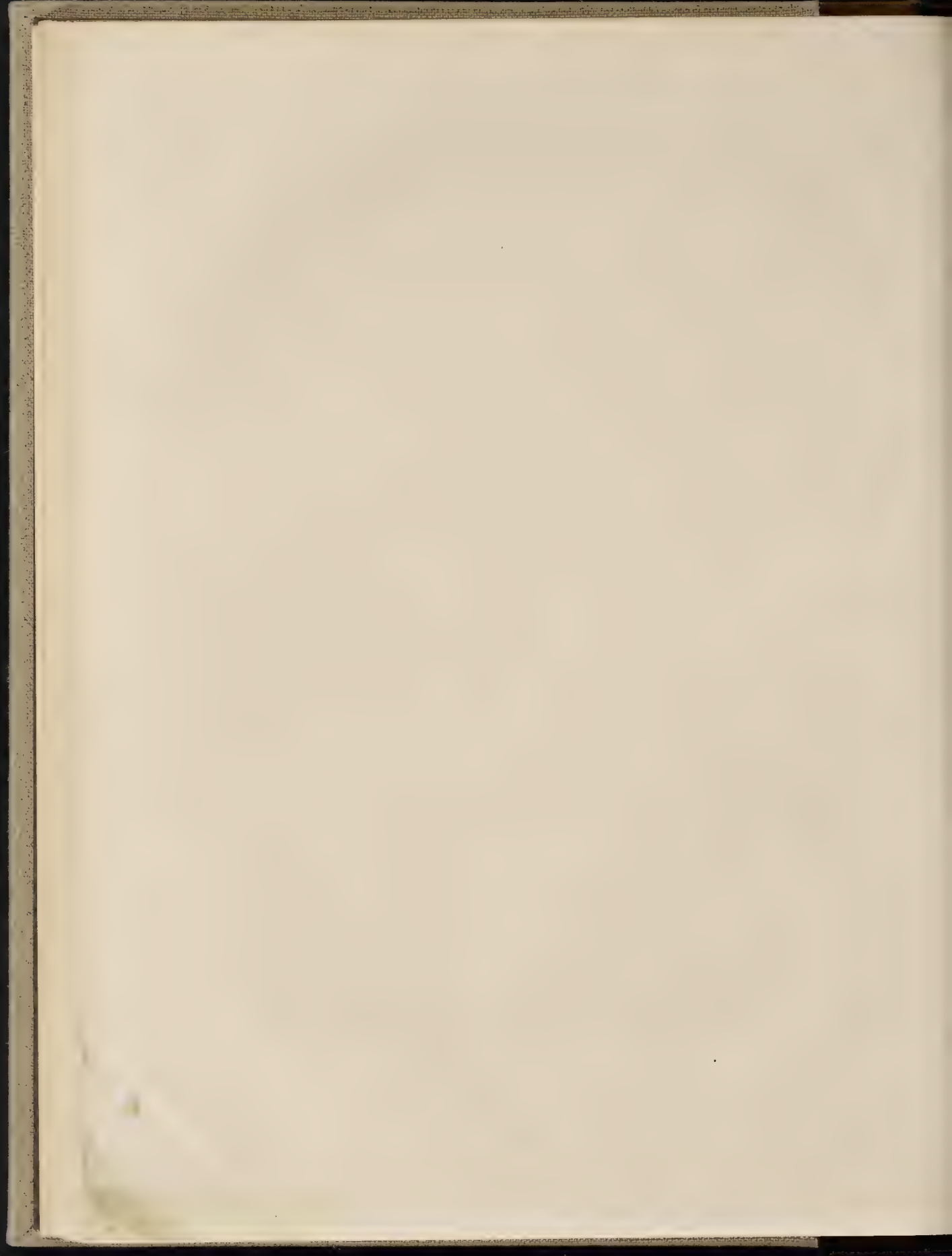




THE WORK

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THE WORK





## LAST HOURS OF THE PAINTERS.

BY G. WALTER THORNBURY.

AUTHOR OF "ART AND NATURE AT HOME AND ABROAD," ETC.

## No. 4.—THE FLOWER PAINTER'S DEATH.

GIOVANNI DA FIORI ("Giovanni of the Flowers") born in Florence 1845, died in London 1910.

SCENER.—Dingy upper rooms in Long Acre, strewn with pictures, dusty drapery, garlands, and vases. GIOVANNI at his easel, pale and languid; on one side the portrait of an Alderman, and on the other a study of summer flowers, on which he is painting eagerly.

Giovanni. Now for the fat alderman's portrait. But no; spare me! not yet. First for a moment's touch or two at these flowers Paolo brought me from Hampton. The other is hateful drudge work; this I delight in. God sent me into the world to teach men to love His flowers. Saint Antonio! three fingers now would I cut off could I but catch some vapour of the blue April sky, that floats by the poor painter Giovanni's window, and breathe it into these violets! O that the blessed Virgin would but visit her poor painter some night, and breathe on them, so that they might have both the fragrance as well as the beauty of these blessed playthings of nature! These veins, too, in the paler ones, that I drugged so far out into the country for yesterday!—they are as subtle and tender as the blue veins on the temple of Mistress Blanche, the daughter of the fat alderman that comes again to-day to sit for his portrait. If my friend Paolo, the carver to Mr. Grinling Gibbons, were to come now, what would he say, with that prudent face of his, on seeing me at these dear flowers when I should be elaborating the alderman's double chin and his hard mouth, that closes tight as an iron money-box? But why should I, a genius—a genius born to worship flowers and make their beauty eternal, to ring them round saints, to strew them in heaven at the blessed Virgin's feet—he made to drudge at miserable portrait painting, neglecting the true bent of the mind that heaven blessed me with! False to myself! life passing!—curse that coffin clock there, that doles out the minutes, and clucks and clucks to see them pass unused for the one true purpose of my life!

[Leaps up, snatches a rapier from a corner, and lunges fiercely at the clock-case. Door opens: GIOVANNI looks round, and sees PAOLO, who looks at him, gravely but astonished.]

Paolo. Why, Giovanni!—what! mad with the sunshine of midsummer, drunk with the fragrance of these silly flowers, you waste your foolish life dreaming over?

Giovanni. Paolo! (fiercely) but, demonio! it was but a freak. I thought the clock laughed at me, ticking off my hours as a shop-keeper does his day's sales in his ledger. Sometimes, Paolo, I think this fretting life hurts my brain a little. My memory wanders, my voice gets weak and shapeless, and I seem in a wood through which I can see no daylight. It is better to die, Paolo; it is only a—(throws himself into a chair and weeps.)

Paolo (consoling him). Fie, Giovanni! What! Cardinal Ottoboni's favourite flower painter—the maddest lad in Florence—the glory of the piazzas—to lose heart thus, because Fortune drives him for a year or so to uncongenial work! Fie, man! tread roses under-foot; abjure the sight of lilies; throw away tulips; and think of nothing but portraits! Portraits bring in the gold pieces! Portraits give you sword-belts, and satin cloaks, and coaches, and pages, like Sir Peter Lely! Soyez sage, mon ami! soyez sage! Study court manners, and shun the devil of solitude! Your brain wants steadying. Wrap round it the cold, wet napkin of common sense, and paint what will sell, leaving flowers for the gardeners, who grow them.

Giovanni. I will not sell my birthright, Paolo the prudent! I have a fire in my brain and a sting in my heart, that burn and pierce me when I am not doing what my genius prompts. I was born to paint the rose in all its paradise of leaves; the thin ruby of the tulip's cup; the lily's silver bell, gold-dusted within!—to teach a base and bad age the beauty of God's smallest works; the wonder and glory of this spiced carnation; the matchless perfection of these types of heaven, that men call useless, and knock to pieces with their riding switches as they pace up a palace walk! Paolo, I tell you that there is a universe typified in this white frilled daisy; in this amaranth, a beauty that makes the angels worship! These flowers are the blessings that God scattered on the earth when he had ended his seven days' labour, and the thunder echoed his words—"Behold, it is very good." They are words of God that I was born to interpret. Van Os is dull and heavy; Huysum—

Paolo. "Raphael—pagan!" "Rubens—gross!" I know all the harsh terms for the great dead men your craving vanity suggests. Why must you geniuses always make it a superstition to dig so many great reputations into the foundations of your castles in the air?

Giovanni. Did not an angel appear to me, Paolo, in a dream at Rome?

Paolo. Giovanni, this is rank madness! Your vanity makes you call genius what is mere wilful folly and caprice. I get you portraits of rich influential men, and you insult them, or paint their faces looking out of a thicket of flowers, like a clown's through a May garland. I have borne this long enough. I will not be chained through life to so dangerous and unwise a friend.

Giovanni. Paolo, is this you?

Paolo. I came to inform you that I am going to have rooms near Mr. Gibbons, that I may be always ready to watch the workmen. I had scarcely the heart to tell you this; but your rash folly has given me courage. I am one of those rats, you will say, that leave sinking ships. Be it so: I can bear your harshest misconstruction. There was a time—

Giovanni. There was a time, Paolo—as when I saved you from that sword lunge at Verona.

Paolo. There was a time, Giovanni, when I really thought you would have turned out a thriving, sensible portrait painter, and have given to this nonsense about flowers—this day-dreaming. But I have an appointment, Giovanni, at two, at the Palace, and must tear myself from you. Addio, Signor Giovanni, flower painter to the Virgin, the Saints, and Paradise in general! I will call and see you when you are in a wiser mood, and not quite so far on the road to Moorfields. I will send shortly for my things. Addio! [Exit.]

Giovanni. Saints in heaven! did I call this base, heartless fellow my friend? Thus I wipe all memory of him from my heart! Insolent bubble! rising in the court air, and despising the honest soap that it came from, and which could make ten thousand such as he. How would that worthy father of his, the good jeweller in the Ponte Vecchio at Florence, wonder to see his new airs, and hear him lecturing Giovanni di Fiori, who used to be called "The Genius of Fiesole"—the Angelico of the Flowers! How I miss, in this London of selfish, worn faces, and dirt and fog, the happy smiling friends of my youth, that peopled dear Florence! Florence! Now for a quiet half-hour at those holy flowers, I have no model for. This tulip, striped with gold! this angel's wand of lily bells! this rose!—O this rose!—"regina florum," flower of flowers! chief ornament of Paradise! flower that seems to kindle into blushes as you play with its velvet leaves!

The soft tinge of daybreak has dyed it, and its inner darkness is rosy dark as summer twilight! Can I let a day pass without thanking God for casting these types of love and hope upon this dreary earth? Can I—

[Knock at the door, and rattle of carriage steps. Enter servant.]

Servant girl. If you please, Mr. Italian (for I can't pronounce your name), here's Mr. Alderman Scroop, of the Barbican, come to sit again for his portrait.

Enter ALDERMAN and Mistress BLANCHE.

Alderman (with his chin in the air). Good morning, sir; I forget your name, sir!

Blanche (to her father). Giovanni da Fiori—John of the Flowers, sir.

Alderman (striking his cane on the ground). Oh, John Flower. Very well, then, John Flower, I have come to sit for that portrait I want, by Tuesday next, to present to the Honourable Hardware Company I belong to. Zounds, what not advanced a bit! God bless my soul—what not a peg further on! Why, Mr. Painter, is this what you call business? Is this the way I got my money together? No! And what do you call this eye?—I call it a button.

Blanche (aside). Dear father, be a little gentler with the poor man. Don't you see he is confused, and has turned quite pale. He won't bear—

Alderman (breaking out). Bear! What do I care what a painting fellow bears! I'll bear him! Here was I to have my portrait home on Friday, and now it is Tuesday, and little better than begun, after four sittings. No, I won't be quiet! I pay for what I have; I cheat nobody. I'm not one of your beggarly rogues in the Clink. I pay ready money, and what I buy I'll have at my own time, and done as I like. I send to my butcher for a joint, he sends the joint, and no words—

Giovanni (sitting down quietly, and bending over the flowers). Great English gentleman, when you have done I will recommence your portrait.

Alderman (chafing, sits down). O, head this way; very well. Why did I not go to Sir Peter Lely?—that is what Alderman Caper said. He is the fashionable painter; he does your rich satin so that you could smooth it with your hand. Why go to a poor, unknown Italian?

Giovanni (aside). Brightness of heaven, am I doomed to bear this insolence!—(Aloud) Great English gentleman, your head a little to the right—thank you.

Alderman. And mind you make my cheeks of a rich colour, for I don't like your milkop portraits, looking as if one fed upon curds all one's life. Why, painter, I can tell you our dinner yesterday, at the Hardware Hall, cost not much under five hundred pounds. Venison! I should think so! Beef, would have done you good to see! Grapes, by the cart-load! Attend particularly, Mr. Painter, to this wart on my left temple; it is a trifle, but my father had it before me.

Blanche. The gentleman wishes you to look a little more towards the light.

Alderman. I shall keep my head as I like! I pay my way. I don't come here without paying for coming. I am not going to be ordered about by any scurvy—

[BLANCHE whispers to her father.]

Alderman. None of your whispering; it isn't manners. Well, I know I am put out with that dispute about the sheathing of vessels with Mr. Pepys, of the Admiralty. Shouldn't I know, who have been in the hardware business for thirty years? Now, no coaxing, you little minx! If he did give you lessons in flower painting—what's that? Didn't I pay him in sound, unclipped money, well counted, and half again more than the lessons were



worth? Now, sir, have you nearly done? for my time is precious. No dawdling; I don't come here to go to sleep!

*Blanche (aside).* O, dearest sir, do spare this gentleman's feelings; he is a foreigner, far away from his own country: he is what they call, too, a genius, and will not, merely for money, bear your rough words.

*Alderman (half aloud).* Genius! what is that? Fig for genius! I like money—moneyed men is what I like! I don't like genius that isn't punctual. *(Louder)*—Look you, Mr. Foreigner, if you don't look alive, and finish that portrait of mine, for the ward-room, before to-morrow at twelve, I shall dock five guineas from the sum I promised to pay you. Alderman Scroop is not to be trifled with; his name signifies ready-money, good articles, punctuality, and good weight; what he pays for he'll have!

*Giovanni (jumping up, and seizing his rapier).* Miserable, rich Englishman! I have borne long enough, for the sake of your beautiful daughter, your insolence, and your cruel threats. I am a genius, born for other objects than to perpetuate the hideous features of depraved avarice and oppression! Thus perish all thy hopes for immortality! *(dashes his sword twenty times through the canvas.)*

*(Alderman, starting up, alarmed and angry, threatens GIOVANNI with his stick.)*

*Giovanni.* A step nearer, and I drive this steel through your gross heart, and send you to the devil you have served so well, two hundred dinners before the final apoplexy that will choke you! Out of my room, sir! Away! The place consecrated by the visits of the Virgin, and these holy flowers, shall not be polluted by your loathsome foot!

*Alderman.* A papist—a rank papist! He shall be denounced! Mad! Not a farthing shall you get from me, sir. Come along, Blanche. Why do you linger, girl? John—Hal—Thomas! get the carriage—protect me from this murderer! And draw your swords. I must have this madman sworn to keep the peace. Destroy my picture, indeed! Come, Blanche, to Sir Peter.

*(Exit Alderman pompously, followed by BLANCHE. The servant enters a moment after, frightened and hurried.)*

*Servant.* If you please, Mr. Flower, the young lady who just left with the angry old gentleman, stopped behind to tell me to tell you (foreign gentleman upstairs), that you must never hope to see her face again on earth; never hope to see her face again on earth—twice—that's all she said, if you please.

*(Exit.)*  
*Giovanni.* So ends a dream sent from heaven to cheer me. There is but one remedy: they say God forbids it; but I know not! My brain wanders! Friend gone—patron gone—love gone—banished from home! Yonder! yes, 'tis the child Jesus; and he hands me a crown of flowers! So, thus I offer myself a fitting victim for the sins of Florence! *(Stabs himself.)* A cloud, like a great white rose, passes the window, and under its leaves I see the angels waiting for me! There is Fra Angelico! and Blanche! *(Dies.)*

*Paolo (entering behind the tall screen that hides the body; sotto voce).* Now for the surprise. He to think I could forsake him who had shared his crust with me in old days at Rome! Angry, too, just when I was starting for the Palace to show the king his grand flower-piece. Four orders! We are in luck, thanks to the kind Killigrew! How quiet he is at work. To think I should wish him to give up flowers, that his genius loves so! Ha! ha! Now for it. *(Steps out, and sees the body.)* Gracious Heaven! how inscrutable are thy workings! —*(Feels his heart.)*—He is dead! Dead!

*(Calls for help, and swoons on the body.)*

## ART-DECORATION, A SUITABLE EMPLOYMENT FOR WOMEN.

WHEN sewing-machines are destroying stitching as a trade, and straw-plaiting is threatened with annihilation, from the ever diminishing size of ladies' bonnets, it cannot be surprising that, among the specialities suggested by the committee of the National Association for the Promotion of Social Science, employments suitable for females should have held a prominent place. But why employment for women? A woman's position is, or ought to be, essentially domestic. The unerring Record shows us that in ancient Israel a virtuous woman, almost as a matter of course, became a wife—one whom the heart of her husband trusted, because she did him "good," and "not evil,"—who looked "well to the ways of her household," and did not eat the "bread of idleness"—whose children rose up around her to "call her blessed," "her husband also, and he praiseth her." There are what are called "strong-minded" women, above the pleasures of domestic enjoyment; and this strength of mind usually and happily increases with length of days. But the law of population alters not, and as honest Trotty Veck drew meaning from the chimcs, so ought we to extract lessons from the well-balanced births of boys and girls. It was not good for man to be alone, and therefore Providence gives the one sex to be care-taker of, the other to be provider for, the household. But this wise arrangement is disturbed. Fleets, standing armies, and wars frustrate the normal law of population, and entail not only the expense of war establishments upon nations, but burdens of destitution, crime, and anxiety, through the natural protectors of so many females being drafted away from the duties of social life, and the full responsibilities of citizenship. Those interested in the proper elevation and development of industries suitable for females may especially long for, and ought earnestly to work for, the time when men shall beat their swords into ploughshares, and their spears into pruning-hooks; for in no employment can woman be so suitably engaged as in the preparation for, and due discharge of, domestic duties and responsibilities.

But before much can be done for the employment of women in any work higher than drudgery, much more attention must be paid to woman's education; and all must heartily sympathize with the remark of Lord Shaftesbury in his address at Bradford, that, while too much cannot be done for boys, far too little is done for girls, in the matter of common school education. For example: in school-books, to which my attention has been recently been turned, among all the books used in the National or Foreign and British schools which have come under my observation—filled as many of them are with admirable lessons for all stages of advancement in learning—I have not found in a dozen different books, half a dozen of lessons which the acutest imagination could show to be directly relative to the duties, responsibilities, or profitable employment of women. There is much, of course, common to both; but while there are hundreds of lessons bearing on the specialities of men, I doubt if there can be pointed out more than one or two bearing on the specialities of women,—even if women could all become wives; and not one bearing upon the women-life of the three or four millions of females who, in this country, are doomed to the felicity of single blessedness. This is educationally and socially a suicidal course towards a class who must be supported by labour, extraneous to the true and proper domestic duties of women; and many of whom, in the form of unwomanly shame, are taking terrible vengeance on society for the neglect of education, and who must, as a matter of necessity, worthily or unworthily support themselves. The attention which has recently been devoted to the subject of female education and employment is, however, most encouraging, and leads to the hope that recognition of defects will be succeeded by palliatives, and ultimately overthrow evils which society has, by neglect, to a large extent inflicted on itself.

In attempting to secure new employments for women, these three conditions, at least—because they are not the only conditions desirable—should be looked on as essential to permanent success, or to more than a temporary diminution of social misery.

First, such employments should not be physically deteriorating, either from their continuously exhaustive character, or from that greater burden imposed by uniform posture, as in sewing. The advantages of this condition are so obvious—although often sadly neglected—that they require no argument.

The second condition is, that employment for women must be based upon strictly commercial principles, yielding the employed sufficient for respectable maintenance, the employer a fair profit on the work done, and, at the same time, supply the public with what is wanted, at a price placing it within the reach of a large class of consumers. It is comparatively easy to find special employment for special individuals, but it is not so easy to find large wants, which either exist or might be created, and which females, otherwise unoccupied, might be specially qualified to supply. And yet there are wants of this character; as, for example, the entire range of paper-hangings manufacture. It is an undoubted fact, that the small number of men who follow this trade in England have signally failed in producing what is wanted; and the consequence is, that nine-tenths of all the best, or even good paper-hangings, used in this country are manufactured in France, and are bought here, at a price which would provide ample remuneration, as well as employment, for thousands of females. Moreover, the qualities which have made English workmen fail in this branch of trade, are precisely those which would enable English women to succeed,—their lighter and more delicate manipulation, and more careful attention to detail, being exactly what would remedy the more prominent faults of English as compared with French paper-hangings; and if some of the "strong-minded women" would take possession of this branch of trade for their sex, with something of the same vigour which Florence Nightingale took possession of the hospitals, the British public would soon be constrained to bow before a similar success.

The third condition of successful employment is, that it shall not interfere with the present employment of men. To substitute women's toil for men's, without opening up new sources of employment for the latter, is evidently a social loss, rather than a social gain, inasmuch as the families of the land are dependent on the productive industry of fathers, while unmarried women have only to support themselves; and notwithstanding the strong objections to what are called men-milliners, only one side of this branch is too often looked at, and account is not taken of the fact, that the young men who now stand behind counters in our large towns, are there preparing themselves for becoming the future merchants and shop-keepers of the country. Nor will it do to expect that men shall teach girls, in whom they have no interest, to supersede themselves; and while we may stigmatise as selfishness the decision of the watchmakers of London, and the porcelain painters of Worcester, not to work with women, unless under conditions which rendered women working impossible, these men were only following the instinct of self-preservation. And it may be taken as a settled point, that employments now in the hands of men will not, without a hard struggle, be given up into the hands of women. Nor is it desirable that the sexes should be placed together in workshops; for what would be socially gained in one direction by such arrangements, would be lost in another.

It is not to be expected, nor is it desirable, that one individual should charge himself with the duty of looking after, by endeavouring to provide for, all the unprotected females, and I have no ambition to assume so grave a responsibility. The suggestions contained in this paper shall, therefore, be confined to that comparatively small but interesting portion of middle-class females who have been educated at the government schools of design.

It cannot be concealed that the original expectations formed from those schools have not been realized: some have scattered blame fully and freely over the Department of Science and Art, attributing failure to the unpractical character of the education given; and this class of wise-behindhand prophets now tell us they never supposed that girls could be trained to do what was expected from them. I shall not attempt, as I do not require, to defend the deeds or misdeeds of the Department. The good accomplished almost infinitely overbalances the mistakes committed. The expectation was that girls edu-



cated in schools of design would be able to earn a respectable maintenance as designers, or wood-engravers, or porcelain-painters, or in other similar occupations. These hopes have been frustrated from various causes. Wood-engraving was, at one time, a most feasible suggestion for the employment of women; but what was true fifteen years ago, when wood-engraving was confined to books, has ceased to be so now that it has become an integral portion of the weekly press. That once light and agreeable profession now requires, as a rule, greater power of mental and even physical endurance than women are capable of, and an artistic aptitude which very few men possess. This change of circumstances has dispelled all hope of securing employment from this source for women.

The failure in pattern-drawing has also been caused, to a considerable extent, by what nothing but experience could have satisfactorily developed: and failure here is itself one of the strongest proofs of our national progress in Art-industries; so that instead of being a symptom of the failure of the Department, it may rather be considered one of the strongest evidences of its success. The progress of Art-manufactures has created new demands in the manufactories. While at one period it was enough to get a new design, and have that worked out as best they could, manufacturers now find it essential to pay as strict attention to production as to design; and hence the principal pattern-drawer has not only to design, but to take the superintendence, to a greater or less extent, of those who are to work out the designs produced. Few women have this power of superintendence, and even when possessed, it cannot be successfully exercised over men; so that the great proportion of those who were inclined to give women a fair trial at such work, have been forced to the conclusion that, commercially, men who can design and superintend with authority, are cheaper than women who can only design.

Another cause of failure is found, which applies more to porcelain-painting, japanning, and such trades. In the latter, women had long been employed in the neighbourhood of Birmingham on common work, such as "springing," and lining cheap tea-trays. But girls brought up at the schools of design go out with ideas far above such work and its wages, although, from the want of technical knowledge and manipulative experience, whatever their theoretical knowledge, their labour is commercially of less value; and dissatisfaction on both sides soon separates the master who has been over-paying, and the pupil who considers herself underpaid. This is a difficulty which only time and circumstances will overcome, and which will decrease just in proportion as the population become educated in Art and its principles. When those having acquired more or less knowledge cease to be uncommon people, they will naturally come to recognise the commercial relations of supply and demand as the only regulator of wages.

But the greatest source of failure has arisen from the unreasonable expectations formed, engendered by the ardent enthusiasm of some, and the unthinking ignorance of others. It was absurd to expect that any large number of girls should become designers, for the very obvious reason that a good designer is a creator, and those endowed with this faculty have been, and probably always will be, few, both among men and women. More was expected from these girls than was expected from either boys or men; and this arose from a totally fictitious estimate of what education in drawing could produce. The ability to draw is important; but mere power of hand and correctness of eye have the same kind of relation to a good design, that a knife and fork have to a good dinner. They are helps to the use of food, just as drawing is a help to the use of thought; but the thought constitutes the design; and as no schools can do more than aid thinking-power where it exists, schools can teach drawing, but they cannot make designers. Nevertheless, this delusion of making designers has tainted the whole atmosphere of these useful seminaries; and instead of looking at their education as a means of bettering industrial pursuits, it has been more generally fancied by the girls to be a means, through them, of regenerating the national taste. They go to situations not as workers, but as teachers and authorities in Art. The vast majority fail, as a matter of course; and the failure disgusts them, and tarnishes the

fame of the department. The reason of the failure is obvious: the branches which have generally been considered open to them have been such as only high talent could fill; and it is no disgrace for many girls to fail, where so few men succeed. What is wanted for girls, is work in which the knowledge of drawing can be turned to account, according to the capacity possessed, and which shall combine the substantial advantages of trade, with the mental enjoyments of Art; work which shall furnish scope for a dozen different capacities, presenting each with a continual stimulus to progress, and, as a consequence, increased remuneration.

Art-decorations are, therefore, suggested as being peculiarly fitted to give extensive employment to the female pupils of these schools of design, without taking from the labour of men, because decorations in the style proposed are practically and socially unknown among the people of this country. Believing that mere theories on such subjects, unless based on facts, are practically useless, I have reduced this theory to practice, and have ample illustrations to show, so far as first attempts can show, what these girls can do, and how their various degrees of ability may be employed upon strictly commercial principles, at wages reasonably remunerative. There is, first, the rough sketch of the design produced by a few charcoal scratches; then there is the working out of that design in detail, consistent with the general forms; both of which require a combination of thought and skill which only the better class of pupils can produce. But these accomplished, the humbler talents become as available as the higher, and the first operation is to make what is technically called the "pounce," that is, to prick the lines of the detailed drawing, so that, by a little dust or charcoal rubbed over the drawing, the lines may be left on the ceiling or walls sufficiently clear to be followed by a blacklead pencil. This pencilling can also be done by girls of inferior ability, because the design being there they have only to follow it. Then comes what is called the dead colouring, that is, the laying on of flat tints within the pencil marks, and in which keeping within these marks is the chief, almost the only, ability required. Then the forming of the leaves by light and shadow requires higher ability and training; the painting of the flowers, fruit, and birds, still higher attainments; while the figures in the centres present range sufficient for the very highest genius—Raphael and his contemporaries not considering the figures or designs for such decorations beneath the efforts of their lofty intellects. The variety, combined with harmonious unity, of which such decorations are capable, places them infinitely above paper-hangings as a style of higher class decoration, while the scope they afford for the exercise both of design and execution, often removes them entirely from the routine of trade to the dignity of Art. They have, moreover, all the sanitary and lasting advantages of oil paintings, combined with that interest and pleasure which artistic manipulation so pre-eminently possesses over mechanical block-printing; while their forms can be adapted to suit any shape, without appearing as parts of broken wholes: the expense to the public being about double that of good French paper-hangings, and the remuneration to the girls being from fifteen to thirty shillings a week.

Practically, a severe test of this suggestion for the employment of these females has been successfully made on the hall ceiling of Admiral Sir Maurice Berkeley's house, in London—perhaps the first ceiling in Britain which has been decorated by a lady in the ordinary course of business; and the execution of that work met with the approbation of the heads of the Art department. The work can therefore be done; and an unutilized field is thus opened for an interesting and remunerative employment for females. The public must determine the extent to which this new ground shall be redeemed from waste. At present there are good reasons for believing that such a branch of industrial Art will prove of inestimable advantage to a considerable class of females who, from their tastes and education, are sure to feel privations more acutely, but to whom the means of self-support have hitherto been closed.

This, and kindred branches of Art industries, deserve attentive consideration from all interested in the extension of female employment.

J. STEWART.

## EXHIBITION OF THE PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY.

THE seventh exhibition of the Photographic Society is now open, and, with great unwillingness, we are compelled to declare that we are unable to detect any improvement in any division of this interesting art. There are numerous very beautiful pictures, but they are all at that dead level of excellence which has become wearisome. A few glaring departures from the stereotyped customs of the photographers of the day—even were they examples of failures—would be a great relief.

The Photographic Society has been established for many years, and their Journal has been regularly published since March, 1853. They begin their work with the following paragraph:—"The object of the Photographic Society is the promotion of the art and science of Photography, by the interchange of thought and experience among photographers, and it is hoped this object may, to some considerable extent, be effected by the periodical meetings of the society." Let any one examine the work done by the Society in the seven years which have passed—let any one go carefully over the collection of pictures now exhibiting, remembering the promise of former years—we are convinced that their judgment will be in accordance with our own, and that they will declare the Society has failed in every way to fulfil the hopes, upon the strength of which it was started. We believe the cause of this lies somewhat below the surface, and hence it has not been detected in the earlier working of the Society; and the influence has evidently extended itself too thoroughly through the body now for us to entertain any hope of its removal, or of there being any chance for a renovation of a society which might have done much for the advancement of the art and science of photography.

The exhibition of last year was rendered above the average by the collection of photographs from the Cartoons. Those were the striking point of that exhibition; the present one, wanting this, is singularly tame and uninteresting. There are the same exhibitors as before, and a few new ones.

Mr. Roger Fenton exhibits between thirty and forty pictures, all of them fine specimens of photography, and many of them exceedingly beautiful. These pictures are examples of great industry, of the most careful photographic manipulation, and of a true artistic feeling. Mr. C. Thurston Thompson, who devotes himself to the photographic department of the Art-Museum at South Kensington, has contributed copies of the sketches by Raphael and Michael Angelo; of drawings by Holbein and some others, which are evidences of the value of photography as a means of multiplying the works of our greatest masters for the purposes of study. Mr. Alfred Rosling is charming, as usual, in his small but complete pictures. Mr. Lyndon Smith, in his views on the Wharfe, treads close on the heels of Roger Fenton. Mr. Francis Bedford, always good, quite equals any of his former works: there are few things in the exhibition superior to those pictures which are to illustrate a work entitled "The Home tour of the Picturesque and Beautiful." Messrs. Candall and Downes have two or three very charming photographs; some are, however, to our eyes, objectionable in colour. It is useless particularizing the works of all: as photographs the works deserving of commendation are those of the well known Bisson Frères, of Captain Tupper, of J.M. Mackie, of Lake Price—whose "Romes" are excellent, of John H. Morgan, of V. A. Prout, of Mrs. Verschoyle, of A. J. Melhuish, and of Sykes Ward. There are others who have produced good photographs, but they do not appear to rise in any respect above the level, which is so easily obtained by the Collodion process with a good camera-obscure. Mr. Samuel Fry has attempted a large picture of a heavy sea at Brighton: we cannot but regard this as a failure. The wave rolling on the shore is most imperfectly represented. "Sea and Clouds," by the same photographer, is superior to the other attempt. Mr. Henry F. Robinson has some composition pictures; of these, "Sour Apples" is the only one possessing any merit. The groups are most unartistically arranged, and the photography is of the common order. The exhibition of portraits



is large, and many of them are certainly excellent specimens of the art, and highly recommendatory of the several exhibitors to those who desire faithful resemblances of their friends or of themselves.

Photographs of the finest kind are now so publicly exhibited in the shop windows of our principal streets, that we must urge upon the Photographic Society the importance of their insisting on the production of novelties for their exhibitions. If the Society desires to maintain a respectable position, it must sternly refuse any picture which has been previously exhibited; and it should abandon the very objectionable plan of putting in their catalogue the prices at which the photographs are to be sold. There are 586 photographs named in the catalogue; of this number about one-half have the selling price printed, and the large majority of those not so priced are advertisements of individuals or companies who live by taking photographic portraits. The profession is a most honourable one, and one which calls upon the mind of the artist for the exercise of some of its best functions. We have the highest respect for all, an especial friendship for some, but we do contend that a Society honoured by having the Queen and the Prince Consort for Patrons, and the Lord Chief Baron for President, should not allow their exhibition-room to be converted into a shop. We have heard the Royal Academy and the Water-Colour exhibitions quoted in defence: we have never seen the selling price of a picture in the Royal Academy catalogue. But there is no parallel between the sale privately of a picture, which has been the labour of months, or it may be of years, and the sale of photographs, which can be multiplied at will, and of which the finest specimens by Mr. Roger Fenton are ticketed at 12s. This must be altered, or the Photographic Society may rest assured that each exhibition will become less and less attractive, and it will learn that, as a Society, it has lost its vocation, since it does not attend to "the promotion of the art and science of photography."

### OBITUARY.

SIR WILLIAM CHARLES ROSS, R.A.

THE ranks of the older Academicians are being gradually thinned; and thus the removal of those who have long shed a glory on the British school of Art opens up a pathway to the younger members of the profession, whose duty it will be to maintain its honour and efficiency. Within a few months Leslie and James Ward have been taken away, and now we have to record the loss of the courtly and estimable miniature-painter Ross. His absence, for the future, will not be missed in those rooms of the Royal Academy where the large canvases of the historical, the *genre*, and the landscape-painter attract the visitor; but in that smaller apartment, in which ladies love "most to congregate," the vacant spaces occasioned by his death will long be felt and regretted.

The health of Sir William Ross had long been in a precarious state, causing great anxiety to his many friends. About three years since a severe attack of paralysis utterly prostrated both body and mind, and although after a considerable time he so far recovered as to enable him to pursue his avocations at intervals—more, however, as an amusement than as a serious occupation—it was quite evident to all that his life's work was done; mental and physical faculties were both too much disarranged and shattered to admit even a hope of restoration. The last time we saw him—about two months since—he was standing, leaning on the arm of an attendant, on the footpath in the Strand, waiting a favourable opportunity to cross, for his step was slow and feeble. We stopped and conversed with him for a few minutes, but it was painful exceedingly to witness how complete a wreck disease had rendered that once bright and cheerful face, that unassuming, yet dignified demeanour, and that intelligent mind. The personal appearance and bearing of Sir William Ross were strictly in harmony with his knightly order: he was a courtier in the best sense of the term. His death took place on the 20th of January.

He was born in Loudon, in 1794; his father was

a miniature-painter and drawing-master of considerable reputation, and in good practice; his mother, also a clever artist, was a sister of the late Mr. Anker Smith, Associate Engraver of the Royal Academy, whose book-plates, from the designs of Smirke and others, are much esteemed: one of his best large engravings is from Northcote's 'Death of Wat Tyler,' executed for Boydell's edition of *Shakspeare*. Inheriting thus from his parents an inclination towards Art, young Ross early made it his study, and, as he grew up, his success was evidenced, in a most remarkable way; for few, if any, artists of his time succeeded in obtaining so many testimonials of honour. At the age of ten he entered the schools of the Royal Academy, his first efforts being directed to historical subjects; when only thirteen years of age he received from the Society of Arts the small silver palette, for a copy, in chalk, of his uncle's engraving, 'The Death of Wat Tyler'; and in the following year, 1808, the silver medal, and the sum of twenty pounds, from the same Society, for an original drawing, the subject, 'The Judgment of Solomon'; and again, in 1809, the large silver palette, for a miniature of 'Venus and Cupid.' In 1810 he once more had awarded to him the silver medal, and twenty pounds, for an original drawing, 'Samuel presented to Eli,' in the year following another silver medal for an original drawing, 'The Triumph of Germanicus,' and a gold medal for a miniature of the Duke of Norfolk. In 1817 he gained the gold medal for the best historical painting, 'The Judgment of Brutus,' and the Academy's silver medal for a drawing of an 'Academical study.' Such a succession of prizes has fallen to the lot of few Art-students.

Though there seemed every prospect of his attaining eminence in historical painting,—for he had in the early part of his career exhibited several oil-pictures, such as 'The Judgment of Solomon,' 'Samuel presented to Eli,' 'The Judgment of Brutus,' 'Christ casting out Devils,'—Sir William Ross determined to abandon the higher walk of Art for the more lucrative practice of portraits and miniatures, the latter especially. What the result has been the world of aristocracy knows in its possessions, and the world outside that limited but magic circle knows in what it has seen in the Academy. Ross held the same position with respect to miniatures that Lawrence did with reference to portraits in oil. The studios of each were visited by the rank and fashion of the country; and among royal personages who sat to him, some of them more than once, may be mentioned the Queen and the Prince Consort, Queen Adelaide, the Duchess of Kent, the late Duke of Cambridge, the Prince of Leiningen, Prince Ernest, and Prince Edward of Leiningen, several of the younger members of the Royal Family, the Duke and the Duchess of Saxe-Coburg, the Princesses of Saxe-Weimar, the King and Queen of the Belgians, King Louis Philippe and his royal Consort, with many of the junior members of their family. About ten years since we were staying for a short time in the same hotel with him in Paris, where he was engaged on some commissions for the Emperor of the French. As to his other works, a complete list of them would probably embrace, if not a large majority, certainly a very influential portion, of the names which appear in the *Court Calendar*. We know that up to the year 1849 his list of portraits reached 2050; and from that time, to the period when he was unhappily attacked by the malady which has resulted in his death, he was as much, if not more, occupied as at any former time.

The miniatures by this artist are exquisite examples of this class of works; their charm lies in their supreme grace and delicacy. Others may surpass him in power of expression, but in elegance of treatment, in truth, and in purity of colour, he had no rival. His portraits of females are especially beautiful, and remarkable for every quality that constitutes the refinements of Art. Out of his studio, too, Sir William Ross was one to attract respect and admiration; of winning manners, kind, gentle, and simple-minded, his presence was ever like sunshine in the domestic and social circle; while his benevolence was of that nature which refused to let his left hand know what his right hand dealt out; and it may be mentioned, as evidence of his high Christian character and of his desire to do good by every means in his power, that for many years he was early in attendance in the schoolroom attached to Percy

Episcopal Chapel, of which the Rev. Robert Montgomery was formerly minister, taking his class in the Sunday-school. Surely such a man was not only an ornament to his profession, but to society also. He was never married.

In 1838 Ross was elected Associate of the Royal Academy, and, in 1842, Academician; the same year the honour of knighthood was conferred upon him. When, in 1843, the "Cartoon" exhibition took place in Westminster Hall, he was one of ten artists, selected by the judges, who received a premium of £100 each, as exhibiting works which were considered worthy of reward. The original government offer of premiums of this amount was five only; but there were so many works deemed equal in merit, that ten others were named in addition. The subject of Ross's cartoon was 'The Angel Raffaele discoursing with Adam,' the composition showed that if the artist had applied himself to historical painting, he would have attained a high position.

### ART-GALLERY AND MUSEUM FOR MANCHESTER.

MR. FAIRBAIRN, of Manchester, has, in a local paper, made a bold proposition to the wealthy classes of the great manufacturing districts; but it is one which the known liberality of the men of Manchester, in matters which interest them, fully justifies. Mr. Fairbairn desires to see in that city an Art-Gallery and Museum, which, if it do not rival our metropolitan institution, shall, at least, be second only to it; and such a building, he estimates, may be erected for the sum of £100,000—a mere *bagatelle*, we assume, to the cotton-lords, of whom a hundred could be named, who might write a cheque for £1000, and scarcely, if at all, miss it from their exchequers at the end of the year. At any rate, if there be the will, the amount asked for could easily be raised in the locality. The scheme is outlined in the following extract from the letter in question:—"The proposed institution, if we would have it command the attention of the masses, and deserve the patronage of the wealthy and those who have works of Art to give away, must be no puny and purely local affair, but must attain a national importance from its extent and largeness of design. Its situation should be central and convenient, without expending too large a proportion of the general fund by which it would have to be raised in the purchase of land; and if it were possible to carry out the scheme in connection with some much-needed improvement in the main thoroughfares of the city, it might be regarded with a still wider interest, and receive, perhaps, a more general support and assistance. In the first instance, it would be necessary to secure a plot of land containing not less than 6000 or 8000 square yards. This area would suffice for the ultimate requirements of the gallery, in the event of its being possible to erect in the city a building only a portion of the whole building; but it can scarcely be doubted, that public liberality will raise such a fund as will permit a complete and commodious structure to be finished at once, and that, with characteristic self-reliance, we shall not be contented with half measures. We now possess the experience of what well lighted and properly decorated picture and sculpture galleries should be, and there need therefore be no waste of money in experimental investigations and frequent failure. Rooms or saloons, with a floor area of 3000 square yards, would give ample space for the proper arrangement of the largest collections of pictures and drawings of the ancient and modern schools, and would permit also, if desired, a chronological and historical arrangement of the works of the several masters. In addition, there should be corridors for works in sculpture, both original works and copies of the famous statues and groups which adorn the various capitals and cities of Europe—the collection of casts at Sydenham proving that the formation of such an instructive collection is not only possible, but comparatively easy. It might further be found to be exceedingly advantageous and interesting, to devote one extensive hall to the portraiture of Lancashire worthies and local benefactors;—a Hall of Fame, where aspiring youth might muse upon the features of the mighty dead, where one could claim a kind of acquaintance with the men whose genius and inventions had not only created industries, but built up empires; and with the illustrious men and women, who, as authors or artists, philosophers or philanthropists, had shed a lustre upon the places of their birth." The project, as we stated at the outset, is a bold one, but it is perfectly within the compass of Manchester. We shall look hopefully for its further development.



## ROME, AND HER WORKS OF ART.

## PART VII.—RAFFAELLE—No. 2.

In the last notice of the works of Raffaele in Rome, we concluded our remarks with a description of his fresco of the 'Dispute of the Sacrament,' the next to which we would call attention is the 'Philosophy,' or as it is more generally called, the 'School of Athens,' of which an engraving appears on this page. The composition shows an extraordinary advance over the preceding work, both in the poetical feeling manifested, and in its freedom from the restrictive conventionalities of the school of Perugino. The spectator is carried into the midst of one of those assemblies of Greek philosophers, which Athens, in the zenith of fame, was wont to see in her academies of learning. The hall wherein masters and scholars have met, is not, indeed, of Grecian architecture, but seems as if designed by Bramante, or some cotemporary Roman architect. In this picture, as in the other, there is a division in the composition; but the separation is scarcely apparent, much less is it *felt*, for it is more a separation of the building—and this only by a few steps—than of the groups which have assembled therein. Among the distant figures—those representing the school of the higher philosophy—Plato and Aristotle occupy the centre, in earnest converse or disputation; Plato, the representative of Speculative Philosophy, is pointing towards heaven; Aristotle, as the founder of Ethical and Physical Philosophy, points towards the earth. At each side, and receding into the extreme background, numerous figures are grouped as listeners: on the left is Socrates, explaining his doctrines to Alcibiades and other disciples. Reclining on the steps, and keeping aloof from his brethren of the schools, is the cynic Diogenes; a youth, under the guidance of an old

man, turns from him to the teachers of a higher philosophy. In the left foreground is Pythagoras, as the head of Arithmetic, writing on his knee; several of his scholars, among whom is Empedocles, are around him; one of them holds a tablet inscribed with a musical scale: a youthful figure, arrayed in a white mantle and with his hand in his breast, who stands a little behind the old philosopher, is said to be a portrait of Francesco Maria, Duke of Urbino, nephew of Julius II., and the friend and patron of Raffaele. In the right foreground is Archimedes, as the head of Geometry, tracing a geometrical problem on a tablet lying on the ground—the artist has painted a portrait of Bramante, as the representative of the old Greek; around him are several graceful figures, watching the progress of the drawing; the young man kneeling, and calling the attention of another to the work, is Federigo, Duke of Mantua. Behind this group are the respective representatives of Astronomy and Geography, Zoroaster and Ptolemy, one holding a celestial, and the other a terrestrial globe; the philosophers are in the act of addressing two persons who seem just to have entered the school: they are portraits of Raffaele, and his master Perugino.

When we consider the period at which this work was painted, one is struck with astonishment at the beauty and grandeur of the composition, its masterly arrangement, the variety, dignity, and grace of the individual figures, and their manifest connection with the principal action of the picture. The learning it shows is also extraordinary, for the characters of these old Greek philosophers are almost as evident in the portraits as if each had actually sat to the painter; and yet, as De Quincy remarks, "time had not then enlarged the treasures of archæology. We cannot, indeed, too highly admire the sort of divination on the part of the genius which could revive with so much truth, and in attitudes so noble and expressive, Aristotle and Plato, Socrates and Diogenes, Chrysippus, Epicurus, and many others. They are figures and countenances which antiquity itself would not disown. To appreciate all the merit of this kind of divination, we must carry ourselves back to the epoch at which Raffaele executed the composition. This is the true test." The same writer then goes on to remark, that the painter had no kind of model before him for the class, style, and



PHILOSOPHY, OR THE SCHOOL OF ATHENS.

invention of his painting of the 'School of Athens.' No one among his predecessors could have inspired him with the least idea for it; and—which is very remarkable—none have since equalled him in what we may call the *ideal* of such a subject. The style of the composition has continued to keep its place in the opinion of artists; while, notwithstanding the light that has been thrown, during the last three centuries, upon the manners, customs, and personal appearance of the old Greeks, the figures of many of the personages here represented have continued to be deemed classic, "even by the side of those which the chisel of the Greeks has transmitted to us—in so high a degree was Raffaele gifted with the power of divining antiquity." The original cartoon of this composition, with some slight variations, is still preserved in the Ambrosian Library, at Milan.

A few words must suffice for descriptions of Raffaele's two other large frescoes, in the saloon della Segnatura, to which reference was made in the last chapter, the pictures of 'Poetry,' and 'Jurisprudence.' The former, of semicircular shape, is painted above, and partly on each side of a window; in the upper part appear, seated on Mount Parnassus, and beneath some laurel trees, Apollo and the Muses, accompanied by an assemblage of Greek, Roman,

and Italian poets. Apollo is seated in the centre, playing a violin; on his right are Homer reciting verses, which a youth is hurriedly writing down, Virgil, and Dante clothed in a red robe and crowned with laurel; near these is another figure crowned also with laurel, and looking as if it were a portrait of the artist. Below these, on the left side of the window, is a group of lyric poets, among whom is Sappho holding a book which bears her name, and in conversation with Petrarch, Corinna, Ovid, and Propertius. On the opposite side of the window is seated the venerable form of Pindar, talking to Horace and some other poet; the upper and lower groups respectively symbolize epic and lyric poetry. The composition, generally, is fine, but is decidedly of a more formal character than the 'Philosophy'; this, however, may probably be accounted for by the peculiar shape of the wall which the artist had to cover. The faces, too, of the figures have not that expressive beauty and sweetness—though many of them are females—which are apparent in the other. 'Jurisprudence,' placed, like 'Poetry,' over and on each side of a window, is represented in three compartments. The portion immediately above the window has three large sitting female figures; the centre one personifies Prudence, on each side of which respectively are Fortitude and Temperance. The head of

Prudence shows two faces—one that of a youthful female, the other of a bearded old man—in allusion to her power of knowing both the future and the past. Fortitude is personified as an armed woman in a bold attitude, holding a sprig of oak in one hand, and resting the other on a lion; Temperance has a bridle in her hand; figures of geni, beautiful in expression, fill up the spaces between. In one of the two spaces formed by the insertion of the window, the Emperor Justinian is represented delivering the Pandects to Tribonianus; and in the other, Gregory XI., seated on the papal throne, is giving the Decretals to a consistorial advocate; thus symbolizing the two divisions of civil and ecclesiastical law. This fresco, taken as a whole, is far less important than the others, but the figures give evidence of a very marked progress in manner and style.

We shall now recur to the consideration of three of Raffaele's pictures, engravings from which appeared in our former article. We forebore to notice them at the time, from a desire not to break the thread of the painter's early history; they must now be taken not so much in the order of their dates, as, for the sake of convenience, they are arranged on the pages.

The first of these is the 'DI FOLIGNO,' (vide p. 14, ante), as it is called generally; a grand picture, painted about the same period as the *Salon della Segnatura*, namely, between the years 1511 and 1513. It was a

commission from Sigismond Conti, private secretary to Julius II., for the Church of *Ara Celi*, at Rome, but was afterwards transferred to the convent of the Contesse at Foligno—hence its name: it is now in the apartment of the Vatican which contains Domenico's celebrated picture of 'The Communion of St. Jerome,' and Raffaele's 'Transfiguration.' The upper part of the composition shows the Virgin with the infant Jesus, throned on clouds in a nimbus, and surrounded by angels; on the right side is the figure of Conti, kneeling and with his folded hands raised, as if in the act of imploring the favour of the holy Mother; behind him stands St. Jerome, resting a hand on the head of the pope's secretary, and commending him to the care of the Virgin. On the opposite side is St. Francis, also kneeling and looking upward; he points with one hand, as it would seem, to some object out of the picture, for whom he too is asking protection; behind him is John the Baptist directing the attention of some one, not introduced into the composition, to the Madonna. In the centre of this lower group is a young boy holding a tablet, and in the distance a representation of the city of Foligno, on which a thunderbolt

is descending; above it is a rainbow, "no doubt," says Kugler, "in allusion to some danger and miraculous preservation, in remembrance of which the picture was dedicated." The idea of the subject seems to be an invocation of the Virgin on behalf of a doomed city. The picture is one of Raffaele's most successful examples of the expression of character; each figure manifests this quality of the artist's genius. The Virgin is exquisitely beautiful, and the face of the boy, in the foreground, is remarkable for its grace of feature; Conti is an admirable, life-like portrait; and St. Jerome, although an ideal representation, possesses the attributes of truth. The attitude and supplicatory expression of St. Francis unmistakably denote reverend homage and earnest prayer; while of the Baptist, Vasari's comment may be with propriety quoted:—"We recognise him by his attenuated frame, the result of penitence and long fasting: his countenance, the mirror of his soul, announces that frankness and abruptness of manner usual with those who flee the world, and who, if ever they appear in it, manifest themselves the enemies of all dissimulation." This picture was carried to Paris by the French towards the close of the last century, and received some injury from retouching, it was also transferred from panel to canvas.

The next work which engages our attention is 'THE PROPHECY ISAIAH' (vide

p. 15, ante); it is a fresco painted in the Church of St. Agostino, on the third pilaster on the left hand. This picture, as well as those of the Sybils and Prophets, in the Church of Santa Maria della Pace, has been the subject of much controversy, arising chiefly from a reference made by Vasari, who says that, "By the sight of Michel Angelo's productions, Raffaele improved his manner very greatly, and gave it far more majesty." Some traditions—for the statements must be considered as little else—assert that Raffaele had painted the subject in his own style; but having afterwards gained a stealthy admission into the Sistine Chapel, where his venerable rival was engaged on some similar compositions, he entirely effaced his own work, and repainted it after the manner of Michel Angelo. Luigi Crespì, son of the painter Spagnoletti, writes:—"I must confess that when I saw 'the Prophet Isaiah,' I stood amazed, and should have assigned it to Michel Angelo, from the grandeur of the style, and the daring freedom—the dash—of the outlines." The utmost, it may be presumed, which can be made of the charge of plagiarism is, that Raffaele had seen the works of Michel Angelo, and in this particular instance, perhaps, they had influenced his manner in a greater degree than ordinary; Vasari's statement does not imply more. That, in the 'Isaiah,' Raffaele had profited by what he saw in the Sistine Chapel, few who know his frescoes in

the S. Maria della Pace, which are indisputably his own, will be disposed to admit. The 'Isaiah' is a bold composition, but it has neither the majestic grandeur of Michel Angelo, nor the grace of the painter's own feeling; it is a comparatively exaggerated figure as regards attitude, and is devoid of interesting expression; still it is the great object of attraction in the church wherein it is placed.

The third engraving introduced into our last notice, we desire now to refer to, is the large print, engraved on steel, from the picture of 'BEARING THE CROSS,' usually known among connoisseurs as *Le Spasimo della Sicilia*, from the circumstance of its having been executed for the monastery of Santa Maria della Spasimo, at Palermo. This picture is now in the Museum of Madrid, and therefore does not strictly come under the head of "Rome, and her Art-treasures;" but it is among the *chefs-d'œuvre* of Raffaele, and, as such, needs no apology for being introduced here. This really noble picture has, to quote De Quincy, who follows Mengs, "undergone extraordinary vicissitudes. The vessel that was carrying it from Rome to Palermo, after beating about in a violent tempest on the coast of

Italy, was wrecked, and the crew and cargo alike perished. A sort of miracle alone saved the picture: the case inclosing it, driven by the waves to the coast of Genoa, was picked up, and carried ashore. On opening it, the picture was found uninjured, untouched, the water not having penetrated to it. Intelligence of the fact reaching Palermo, an immediate demand was instituted for the shipwrecked painting; but it needed all the influence of Leo X. to obtain its restoration to the convent, the brotherhood of which, after all, had to pay a large additional sum by way of salvage. Subsequently, Philip IV., having caused the picture to be secretly carried off, sent it to Spain, and indemnified the monastery of *la Spasimo* for the loss of its treasure, by an annuity of one thousand crowns. Afterwards taken to Paris, by the effect of the wars of 1810, it was transferred to canvas in 1816, and finally returned to Spain."

This picture belongs to Raffaele's later period, and is distinguished by all the excellences of his matured genius: the affecting event represented is most skilfully and feelingly developed, and the grouping arranged according to the highest principles of composition. The procession which accompanies the Saviour to Calvary has reached a turn in the road, where he is borne down on his knees by the heavy weight of the cross; but he still clings to the burden,



THE VIOLIN PLAYER.



with an expression of resignation on his face, that seems an utterance of his own words—"The cup that my Father hath given me, shall I not drink it?" The head and the upper part of his body are turned towards his sorrowing female friends and followers, whom he commands not to weep for him, but for their children, whose doom he prophesies in the coming destruction of Jerusalem: in no one of his compositions did Raffaele carry to such a height of allusive force the expression of every shade of grief, as in these figures. In

the immediate foreground of the picture is an athletic man, endeavouring, with rude force, to raise the fallen sufferer; Simon of Cyrene, who has met the procession, turns angrily towards the other, and stoops to relieve Christ from the weight of the cross, which another of the unfeeling Jews is pressing down. Every part of the picture is worthy of the closest study; for, as Kugler remarks, "there is not a single detail, which might not be made the subject of eulogy. For instance, after the mud and the feeling have exhausted their commendations of the principal feature, the critical examination of the necessities would develop for our admiration the manner in which the glittering cuirass of the centurion who commands the soldiers is, with an exquisite nicety of truth, made to reflect, as in a mirror, the objects which come within its range."

Resuming our notice of the works of Raffaele engraved in the present number, the 'VIOLIN-PLAYER' next claims consideration. It is inscribed with the date 1518, and is now in the Palazzo Sciarra, an edifice that was not erected till nearly 2 century after the picture was painted. The collection of pictures is not large, but those it contains are generally of a very high order; many of them were formerly in the celebrated Barberini Gallery. There is a most beautiful 'Madonna and Child,' by Titian; Leonardo da Vinci's—or, at least, presumed to be his—'Vanity and Modesty'; and some fine landscapes by Claude and Both. The 'Violin-Player' is a glorious portrait, notwithstanding the flesh tints have lost somewhat of their brilliancy by age; the expression of the face is highly intellectual, but grave. The figure holds the bow of a violin and a sprig, or wreath, of laurel in his hand; the details, especially the hair, and the fur on the cloak, are delicately painted. The picture has sometimes been taken for a portrait of the painter: it bears a slight resemblance to Raffaele, and that is all that can be said.

The allegorical figure of 'TRUTH' is a fine, significant representation, perfectly

Raffaellesque in character: she is seated in an open landscape, the composition of which shows little of that stiffness of manner apparent in the works of most of the painters of that period. On her head she wears a helmet of fanciful yet picturesque form; in her left hand is a mirror, in which she is surveying herself, as if acting out the advice of the old Greek philosopher, *ἰσθὺς σεαυτὸν*; her right grasps a serpent, which has coiled itself round the upper part of the arm—the serpent is emblematical of Wisdom, a virtue

closely allied with Truth; and, lastly, a kind of mailed corslet shields her breast from any darts that may be hurled against it, for she is a mark peculiarly exposed to the attacks of the host of vices which the sins and follies of mankind set in array against her. The idea is thus most appropriately carried out through the entire design.

The Church of S. Maria della Pace, built by Sixtus IV., in 1487, contains the fresco which forms the subject of the next engraving. This noble composition is placed over the arch of the first chapel, on the right hand, as the church is entered. It represents the four Sibyls,—the Cumæan, Persian, Phrygian, and Tiburtine,—surrounded by angels: the precise date of the work has not been determined, but it is supposed to be about 1512-13. This fresco has the character of being one of Raffaele's most perfect productions, whether with reference to the arrangement of the entire group, or to the design of each separate figure, none of which show any resemblance to the presumed imitative figure of Isaiah, of which we have just spoken. The rich banker of Rome, Agostino Chigi, to whom the chapel belonged, is said to have consulted Michel Angelo as to the price Raffaele ought to be paid for these works: the latter replied, that "every head was worth a hundred crowns," a very considerable sum in those days. Certainly this was not estimating them beyond their value, for "conceptions more noble, more graceful, more religion-breathing than those of his 'Sibyls,' Raffaele never presented. The grace, the beauty, the variety of costume, exactly correspond

with the elevation of character and the high thoughts of which they are the sensible expression." No fair comparison can be made between these and similar pictures by Michel Angelo: they have the grace and sweetness which belong to Raffaele alone, and which his great rival, whose excellences are of quite another order, never sought after. This distinction has been well drawn by De Quincy, who remarks:—"So far from Raffaele having imitated or



TRUTH.



FRESCO IN THE CHURCH OF S. MARIA DELLA PACE.

borrowed anything from the Sibyls and Prophets of Michel Angelo, it might fairly be said that, influenced by a wholly contrary inspiration, he had proposed to himself to exhibit in all the parts of his work precisely those features which were deficient in the representations of his predecessor—the nobleness of form, the divinity of character, the beauty of feature, the fitness of detail. In fact, the two geniuses whom we have so often occasion to compare, when we associate the

names they immortalized, had really nothing in common between them. The germ of their respective talents was wholly different, and necessarily produced different fruits." It should be mentioned here that Raffaele—or, according to some writers, Timoteo della Vite, from drawings by the former—painted several of the Prophets on the wall above the Sibyls. It requires but little analytical examination to discover wherein these figures by Raffaele differ from

those of the great Florentine: the distinction is obvious in the extreme elegance—the only term, perhaps, that can be legitimately applied to them—of their attitudes, in the spiritual beauty of their faces, and in the flowing richness of the draperies, with their ample but delicate foldings. The angels who hold the tablets to be written on, or read, by the Sybils, are exquisitely composed, and the flight of the others is wonderfully aerial and graceful. The fresco has unfortunately been injured in some of its most important parts, rendering restoration absolutely necessary: this was effected a few years since with considerable success.

The engraving on this page, and also that in the preceding article, on page 16, are portions of the ornamental decorations, painted by Raffaele, his pupils, and assistants, in the arcade gallery of the Vatican, called the *Cortile delle Loggie*, and sometimes *Le Loggie di Raffaele*. This style of ornamentation is known generally under the name of Arabesque, a word of French origin, and applied thus because the mode of enriching architecture in this way was practised by the Moors and Arabians in their own country, and when they held possession of a portion of Spain; this people, doubtless, borrowed the idea from the monuments of Egypt.

It was stated in the former notice that, through the influence of the architect Bramante, Raffaele was introduced to the pontifical court of Julius II.; but before the artist had completed little more than half the works of the second hall of the Vatican,—that is, the apartment which contains the *Stanza of Heliodorus*, to be noticed hereafter,—Bramante died. Julius had also passed away, and the next pontiff, Leo X., commissioned Raffaele, as the successor of Bramante—who had, at the time of his death, scarcely laid the foundations of the arcades of the *Cortile delle Loggie*—to complete their erection. Raffaele carried them up three stages, or rows of galleries, one above another, forming a triple portico, of which the two lower stories are supported by pilasters, and the third by columns; but the only portion completed by the great artist himself is that facing the city; the others were executed by succeeding artists, chiefly from his designs. We must, however, reserve till a future opportunity—in order to leave space for a few remarks upon the large picture from which an engraving is introduced here—any observations having reference to these extraordinary and renowned ornamental compositions: such an opportunity will occur when we offer to our readers other illustrations copied from them.

The picture in question is one of Raffaele's most celebrated paintings, and is known as the 'MADONNA DI SAN SISTO': it was executed as an altar-piece for the monastery of St. Sixtus, at Piacenza, but is now in the royal collection at Dresden, and in an apartment where there is no other work of Art to distract the attention of the visitor, an honour which it most certainly merits; for it is not only one of his greatest works of this class—perhaps there is not another that, in all respects, would bear comparison with it—but it is one of his latest, and is presumed to be entirely by his own hand. The sum of £8000 is said to have been paid for it in 1753, when taken to Dresden, by Augustus III., then Elector of Saxony. This picture belongs to that class of

religious compositions—the Madonnas and Holy Families—of which Raffaele left so large a number, all of them having, in a greater or less degree, the characteristics of high and holy feeling.

"In his youth," Kügler remarks, "he seems to have been fondest of this class of subjects, and if his earliest works of this kind bear the impress of a dreamy, sentimental fancy, and the later ones of a cheerful conception of life, the works of his third period form the happiest medium between cheerfulness and dignity,—between innocent playfulness and a deep penetration of the spirit of his subject. They are conceived with a graceful freedom, so delicately controlled, that it appears always guided by the finest feeling for the laws of Art." In the faces of his Madonnas there is ever that refined and elevated expression which is significant of something not of the earth, and yet it is mingled with another expression that links the mother to the rest of the human family: conscious of the favour bestowed on her as having given birth to the "holy child Jesus," sensible as she is of the honour for which Jewish matrons in all ages prayed and longed for since the Divine promise went forth, still Mary, the Virgin, in Raffaele's pictures, is a beautiful reality.

The 'Madonna di San Sisto' is represented standing on the clouds, with the Infant in her arms, surrounded by a glory of angelic heads; St. Sixtus and Sta Barbara kneel at her feet: on each side a curtain has been drawn back, as if to reveal to the spectator the splendid scene behind. The composition is as simple as it is graceful; the face of the Virgin is solemnly impressive and very lovely, full of repose and tenderness. She holds, in a natural and easy position, the young child, whose countenance, though infantine, has a meaning of deep and serious import, very different from the faces of the angel-children below, with whose cheerful, innocent, and almost arch expression, it forms a striking contrast. The face of the infant Jesus could never provoke a smile; those of the children below, would, by their winning sweetness and *naïveté*, have the power to do so: and thus the power of Raffaele's genius is felt in the true and natural expression he has given to each respectively. Sta Barbara is a beautiful conception, her attitude and expression are both suggestive of devotion; but there is far more of earthly feelings in her countenance than in that of the Virgin. St. Sixtus, or Pope Sixtus, is regarding with awe and astonishment the holy Mother and her Son; his hand is pointing out of the picture, as if invoking a blessing upon some object which is not seen by the spectator: the figure is distinguished by its dignity and veneration of feeling. Whatever passage of this glorious work is examined, it everywhere shows the highest qualities of the painter's mind, and of his art, in sentiment, in drawing, and in arrangement. It is one of "the world's pictures," long-renowned in Art-story, and right worthy of all the encomiums that critics and connoisseurs have pronounced upon it. Time, unhappily, has robbed it of much of its bloom, an attempt to renovate and restore it, in 1827, did not prove altogether unsuccessful.

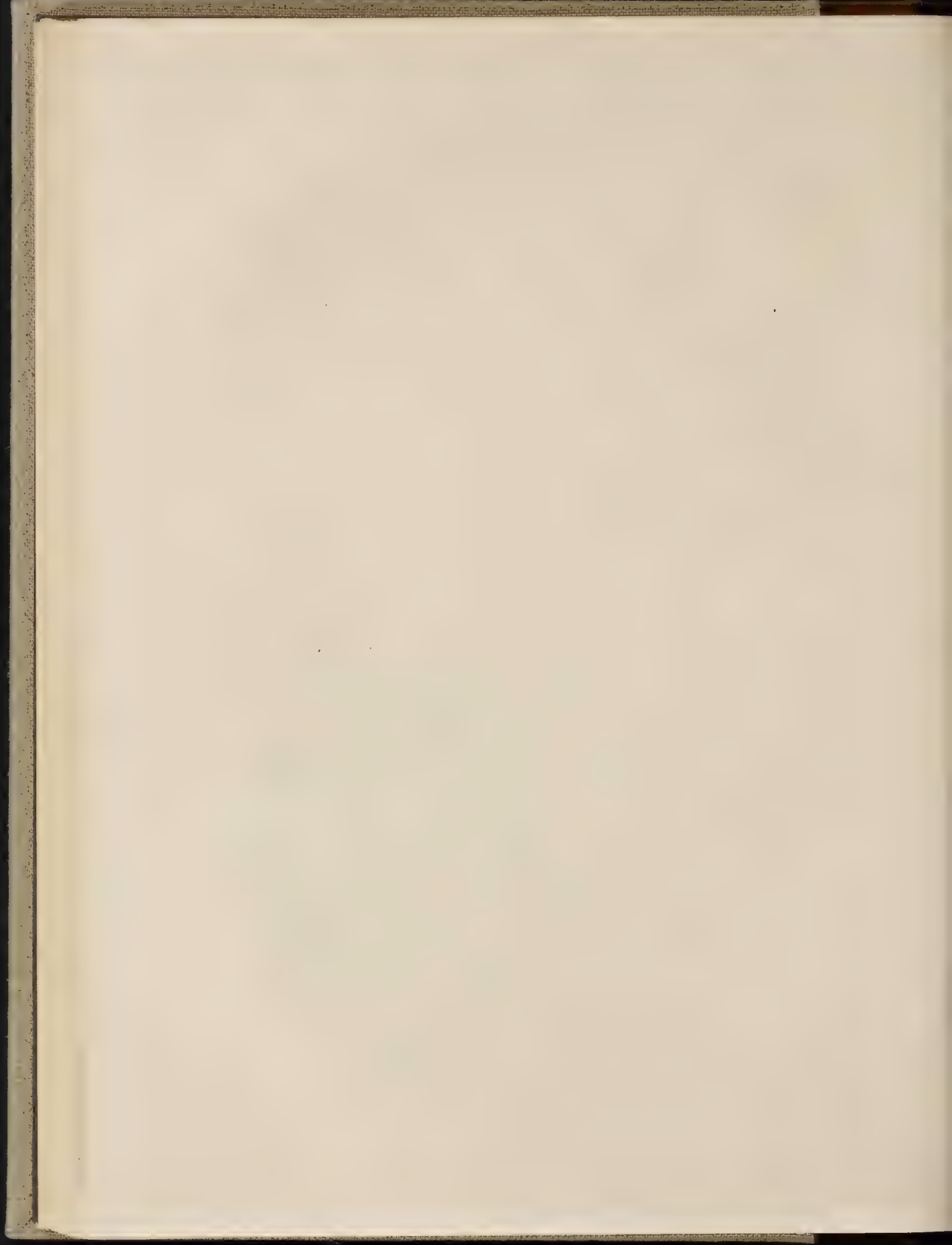
J. DAFFORNE.



ARABESQUE PILASTER IN THE VATICAN.









## THE BRITISH INSTITUTION.

At the opening of each successive season the taste for small pictures manifests itself with increased distinctness. Not only in this exhibition, but in every other, small pictures grow in number year by year; and the fact has a particular significance, as indicating not only the direction of public taste, but in an eminent degree the *status* of those by whom the taste is cultivated. Large pictures are suitable only for large rooms, in which small ones are either lost, or look entirely disproportioned to the spaces in which they hang. With some exceptions, the patrons of our land have ceased to patronize Art; they have inherited their collections of ancient masters, and the "rawness" of modern works does not harmonize with old pictures. It is, therefore, for small rooms that these small compositions are painted; and inasmuch as the very limitation of their abiding places brings them near the eye, they must be worked out with a minute and curious finish. And in their wide distribution these small works are found in localities wherein a taste for Fine Art would not be suspected to exist. On the walls of the British Institution we look in vain for even one example of the so-called "high Art," the boast of poor Haydon, and the lament of the ghosts of contemporary critics. All is now what Fuseli used to call *negative art*—it is *genre passim*. We have been accustomed to feel assured that there was ever a reserve of high Art force for special occasions. When it was necessary to decorate the New Houses of Parliament the men were not wanting, but time has shown us that the best of them had yet to educate themselves up to their work. It is certain that we cannot soar *impromptu* either into history or immortal verse. When Haydon could refrain from speaking of himself there was more truth in his severity of language, in reference to what he called historical art, than in all that Stewart Newton said in contemptuous derogation of the necessity of a certain qualification to paint "high Art." A man accustomed to paint small pictures paints a large picture in a small way. It may be thought that pre-Raphaelite Art has promoted the high finish of small pictures; it may have done so, to a certain extent, but much more has minute manipulation been insisted on by the uneducated eye, which appreciates finish more immediately than sentiment or effect. In small rooms small canvases are at once precipitated on the eye, which is flattered by prettiness and easy narrative. The painting of the present day is the light reading of the art, and light reading has ever been the most popular form both of art and literature. With the exception, then, of history and poetry, we find in the six hundred and forty-nine works in the present exhibition an ingenious variety, embracing examples of a wide cycle of legitimate subject-matter. Of figure and head painting there are some illustrious instances; in landscape there are masterly essays; some of the marine and animal pictures are unexceptionable; and the grotesque abounds; but we miss from accustomed places the works of men who have been associated with the institution time out of mind. We see no picture by any member of the Academy; of the associates there are but two or three whose names occur in the catalogue, and their works are of a subordinate character. Very recently, Roberts, Stanfield, Creswick, F. Goodall, and other notabilities in honours, have enriched these walls with works which were qualified to be accounted among their best; and of a large class of distinguished men unconnected with the Academy—Sant, Paed, Le Jeune, &c., are "conspicuous" by their absence. Of the many effects of the supposed transition state of the

Academy, this is perhaps one. At this moment more strenuous exertions are put forth for the distinction of the associateship than have ever been made since the institution of the Academy, and this reserve of strength has impoverished the walls of the British Institution. There are, however, among the small pictures, to which allusion has been made, certain remarkable essays that shall be signalized in the course of the following observations.

No. 2. 'Joy,' T. F. DICKSEE. This is a little girl who is delighted with a new toy—a Punch that she hugs and fondles with intense satisfaction. In No. 25 the same child, having broken the nose off her Punch, appeals in moving accents, and with tearful eyes, to the sympathies of the spectator. The two heads are full of pointed expression, and well up in tone and colour.

No. 4. 'Harvest Ale,' A. PROVIS. This artist seems to have abandoned the rules of forcible effect, according to which he has hitherto worked;—not that there is a lack of labour, indeed, there is the contrary; the objects are too much made out. The scene is a cellar, in which a maiden waits the filling of a small barrel of ale from a larger one.

No. 6. 'The Little Drummer,' C. J. LEWIS. A miniature in oil, of which the head is prettily conceived. (10) 'Sunny Days,' by the same, is in the like feeling—perhaps the more attractive work of the two.

No. 7. 'Fruit, Flowers, &c.,' W. H. WARD. One of those very minutely finished pictures which escape notice, unless seen under a microscope. The subject is, of course, a miscellany—grapes, a rose, a butterfly, and a marvelously drawn bird's-nest, the horse-hair stuffing of which is a piece of upholstery inimitable except by some accomplished hedge-sparrow.

No. 8. 'A Hill-side Path,' VICAT COLE. A small picture painted strictly according to precept dictated by the fulness of the summer greenery, and the breadth of the summer light.

No. 11. 'Grace,' E. T. PARRIS. A single figure, that of a girl seated at table, and supplicating a blessing on the meal before her. The figure is characteristic, and well executed throughout.

No. 12. 'Huy on the Meuse,' G. STANFIELD. The view is taken from the ferry opposite to the castle that towers high above the group of dear, dirty, picturesque old houses that stand at the bottom of the cliff. The subject is continually painted, both by British and foreign artists. Many versions have made the place look less than it is: Mr. Stanfield dignifies it by a generous breadth with which it has never before been treated.

No. 13. 'On the Llugwy,' J. SYER. The downward flow of the river is here impeded by a veritable "iron gate"—a barrier of rocks, over which the water makes its way with difficulty. The colour of the stream, and the aspect of the sky, are eloquent in their allusion to unsettled weather.

No. 14. 'Dressing for the Fair,' P. H. CALDERON. The figures here are two French peasant girls, the one attaching to the ear of the other the fête-day ear-rings. The title is very circumstantially sustained.

No. 24. 'A Study from Nature, in Betchworth Park, Surrey,' E. BODDINGTON. A cheerful interpretation of a summer day, with its fragrant herbage and dropping sunbeams.

No. 32. 'Sir Walter Raleigh smoking his first Pipe in England, and his Servant, supposing his Master to be on Fire, throws a Pitcher of Water over him,' G. CROIKSHANK. Scarce know we whether to regard this artist as in jest or earnest. If he be now in earnest, this must be regarded as a semi-historical essay of much import. If he be still in the grotesque vein, we must suppose that he here

proposes to extinguish all pipes and cigars by the method practised by Raleigh's servant.

No. 33. 'The King's Artillery at Marston Moor,' JOHN GILBERT. In the British school the practice of sketching without models has been carried to a success unaccomplished, perhaps, in any other. There are in Europe but few painters who are masters of the difficult facilities that are set forth here. A foreign painter would ask where the author of the work had studied. As far as we can learn, he has been brought up only in the school of John Gilbert, where he made unto himself an idol of wood, in his devotion to which he has for the best part of his life been irreproachably constant. But to the picture. If the situation mean anything, it shows the retreat towards the end of the fight of the king's cavalry before Cromwell's decisive charge. The principal object is a heavy howitzer being dragged up the ascent by a team of eight horses. This is not an impropriety, for the howitzer was invented as early as 1594, and such guns were probably used by the Royalists, for their fire at Marston Moor was very destructive. The sketchy manner of the picture materially assists the confusion of the retreat; anything more definite would have been a failure. Colour is all but entirely suppressed; there is here and there a sparkle, but when the eye seeks the object, it is gone—*ignis fatuus*-like. Some of the figures and the horses are eccentrically drawn, but we would not have them better, for were they so they would at once flatten the spirit of the composition. Thus its very faults become beauties, and its rare quality reminds us at every step of that Diego Velasquez.

No. 40. 'Melanie,' J. E. COLLINS. A head, that of a girl—agreeably painted; apparently a portrait.

No. 41. 'An Alderney Bull,' G. W. HORLOR. The head of the animal is extremely well executed, but the ears are too large for a well-bred beast.

No. 43. 'Evening in the Corn—a Sketch,' W. W. FENN. The effect here is gracefully managed, and the proposed sentiment of tranquillity is impressively felt.

No. 46. 'The House wherein Titian was born,' J. HOLLAND. This is at Cadore, and the building bears the inscription, which is religiously copied by all wandering painters—"Nel 1478 fra queste umili mura Tiziano Vecelli véné à celebre vita," &c. Mr. Holland describes the house and its *encaenia* with circumstantial truth. We recognise even the mountains, which were so deeply impressed in Titian's mind, so dear to his memory, that he reproduced them frequently in his works. Round the fountain surmounted by the statue are many women drawing water, who give to the scene an air of cheerfulness. It is charming in colour, and interesting from the sentiment with which this artist always so successfully invests his works.

No. 53. 'Norbury,' H. JUSTUM.

"By the soft windings of the gentle Mole."

The subject is a passage of the river, shallow, pebbly, and overshadowed by trees apparently in the bravery of their early summer foliage. Although there are glimpses of a richly varied distance, the water and the trees constitute the picture. The lustrous surface, transparent depth, and illusive reflections of the former are beyond all praise. This is a class of subject which Mr. Justum paints with great felicity.

No. 57. 'Interior of the Church of St. Gomer, at Lierre, Belgium,' L. HAGHE. This is more in the feeling of those incomparable water-colour works which we have been accustomed to see from the hand of this artist, than any oil picture he has yet exhibited. There is no artificial effect; the church is honestly painted as it is, and the subject

derives interest from the judicious introduction of a procession of clergy and burghers.

No. 62. 'Nottingham,' H. DAWSON. The themes which this painter generally proposes to himself are of the most difficult kind to work out. This is a view of Nottingham from the banks of the Trent—an extremely bald foreground, with a towing-path; no canal bank could be more uninteresting. But this is not the picture. The power of the work is in the sky, the effect being dependent on its light and the perspective both of the sky and of the lower section of the canvas. There is little unity in the picture; it hangs loosely together, even inasmuch that it might be cut in two with advantage to each part. The artist has little feeling for picturesque form; it is, therefore, the more difficult for him to deal with the subjects to which his taste leads him, yet he invests them with splendours that affect with a new sensation those to whom sunshine is an every-day vulgarity.

No. 70. 'The Grotto of Neptune, Tivoli,' F. LEE BREDELL. The upright form of this picture has enabled the artist to give not only the grotto, but also the fall above it. The whole is rendered with impressive truth; the treatment of the subject elevates it to a passage of grandeur, everywhere fully sustained by well-ordered dispositions. We are here also near the Grotto of the Sirens, and innumerable sites hallowed to the classic reader.

No. 71. 'The Spanish Flower-Seller,' R. ANSELL. There are two figures in this picture—a man with a mule carrying panniers, in which are fruits and flowers, and a pretty Andalusian (we presume them to be natives of the environs of Seville) on a balcony, receiving from the flower-seller a bouquet of roses and lilies; but we humbly submit that the composition had been better without the lady, and the blue curtain hanging by the side of the window.

No. 81. 'The Nile, near the First Cataract,' FRANK DILLON. As an example of Egyptian scenery, this is a relief to the long lines of light and dark, broken here and there by a sandy hummock, or the remnant of a ruined temple. The time is evening, but the reflections are somewhat too red. The foreground presents piles of rocks and stones; the forms of the latter between the fashioning of the hand of man. Below flows the Nile, the course of which the eye can trace to the distance.

No. 87. 'St. Jacques, Antwerp,' L. HAGHE. The especial subject is the well-known screen that encloses the altar, and the painter gives it with a truth and reality that render a title unnecessary. A priest, preceded by a sergeant-de-ville, is leaving the altar, as if proceeding to administer extreme unction. Mr. Haghe sees and interprets his subjects generally, as they are, with a fidelity incorruptible.

No. 88. 'Spring Flowers,' W. HUGH. The principal part is played here by a primrose, the site being a small section of a mossy bank with a variety of tiny incidents, all realized with surprising minuteness; but the multitude of this class of picture has now vulgarized the mechanism of the manner in which they are painted.

No. 90. 'Fishing-Boats, Lagunes of Venice,' J. V. DE FLEURY. A group of the curious craft peculiar to Venice, surmounted by their quaintly-painted, idle canvas. They always look like gaudy pleasure-boats, and are worked by men who seem to regard life as a long holiday. The composition is perhaps too entirely isolated in the centre.

No. 91. 'Swaledale, Yorkshire, Richmond in the distance,' E. J. NIEMANN. The Swale flows below on the right, and disappears in the middle distance, as it winds in following its course past the old castle and the town. We look apparently in the direction of North-

lerton, over a finely-wooded country, judiciously graduated to an airy distance.

No. 92. 'Hard Winter,' S. C. HINCKS. A large composition, in which lies a poor doe, starved and frozen to death. The treatment of the subject is not felicitous; the suffering of a hard winter might be described more forcibly by life than by death.

No. 93. 'Harbour Scene,' H. J. DAWSON. A small picture, showing vessels both afloat and aground. The substance and unflinching manner of the drawing pronounce it to have been executed on the spot.

No. 99. 'Fruit, painted from Nature,' Miss E. H. STANNARD. The same fruits that form the subject in every picture of this class. The supplementary part of the title might have been omitted; for it is impossible to paint fruit, save from the reality.

No. 107. 'The Lace-Maker,' ALFRED PROVIS. She is at work, with her pillow on her knee, in such an abode as those of the lace-makers of Normandy and Brittany. The composition is not so full of household incident as we have seen on the canvases of this artist; it has however, much of the excellence of antecedent works.

No. 108. 'Cribbage,' J. W. HAYNES. The players are an old man and woman: the latter especially is a figure much above the quality of her antagonist; he is without the self-possession dignity of the other.

No. 112. \* \* \* G. SANT. This is a wooded landscape, through which flows, dividing the foreground, a bratling stream, at which some deer have come for their evening draught. It has been assiduously manipulated, but it wants point.

No. 113. 'Cheer up, Darling!' H. O'NEIL, A.R.A. An episode of 'Eastward Ho!' apparently one of the sketches made for that work, or the picture of last year: it represents the parting between a soldier and his wife.

No. 115. 'Black Grapes—prize fruit,' G. LANCE. Simply a bunch hanging from the stem: unexceptionably true.

No. 119. 'The dawn of Genius,' JOSEPH CLARK. "Genius" is here manifested by a boy, who makes a portrait of the fat household terrier, which he has perched for that purpose on a table, and causes him to be held *posé* by his sister. There is a great deal of point in the characters and situations; but the picture looks altogether slight, in comparison with former works.

No. 120. 'Evening on the Thames,' A. GILBERT. A small, low-toned landscape of much sweetness. The whole scene lies in twilight shade, telling strongly against the clear evening sky. It looks as if painted at once.

No. 121. 'Autumnal Morning, North Wales,' SIDNEY R. PERCY. The left section of this view is water—a Welsh lake, limpid and lustrous, mocking with feigned semblances every object on its banks. The peculiar feature of the *locale* is the dense mist on the hill side.

No. 127. 'Part of the old Bridge, Florence,' W. H. BARNETT. The subject, though very correct as rendered here, is by no means tempting: the portions of the bridge given are two arches, looking towards the Borgo S. Jacopo, the houses of which extend backwards to the river wall. It is too hard—too literal.

No. 129. 'On the Coast of Devon, painted on the spot,' E. W. COOKE, A.R.A. The supplementary portion of the title is superfluous, because such a picture could not be improvised. The whole of the foreground is like a photograph of stones and shingle, every fragment of which is individualized. A mass of chalk cliff closes the left, and runs round the little cove to a middle distance—all painted with a precision equal to that of the shingle. White cannot well be kept in retirement; were it not, therefore, for the skilful gradations of

the markings, the distant cliff would rush to the foreground. The picture professes a minute detail of the material of the composition, and nothing can be more accurate.

No. 130. 'Benighted,' J. B. BURGESS. Two small figures, an elder and a younger sister, both alarmed at their situation, being overtaken, it must be supposed, by night, as way-faring far from home. They are well drawn, painted with firmness, and the features of both are fully expressive of embarrassment and distress.

No. 133. 'Pilfering Pug,' G. LANCE. A small picture, in which Mr. Lance introduces another example of his large *menage* of monkeys. The animal wears a *bonnet rouge*, and a white jerkin, and, having obtained access to a larder, is loading himself with cabbages, apples, and anything that he can carry off. This is a class of picture in which the artist is extremely successful; this specimen is worked out with marvellous *finesse*.

No. 135. 'Fondly gazing,' G. SMITH. The title of this picture, a fragmentary quotation from anonymous lines in the catalogue, describes the hopeful anxieties of a young mother, who sits watching her child asleep in its cradle. The mother and the cradle constitute the picture, all else being excluded by a dark, flat background; thus there is nothing to compromise the natural simplicity of the relation between the mother and child, or in anywise to vulgarize the situation. The whole is charmingly painted, without affectation of any kind, and the exquisite finish of the cradle draperies is inimitable. This small but valuable production will enhance the reputation of its author.

No. 140. 'Remains of the Tombs of the Scipios,' F. LEE BREDELL. A small and sparkling work, elegant in feeling.

No. 142. 'A Welsh Cabin,' D. W. DEANE. The effects under which this artist brings forward his cottage subjects are very striking; all that is presented here is a chimney and two figures—firmly and freely executed.

No. 158. 'A Woodland Well,' C. ROSSITER. Principally a girl standing by a spring, adjusting her hair, before taking up her pichers. The figure is left with a firm and masterly touch, and the weedy background by which it is relieved, appears to be an assiduous transcript from some bank abounding in the small herbage that looks so well in pictures.

No. 159. 'Taming of the Shrew,' Act iv. Sc. 1, JOHN GILBERT. This is the scene in the corridor of Petruchio's country house, where he and Katherine are just arrived.

*Petruchio*, Where be those knaves? What, no man at the door  
To hold my stirrup nor to take my horse?  
Where is Nathaniel, Gregory, Philip?  
*All Servants*, Here, sir—here, sir—here, sir—here, sir!  
*Petruchio*, Here, sir—here, sir—here, sir—here, sir!  
*You* toggerbrads and unpollished grooms!  
What! no attendance! no regard! no duty?

Mr. Gilbert, in this case, does injustice not only to himself, by making his *dramatis personæ* so uninteresting in person and feature. We know that, according to Petruchio, Katherine was reputed fair; and she proclaims herself sufficiently proud of her husband, to justify his being represented passably handsome. The excitement of the scene is stirring enough. We are stunned by the hectoring Petruchio, and cannot help marvelling that he should expect prompt attendance from such drones.

No. 164. 'Under the Vines,' HARRY JOHNSTON. A large composition, presenting, as the picture, a vine-trellis in front of a house at the brink of one of the Italian lakes. It affords no scope for the development of a sentiment such as this artist so frequently qualifies his works withal.

No. 168. 'Le Chapeau Rouge,' T. M. JOY. The *chapeau* is the Andalusian hat now vul-



garized from Westbourne to Whitechapel: the wearer is a pretty girl, not insensible of her attractions. The work is interesting, and of considerable merit.

No. 169. 'Tintern Abbey—Morning,' H. J. BONDINGTON. The view is taken from a little distance up the Wye, so as to close the prospect by the heights on the left bank of the river, just below the ruin. The effect of sunlight could not be more satisfactorily painted.

No. 176. 'Black Game and Grouse Shooting,' G. W. HORTON. In this composition there are three retrievers, or setters, drawn and painted to the life; but it must be felt that the artist is essaying to shine, with light borrowed from the great dog-star.

No. 177. 'Interior of the Church of San Miniato, Florence,' L. HAGUE. This is in the Basilica di San Miniato, a famous remnant of early Christian architecture, beautifully situated upon an eminence, commanding the course of the Arno, and the city of Florence. The interior is plain, almost bare; but Mr. Hague introduces us at a night mass, probably that on Christmas-eve. The concentration and distribution of the light are triumphs of the cunning of art.

No. 187. 'Eccole, Signori,' H. WEIGALL. These are the words of an Italian flower-girl, as presenting her bouquets of violets to her patrons. The figure is a successful nationality, animated and characteristic.

No. 188. 'Morning on the Lake of Wallenstadt,' F. DANBY. The material of this composition is brought forward with extreme softness, but the substantial character of the hills that surround the lake is felt and preserved. The landscape is draped in mist, yet it is luminous, and without glare.

No. 193. 'Before the Masquerade, Venice,' G. LANCE. The subject is a sumptuous display of fruit upon a plateau: a very graceful composition, painted with more than usual care. A figure is introduced in black velvet, the *mayor duomo*, questionless, of some magnificent doge—Pietro Caepreoli, perhaps; and he is discoursing with a macaw, that seems to have been tasting of the abundance before him.

No. 196. 'Venice, from the Canale di San Marco,' E. A. GOODALL. This view brings the Salute and the Dogana into the centre of the picture, and in opposition to the evening sun, the light of which is painted by Mr. Goodall with more than his usual felicity. He has already exhibited views of Venice; but this is superior to those that have preceded it.

No. 205. 'Boy with Tambourine,' R. BUCKNER. The head looks very much as if painted from a girl; it is, however, the sweetest and most animated face that has ever been exhibited by its author; but the hands are those of a more elevated station in life.

## MIDDLE ROOM.

No. 213. 'Lost and Saved,' A. W. WILLIAMS. This is a story of a wreck. A vessel is cast on shore, and the sole survivor is clinging to a piece of the wreck, that is driving to the land amid the heavy breakers; he is catching at a rope thrown to him from the shore. It is a large picture, but simple in its forms and quantities, which are used with great effect.

No. 219. 'Shields, the great Coal Port, Northumberland,' R. WATSON. The spectator is here placed on a part of the cliff below Tyne-mouth Priory, but the ruin does not appear in the picture. The view comprehends South Shields, a part of North Shields, and the mouth of the Tyne: the subject is treated with too much severity.

No. 221. 'Matins,' J. D. WINGFIELD. The devotee is a girl in black, kneeling on a *prie-dieu*: the head is an extremely successful study.

No. 236. 'Maternal Affection,' C. DUKES. The title is illustrated by a young mother playing with her child. The principal head is animated in expression, well drawn, and painted with all the firmness that distinguishes the artist's works.

No. 231. 'Happy Thoughts,' S. B. HALLE. This looks like a dress portrait. The figure, that of a girl, leans over a table, on which is a book, from which she has just raised her head, smiling at some pleasant conceit. If it be proposed as a picture, it is not in good taste.

No. 235. 'Coast of Genoa,' J. HOLLAND. The picture, which is large, presents a group of boats drawn up on the shingle, apparently at San Pietro d'Arena, looking towards Voltri and the Apennines, that close the view on the western shore of the gulf. It is a grand, broad daylight picture, without any tendency to artificial effect. The treatment is extremely simple, yet its very simplicity is the most difficult of its achievements.

No. 238. 'Brewhurst Mill, Sussex,' N. O. LURTON. Foliage is the principal feature here, and it is painted with a view to the identity of the different trees that are brought into the essay.

No. 245. 'Little German Red Riding Hood,' D. Y. BLAKISTON. This looks like a portrait of a child in her winter dress, with a muff: the head is a careful study.

No. 246. 'Interior, Cobham Church, Kent,' C. H. STANLEY. This church is celebrated not only for its brasses and monuments, but also for its vaults, and the names associated with them. The subject is by no means inviting, but it is treated with masterly success. High up on the left are two close helmets of the time of Edward III., and on the right another of the time of Henry VII.

No. 249. 'Criticism,' T. P. HALL. The critics are a couple of housemaids and a page, who pass their judgment on a picture, while the artist at the door is listening to the unmeasured terms of their dissatisfaction. The affectation of the women is pointedly told, but the situation is deprived of its force by the presence of the listening painter.

No. 250. 'Scene on the Welsh Coast,' J. and G. SANT. A large upright picture, in which is represented a fragment of sea-cliff, on which appear some figures interested in the recovery of a lamb that had strayed or fallen over the bank. As a piece of local painting, the picture is a veritable *tour de force*; but beyond this there is nothing in the subject whereon to found so large a representation.

No. 257. 'Early Morning on the Coast—Bosham, Sussex,' R. H. NIBBS. The subject looks infinitely Dutch; it is difficult to believe that on the Sussex coast there is anything so primitive.

No. 258. 'A Welsh Stream,' F. DANBY. A landscape, charming with its outspoken honesty of daylight breadth, and its foreground darks not carried beyond the force of nature. It wins upon the eye, everywhere enriched by successful imitation of the beauties of nature, nowhere enfeebled by the prettiness of Art.

No. 259. 'A Market Scene, Belgium,' J. H. S. MANN. This is a small picture, presenting an open market-place, thronged with people. Although so small, each figure is most carefully made out; and not less conscientiously has the architecture been executed. Although small, it looks large, and would have painted admirably a picture of more important size.

No. 264. 'Adeline,' F. WYBURD. A small study: a lady seated in an arm-chair with a book; but she is *distracted* and pale. She does not tell her love, but she cannot conceal it.

No. 273. 'An Idle Moment,' J. INSKIPP. A life-sized study of a girl at a spinning-wheel. It is conceived with the taste that has always

distinguished the compositions of this painter; but it is deficient in the firmness and precision of antecedent productions.

No. 274. 'Avignon—Villeneuve on the Rhone,' HARRY JOHNSON. This picture presents a view of a portion of the Faubourg of Avignon, called Villeneuve-les-Avignon, immediately on the banks of the river. The effect is that of evening, successfully carried out.

No. 276. 'Harvest Time, North Wales,' G. COLE. A small picture, deriving value from the finished manner in which a grey horse is painted in it.

No. 277. 'Autumn,' E. U. EDDIS. The head of this little figure is one of the most attractive the artist has ever painted: the allusion to autumn is conveyed in a basket of grapes.

No. 282. 'The Shadow on the Casement,' J. A. HURSTON, R.S.A. A love story, of which the hero is a presumptive piscator, who, on a calm summer evening, has thrown himself on the grass at the brink of the mill-pool. His rod is near him, and his line is in the water, but he watches the shadow of a girl that is cast on the window of the opposite mill-house, and gives no attention to the continued movement of his float. The story is pointedly told, and the whole of the material of the composition is skillfully rendered.

No. 289. 'Bemfleet Church, Essex,' W. EDWARDS. A small picture, broad in treatment, and apparently minutely pencilled, but too far removed from the eye for its particular merits to be discerned.

No. 290. 'Killarney—Lower Lake, from Ross, Ireland,' S. B. GODBOLD. Simple and unaffected; successful in the description of atmosphere: in truth, a work of more than ordinary excellence.

No. 292. 'Los Nazarenos,' P. VILLAMIL. The subject is a religious procession in Seville; it has been elaborately worked out, and contains some well painted figures, but the head-gear and dresses of the priests are entirely unsuited for pictorial composition.

No. 293. 'Antwerp in the Seventeenth Century,' HENDRICK SCHAEFELS. In general feeling this work is highly dramatic; it is rich in colour and agreeable in effect.

No. 296. 'San Servolo and San Lazzaro, Venice—Evening in November,' E. W. COOKE, A.R.A. A small picture, with distant buildings telling against an orange sunset—a phase which this painter has, we think, already once or twice painted.

No. 299. 'Children in Church in the Schwartzwald: painted from life,' E. LEYDEL. It is sufficiently evident that they have been painted from the life; but in the representation there is no point to interest either the children or the spectator: the work, however, shows study and experience.

No. 309. 'La Dormeuse,' J. H. S. MANN. The head of this study, a single figure—that of a girl asleep in her chair—is remarkable for the purity and warmth of the shade tints, and that life-like *morbidezza* which would yield to the finger.

No. 310. 'The Temple, Dendera,' FRANK DILLON. The subject derives interest from the truth of the moonlight, under which the scene is brought forward.

No. 313. 'Loiterers,' W. HEMSLEY. These are a boy and a girl at a spring, circumstanced in an open landscape, which, together with the group, is worked out with the utmost nicety.

No. 314. 'Waiting for the Tide, Hazy Morning,' E. C. WILLIAMS. Boats like Thames hay-barges, nothing more; but they figure here in a small and attractive picture.

No. 323. 'Mother and Child,' W. GALE. A little girl and her doll, to which she offers bread and jam; the face of the child is bright,

and expressive of the satisfaction she feels at thus discharging a mother's duty to her babe.

No. 326. 'The Gondola is waiting,' G. E. HENING. The subject is simply a gondola waiting for its freight. The time is evening, and the *campanili* of Venice rise in the distance. The water, with its tripping ripple, is a most cunning illusion.

No. 327. 'A Good Day's Sport,' H. L. ROLFE. Here is a reel, full and overflowing with trout of tolerable size, each fish painted with accuracy unsurpassable.

No. 330. 'The Conchologist,' A. J. WOOLMER. The scene is the sea-shore, an unusual resource for this artist. The life of the composition is a group, a boy and girl sitting on a rock and examining a shell. A sketchy but an agreeable picture.

No. 331. 'Goethe's House, Dom Platz, Frankfurt,' W. CALLOW. This is a more curious dwelling than that even in the Hirschgraben, in which the great poet was born; it is in itself sufficient for a picture, and the artist has done justice to it.

No. 349. 'The Blind Girl and the Flower,' H. WRIGHT. The story is of a blind girl resorting to the sense of touch for a conception of the beauty of the flowers that she could not see. It is a touching sentiment, very pointedly set forth in two very carefully painted figures.

No. 350. 'Wheat Harvest, Wyke, overlooking West Bay, Dorset,' E. F. D. PRITCHARD. A difficult subject, admirably treated, and worked out with infinite industry.

No. 360. 'On the Frith of Clyde—A Dismasted Ship taken in tow,' W. A. KNEEL. The ship floats a helpless hulk, and by her side lies the steamer that is about to tow her into port. It is a large picture, and the wreck tells against an evening sky,—always a safe effect.

No. 362. 'A Welsh Drinking Fountain,' W. S. P. HENDERSON. The life of the composition is a little girl who is waiting until her pitcher is full: the figure is bright in colour, and decided in execution.

No. 369. 'Dead Swan, Game, and Fruit,' W. DUFFIELD. A large work, approaching the feeling of the Dutch still-life painters.

No. 375. 'Maidenhood,' W. M. HAY. A study of a girl, bearing, according to the prescription of Longfellow's verse, a lily. The figure is perfectly drawn and judiciously coloured, somewhat in accordance with the precepts of the German school.

No. 385. 'A Labour of Love,' T. F. DICKSEE. The two heads in this picture are admirably drawn. The subject is a mother running with her child upon her shoulders with very much enjoyment to both. The complexion of the woman is perhaps too delicate for peasant life, but the joyous spirit of the work is unexceptionable.

No. 386. 'The Pedlar's Visit to the Old Cottage,' MARK ANTHONY. The site of the old cottage seems to be a common, of which the part that forms the foreground of the picture has a variety of markings and incident that afford valuable assistance to the composition. The building itself is of the class which looks well in pictures, but that forms very indifferent habitations. It is a broad, low-toned work, of great power.

## SOUTH ROOM.

No. 408. 'Northwall Lighthouse,' E. HAYES, A.R.H.A. A sea view, treated with an unbroken breadth of daylight.

No. 416. 'View from Dufferin Lodge, Highgate,' VISCOUNT HARDINGE. Highgate and Hampstead abound with every variety of scenery; it is not, therefore, surprising to see a passage like this from the vicinity of Highgate, even with its grassy slopes and forest

trees. It seems to be a careful study from the reality.

No. 427. 'The Coast of Jersey,' J. PEELE. This little picture sparkles with the precious accidents of this artist's manner. The subject is principally a rough and well broken foreground.

No. 431. 'The Fairy's Barque,' J. A. FITZGERALD. A little picture, exquisite in finish and rich in quaint conceit. The barque is a water-lily, on which sits enthroned, crowned with a whole *via lactea* of stars, some fairy potentate, whose attendants, clad in the fragrance of summer, row their queen with bullrushes for oars. This, with all the rest of the curious inditing of the habits of the fairy people, can only be the gathering of a long residence in Faydom.

No. 443. 'Dinner Time,' W. LUCAS, jun. The diner is a wayside labourer, to whom his little daughter brings his meal. Portions of the picture are remarkable for elaboration—as the right arm and the dress of the man.

No. 449. 'The Lesson,' C. DUKES. The disciple is a parrot, and the instructress is a lady who holds her pupil on her finger. The picture is well drawn and firmly painted.

No. 451. 'Musidora,' W. E. FROST, A.R.A. One of those small figures that Mr. Frost paints with so much grace. This is a new version of Musidora, an interpretation that would do honour to a Greek sculptor.

No. 461. 'Moss Troopers, Daybreak,' F. WEEKES. A composition worthy of being painted as a large picture. The style of these gentlemen reminds us, in somewhat, of our free-handed friend Christie of the Clint Hill. Many such gallant companies have issued from the lone peel-houses of the "debatable land," and forded the Tweed before daylight.

No. 462. 'The First Letter,' 'What shall I say?' J. A. HOUSTON, R.S.A. A brilliant study of a little girl—at her writing-desk, and at a loss for an idea.

No. 467. 'Mary Magdalen,' F. SANDYS. A profile head in which there is much to admire; but the dispositions make the neck appear too long.

No. 473. 'Harvest Time,' J. HAYLIAR. The scene is of course the harvest field, in which three men are temporarily resting from their labour. These figures are painted with great decision of manner.

No. 480. 'A Quiet Spot,' A. J. STARK. So quiet that a couple of squirrels have it entirely to themselves. The study seems to have been made upon the "spot," so rich it is in ferns, gadding creepers, and countless grasses.

No. 482. 'Doctor Primrose taking Blackberry to the Fair,' T. JONES BARKER. This is an excellent subject; it is surprising that it has never before been painted. The doctor is mounted on his horse, and the situation is much in the spirit of Goldsmith's description.

No. 491. 'Winter Morning—Weathering the Point, Old Hartlepool,' J. W. CARMICHAEL. We see here a coal bark in a very critical situation, all but close in among the breakers, with the wind off the sea. The force of the picture is the heavy sea that rolls in upon the rocks, of which the in-shore wave, just breaking at the crest, is a masterly passage of marine painting; not less admirable is the sky, with its heavy, driving clouds.

No. 492. 'Nightshade Glen,' J. W. OAKES. This is of a class different from that of which we have been accustomed to see examples under this name. So different is it, that it would scarcely be attributed to the same hand.

No. 500. 'The Stones of Devon,' T. MOGFORD. There were years ago, exhibited under this name in the Royal Academy, from time to time, small portraits, inimitable for softness and finish; but whether there be an Antipholus of Corinth, and an Antipholus of Syracuse in this case, we know not. It is enough to say,

that these stones of Devon are most perfect imitations of huge boulders coated with parti-coloured lichens.

No. 501. 'Italian Goatherd,' R. BUCKNER. The general character of the figure is pictorial, but these boys' heads look as if painted from girls; there is neither in the Popedom nor the Duchies any goatherd with features and hands so delicate as those of this figure.

No. 502. 'Flowers,' ST. JEAN. We do not remember that M. St. Jean has before sent a picture to any of our exhibitions. As this artist is the most eminent flower-painter in France, and his works command very high prices, this picture ought to have been honoured with a place of distinction; instead of which it is hung high up in the third room. It is equal in merit to any of his works. A most brilliant wreath, hung on a dark, sculptured Madonna della Saggiola.

No. 507. 'La Corda Rotta,' B. AMICONTI. A study of a lady embarrassed by the breaking of her guitar-string: an agreeable picture, much in the taste of the French school.

No. 513. 'An Angler preparing for a Day's Sport,' J. T. LUCAS. A small figure, in the act of dressing a fly with great earnestness of expression.

No. 514. 'Joy cometh in the Morning,' Psalm xxx. 5, E. T. PARRIS. A large, full, and elaborate composition, conceived in a Poussin-like vein, and presenting a concourse of carefully-drawn and well-painted figures, infinitely hilarious in expression, and markedly graceful in movement.

No. 526. 'Olivia,' J. COLBY. Not one of those Olivias whom we all know so well—yet a study of rare excellence.

No. 541. 'Welsh Interior,' E. J. COBBETT. Principally a wide chimney, with a figure seated on the left—simple and very effective.

Other works worthy of mention are—No. 543, 'Caen, Normandy,' L. J. WOOD; No. 554, 'Dutch Vessels Becalmed—Antwerp,' E. HAYES, A.R.H.A.; No. 561, 'Elsaine,' D. WILKIE WINFIELD; No. 563, 'A Romance,' C. CATTERMOLE; No. 564, 'The Ordering of Colour,' E. HOPLEY; No. 573, 'On the Hills—Morning,' A. J. STARK; No. 582, 'An Anxious Moment,' H. L. ROLFE; No. 593, 'A subject from "The Flowers of the Forest,"' ALEXANDER JOHNSTON; No. 595, 'Summer,' H. MOORE; No. 596, 'St. James on the Loire,' V. DE FLEURY; No. 600, 'Sancho Panza,' J. GILBERT; No. 601, 'Chi ha la bella ha la buona,' H. WRIGHT; No. 607, 'Comparing Notes,' T. M. JOY; No. 608, 'Cordelia,' T. F. DICKSEE; No. 610, 'Winter,' E. F. D. PRITCHARD; No. 614, 'Golden Days,' W. W. GOSLING; No. 617, 'The Mask,' W. H. KNIGHT; No. 618, 'On the Welsh Coast,' W. H. HOPKINS; No. 619, '\*\*\* W. S. P. HENDERSON; and No. 623, 'The Pastime—a Sketch in the Woods of "Rocco di Papa,"' R. ROTHWELL.

Among the sculpture are some productions of much beauty. There are altogether seventeen pieces, and, limited though the contributions be, as a whole there is a greater proportion of excellence in this department than in the painting. J. SHERWOOD WESTMACOTT contributes No. 634, 'L'Allegro'—marble, and 'Il Penseroso'—marble; and H. WEEKES, A.R.A., 'An African Head'—a work of much character. There are—No. 637, 'A marble Head,' Mrs. THORNYCROFT; No. 642, A group of 'Virginians, and Virginia,' G. J. MILLER; No. 646, 'The Lovers' Walk,' ALEXANDER MUNRO; No. 649, 'Titania,'—marble, JOHN LAWLER, &c.

Thus it will be seen that the exhibition of this year is not seasoned with the quality that we always look for from the winter labours of its habitual contributors. It is most probable that the defect is attributable to the cause stated at the commencement of this notice.



# THE HUDSON, FROM THE WILDERNESS TO THE SEA.

BY BENSON J. LOSSING.

THE ILLUSTRATIONS FROM DRAWINGS BY THE AUTHOR.

## PART III.

THE cold increased every moment as the sun declined, and, after remaining on the summit of Tahawus only an hour, we descended to the Opalescent River, where we encamped for the night. Toward morning there was a rain-shower, and the water came trickling upon us through the light bark roof of our "camp." But the clouds broke at sunrise, and, excepting a copious shower of small hail, and one or two of light rain, we had pleasant weather the remainder of the day. We descended the Opalescent in its rocky bed, as we went up, and at noon dined on the margin of Lake Colden, just after a slight shower had passed by.

We were now at an elevation of almost three thousand feet above tide water. In lakes Coldeu and Avalanche, which lie close to each other, there are no fishes. Only lizards and leeches occupy their cold waters. All is silent and solitary there. The bold eagle sweeps over them occasionally, or perches upon a lofty pine; but the mournful voice of the Great Loon, or Diver (*Colymbus glacialis*), heard over all the waters of northern New York and Canada, never awakens the echoes of these solitary lakes.\* They lie in a high basin between the Mount Colden and Mount McIntyre ranges, and have experienced great changes. Avalanche Lake, evidently once a part of Lake Colden, is about eighty feet higher than the latter. They have been separated by, perhaps, a series of avalanches, or mountain slides, which still occur in that region. From the top of Tahawus we saw the white glare of several, striping the sides of mountain cones. The distance from the outlet of Lake Colden to the head of Avalanche Lake is about two and a quarter miles.

At three o'clock we reached our camp at Calamity Pond, and just before sunset emerged from the forest into the open fields near Adirondack village,



LAKE COLDEN.

where we regaled ourselves with the bountiful fruitage of the raspberry shrub. At Mr. Hunter's we found kind and generous entertainment; and at an early hour the next morning we started for the great Indian Pass, four miles distant.

Half a mile from Henderson Lake we crossed its outlet upon a picturesque bridge, and, following a causeway another half mile through a clearing, we penetrated the forest, and struck one of the chief branches of the Upper Hudson, that comes from the rocky chasms of that Pass. Our journey was much more difficult than to Tahawus. The undergrowth of the forest was more dense, and trees more frequently lay athwart the dim trail. We crossed the stream several times; and, as we ascended, the valley narrowed until we entered the rocky gorge between the steep slopes of Mount McIntyre and the cliffs of Wall-face Mountain. There we encountered enormous masses of rocks, some worn by the abrasion of the elements, some angular, some bare, and some covered with moss, and many of them bearing large trees, whose roots, clasp-

\* The water view in the picture of the Loon is a scene on Harris's Lake, with Goode now Mountain in the distance.

ing them on all sides, strike into the earth for sustenance. One of the masses presented a singular appearance: it was of cubic form, its summit full thirty feet from its base, and upon it was quite a grove of hemlock and cedar-trees. Around and partly under this and others lying loosely, apparently kept from rolling by roots and vines, we were compelled to clamber a long distance, when we reached a point more than one hundred feet above the bottom of the



THE LOON.

gorge, where we could see the famous pass in all its wild grandeur. Before us arose a perpendicular cliff, nearly twelve hundred feet from base to summit, as raw in appearance as if cleft only yesterday. Above us sloped M'Intyre, still more lofty than the cliff of Wall-face; and in the gorge lay huge piles of rock, chaotic in position, grand in dimensions, and awful in general aspect. They appear to have been cast in there by some terrible convulsion not very remote.



OUTLET OF HENDERSON LAKE.

Within the memory of Sabattis, this region has been shaken by an earthquake; and no doubt its power, and the lightning, and the frost, have hurled these masses from that impending cliff. Through these the waters of this branch of the Hudson, bubbling from a spring not far distant (close by a fountain of the Au Sable), find their way. The margin of the stream is too rugged and cavernous in the Pass for human footsteps to follow.



TREES ON BOULDERS.

Just at the lower entrance to the gorge, on the shore of the little brook, we dined, and then retraced our steps to the village, stopping on the way to view the dreary swamp at the head of Henderson Lake, where the Hudson, flowing from the Pass, enters it. Water, and not fire, has blasted the trees,

and their erect stems and prostrate branches, white and ghost-like in appearance, make a tangled covering over many acres.

That night we slept soundly again at Mr. Hunter's, and in the morning left in a wagon for the valley of the Scarron. During the past four days we had travelled thirty miles on foot in the tangled forest, camped out two nights, and seen some of Nature's wildest and grandest lineaments. These mountain and lake districts, which form the wilderness of northern New York, give to the tourist most exquisite sensations; and the physical system appears to take in health at every pore. Invalids go in with hardly strength enough to reach some quiet log-house in a clearing, and come out with strong quick pulse and elastic muscles. Every year the number of tourists and sportsmen who go there rapidly increases; and women begin to find more pleasure and health in that wilderness, than at fashionable watering places. No wild country in the world can offer more solid attractions to those who desire to spend a few weeks of



ADIRONDACK, OR INDIAN PASS.

leisure away from the haunts of men. Pure air and water, and game in abundance, may there be found; while in all that region not a venomous reptile or poisonous plant may be seen, and the beasts of prey are too few and shy to cause the least alarm to the most timid. The climate is delightful; and there are fertile valleys among those rugged hills that will yet smile in beauty under the cultivator's hand. It has been called by ignorant men the "Siberia of New York;" it may properly be called the "Switzerland of the United States."

The wind came from among the mountains in fitful gusts, thick mists were sweeping around the peaks and through the gorges, and there were frequent dashes of rain, sometimes falling like showers of gold, in the sunlight that gleamed through the broken clouds, on the morning when we left Adirondack village. We had hired a strong wagon, with three spring seats, and a team of experienced horses, to convey us from the heart of the wilderness to the Scarron valley, thirty miles distant; and after breakfast we left the kind family



HENDERSON'S LAKE.

of Mr. Hunter, accompanied by Sabattis and Preston, who rode with us most of the way for ten miles, in the direction of their homes. Our driver was the owner of the team—a careful, intelligent, good-natured man, who lived near Tahawus, at the foot of Sandford Lake. But in all our experience in travelling, we never endured such a journey. The highway, for at least twenty-four of the thirty miles, is what is technically called *corduroy*—a sort of corrugated stripe of logs ten feet wide, laid through the woods, and dignified with the title of "the State road." It gives to a wagon the jolting motion of the "dyspeptic chair," and in that way we were "exercised" all day long, except when dining at the Tahawus House, on some wild pigeons shot by Sabattis on the way. That inn is upon the road, near the site of Tahawus village, at the foot of Sandford Lake, and is a half-way house between Long Lake, and Root's Inn in the Scarron valley, toward which we were travelling. There we parted with our excellent guides, after giving them a sincere assurance that we should

recommend all tourists and hunters, who may visit the head waters of the Hudson, to procure their services, if possible.

About a mile on our way from the Tahawus House, we came to the dwelling and farm of John Cheney, the oldest and most famous hunter and guide in all that region. He now seldom goes far into the woods, for he begins to feel the effects of age and a laborious life. We called to pay our respects to one so widely known, and yet so isolated. He is a slightly-built man, about sixty years of age. He was the guide for the scientific corps, who made a geological reconnaissance of that region many years ago; and for a quarter of a century he has there battled the elements and the beasts with a strong arm and unflinching will. Many of the tales of his experience are full of the wildest romance, and we hoped to hear the narrative of some adventure from his own lips. We were disappointed; he was away on a short hunting excursion, for he loves the forest and the chase with all the enthusiasm of his young manhood.

For many years John carried no other weapons than a huge jack-knife and a pistol. One of the most stirring of his thousand adventures in the woods is connected with the history of that pistol. It has been related by an acquaintance of the writer, a man of rare genius, and who, for many years, has been an inmate of an asylum for the insane, in a neighbouring State. John Cheney was his guide more than twenty years ago. The time of the adventure alluded to was winter, and the snow lay four feet deep in the woods. John went out upon snow-shoes, with his rifle and dogs. He wandered far from the settlement, and made his bed at night in the deep snow. One morning he arose to examine his traps, near which he would lie encamped for weeks in complete solitude. When hovering around one of them, he discovered a famished wolf, who, unappalled by the hunter, retired only a few steps, and then, turning round, stood watching his movements. "I ought, by rights," said John, "to have waited for my two dogs, who could not have been far off; but the cretur looked so sassy, standing there, that though I had not a bullet to spare, I could not help letting into him with my rifle." John missed his aim, and the animal gave a spring, as he was in the act of firing, and turned instantly upon him before he could reload his piece. So effective was the unexpected attack of the wolf, that his fore-paws were upon Cheney's snow-shoes before he could rally for the fight. The forester became entangled in the deep drift, and sank upon his back, keeping the wolf only at bay by striking at him with his clubbed



OUT OF THE WILDERNESS.

rifle. The stock was broken into pieces in a few moments, and it would have fared ill with the stark woodman, if the wolf, instead of making at his enemy's throat when he had him thus at disadvantage, had not, with blind fury, seized the barrel of the gun in his jaws. Still the fight was unequal, as John, half buried in the snow, could make use of but one of his hands. He shouted to his dogs, but one of them only, a young, untrained hound, made his appearance. Emerging from a thicket, he caught sight of his master, lying apparently at the mercy of the ravenous beast, uttered a yell of fear, and fled howling to the woods again. "Had I had one shot left," said Cheney, "I would have given it to that dog, instead of dispatching the wolf with it." In the exasperation of the moment, John might have extended his contempt to the whole canine race, if a stauncher friend had not, at the moment, interposed to vindicate their character for courage and fidelity. All this had passed in a moment; the wolf was still grinding the iron gun-barrel in his teeth—he had even once wrenched it from the hand of the hunter—when, dashing like a thunderbolt between the combatants, the other hound sprang over his master's body, and seized the wolf by the throat. "There was no let go about that dog when he once took hold," said John. "If the barrel had been red hot, the wolf couldn't have dropped it quicker; and it would have done you good, I tell ye, to see that old dog drag the cretur's head down in the snow, while I, just at my leisure, drove the iron into his skull. One good, fair blow, though, with a heavy rifle barrel, on the back of the head, finished him. The fellow gave a kind o' quiver, stretched out his hind legs, and then he was done for. I had the rifle stocked afterwards, but she would never shoot straight since that fight; so I got me this pistol, which, being light and handy, enables me more conveniently to carry an axe upon my long tramps, and make myself comfortable in the woods."

Many a deer has John since killed with that pistol. "It is curious," said the narrator, "to see him draw it from the left pocket of his grey shooting-jacket, and bring down a partridge. I have myself witnessed several of his successful shots with this unpretending shooting-iron, and once saw him knock the feathers from a wild duck at fifty yards."

Most of our journey toward the Scarron was quite easy for the horses, for



we were descending the great Champlain slope. The roughness of the road compelled us to allow the team to walk most of the way. The country was exceedingly picturesque. For miles our track lay through the solitary forest, its silence disturbed only by the laugh of a mountain brook, or the voices of the wind among the hills. The winding road was closely hemmed by trees and shrubs, and sentinelled by lofty pines, and birches, and tamaracks, many of them dead, and ready to fall at the touch of the next strong wind. Miles apart were the rude cabins of the settlers, until we came out upon a high, rolling valley, surrounded by a magnificent amphitheatre of hills. Through that valley, from a little lake toward the sources of the Au Sable, flows the cold and rapid Boreas River, one of the chief tributaries of the Upper Hudson. The view was now grand: all around us stood the great hills, wooded to their summits, and overlooking deep valleys, wherein the primeval forest had never been touched by axe or fire; and on the right, through tall trees, we had glimpses of an irregular little lake, called Cheney Pond. For three or four miles after passing the Boreas we went over a most dreary "clearing," dotted with blackened stumps and boulders as thick as hail, a cold north-west wind



MOOSE HORNS.

driving at our backs. In the midst of it is Wolf Pond, a dark water fringed with a tangled growth of alders, shrubs, and creepers, and made doubly gloomy by hundreds of dead trees, that shoot up from the *chapparral*.

This was the "darkness just before daylight," for we soon struck a branch of the Scarron, rushing in cascades through a rocky ravine, along whose banks we found an excellent road. The surrounding country was very rugged in appearance. The rocky hills had been denuded by fire, and everything in nature presented a strong contrast to the scene that burst upon the vision at sunset, when, from the brow of a hill, we saw the beautiful Scarron valley smiling before us. In a few minutes we crossed the Scarron River over a covered bridge, and found ourselves fairly out of the wilderness, at a new and spacious inn, kept by Russell Root, a small, active, and obliging man, well known all over that northern country. His house is the point of departure and arrival for those who take what may be called the lower route to and from the hunting and fishing grounds of the Upper Hudson, and the group of lakes beyond. Over his door a pair of enormous moose horns forms an appropriate sign-board, for he is the commissary of sportsmen in that region. At his house everything necessary for the woods and waters may be obtained.

The Scarron, or Schron River, is the eastern branch of the Hudson. It



OUTLET OF PARADOX LAKE.

arises in the heart of Essex County, and flowing southward into Warren county, receiving in its course the waters of Paradox and Scarron, or Schron Lake, and a large group of ponds, forms a confluence, near Warrensburg, with the main waters of the Hudson, that come down from the Adirondack region. The name of Schron for this branch is fixed in the popular mind, appears in books and on maps, and is heard upon every lip. It is a corruption of Scarron, the name given to the lake by French officers, who were stationed at Fort St. Frederick, on Crown Point, a hundred years ago. In their rambles in the wilderness on the western shore of Lake Champlain, they discovered a beautiful lake, and named it in gallant homage to the memory of the widow of the poet Scarron, who, as Madame de Maintenon, became the queen of Louis XIV. of France. The name was afterwards applied to the river, and the modern corrupt orthography and pronunciation were unknown before the present century, at the beginning of which settlements were first commenced in that region. In the face of legal documents, common speech, and maps, we may rightfully call it Scarron; for the antiquity and respectability of an error are not valid excuses for perpetuating it.

From Root's we rode down the valley to the pleasant little village on the western shore of Scarron Lake. We turned aside to visit the beautiful Paradox Lake, nestled among wooded hills a short distance from the river. It is separated from Scarron Lake by a low alluvial drift, and is so nearly on a level with the river into which it empties, that when torrents from the hills swell the waters of that stream, a current flows back into Paradox Lake, making its outlet an inlet for the time. From this circumstance it received its name. We rode far up its high southern shore to enjoy many fine views of the lake and its surroundings, and returning, lunched in the shadows of trees at a rustic bridge that spans its outlet a few rods below the lake.

Scarron Lake is a beautiful sheet of water, ten miles in length, and about a mile in average width. It is ninety miles north of Albany, and lies partly in Essex and partly in Warren County. Its aspect is interesting from every point of view. The gentle slopes on its western shore are well cultivated, and thickly inhabited, the result of sixty years' settlement; but on its eastern shore are precipitous and rugged hills, which extend in wild and picturesque succession to Lake Champlain, fifteen or twenty miles distant. In the bosom of these hills, and several hundred feet above the Scarron, lies Lake Pharaoh, a body of cold water surrounded by dark mountains; and near it is a large cluster of ponds, all of which find a receiving reservoir in Scarron Lake, and make its outlet a large stream.

In the lake, directly in front of Scarron village, is an elliptical island, containing about one hundred acres. It was purchased a few years ago by Colonel A. L. Ireland, a wealthy gentleman of New York, who went there in search of health, and who has spent large sums of money in subduing the savage features of the island, erecting a pleasant summer mansion upon it, and in changing the rough and forbidding aspect of the whole domain into one of beauty and attractiveness. Taste and labour have wrought wonderful changes there, and its present appearance justifies the title it bears of *Isola Bella*—the Indian



ISOLA BELLA.

*Cay-wa-noot.* The mansion is cruciform, and delightfully situated. In front of it are tastefully ornamented grounds, with vistas through the forest trees, that afford glimpses of charming lake, landscape, and distant mountain scenery. Within are evidences of elegant refinement—a valuable library, statuary, bronzes, and some rare paintings. Among other sketches is a picture of Hale Hall, in Lancashire, England—the ancestral dwelling of Colonel Ireland, who is a lineal descendant of Sir John De Ireland, a Norman baron who accompanied William the Conqueror to England, was at the battle of Hastings, and received from the monarch a large domain, upon which he built a castle. On the site of that castle, Hale Hall was erected by Sir Gilbert Ireland, who was a member of Parliament and lord-lieutenant of his county. Hale Hall remains in possession of the family.

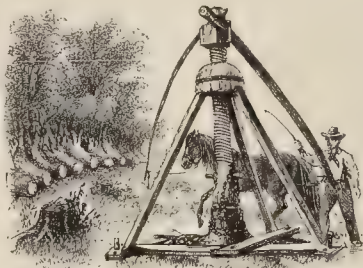
We were conveyed to Isola Bella in a skiff, rowed by two watermen, in the face of a stiff breeze that ruffled the lake; and it was almost sunset when we returned to the village of Scarron Lake. It was Saturday evening, and we remained at the village until Monday morning; and then rode down the pleasant valley to Warrensburg, near the junction of the Scarron and the west branch of the Hudson, a distance of almost thirty miles. It was a very delightful ride, notwithstanding we were menaced by a storm. Our road lay first along the cultivated western margin of the lake, and thence through a rolling valley, from which we caught occasional glimpses of the river, sometimes near and sometimes distant. The journey occupied a greater portion of the day. We passed two quiet villages, named respectively Pottersville and Chester. The latter, the larger of the two, is at the outlet of Loon and Friendship Lakes—good fishing places, a few miles distant. Both villages are points upon the State road, from which sportsmen depart for the adjacent woods and waters. An hour's ride from either place will put them within the borders of the great wilderness, and beyond the sounds of the settlements.

Warrensburg is situated partly upon a high plain, and partly upon a slope that stoops to a bend of the Scarron, about two miles above its confluence with the west branch of the Hudson. It is a village of about seven hundred inhabitants, in the midst of rugged mountain scenery, the hills abounding with iron ore. As we approached it, we came to a wide plain, over which lay—in greater perfection than any we had yet seen—stump fences, which are peculiar to the Upper Hudson country. They are composed of the stumps of large pine-trees, drawn from the soil by machines made for the purpose; and they are so disposed in rows, their roots interlocking, as to form an effectual barrier to the



passage of any animal on whose account fences are made. The stumps are full of sap (turpentine), and we were assured, with all the confidence of experience, that these fences would last a thousand years, the turpentine preserving the woody fibre. One of the stump-machines stood in a field near the road. It is a simple derrick, with a large wooden screw hanging from the apex, where its heavy matrix is fastened. In the lower end of the screw is a large iron bolt, and at the upper end, or head, a strong lever is fastened. The derrick is placed over a stump, and heavy chains are wound round and under the stump and over the iron bolt in the screw. A horse attached to the lever works the screw in such a manner as to draw the stump and its roots clean from the ground. The stump fences form quite a picturesque feature in the landscape, and at a distance have the appearance of masses of deer horns.

It was toward evening when we arrived at Warrensburg, but before sunset we had strolled over the most interesting portions of the village, along the



STUMP-MACHINE.

river and its immediate vicinity. Here, as elsewhere, the prevailing drought had diminished the streams, and the Searron, usually a wild, rushing river, from the village to its confluence with the Hudson proper, was a comparatively gentle creek, with many of the rocks in its bed quite bare, and timber lodged among them. The buildings of a large manufactory of leather skirt one side of the rapids, and at their head is a large dam and some mills. That region abounds with establishments for making leather; the hemlock-tree, whose bark is used for tanning, being very abundant upon the mountains.

We passed the night at Warrensburg, and early in the morning rode to the confluence of the Searron and Hudson rivers, in a charming little valley which formed the Indian pass of *Teo-ho-Ken* in the olden time, between the Thunder's Nest and other high hills. The point where the waters meet is a lovely spot, shaded by elms and other spreading trees, and forming a picture of beauty and repose in strong contrast with the rugged hills around. On the north side of the valley rises the Thunder's Nest (which appears in our little sketch),



VIEW AT WARRENSBURG.

a lofty pile of rocks full eight hundred feet in height; and from the great bridge, three hundred feet long, which spans the Hudson just below the confluence, there is a view of a fine amphitheatre of hills.

From Tahawus, at the foot of Sandford Lake, to the confluence with the Searron, at Warrensburg, a distance of about fifty miles by its course, the Hudson flows most of the way through an almost unbroken wilderness. Through that region an immense amount of timber is annually cast into the stream, to be gathered by the owners at the great boom near Glen's Falls. From Warrensburg to Luzerne, at Jesup's Little Falls, the river is equally uninteresting; and these two sections we omitted in our explorations, because they promised very small returns for the time and labour to be spent in visiting them. So at Warrensburg we left the river again, and took a somewhat circuitous route to Luzerne, that we might travel a good road. That route, by far the most interesting for the tourist, leads by the way of Caldwel, at the head of Lake George, through a mountainous and very picturesque country, sparsely dotted with neat farm-houses in the intervals between the grand old

hills. The road is planked; and occasionally a fountain by the wayside sends out its clear stream from rocks, or a mossy bank, into a rude reservoir, such as is seen delineated in the picture at the head of this chapter. While watering our horses at one of these, the ring of merry laughter came up through the little valley near, and a few moments afterward we met a group of young people enjoying the pleasures of a picnic.

At noon we reined up in front of the Fort William Henry Hotel, at the head of Lake George, where we dined, and then departed through the forest for Luzerne. That immense caravansera for the entertainment of summer visitors stands upon classic ground. It is upon the site of old Fort William Henry, erected by General William Johnson in the autumn of 1755, and named in honour of two of the royal family of England. At the same time the General



CONFLUENCE OF THE HUDSON AND SEARRON.

changed the name of the lake from that of the Holy Sacrament, given it by Father Jogues, a French priest, who reached the head of it on *Corpus Christi* day, to George—not in simple honour to his Majesty, then reigning monarch of England, but, as the General said, "to assert his undoubted dominion here." The Indians called it, *Can-at-de-ri-vil*, or Tale of the Lake, it appearing as such appendage to Lake Champlain.

From the broad colonnade of the hotel, the eye takes in the lake and its shores to the Narrows, about fifteen miles, and includes a theatre of great historic interest. Over those waters came the Hurons to fight the Mohawks; and during the Seven Years' war, when French dominion in America was crushed by the united powers of England and her American colonies, those hills often echoed the voice of the trumpet, the beat of the drum, the roar of



FORT WILLIAM HENRY HOTEL.

cannon, the crack of musketry, the savage yell, and the shout of victory. At the head of the lake, British and Gallic warriors fought desperately, early in September, 1755, and history has recorded the results of many battle-fields during the last century, ere the colonists and the mother-country came to blows, after a long and bitter quarrel. At the head of Lake George, where another fort had been erected near the ruins of William Henry, the republicans had a military depot; and until the surrender of Sir John Burgoyne, at Saratoga, on the Hudson, that lake was a minor theatre of war, where the respective adherents of the "Continental" and "Ministerial" parties came into frequent collisions. Since then a profound peace has reigned over all that region; and at the Fort William Henry House, and its neighbours, are gathered every summer, the wise and the wealthy, the noble, gay, and beautiful of many lands, seeking and finding health in recreation.



THE  
SOCIETY OF FEMALE ARTISTS.

THE fourth annual exhibition of the works of this society was opened at the beginning of February, in the room of the New Society of Painters in Water Colours, 53, Pall Mall. The number of works is 319, of which more than fifty are copies, some of them so well executed that it is a cause of regret their authors should exert such powers on imitations. Indeed, the time will come when this society, in justice to themselves, must reject copies. The light in the room is so well distributed that there is no part of the wall on which works of art may not be advantageously seen. In a light so broad the number of mounts and margins tells most injuriously, not only against the drawings which they are intended to assist, but also against neighbouring works. Besides, the space occupied by margin is so much valuable space lost. Margins are effective in rooms where all the drawings are mounted; but in a mixed collection like this, where mounts hang in contrast with powerful drawings closely framed, the thought is suggested, that the mounted drawing would not, in the opinion of its author, bear framing without a margin. We remember the first exhibition of this society, and the remembrance helps us to a comparison of the past and the present, highly favourable to the progress of the institution. Both the drawing and painting evince assiduity and earnestness, and the selection of subject-matter evinces the exercise of thought and the cultivation of taste. We speak especially of those artists who have been thus advanced by exhibition; there are some who were accomplished artists before they gave their support to this society. Although the flower and fruit compositions are still abundant, they are not so numerous as on antecedent occasions; and what there are of them are of superior quality. The bouquets in the first exhibitions were multitudinous, but the majority of them were indifferent in everything; there are now flower and fruit pictures equal to anything that has ever been done in that genre.

Mrs. ELIZABETH MURRAY, of Tenerife, contributes five subjects, the principal of which, 'Adoration and Admiration' (185), presents two figures, one of whom, a full-grown *petit clerc*, is distracted while in the discharge of his duties by the beauty of a girl who kneels at his side before a crucifix. It is an effective work, broad in treatment, and decided in manner. 'Just Awake' (204), also by Mrs. Murray, is a portrait of her son lying in bed, the head only seen. This drawing is of the size of life, and the features are more studiously finished than those of any head this lady has ever exhibited. No. 116, 'Charcoal Burners of Tenerife,' a third by the same hand, contains two figures, those of a man and woman forcibly opposed to the smoke of the burning wood; the former in the act of drinking from a flask, the latter, seated, looking out of the picture—two characteristic and firmly-drawn figures, undoubtedly very faithful to the peculiarities of the class they are intended to represent. No. 105, 'Resignation,' is a girl contemplating a miniature; and (99) 'The Island Beauty' is a study of a female head.

Miss GILLIES exhibits (196) 'Rebekah at the Well,' an impersonation of much grace and beauty, and this according to the letter of Scripture—for "the damsel was fair to look upon." She appears to have just raised her pitcher to her shoulder, and looks to her left as if welcoming the messenger of Abraham, her left hand resting on the well, and her right raised to the water vessel on the right shoulder. The features are so eloquent that we read in them even more than the words

"Drink, my Lord," those wherewith she presented her pitcher to the thirsty man. The subject is one that is continually painted, but rarely do we see anything so successful in drapery as this, which in amplitude and style is strictly oriental. A second picture is entitled 'Waiting for the Return of the Herring Boats;' it presents a faithful impersonation of a Newhaven (Scotland) fish girl. The Rebekah will rank among the best of Miss Gillies's works.

No. 63, 'Olivia and Sophia in their Sunday Finery,' by Mrs. MARGARET ROBINSON, shows great knowledge of Art and command of its means. The agroupment is a difficult study, but it is throughout drawn with accuracy, and painted with a firmness unusual in the productions of ladies. It is not so much in the prominent parts that we look for weaknesses, but in the supporting and half-hidden incidents—these are, however, fearless and substantial. A second picture by the same artist is entitled 'Straw-ropes Twisting in the Highlands,' it contains several figures presented in a full and carefully painted landscape composition.

By Mrs. BACKHOUSE, No. 214, 'Do you want a Servant?' is a little work of infinite brilliancy, and a grotesque illustration of the question given as a title. It is a little charity-school girl, as prim and sedate as a grandmother—in colour the face is charming. No. 156, 'Children on the Sea-shore discovering Vestiges of their lost Father,' also by Mrs. Backhouse, is a composition of great merit, and remarkable for the assiduity with which it has been finished.

Mrs. E. M. WARD's picture (274), 'Howard's Farewell to England—taking leave of his tenants at Cardington,' is a small composition with the best qualities of a large work. Howard appears here in affectionate intercourse with a small knot of cottagers and their children, according to the spirit of an extract from Hepworth Dixon's life of the good man. The sketch is extremely rich in colour, masterly in the decided tone of its execution, and nowhere enfeebled by any forcing of the effect. No. 281, 'Sunny Hours,' also by Mrs. Ward, is a small group of children with their nurse.

No. 193, A 'Portrait, in crayon, of Thomas Henry Hewitt, Esq.,' by FLORENCE PEEL, shows a precision in dealing with the human features, of which this lady has hitherto given no sign, and which from antecedent essays it could not be supposed she possessed. It is said to be in crayon, but the crayon is so tenderly dealt with that it looks more like a highly finished drawing in chalk from the hand of an experienced artist. There are also by the same (45), 'Study of Magnolia,' an oil picture of admirable quality; and (211) 'View of the City of Cork—coloured from nature.'

'Expectation,' No. 48, by Mrs. SWIFT, is a boy's head well drawn and solidly painted; and, by the same lady, 'The Miniature' (107) is a large Terburg-like picture, presenting a lady in a white satin dress looking at a miniature.

Miss KATE SWIFT exhibits (58) 'Cross Purposes,' a composition of two figures, the principal a French peasant girl winding off a hank of worsted, which is held for her by a boy seated on the floor. No. 70, 'Divided Interests,' is a girl in a larder, who, as about to hang up a hare, has her attention attracted by a boy who is near. Miss Swift's third work is (77) 'Taking a sly Peep,' two children reading a letter by candle-light. These three works show careful study and effective painting.

No. 68, 'Bedouens and Camels—Mount Hor in the distance,' Mrs. ROBERTON BLAINE, is not only one of the best desert-scenes we have ever seen, but also in artistic feeling and manipulation it evidences a power and decision rarely seen in the works of ladies: the

near agroupment consists of a camel and figures, and from these the eye is led to the distances by the most judicious and appropriate dispositions. No. 55 is a larger work by Mrs. Blaine, 'The Ruins of Karnak—Thebes.' To deal with Egyptian scenery, that is, with the hoary reliques of that Egypt which figured in the world's history thousands of years ago, requires no common power to invest it with pictorial interest; this work shows, however, the usual difficulties of this class of subject ably and gracefully subdued.

Nos. 34 and 39, 'The Serenade' and 'The Fountain,' by Mrs. LEE BREDELL (late Miss Fox), are two small Italian pictures remarkable for facility of manner. The figures are those of Italian peasantry, and Mrs. Breddell has succeeded in characterising them with a sentiment peculiarly that of the Italian people. By the same artist there is a portrait (37), 'Edith, daughter of the late James Platt, Esq., M.P.:' it is of the size of life, and is much in advance of all that this lady has hitherto exhibited in portraiture.

Mrs. V. BARTHOLOMEW's 'Portrait of Miss Glyn as Cleopatra' is brilliant in colour, earnest in expression, and a striking resemblance of the lady represented. Nos. 144, 'The Nun,' and 174, 'The Bride,' are studies similar in size and character, equally meritorious in the quality of the Art, and in fitness of expression.

In Tennyson's 'Mariana' (96) Miss A. BRUGESS has succeeded in rendering much of the sentiment of the theme; but a happier interpretation is that of (176) 'Evangeline,' who is introduced as sitting "by some nameless grave," and yielding herself to her painful thoughts. It is a drawing of infinite tenderness, broad in treatment, yet minutely finished, and profoundly imbued with the saddened tone of the verse. No. 223, 'The Order of Release,' by the same artist, is a story in another spirit. Two children have just liberated a bird from a small home-made cage, and they are looking with almost tearful eyes at their late favourite in its upward flight. No. 233, 'A dull Trade,' also by Miss Burgess, shows a fruit-girl seated on a door-step, in despondency at the small demand there is for her oranges.

No. 175, 'Portrait of a Lady,' Miss TEKUSCH, presents the figure at half-length, erect, and wearing a riding dress. Careful and even minute in finish throughout.

No. 200, 'The Gleaners,' Miss F. HEWITT, a drawing of much brilliancy and harmony, evinces knowledge and experience in dealing with water-colour materials. No. 275, 'The Village Well,' by the same hand, is also a drawing of striking power, and remarkable for sweetness of colour. The subject is simply a girl at a well playing a jew's-harp, the sound of which attracts a child that strives to possess the gewgaw. These drawings are qualified with many of the most valuable points of water-colour practice.

No. 202, 'The Early Christian of the Church of the Catacombs,' MADAME GREATA, is a life-sized study in *pastel*. Well drawn, and altogether a very daring essay in material; wherein we are accustomed only to see productions of small size.

Three landscapes by Miss STODDART, Nos. 23, 50, and 67, severally entitled, 'Old Bridge of Garry, Perthshire,' 'Cottages at Ardsiel, Argyleshire,' and 'Scenery on the Banks of the Tummel, Perthshire,' are painted with a firmness equal to that of the most meritorious of her preceding works, and with much less of that universal sharpness that has hitherto characterised her foliage. All that we have seen of Miss Stoddart's works are cold in tone; they look like localities that the sun seldom sees. Warmth and geniality would, by giving a habitable phase to them, greatly increase their interest.



Mrs. WITHERS'S (No. 46) 'Bantam Chickens,' is one of those trifling subjects to which this lady, by her exquisite manipulation and brilliant and harmonious colour, gives great beauty and value. Of the same class is her 'Feather-legged Bantams.' Then she exhibits (152) 'Strawberries,' an assortment on a cabbage leaf, painted with such truth and lustrous freshness that the fruit is individually distinguishable by the fanciful names that horticulturists give to its varieties. There are also, by the same artist (165), 'Roses' (197), 'Basket of Strawberries and Cherries,' and (268) 'A Basket of Currants,'—all equally excellent.

In Nos. 36, 'Pomerne on the Moselle,' and (160), 'Troutbeck, Westmoreland,' Mrs. OLIVER displays rare gifts both in water-colour and oil painting. The former work is well chosen as to subject, extremely spirited in treatment, and worked with the utmost nicety of execution. It is the most agreeable and effective of this lady's productions that we have ever seen. The foliage forms of the water-colour drawing hang naturally,—they are made out with an assurance showing that the artist knows in such case what to do and how to do it. Mrs. Oliver exhibits, moreover (46), 'Westmoreland,' and (64) 'The Drachenfels.'

On one of the pedestals there is in one frame a triad of graceful pen and sepia drawings, by a lady. The subjects are, 'The King's Palace, Turin,' 'The Rialto, Venice,' and 'The Arno, Florence.' The view of the first is from the front, just outside the gates. That of the Rialto is from the water, bringing the bridge in the centre of the drawing. That of the Arno is a view from the river of an erection on the banks, somewhere near the Cascine. These sketches are remarkable for their clearness, precision, and the general beauty of their execution.

No. 90, 'The Old Conduit in the Market Place, Wells,' by LOUISA RAYNER, is exemplary for power of drawing and command of effect, but we do not remember the *locale* as here presented. The Cathedral at Wells stands upon the common level of the city, but here it looks as if upon an eminence. 'Broad Street, Bristol,' (95) is a very picturesque rendering of an ordinary subject. It would be a charming drawing if the shadows were not so black and heavy. Originality is often obtained at a cost too exorbitant. 'The Market Cross, Winchester,' (180) is a drawing of great force, and the effect would yet be more striking if the body-colour texture were not so conspicuous. The same artist exhibits also (101), 'North Aisle, Canterbury Cathedral,' and (135) 'Nave of Canterbury Cathedral—Procession of the Clergy to meet the Archbishop.' But these interiors are excelled by Miss Rayner's exterior subjects, which are dealt with in a manner that would be extremely attractive but, as we have said, for the blackness of the shades.

No. 208, 'Summer Flowers,' Miss WALTER, is a rich and various composition; the flowers are associated and contrasted with great taste and judgment. By the same artist (143) 'Fruit,' (179) 'Flowers,' (228) 'Fresh Gathered,' &c., are brilliant instances of fruit and flower painting; and, moreover, these heaps of fragrant flowers exemplify a patience and industry which should command success.

No. 192, 'Entrance to the Kyle Sku, Sutherlandshire,' and (120) 'Dysart, Fifeshire,' are two marine subjects, by Mrs. E. D. MURRAY. The former shows some boats sailing out of the Kyle under a fresh breeze; in the distance rise the Cuchullin Hills. The other is the ferry at Dysart, with market boats about to cross the Frith of Forth. We have on former occasions noticed approvingly the excellent drawings of this lady, the indefatigable secretary of the society: the works she now exhibits quite

equal—we almost think they surpass—her former efforts.

No. 189, 'Grapes and Peaches,' by Mrs. V. BARTHOLOMEW, is a luscious composition; the fruit is worked up to the reality of nature. Each individual item of the compilation is elaborated with infinite care, but the fulness and *abandon* of the whole is charming.

Miss JAMES exhibits a variety of essays in flower painting, some of which evince considerable taste in arrangement and effect; but many of them are mere sketches on tinted papers, and should not have been sent to an exhibition which proposes the exhibition of finished works.

LADY BELCHER exhibits two broad and effective drawings, 'Pluckardine Abbey,' near Elgin, and 'Kidwelly Castle, Carmarthenshire.'

On the screen a variety of small but interesting works are hung—an association of highly finished pictures in both oil and water-colour. 'Passiflora,' CLARA E. F. KETTLE, is a large miniature on ivory, luminous in its flesh-tints, deep and rich in its general colour, and otherwise exemplifying a high degree of excellence in this department of art. By the same lady (380), 'The Magdalen Weeping over the Body of our Lord,' a large miniature after the work of Agostino Caracci, is one of the most admirable copies we have ever seen in this department. Near these are a miniature, after the late J. Ward, R.A., by Mrs. GEORGE RAPHAEL WARD; (270) an enamel after Guido, Miss TEKUSCH; and No. 272, 'The Astronomer' and the 'Philosopher,' Miss E. SHARPE. Mrs. MOSELEY'S 'Portrait of a Lady' (109) is a miniature of much delicacy of execution. No. 273, 'A Study from Nature,' Miss DAVIES, is a small oil-picture of much merit. Among the many fruit subjects there are, by Miss LANCE, Nos. 108 and 109, 'A Study of Plums,' and 'Grapes,' two finely executed drawings, remarkable for taste and simplicity.

No. 139, 'Praise,' Miss ELIZA SHARPE. A carefully drawn group of charity-school children, well conceived in tone and sentiment. No. 87, 'Tewkesbury,' Mrs. WILKES, is a drawing which for its agreeable facility of manner, and the certainty of its dispositions, must be admired; and equal in excellence are No. 124, 'Shrewsbury from the Severn,' No. 269, 'Hampton Court Bridge from Moulsey Lock,' and No. 307, 'The Byloke at Ghent,' by the same lady. Successful examples of landscape in pastel are not often met with. There are, however, a few landscape subjects of great excellence by Miss THOMAS—notably Nos. 210 and 217, both Swiss views, extremely harmonious in colour, and drawn and touched with precision and firmness.

No. 44, 'The Church of Notre Dame des Victoires, Brussels,' Mrs. HEMMING, is a small street view, drawn and painted with artistic spirit and feeling. Another equally meritorious work, in the same class of subjects, is No. 86, 'Les Halles, Grande Place, Malines,' No. 71, 'An Episode among the Heather,' shows a dead bird painted with knowledge and power: the artist is Mrs. Colonel KEATING, who exhibits also, painted with equal firmness, No. 41, a 'Kingfisher,' No. 42, 'In Devonshire,' and No. 50, 'Still Life.' In Miss GASTINEAU'S 'Road between Capel Curig and Llanberis' (102), the effect of sunlight is dealt with most successfully, and (29) 'A Fruitful Season,' Miss MARIA MARGETSON, is a marked advance upon what has hitherto appeared under this name.

No. 186, 'Autumn Study from Nature,' the Hon. MAUDE STANLEY, is effective and felicitous in its imitation of the mellow hues of autumn.

There are some meritorious copies, but it is to be hoped that the time will arrive when copies will be no longer received: they are not the works to win reputation.

## ART IN CONTINENTAL STATES.

MUNICH.—The well-known battle-painter, Peter Hess, received, at various times, commissions for the Russian Emperor, Alexander, to depict not only important victories which his troops had gained, but also events in which some act of daring heroism had showed itself pre-eminent, or a skilful manoeuvre became more important perhaps than a battle fought and won. Such a memorable incident is presented in the retreat of Suwaroff from Italy into Switzerland, in the year 1797. To represent this bold enterprise the court painter, Von Kotzebue, was selected by the emperor. His name will already be familiar to the readers of this Journal, for we have, at various times, had occasion to refer to his masterly productions. He has furnished several pictures commemorative of Russian martial glory, and has just completed another, in which Russian endurance is shown us, surrounded by horrors far more terrible than the fiercest mortal enemy could oppose. The overwhelming strength of the French army, left Suwaroff no alternative but to brave the perils of a retreat through the Paniter Pass, and so to reach the valley of the Rhine. The Austrians could not arrive in time to bring the desired aid. On October 4th the Russian army was assembled at Glarus, where it already suffered privations of every sort—want of food, clothing, forage, and ammunition. On the 5th the army set out on an appalling march to the rear; and, under Prince Bagration, keeping the pursuing foe at bay. On the 6th the long train crossed the snow and ice-covered height, passing along precipices, and bridging chasms that stopped the way. Amid such worlds of ice and death it is that Kotzebue has transported us: a frightful scene of misery, and suffering, and desolation; rifted crags, walls of rock towering upwards to the sky; snow-drifts, and objects encrusted in a shroud of ice; soldiers wading on through the snow, others sinking down exhausted to die in the wilderness, and passing by their comrades without a look or a thought save that of self-preservation; abysses over which a felled tree is thrown for a passage. These are the incidents and objects which a master-hand has here brought together on the canvas. The gloomiest of winter skies hang over all. In the foreground is the aged Suwaroff on his grey horse, which some soldiers are leading, wrapped in his mantle, while, close behind him the Grand Duke Constantine steps on manfully, helping himself along with the trusty mountain staff. Around him are peasants carrying their movable, while in front Gortschakoff, the chief officer of the staff, is marching. Long files of soldiers are seen on their weary way: yonder is one, alone, seeking his own path; and there is a group striving together to overcome the difficulties which beset them; and away in the mist, looming through the atmosphere of grey, low-trailing cloud, are seen indistinct forms, dismal, and drear and ghostly. The picture is full of characteristic features, little episodes which at once excite our interest. A chill and a sadness hang over the terrible scene.—The artist, Professor Piloty, of whose great picture we gave an account in our December number, has just been decorated by the King of Bavaria. He received the Order of St. Michael on New Year's Day.

VIENNA.—Two pictures by Sir Thomas Lawrence, from the collection of Prince Metternich, and lent by him for the purpose, are now exhibiting here. They attract much attention, and are indeed the objects towards which the notice of every connoisseur is drawn. The one is a portrait of Princess Clementina Metternich, the other of the Minister Gentz.

WEIMAR.—The Duke of Saxe Weimar is diligently promoting the formation of a School of Art in his capital. Already a great number of artists, many of repute, have settled in Weimar; and it is expected that before long the foundation-stone of an academy will be laid.

GHENT.—The rich collection of pictures belonging to the family D'Hane de Steenhuyze, of Ghent, is to be brought to the hammer in April next. He has brought painted four pictures representing the elements, and it is rather curious that two of these, 'Water' and 'Fire,' are here, while 'Air' and 'Earth' are in the royal gallery at Munich.

ANTWERP.—A publication, which appears twice in each month, under the title of *Journal des Beaux-Arts*, was commenced a year ago in this city, and bids fair to keep its ground: the last year's numbers are on our table. The journal was instituted to supply a want long felt by artists and amateurs in Belgium, of a medium of information respecting Art both at home and abroad: it is, in fact, merely an Art-newspaper, without being much of an Art-critic; in the former character it seems to perform its mission satisfactorily.



## PICTURE-BOOKS.\*

ILLUSTRATED books are a prominent feature of the age we live in, and have almost become a necessity as well for educational purposes as for the gratification which all derive from pictorial works. They meet us everywhere—in the library of the student, and on the table of the drawing-room; they are carefully locked up in the narrow mahogany glazed book-case that ornaments the humble parlour, and they are ranged on the painted deal shelves which the thrifty artisan or labourer hangs on his cottage-wall; the study of the philosopher, and the nursery of his children, are alike their homes. Science, theology, fact, and fiction, are embodied in picture-books; while even the ordinary events of the day—the movements that determine the destinies of kingdoms, or those minor affairs which one hears or reads of as matters only of passing moment—seem to come before us in a more welcome garb through the agency of the artist's pencil employed in the public press. What a contrast is thus presented to the literature, whether perennial or ephemeral, with which our grandfathers were compelled to rest satisfied! How would they stand amazed at the vast and ever-flowing current of illustrated books that, year by year, is spending over the land! And what a book-buying age must this be, which finds a market for so many publications, and justifies their production!

To publish expensive works of the writings of living authors must, except in some especial instances, be always matters of speculation, that is, so far as new books are concerned; but those which have long been parts of our standard literature, those that have become as household words in our homes and families, present no such objection in the way of capital invested; they must, and do, pay the publisher, or he would not continue, year by year, to spend his money and employ his energy in producing them; nor should we see the same author appearing before us in successive seasons, arrayed in new garments by the hands of different artists.

Few popular writers have passed through so many transformations of this kind as John Bunyan. There is little doubt that, on glancing over our "review" columns during the term of our existence, we should find a dozen notices of illustrated editions of the "Pilgrim's Progress," and all of more or less merit. Still, the wayfarer is ever welcome, in whatever garb he appears; and the door of every house where the English language is read or spoken stands open to receive him, and smiling faces and outstretched hands greet his entrance, and will greet it till all pilgrimages on earth are at an end, and the last man is gone to his final rest.

The latest edition of the work that has come before us, is one published by Messrs. Nisbet & Co., a short notice of which appeared in our January number; we reserved any extended remarks until we had the opportunity of offering some examples of Mr. Gilbert's illustrations, which we are now enabled to do. The whole number of woodcuts is forty, embracing a great variety of subjects, as might be expected if one only remembers the variety of character and scenery comprised in the allegory.

It was observed in our former notice that the artist seemed, in some of his designs, to have lost sight of the *spiritual* character of the text: this arises from the introduction, occasionally, of accessories which draw away the mind from the leading idea of the composition; as, for example, in the second engraving, where Christian is represented walking in the fields and reading, in a distant corner of the picture is seen a portion of an English homestead, with carts, &c. Now, these objects do not harmonise with the man, who—bareheaded, habited in a dress all tattered, and belonging to no especial period of costume, though picturesque enough, and who carries a huge bundle on his back—looks the very impersonation of misery, both bodily and mental. It is an anachronism, though a trifling one, and might easily have been avoided by the substitution of a group of trees, which would have helped the idea; whereas the other objects act as a foil to it.

\* THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS. By John Bunyan. With Forty Illustrations, Drawn by Mr. Gilbert, and Engraved by W. H. Whympere. Published by Nisbet & Co., London.

A clever sketch is 'Mr. Worldly Wiseman,' one of the earliest engravings in the volume; we think, however, Mr. Gilbert might have given him a little more refinement without depriving him of his "worldly" character: the "lusts of the flesh" are grossly visible in this offensive type of human nature. The next two subjects are excellent, 'Evan-

gelist and Christian,' and 'Christian at the Wicket-gate,' both of them truly felt and finely rendered. 'The Shining Ones salute Christian,' which follows almost immediately, is a design of great elegance, not alone in the disposition of the figures, but also in the masses of wild flowers which occupy the foreground; anything less light and graceful than



SCENE IN THE INTERPRETER'S HOUSE.

these would have proved destructive to the beauty of the composition. 'Evangelist meeting Christian and Faithful,' is remarkable for its brilliant effect of light and shade; the figures, moreover, are admirably drawn. 'A Hubbub in the Fair' has afforded the artist an opportunity of introducing a great variety of character, and of a class, too, in

which the humour of his pencil is seen to great advantage. 'Every witnessing against Faithful' must be pointed out as a design of extraordinary power; the head of the former is a most villainous compound of every evil passion, and forms a strange contrast to that of his companion at the bar of justice, who appears to sorrow more for the wicked-



THE SHINING ONES SALUTE CHRISTIAN.

ness of his accuser than for his own imperilled position.

In the second part of the volume the first engraving is 'Christiana talking to her Children'; a beautiful family group, in conception and execution. Mr. Gilbert's delicate, yet vigorous, pen-

cilling stands him well in this masterly drawing, as it does also in a smaller subject that follows soon after, 'Christiana and her Family at the Door of the Interpreter's House,' this is light and very sunny in effect. 'The Combat of Greatheart with Grim the Giant' is a bold and spirited composition,

but without exaggeration. The next is one which is among our examples, 'The Shepherd's Boy'; a pretty pastoral scene, forming a strong contrast to

the David and Goliath-like picture which precedes it. Old 'Mr. Honest,' with his pilgrim's staff and stallion-shell, is a capital study; while the 'Supper



MR. WHOLELY WISEMAN.

in the House of Gaius,' were the feast more ostentatiously set forth, would almost serve to illustrate a banquet in some ancient family mansion. The last

two subjects are the 'Pilgrims in the Land of Beulah,' and the 'Passage of Christiana across the River of Death,' both of them elegant little designs.



THE SHEPHERD'S BOY.

We have thus briefly glanced at some of the more prominent illustrations in this edition of the "Pilgrim's Progress;" they are engraved in the best

manner, by Mr. W. H. Whympster, and we cordially recommend the volume to such of the public as can appreciate a really beautiful book.

## THE ROYAL PICTURES.

### THE COW-DOCTOR.

C. Tscheggeny, Painter. C. Cousen, Engraver.  
Size of the Picture, 2 ft. 10 in. by 2 ft. 2½ in.

GENRE-PAINTING has reached almost as high a degree of excellence in the modern Belgian school as it has with us; in so far, at least, as the mere technicalities of Art are concerned. The term, though frequently employed by writers upon Art, is not generally understood by readers. It may be explained as referring to pictures of life and manners, which, for want of a clear, definite character, are classed together as of a certain *genre*, or kind. Under this title are comprised the grave episodes of life, which are to history what a single scene is to a drama, or a lyric to an epic poem. Genre pictures consist of scenes of ordinary occurrence, actual or imaginary, and are limited to the circle of pure nature, true humanity, and national character as exemplified in domestic manners in every condition of society. "The distinction between historical and genre-painting cannot be too clearly drawn, but transitions from one to the other are admissible, and such pictures belong to the happiest productions of Art; and there are also circumstances under which the advantages of both styles are united." Most of the works of Hogarth may be instanced as examples of genre-painting of a high character; they are valuable and instructive lessons, teaching moral rectitude out of common events of life. Garrick speaks of him as the

"great painter of mankind,  
Who reached the noblest point of Art;  
Whose pictured morals charm the mind,  
And through the eye correct the heart."

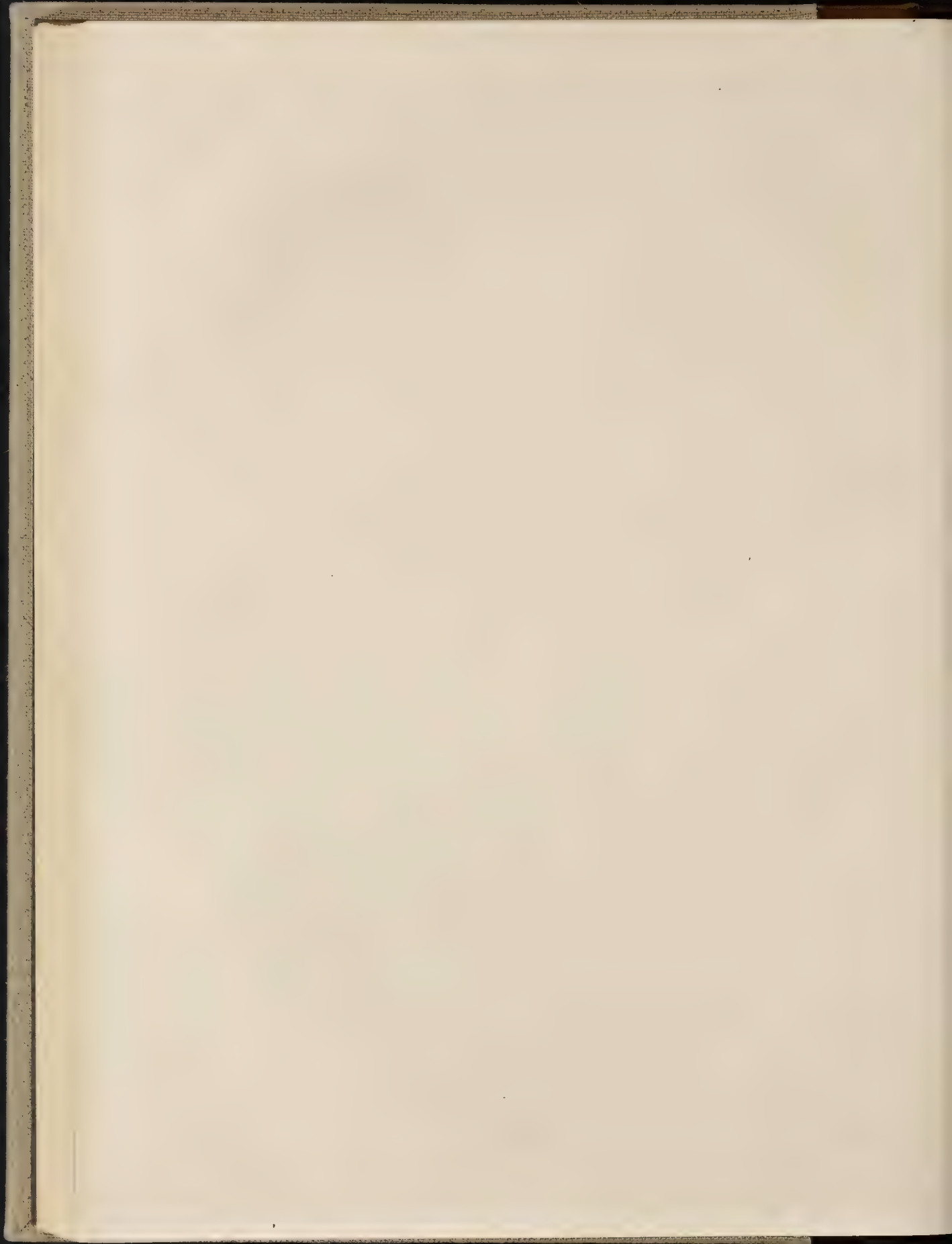
Under this description of pictorial works may be classified that large number of subjects, so popular with our artists and the public, which are derived from the writings of novelists: the scenes in the "Vicar of Wakefield," "Tristram Shandy," "Don Quixote," "Gil Blas," in the volumes of Scott, Bulwer Lytton, &c. &c., and in some of the dramas of Shakspeare not strictly historical. It is to these sources that the majority of English "figure painters," who do not aspire to the dignity of history, resort for subject-matter; copious as these fountains are, they have almost become dry, so numerous have been, and still are, the thirsty travellers who apply to them.

Of another kind of genre-painting is the 'Cow-Doctor,' by Tscheggeny, a living Belgian artist, whose picture of the 'Harvest-field' was engraved in this publication some time since. The 'Cow-Doctor' represents a scene of ordinary every-day life, very probably a sketch made by the artist in his own country: we believe the title he gave to the picture was 'L'Empérique,' and certainly, none can doubt, who look at the principal personage in the composition, his empirical character. He is one of those peripatetic quacks who travel the country, vending medicines to heal all disorders, whether of man or beast. Hurdis, in his poem of the "Village Curate," a work little known in our days, draws an amusing sketch of these wandering professionals. The aged couple standing in front of their cottage are seeking his advice touching the malady of, probably, their only cow, whose unhealthy condition is most forcibly expressed in its drooping head and sickly, half-closed eyes: the faces of her owners are scarcely less pitiable, for it is just possible that destitution is involved in the death of the animal; or, if not so, there is much grief in the anticipated loss of an old favourite, a feeling which is evidently shared by the young women inside the cottage. What a dramatic figure is the doctor! he is undoubtedly master of the case; with a bland smile he assures the old people that under his judicious treatment the patient will recover—a fact about which even the dog looks incredulous: and so the movable dispensary is opened by the medical assistant, and preparations are making for the administration of the healing, or killing, potion. The whole story is well told, in true Hogarthian style, so far as the subject admits, and the picture is most carefully painted; but the colouring is rather flat, and not harmonious—at least to an English eye.

It is in the Royal Collection at Osborne.









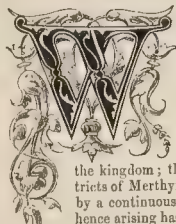
## THE COMPANION-GUIDE

(BY RAILWAY)

## IN SOUTH WALES.

BY MR. AND MRS. S. C. HALL.

## PART III.



We are at NEWPORT ON THE USK,\* 158½ miles from London, and 44½ miles from Gloucester. The station is one of the most important on the South Wales line. Two other lines lead from the town: one to Pontypool, Abergavenny, Hereford, Shrewsbury, and thence to all parts of the kingdom; the other, to the great mining districts of Merthyr Tydvil and Aberdare, and thence by a continuous route to Swansea. The traffic hence arising has been necessarily beneficial to the very old town of Newport. No one can pace its streets without obtaining evidence of its growing prosperity: there is an air of business, without bustle; its wharves are thronged; and two or three active manufactories give employment to the population. Of late years a suburb, called "Maindee," has sprung up, and has already become a flourishing and populous adjunct of the old town; a church is in course of erection there, with a tower 180 feet high, from the designs of Messrs. Seddon and Fritchard, the architects to whom has been committed the restoration of Llandaff Cathedral. Newport is called by Giraldus "Novus Burgo," or New Town, and by the Welsh "Castel Newydd," or New Castle. Its distinguishing title, "New," was no doubt derived from its proximity to ancient Caerleon—its rise dating from the decline of the Roman city, its near neighbour.

Long before the station is reached, we see on the summit of a hill, overlooking the town, the old and venerable church, dedicated to St. Woollos—to be examined presently; and soon the eye falls on the ancient castle, that once guarded and protected the river. The engraving well describes this interesting remnant: it is now a brewery, but retains many evidences of its former strength and early splendour, with indications of the space occupied by its outer towers and ramparts. It is said to have been erected by Robert, Earl of Gloucester, natural son of Henry II., who acquired the lordship of Monmouth in right of his wife, Maud, the daughter of Robert Fitzhamon; but Sir Samuel Meyrick was of opinion that its date is no older than the end of the thirteenth or beginning of the fourteenth century. It had many famous lords: Richard de Clare, Earl of Hereford; the younger Hugh le Despenser; Hugh de Audley; Ralph, Earl of Stafford, the brave comrade of the Black Prince at Cressy; Edward, third Duke of Buckingham, and the Herberts of St. Julian.

Newport was "a towne yn ruins" when Leland wrote; yet a very early writer states that "many saile to Bristowe from that port;" and towards the close of the last century some of its walls and one of its gateways remained. It is now, as we have intimated, a thriving sea-port town; the drawings of Commander May, which illustrate the next page, will convey some idea of its sea-traffic and convenient quays.†

\* The river Usk rises from three springs in a wild and cheerless tract, under the northern side of the highest point of the Black Mountain, or "Caer-marthenshire Van." It is called by Drayton "the sprightly Usk," that, gathering rapidly her tributary streams, hastens on her way—

"So much she longs to see the ancient Caerleon."

The river after a long and dreary route reaches Trecastle, and passing under its bridge of a single arch, pursues its winding course, by Roman fortresses, Druidic stones, fair mansions, ancient castles,—each of which has its local history,—until it reaches Brocknock, where it is joined by the Honddu; thence proceeding to refresh other towns and villages: among them Crickhowel—"a preatly townlet" in Leland's time, now a thriving and populous town; Abergavenny,—charmingly situated in a lovely vale, and neighboured by scenery of surpassing beauty,—where yet stand some shattered remains of a castle of the infamous William De Brose—the castle in which he treacherously seized a band of Welsh lords, as they sat at table, his invited guests. In this immediate neighbourhood is Llanover, the seat of a noble lord, to whom the far-off Parks of London owe so much of grace and beauty: it is the hereditary estate of his estimable and accomplished lady—proud of her descent, loving with ardour her native land, and ardently labouring over for its honour and its welfare. After traversing a beautiful country, the river reaches the town to which it gives name,—Usk, the Barrium of the Romans,—where yet exist the remains of a castle, in which, it is said, the two sons of Richard, Duke of York—Edward IV. and Richard III.—were born. The river then passes under New-Bridge,—below which it forms "a remarkable curve, which forms almost a complete circle,"—and soon reaches "remote Caerleon;" whence its progress is over masses of mud to the thriving and populous town of Newport.

† The Usk, near the bridge, presents a striking resemblance to the Thames near Rotherhithe, but on a smaller scale. The banks of the river on the Newport side being a mass of docks, quays, and creeks, the river exhibits a peculiarly animated appearance at high water,

The Church of St. Woollos\* is among the most ancient in South Wales, or rather the portion we have pictured—the massive square tower, decorated by the statue of a headless warrior. From its summit there is a glorious view of the town, the surrounding country, the Usk, and the Bristol Channel, which the river joins about two or three miles below the town. From the summit of this tower, also,

"Men see a part of five faire shires."

Newport and its neighbourhood is full of singular traditions: there is a ford near the castle



ST. WOOLLOS CHURCH.

in which the second Henry laved his freckled face, and washed away its deformity, to fulfil a prophecy that the Welsh should be conquered by a fair prince, who "would do this thing." To Fair-oak Hill, when Cromwell was pondering over means to assail the beleaguered castle, there



NEWPORT CASTLE.

came a traitor, by night, who sold to the enemy a subterranean passage; the castle was thus taken, the money paid down, and the betrayer hanged, with the gold in his pocket, on the

when numerous colliers are taking their departure to the several ports of England. Our sketch represents the view of the river from the Newport side of the bridge; the tall forest of shipping stands out sharply against the afternoon sky, while the sun shoots its rays strong enough even to light up the muddy waters of the Usk, which here is by no means what the poet calls it—

"The lucid Usk."

Our second view is taken lower down the river at low water, showing the great rise and fall of the tide in this river. The colliers can haul alongside the jetty at high water, where they remain on top of the mud at the receding of the tide. The distance shows a continuance of "docks" and ships, though two miles from the bridge.

\* St. Woollos, to whom the church is dedicated, is called in Welsh *Gumllie*; in Latin, *Gumleus*. "He was the eldest son to a King of the Dimetians, in South Wales;" was married, and had two sons, who became also "saints." He retired wholly from the world long before his death, "lived a solitary life;" his drink water, his food barley bread, "on which he usually strewed ashes." After existing thus in voluntary wretchedness, he died "nobly," towards the end of the fifth century, and was "glorified by miracles."

nearest tree. Happily, to be treated only as a tradition now—although shot marks may yet be seen on the pillars of one of its leading hotels—is the story of the Chartist riots of November, 1839, when a foolish mob of miners was headed by a magistrate, who paid by transportation the penalty of his crime.

The tourist in South Wales may visit many towns as interesting as Newport; he will, however, find no place in the Principality so remarkable as that we now approach—distant about three miles from Newport—the ancient CITY OF CAERLEON. We enjoyed the great advantage of having for our guide and companion to this singular locality, its accomplished historian, John Edward Lee, Esq., who resides in a restored part of the old Priory, built upon foundations laid two thousand years ago, close to all the more prominent remains, and adjoining "the Museum," to contain relics, every now and then delved from the soil—rich in memorials of a long past. We quote from the old poet, Churchyard, his "Worthiness of Wales,"—

"Let Caerleon have his right,  
And joye his wonted fame."

We drive through a pleasant country, the Usk all the way in sight,\* and our attention is first directed to a farm-house—St. Julian, a very venerable mansion, although of its old glories there are but few remains; it was, however, some time the home of that ever-famous knight, Lord Herbert of Cherbury. He obtained this estate by marriage with the daughter of Sir William Herbert of St. Julian, to whom he was wedded in his fifteenth year, she being of the age of twenty-one. The farm-house, notwithstanding its memorable associations, need not delay us. We see the bridge, beside which is an ancient tower, that which commanded the ford, and a few houses—village, town, or city, either or all—which we are told is Caerleon—Iscā Silurum, the residence of the second Augustine legion, and the chief station of the Romans in the wild country of the fierce Silures.†

So early, or rather, so late, as the twelfth century, thus is old Caerleon described by Giraldus—"It was handsomely built by the Romans, adorned with sumptuous edifices covered with gilded tiles, and stately towers surrounded with brick walls three miles in extent; had ancient temples, an amphitheatre, hot baths, subterranean vaults for ice, hypocausts, reservoirs, aqueducts, and everything that could add to the convenience or administer to the pleasure of the inhabitants." And to it may be applied the lines of Spenser, though they have reference to another Roman city:—

"High towers, fair temples, goodly theatres,  
Strong walls, rich porches, princely palaces,  
Large streets, brave houses, sacred sepulchres,  
Fine gates, sweet gardens, stately galleries,  
Wrought with fair pillars and fine imageries."

And these pictures can scarcely be considered as exaggerated or overcharged, for every now and then the delver of the soil brings to the surface some relic of unquestionable grandeur, a proof of refinement, an evidence of luxury, a testimony of advancement in elegance and in Art; while the laborious antiquary and the industrious archaeologist trace its walls and "guess" at the enormous extent of ground they protected, when they enclosed the dwellings of the legions.‡

Let us walk over the bridge, and examine that thing of yesterday, the broken tower,§ which predecessors of the Nor-

\* The Usk winds considerably between Newport and Caerleon, the road to the latter town passing through some picturesque scenery. Our view from the back of a pile of old farm buildings, showing a most pretty bend of the river, is very striking; the Abercromby train on the opposite bank sending jets of steam between the beautiful trees which grow on the hilly-banked river, with distant hills lighted by an evening sun.

† It is denominated in Antonine's "Itinerary" Isca Secunda Augusta; by the monk of Ravenna, Isca Augusta; by others, Isca Silurum; and by Richard, Isca Colonia.—ARCHELACON COXE. Its comparatively modern name, Caerleon, is supposed to be derived from caer, the British word for a fortified city, and leon, a corruption of legionum, meaning "the city of the legions." Mr. Owen, author of the Welsh Dictionary, derives it from caer leon, or the city of the waters.

‡ Archdeacon Coxe (1800) and Donovan (1805) estimate the "enclosure," formerly within the walls, as 1800 yards in circumference; "but the suburbs of the place extended, as it appears, to an amazing distance beyond these walls, especially to the westward."

§ According to Domesday Book, there was a castle here at the time of the Conquest; this tower is said to be a part of it, "exhibiting in its circularly-arched doorways and embrasures the early style of fortification." It was at first intended to place the "Caerleon Museum" here, but it was found too limited in extent. To the enterprise and industry of Mr. Octavius Morgan, Mr. J. E. Lee, and other gentlemen of the district, we are indebted for this interesting Museum, a catalogue of which is printed. Due honour, however, must be rendered to the memory of Sir Digby Mackworth, Bart.; he first gave to the town the old Court House, a picturesque building, now removed; it contained the four Roman pillars which support the floor of the Museum. When this building was found insufficient and inconvenient, he gave the materials, and a lease for 999 years of the ground on which the present edifice stands. It is amazingly rich in curious Roman relics. The building is a Greek temple, strangely out of character and harmony with the associations called up by the scene without, and the remains within. There is also a society—the "Monmouthshire and Caerleon Antiquarian Association," that labours earnestly and successfully to preserve, and, where possible, to restore.

mans built, and mount yon hill, where stands a church—new, for it is but six centuries old—Christ Church—so grandly on its rise, a beacon to a purer and safer harbour than those worshippers of "Great Diana" ever knew. Let us look down on the site of the buried city. What food for thought! what material for reflection! All—even its name—is conjecture. Cannot these huge tumuli beside us give up one of their dead to unravel this confused thread of an eventful history? Is this poor village, an assemblage of ragged houses and mouldering walls, is it indeed that great city where the legion named "invincible" lived, giving it to successors who again to successors gave it, keeping their "own" here in the midst of enemies—aliens and strangers, though conquerors—for four hundred years? Was it in truth here that King Arthur held his court, and



THE QUAY AT NEWPORT.

is yonder green sward the only record of a name that has been for ages famous in song and story?

Let us descend the hill, and walk among broken stones with half-obliterated inscriptions—altars or monuments, or both—will they tell us nothing? Little more they tell us of "the unknown God they ignorantly worshipped;" although of fragments there are many, and of memorial marble "bits" enough, to hint of loves, and hopes, and fears that had their influence and power two thousand years ago. If there be ample food for fancy here, if the imagination may here revel,—and we presume both have fed and revelled here, for in a neat way-side inn



THE USK AT NEWPORT.

some time lived the Poet-Laureate, penning his "Idylls of the King,"—there are "facts" enough to furnish the antiquary and the archaeologist with materials for volumes.\* These thick walls

\* The scene of the "Idylls of the King" is laid here, and in this neighbourhood, for Arthur

"Held court at old Caerleon, upon Usk."

It is needless to add that of this most beautiful book Arthur and his knights are the heroes. Although the Laureate has dealt but little in pictorial description, it is not difficult to trace here the sources of some of his pictures—

"Writ in a language that has long gone by;  
So long that mountains have arisen since,  
With cities on their flanks."



are Roman beyond doubt, "composed of rude pieces of stone or rubble, cemented firmly together with a sort of mortar of singular hardness—a compound of sand, of pebbles, and pounded bricks being intermixed with the lime." Remove these facings of a later date, and you will see the work of Roman hands. Look at the excavation in that field—"the Round Table field," of which we shall speak presently—surely this was the amphitheatre in which citizens sported; the grass is green over the seats they occupied, and the arena where gladiators fought. The "oval, or depression," is in length 220 feet, and in breadth 190 feet: it tells its own tale; we need not the additional evidence that here stone seats have been disinterred, and here was found a statue of Diana, to carry conviction that it is of this place Giraldu writes, "et loca theatralia muris egregiis partim adhuc ambitum omnia clausa."

The Romans, however, do not engross all the interest at Caerleon. This was the residence of the famous King Arthur, the hero of a thousand legends and as many fights, whose name has been for centuries familiar to every reader of song and story, and who holds also a prominent place in history, although enveloped in fable so thoroughly that inquiry fails to recognise the natural form of the "Prophet! Hero! King!" Stand, good reader, in the centre of KING ARTHUR'S ROUND TABLE. As we have said, it is no doubt a Roman amphitheatre, but for many centuries the name of the great "Prince of Wales" has been associated with it, and probably not without reason, for it is certain that he and his knights held high festivals here; and Fancy does but little if she picture the twelve—the twenty-four or the hundred—with their chieftain, revelling upon the ever-green sward; and rehearse the unforgotten legends that

"Glean through Spenser's elfin dream,  
And mix in Milton's heavenly theme."

And so the Welsh bards have sung for centuries—

"How he first ordain'd the circled board,  
The knights whose martial deeds far-famed that table round;  
Which trust in their loves, which most in arms renown'd:  
The laws, which long upheld that Order, they report;  
The Pentecosts prepar'd at Caerleon in her court,  
That table's ancient seat; her temples and her groves,  
Her palaces, her walks, baths, theatres, and stoves."

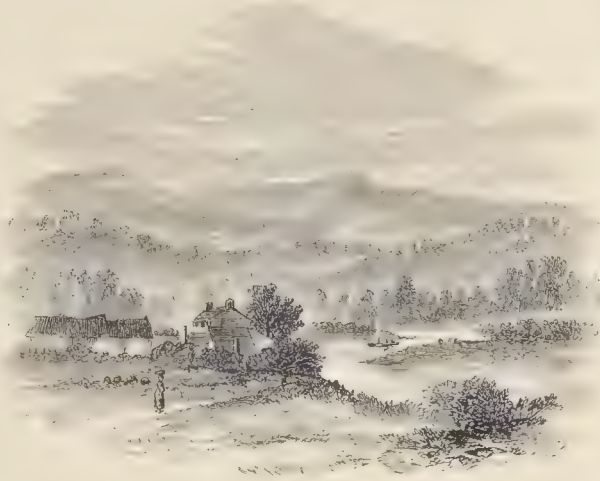
Denuded of fiction, there is no doubt that Arthur actually existed, and was a great and good king, as well as a brave chieftain, who led the Britons to successful battle against the Saxons; that he was the theme of cotemporary poets, and that his deeds were highly extolled while he lived, and largely magnified after his death. Probably about the year 517, being then merely a chieftain of the "fierce Silures," he was elected to the sovereign authority. He fell at length on the battlefield, A.D. 542—his nephew Medrod fighting against him on the side of the Saxons, when the traitor too was slain. From this fatal encounter the Britons never entirely recovered, although King Arthur was succeeded by his son, Morgan Mwynfawr, a wise and humane prince, of whom it is recorded that "all quarrels among his subjects should be decided by twelve pious and merciful men." He removed, it is said, his court from Caerleon to Cardiff, the country being thence called after him Gwlad Morgan.

Neither does the interest of Caerleon terminate here—it is famous in the annals of early Christianity in Britain. Here two of the first missionaries—St. Julius and St. Aaron—suffered martyrdom. Here, in the year of our Lord 182, if tradition obtain credit, was an archbishop's see, when Caerleon was the metropolis of all Wales; and in the year of Christ 521, the see was translated to Menevia, in Pembrokeshire, by the great national saint, St. David, who gave to it his name; the reason for removal being that "the noisy interruptions of a populous city were ill adapted for holy contemplations." Of the cathedral there are no remains, but the church, dedicated to St. Cadoc, a son of the recluse king St. Woollos, who, following his father's example, became a saint also, is venerable for its antiquity, and of striking and interesting character. Of abbeyes, monasteries, and cells in ruins there are very many in the neighbourhood: in one of them, as we have stated, Mr. Lee resides, a passage from his garden leading into the field which now contains the "Table" of the renowned king.

There is yet another object at Caerleon to which we must direct the reader's attention—the singular MOUND which the artist has pictured. It has been popularly termed "a tumulus," but such it is not—so, at least, say the best "authorities;" yet artificial it no doubt is. It stands in a large meadow by Usk side, and is but three hundred yards in circumference, diminishing gradually towards the summit, approached by a pleasantly-winding path bordered with shrubs and flowers. It is "generally supposed to be the site of a Norman keep or citadel," the ruins of which are clearly discernible on the height. At the time of Leland they were "very considerable;" and Churchyard describes it as, "a castell very old," that stands "upon a forced hill." It is no doubt the "turrin giganteum" of Giraldu.

We have surely written enough to induce the tourist in South Wales to visit this singular and deeply-interesting locality: at every step, he will tread upon some relic of a long past; the eye falls everywhere upon a spot renowned in tradition or famous in history: here the Romans, the Britons, the Saxons, the Danes, and the Normans ruled each in turn—the brave princes of Wales, "Kings of Gwent and Lords of Caerleon" resolutely "holding their own," or fighting, foot to foot, hand to hand, while yielding to the on-march of the conqueror; and here the pure light of Christianity came, in its happy dawn, to leave ineffaceable traces of learning, virtue, and piety.

There are twelve miles of railway between Newport and Cardiff. The only station we pass is that of Marshfield—a name that indicates the nature of the locality. We must, however,



VIEW ON THE USK

except Tredegar Park, the trees of which are seen to the right, and perhaps the tall chimneys of the mansion of Lord Tredegar, long known, esteemed, and honoured as "Sir Charles Morgan," the representative of a race that traces back its history to a time long before a Norman heel had trodden upon the neck of a Welsh chieftain. Part of the original edifice, which is mentioned by Leland as "a very faire place of stone," still remains as one of the out-offices. The present house has a date no earlier than the time of Charles II. "The family of Morgan," we quote Archdeacon Cox, "being so conspicuous in the history of Wales, the Welsh bards have exerted their utmost ingenuity to trace its origin and lineage. Fanciful genealogists derive it from the third son of Noah, and modestly affect to correct the mistake of the English, in carrying the pedigree to Ham, his second son. Some stop with Brutus, the conqueror of Britain; others



CAERLEON.

with Beli, one of the British kings; and some are even content with Caradoc, or Caractacus. It is, however, generally agreed that Cadwir the great, Lord of Dyfed, who died in 1084, was their great ancestor."

"A Welsh pedigree" has been a theme for joke time out of mind; but there are many families besides that of Morgan, in South Wales, who trace—and prove—their lineal descent from men who were "heroes" centuries before history gave a place to the founders of the oldest monarchies in Europe.

We are in sight of Cardiff, and presently reach the gay and busy station—looking thence over the masts of ships, the hulls of which are hidden by intervening houses. We have passed the railway-bridge, that crosses the river Rhymney, dividing the shires of Monmouth and Glamorgan. In Glamorganshire, therefore, we are now; just four miles from its borders, and distant 170½ miles from London.





castellated tower, set in a bright green churchyard, nearly filled by the nameless graves of the hamlet's "rude forefathers." The church walls were grey, and time-eaten, patched here and there by that *crinkly*, stone-coloured moss, to be found only on the bark of very old trees, or upon old walls—the grey lichen; here also grew little tufts of fern, and small, stunted wall-flowers, or pretty wreaths of stone-crop.

Within were two old monuments, utterly defaced by time, with evidence of there having been "a brass" near the little communion-table. The light fell in streaks athwart the high-fashioned pews, and there was an air of simple reverence and care-taking, within and without, that pleased us greatly. The swallows flitted about the outer walls, while two or three jackdaws caved, from the tower, their disapproval at our intrusion. Having paid homage to the church, we went among the graves. A rose-tree or cypress had been frequently planted where the headstone should have been; some graves were covered with primroses or violets, but no other wild flowers had found their way into the churchyard: wherever there was a headstone, woodbine, or clematis, or roses—even myrtles—were trained over it; and no weed was suffered to mar the beauty of the rich green turf. There had evidently been a rich bloom of spring flowers: some graves were almost concealed by the long leaves of early-flowering bulbs; others had hedges of box and blooming thrift.

We thought we were alone in "God's acre," but passing round the church, and directly under a long, slender "lady-birch," the delicate green leaves of which shimmered in the air—for there was no perceptible wind—we saw a young girl planting flowers round a grave-mound; a basket by her side contained double primroses, of various hues, polyanthes, and Russian violets: these had been carefully taken up in "the ball," she was so intent on her labour of love, that she started as we gently touched her shoulder. When she looked up, we at once saw she was—a gipsy—a gipsy planting flowers in a Christian churchyard!

She was unlike, and yet like, her people: her skin was of that soft, clear brown, which, though it does not wear well, is charming in youth; her face was rosy, round, and sunny, set in a frame-work of jetty braided hair, that would not be altogether restrained, but rose and fell in little ripples, that if let alone would have been ringlets,—so much had she of the gipsy; but her eyes, though black, were not long and sly, they were as round and frank as Christian maiden's eyes could be; she blushed when spoken to, but in a moment rose, and stood before us, with a combination of gipsy grace and "ungipsy" independence. She had no gipsy preference for rags, but she had the gipsy love for scarlet; her skirt was of that colour, and above it was a light cotton jacket with loose sleeves, that had been washed nearly white. Her little brown hands were well formed, and her arms were round yet delicate; there was a sad but fearless expression in her eyes; and she neither said "lady," nor offered to tell a fortune!—There was something in her look that made us ashamed of having disturbed her, and we apologised, adding, that we did not know her people buried in churchyards.

In a young, liquid voice, she told us that was not a gipsy's grave.

"Then, why do you take care of it?"

"It is the grave of the gipsy's friend."

There was neither headstone nor board: it could not be the grave of even a rich peasant.

"It is the grave of a very poor person," we said.

"Yes; he died very poor—poorer than we are; but he was not always so. My father, who planted this tree," she placed her hand on the birch, "remembers him rich; and then he was so good to our people—"

"Did he leave no children?"

"His sons were killed in the wars—his daughter does not like to remember that her father died poor. Mother says she is ashamed of it. If she spoke to me, I would not answer her." A look of natural indignation flushed to her brow as she said this.

We felt it,—and she saw we did; she was "quick as a gipsy"; her young heart opened:—

"Oh," she said, "he was our good friend; our people still tell how, when we were forbidden the common, and not suffered to light a fire by the hedge, be the night ever so wet and cold, we had

the shelter of his barns, or the freedom of a little field with a great oak-tree in it,—and (for mother always liked trees and tents better than barns) under that tree I was born: he would give us wood to cook with, and plenty to cook if we wanted; and he would sit with our people round the fire, and read a book—which father says made them better. He gave my mother bread and sweet milk when I was born: and if any of our young men got into trouble, he would speak for them. There wasn't a Lee in England that would not stand up for him. But, he got into some kind of trouble, and lost all he had—farm, and house, and barns, and all. His sons were dead; and his daughter had married some rich gentleman, in a far-off county, and allowed him just enough to *keep the lamp in*. Our people come this way may be once in six or seven months, no more, and one fine summer evening, father was walking up that lane, and who was leaning against the church-stile but old Mr. Matthews—that was his name; so father took off his hat.—'Ah, Lee,' he says, 'is that you? I never thought to see you again. I've just been looking out a spot to be buried in. I shall ask them to lay me there.' So he walked back, and showed father the spot. It was April, and one grave in particular shone like a little mountain of gold, with the yellow crocus,—and another was like a long basket of primroses; and, poor gentleman! he looked on them till the tears drowned his sight; and, turning to father—'Lee,' he says, 'I don't want a tomb-stone,—but there will be no one to plant a flower on my grave, when I am gone!' And somehow, my father said, his knees bent under him, and his hat was off his head, and he was kneeling down beside the old gentleman, and says he, 'While there's a Lee in the land, there will be flowers on the grave of the GIPSY'S FRIEND.' He looked, father said, so happy after that promise, and sat with him on the stile till the moon rose, talking about past times, and things beyond the stars, and glad to find that father remembered the prayer he taught him—belike you know it—it begins—'Our Father, which art in heaven,'—and he said, but for that prayer he could not have waited patiently, as he had done, for death—though he still loved the beautiful world—especially the flowers. Father will talk to this day about that evening, and will stand outside his tent, with his bare head, and say that prayer. The dear, good gentleman died about a week after that—without pain or trouble. Every man, woman, and child of our tribe came to the funeral,—and indeed few else, for he was quite poor when he died. And that same night, father planted the birch, which is now such a beautiful tree; and mother has brought flower-roots twenty miles to flower his grave."

She dropt on her knees, to resume her task, and yet we lingered and looked. She set the flowers with much judgment—alternating the colours.

"How is it your father does not plant the flowers to-day?"

"Poor father's in a little trouble," she answered, looking up sadly: "there's no GIPSY'S FRIEND to speak for him now—and they are as strict about a bit of a hare, as if it was a sheep.—It's hard our men find it to pass game on the moor. I came quite eight miles from our people this morning—as father charged me to do—to plant these."

"And how do you get the flowers?"

"Some we beg, others we buy—*honestly buy*," she added, seeing a doubt upon our lips; "we'd scorn to plant what was not honestly come by on *his* grave!"

"Why do you not plant wild flowers—they are very beautiful?"

"Well, they are very nice, some!—but nothing is so hard to tame as a wild flower; they will only grow where they are used to grow: plant them away from where they are born, and they don't look like themselves. Some ladies fancy them, and I bring them roots,—but, lor! they won't live neatly, or in rich ground,—and if they did, why the others would look down on them, and call them weeds; and they'd look nothing out of the hedge-row—they can't be kept in order or trimmed. I often think," added the pretty creature, with her sweet smile, "that they're something like the gipsies—no taming a wild flower!"

And so we left her planting flowers on the grave of the "GIPSY'S FRIEND!"

## THE GREAT EXHIBITION—1862.

THE Great Exhibition, in 1862, may now be considered as a *fait accompli*. Very soon the Society of Arts will issue a formal announcement of the plan, and steps will be taken to obtain the co-operation of producers in all parts of the world.

The trustees, we understand, are Earl Granville, the Marquis of Chandos, the Right Hon. Thomas Baring, and C. W. Dilke, Esq.; and, we presume, that the services of an active, intelligent, and experienced staff will be at once obtained: for operations, to be really effective, should begin immediately. It is understood that, although his Royal Highness the Prince Consort will not occupy any position of prominence—will not, in a word, be its *head*—the Exhibition will have the vast benefit of his influence to ensure success. Moreover, an ample "guarantee fund" is subscribed, and no doubt there will be a highly-efficient council, whether "royal commissioners" or not, we cannot yet say, to superintend and direct all the movements, which are expected to lead to a large result. If, in some respects, the scheme of 1862 is not so promising as that of 1851, those who are to labour in the future will have many and manifest advantages over those who toiled in the past. If novelty be wanting, knowledge has been gained; all that can be taught by EXPERIENCE is for the use of 1862. We are prepared to believe, therefore, that while many improvements will be introduced, in a variety of ways, errors will be avoided that shook public confidence, and mingled some evil with much good, in 1851. In 1851 we had everything to learn; in 1862 we shall have learned everything. Foreign producers will be aware of the purpose to be accomplished, and will contribute, fully knowing what they are about: in 1851 they were in complete ignorance as to the nature of the procedure, the responsibilities to be incurred, the justice to be expected, and the results that were to arise.

It was part of our duty, in the autumn of the year 1850, to visit most of the leading cities of Germany, and also those of France. Our leading object was to procure materials for "The Illustrated Catalogue" we had undertaken to produce; but it also fell within the scope of our duty to give explanations, and remove prejudices: it cannot be presumption in us to state, we thus induced contributions that might never have reached England if there had been no one to answer questions put by "strangers," naturally suspicious rather than confiding.

The council will do wisely to obtain the services of some gentleman who will do for them, in 1861, what we did for the *Art-Journal* in 1850.

The manufacturers at home are far more easily dealt with, but neither must they be left entirely to themselves; it ought not to be matter of chance what they send, or whether they send anything. Arrangements should be made for visiting every city and town of Great Britain: persuasion is not derogatory; at all events, advice will be wise, and largely remunerative.

We are perfectly aware—and the council will so find it—that, generally, British manufacturers will be disposed to hold back. A large majority would prefer no exhibition at all to any exhibition, however highly patronized. But in this case, it can scarcely be said they have a choice; there is no one of them who leads, or desires to lead, in his district, who dares be an absentee: he *must* sustain his position, and not be placed in the background by the greater activity of inferiority in the branch of production in which he has attained eminence.

Moreover, we hope this exhibition will be but



the first of Decennial Exhibitions in England; a time may come when they will be required more frequently: ten years of our time is equal to half a century, fifty years ago. We can now visit any part of the kingdom between sunrise and sunset of a summer's day; send messages to the furthestmost parts of Europe and receive replies in a few hours; and make a month do the work of a year, for any of the purposes of business. It is surely no marvel, then, if, since 1851, there has been immense progress in all the Arts to be represented in 1862. We might easily give a long list of inventions, entirely new; and of inventions that have been matured since the spring of 1851; photography was then in its infancy; chromolithography did little more than produce pretty pictures; in a hundred other ways Art has been working, and with results, as yet, appreciated only by the few. But Science has done more—much more. While Art and Science, in combination, have wrought, or are producing marvels, that will ere long astonish mankind. True, these advances are made known through the ordinary channels; but opportunities are rare for receiving encouragements and rewards, and those inducements which arise only from extensive publicity are seldom at the command of inventors.

Great Britain, her colonies, and her dependencies, absolutely need the power to exhibit progress; a national exhibition cannot fail to produce immense national benefit; there are so many ways by which national wealth arises out of it, that national support may be justly demanded for it. In England, however, that is seldom needed, and never given. In this respect, 1862 will follow the example of 1851:—the Exhibition will be strictly self-supporting. As a commercial enterprise, we have no dread of failure; but all hazard on that head is removed by the guarantee fund; and, as we have intimated, there will be the vast and valuable aid derived from *experience*—not only teaching what ought to be done, but also what must be avoided. We trust it will be a special part of the scheme to show manufactured goods that obtained honours in 1851 side by side with those that seek honours in 1862.

But if we understand rightly, Art, in its higher character, will be represented in 1862. There are many reasons why an exhibition of pictures in London may be of a far more important order than that at Manchester.

There is, we believe, no doubt that the exhibition of 1862 will be held in a building on the ground at South Kensington; there cannot be a site more convenient. It will adjoin the schools and collections of the department of Science and Art; and by that time the gardens of the Horticultural Society will be so far completed as to add greatly to the interest of the neighbourhood. In short, there is sound promise of a great success.

It is, therefore, for the artists and manufacturers of Great Britain to be astir early, to make preparations a long way in advance, and not to be, as so many were in the spring of 1851, commencing works, that required a year to finish worthily. For the present, perhaps, these hints will suffice. No doubt, every month during the next two years we shall have something to say on this subject, and some report of progress to make. The exhibition of 1862 must not be inferior, in any one respect, to that of 1851; there is no reason why it should be: we expect and predict that, in many ways, that of 1862 will be superior to that of 1851.

It will be expected from us—and we shall do all in our power to meet such expectations—that we contribute all we can to aid the operations of the council and the managers. We feel assured that "the press," generally, will co-operate with them cordially and zealously.

## ART IN SCOTLAND, IRELAND, AND THE PROVINCES.

EDINBURGH.—The Secretary of the late Edinburgh Society of Artists requests us to correct a statement which appeared in our last number, to the effect that the scheme of evening exhibitions originated with the Royal Scottish Academy: the merit of this movement must be given to the former institution, by whom it was carried out two or three years before adopted by the Academy.—Mr. John Ballantyne, one of the Associates of the Scottish Academy, was last month elected an Academician.

DUBLIN.—At a meeting of the general committee of the Royal Irish Institution, held in Grafton Street on the 8th of last month, it was resolved, "That there be no public exhibition held this year by the Irish Institution, pending the arrangements for opening the National Gallery; but that students shall have access for purposes of study to such works in the charge of the institution as can be best arranged in the gallery in Bagot Street, and that subscribers and their friends be admissible to the collection." This resolution was determined on in consequence of the galleries in Bagot Street, where the exhibitions have been held for the last three years, not affording sufficient space for hanging the most important contributions, and from the difficulty experienced in obtaining from private proprietors a suitable supply for exhibition. The finances of the institution are in a satisfactory state, and the new edifice on Leinster Lawn, destined to serve the purposes of a national gallery and a public library, is expected to be complete before the end of the present year.

BRIDGEWATER.—Towards the end of the year 1858, a considerable number of the inhabitants of this town, who felt interest in the establishment of an Art-school, adopted measures for carrying out the project: on the 23rd of January last, their plans were sufficiently matured to enable them to open a school in the Town-hall, under most favourable auspices.

BRIGHTON.—A public meeting was held, in the month of January last, at the Town-hall, Brighton, to receive the report of the Hon. Sec. of the Brighton and Sussex School of Art, and to distribute the medals and prizes awarded at the last examination by the Inspector of the Department of Science and Art. We ascertain from the report, which was read by the Hon. Sec., Mr. F. Merrifield, a gentleman to whom the school is much indebted for a large portion of its success, that the number of pupils who have attended the classes of the head-master, Mr. White, during the past year is 717, of whom the great majority would have obtained no instruction in elementary art but for the establishment of this school, which has been only sixteen months in operation. It is, moreover, out of debt, or rather, it never has been in debt—a rare occurrence in the history of these provincial institutions, and one that shows the interest which the inhabitants of Brighton take in their school. We may remark as another gratifying fact, that of the number of pupils specified above, 112 came under the denomination of artizans. Five medals and about fifty other prizes were awarded, and presented, to the successful candidates; the drawings of two of the medalists, Miss Agnes Lucas, and Mr. H. Farncombe, were selected to stand the ordeal of the general competition in London during the ensuing season.

SOUTHAMPTON.—The monument to Dr. Watts, which it was resolved some time ago to erect in this town, and the design and execution of which were entrusted to Mr. R. C. Lucas, is progressing towards its completion. The site allotted to the work is a most happy one, on a gentle natural mound, and in those fields, now to be called "Watts Park," which, it is said, the poet had in his eye when composing the beautiful hymn, "Bright fields beyond the swelling floods." The statue, with its pedestal, will be nearly twenty feet high, and is to be executed in Sicilian marble. It was originally intended to execute it in Magnesian limestone; but, in consequence of a strong representation from the sculptor, the committee have been induced to decide in favour of the marble. From a photograph that we have seen of this monument, we are enabled to speak most favourably of its design. One of the baso-reliefs exhibits to us the future divine, poet, and philosopher in the spring-time of his life. Another represents him in his more mature years, surrounded by a group of lovely children, who are "listening to him their first lessons." In a third we see the philosopher, who, as Dr. Johnson says, "taught the art of reasoning and the science of the stars." The statue itself conveys an expressive likeness of Dr. Watts in the attitude of a preacher of the Gospel; while an archaic honeysuckle, worked round the pedestal, marks the simplicity and purity of his character. [We are indebted for this information to the *Orticle*.]

## MINOR TOPICS OF THE MONTH.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY has elected Mr. H. O'Neil and Mr. W. C. T. Dobson Associates. These gentlemen have justly earned the honours conferred upon them; they hold high professional rank, and cannot fail eventually to become useful members. It has been rare, indeed, of late years to object to the elections of the Academy; into that body a man of talent is almost sure to enter: it is, however, certainly to be lamented that the distinction is always too long postponed—often until genius has become less active and powerful. Mr. O'Neil has passed middle life, yet his claim to promotion was established nearly a quarter of a century ago: it is otherwise with Mr. Dobson, but, at any period within the last ten years, his claims to the position he now holds were indisputable. Two more vacancies among the Associates have yet to be filled up, but the election will not be made till after our sheets are in the hands of the printer.

NATIONAL PICTURE PURCHASES.—It is understood that a collection of forty-six pictures, chiefly of the Italian schools, and known as the "Beau-Cousin Collection," has been purchased at Paris, by Sir Charles Eastlake, for the sum of £9500.

THE WATER-COLOUR SOCIETY.—Mr. Birket Foster and Mr. F. Smallfield have been elected Associate members of this institution: the public, therefore, must no longer expect to see Mr. Foster's pencil employed on those book illustrations, which for so many years have charmed every lover of the picturesque. His water-colour drawings must be classed with the Pre-Raphaelite school, judging from the few we have met with.

MR. W. B. SCOTT, of Newcastle, has, according to a statement in the *Athenæum*, received a commission from Sir Walter Trevelyan to paint six large pictures illustrative of incidents in early Northumbrian history: they are intended for the hall at Wallington, Newcastle. Four are, we hear, already completed, and the others are in progress.

A COLLECTION OF PORTRAITS, twenty-one in number, has been exhibited, during the past month, at the French Gallery, Pall Mall. With one exception, that of the Countess of Waldegrave, the portraits have all been painted by Mr. Sant, for her ladyship, who purposes decorating her mansion at Strawberry Hill with these reminiscences of her personal friends.

The artist has been, generally, most successful in the execution of the trust confided to him: his female portraits are very elegant, especially those of Lady Constance Gower, Lady Selina Vernon, Mrs. Stonor,—sister, we believe, of the present Sir Robert Peel,—the Marchioness of Stafford, the Countess of Shaftesbury; these constitute a bevy of English beauties: the portrait of Mrs. Rothschild, of the Paris family of that name, is fine. Among the gentlemen, Mr. Van De Weyer, Lord Clarendon, Earl Grey, the Duc d'Angoulême, and the Bishop of Oxford, particularly arrest attention. The portrait of the Countess of Waldegrave, by Mr. F. Grant, R.A., is, as a picture, less unexceptionable than others; it, however, looks unfinished: perhaps, Mr. Grant so considers it, and purposes working again upon it. The "troop of friends" is, we understand, to receive an addition of five to those now exhibited.

[FEMALE SCHOOL OF ART, GOWER STREET.—Since the notice, which appeared in our last number, having reference to the probable closing of this school in consequence of the withdrawal of the annual government grant, a number of gentlemen have formed themselves into a committee for the purpose of obtaining subscriptions to prevent a result so much to be deprecated. That the school has hitherto fulfilled its mission, under the direction of Mrs. McLean, the late superintendent, and also under that of Miss Gann, the lady now occupying the position, is well known to all who are acquainted with its workings; it will, therefore, cast a stigma upon the community at large if such an institution be permitted to fall to the ground for want of some temporary pecuniary aid; we say "temporary," because there is little doubt of its being made self-sustaining under judicious management, if the present crisis in its affairs can be surmounted. The premises where the students have met since the school was removed from Somerset House have not been found adequate to the requirements of the



school; it is, therefore, proposed to purchase another house, to fit it up suitably, and to start afresh on a new career: to effect this a sum of at least £2,000 is required, and we fervently hope there will be no difficulty in raising it. An institution which enables educated females—very many of whom would otherwise have been destitute—to maintain themselves honourably and respectably, and which in all our Art-competitions, has ever borne a high position, ought not to be allowed to die out when a comparatively small sum would render it healthy and vigorous. We believe that Miss Gannet would be glad to afford any information respecting it, to those who desire to give the support of which it stands so much in need.

**THE 1851 "TESTIMONIAL."**—Our esteemed contemporary the *Critic* writes somewhat indignantly on this subject; considering that Mr. Joseph Durham has reason to complain because his very admirable group is to be placed not in Hyde Park but in the grounds of the Horticultural Society. We believe the change is in all respects an advantage—to the sculptor and to the public. Placed on the actual site of the Great Exhibition, it would be comparatively lost for all useful purposes: isolated, out of the way, a single object in a waste, small by comparison with the tall trees about it, soon to be neglected, accumulating dust and dirt,—few after the first gratification of curiosity would see it at all. In the grounds of the Horticultural Society, occupying the post of honour, sufficiently elevated and continually cared for, it will be daily examined by thousands, to whom it will be a perpetual reminder of a great and salutary event—an event that "chanced" during a memorable year in the immediate neighbourhood, and one of the results of which was a "surplus fund" that purchased the ground on which the memorial stands—its worthy record! We feel assured that the group will be one of the best achievements of British art; its selection from many competitors was honourable to the accomplished sculptor; his powers are of the very highest order; and his energies will be naturally exerted to the utmost to maintain the proud position he has attained.

**NEW APPLICATIONS OF ELECTRICITY.**—Our attention has been directed to no less than three novel applications of electrical force, whereby, it is presumed, great advantages may be gained. The precipitation of iron on the surface of an engraved copper-plate, by which a very large number of impressions, all of equal excellence, can be obtained without injuring the surface of the metal, has been improved on. Mr. Henry Bradbury has succeeded in coating copper-plates by the electro-precipitation of nickel. This coating is excessively hard and enduring, and can be re-applied to the plate as soon as any wearing is detected, without interfering in any way with the finest lines.—The Electro Black Printing Company, which is engaged in carrying out the patents of Mr. Collins, is now in active operation in Bridge Street, Blackfriars. The processes are ingenious, and promise to be eminently useful. From an engraved plate, and, in some cases, from a print, an impression is received on a prepared elastic surface; this is either expanded or contracted, as may be desired, and the resulting copy transferred to a lithographic stone, from which it can be at once printed; or, by a peculiar process, an electrolytic deposit is effected on a plate of metal, upon which the enlarged or diminished impression has been made, and, by a little careful manipulation, eventually a block is formed which can be printed with ordinary type. We have examined many examples of this kind of work, and the result is of such promise that we purpose devoting an article to an explanation of the process.—**Figure-weaving by electricity** is the third of these interesting applications. It is the invention of M. Bonelli, the director-general of Sardinian telegraphs, and is intended to—and, as it appears to us, does—supersede the use of the cards employed in the Jacquard loom. It is impossible to describe this elaborate, yet, in its mode of operation, simple machine, within a short space; we shall, therefore, return to this interesting subject on an early occasion.

**WILLIS'S ROOMS.**—These rooms are so well-known to the public, and more particularly to the fashionable public, that any general description of them is unnecessary. A portion of the suite has recently been re-decorated; to these, with the re-decorations,

our remarks will be exclusively confined. Rooms so much frequented become insensibly, and often involuntarily, public educators, and when the education so produced influences the higher classes,—those who guide the taste and domestic fashions of those below them in social position,—the style in which such apartments as Willis's Rooms, are ornamented, becomes a question bordering on public importance in the matter of Art-education. The proprietors appear to have had some such idea; for not content to engage the best native talent, a foreign decorator was employed—one under the patronage of his Majesty the King of Hanover. We were, therefore, prepared to expect something more than usually harmonious, artistic, and refined—an expectation confirmed by an ostentatious invitation to a private view of these decorations. We cannot express our deep disappointment when expectation had to face the sad reality, and contrast what might, and ought to have been, with what was accomplished. It is saddening, we had almost said sickening, to think what mischief may be done to the diffusion of sound principles of taste and decorative Art, by the flimsy, meagre, and soulless vagaries which make up the crude fantasies which cover these walls and ceilings, and which may be repeated elsewhere, in consequence of being considered fashionable at these rooms; it is a matter for sincere regret, to all interested in national decorative progress, to see a fine opportunity for really improving public taste in that department, worse than thrown away. Art is a commonwealth, in which all are welcome, and we have ever encouraged artists, independent of nationality or race; but that equality and fraternity does not include the employment of foreigners to do badly, what almost any number of English decorators could have done better—better in design, more artistic in execution, and better in general effect. The ceiling of the large room is the best part of the decorations, and the attempt to throw up the centre by lighter colour, although not skilfully managed, is sound in principle; and some of the Grecian ornaments which surround the Franco-German figures are not destitute of a kind of unrefined vigour, while the groups of figures on the blue grounds are respectable in style; but what can be said of the ill-drawn, hard, and iron-looking heads that range around the room, and the tawdry patches of colour that deface the alto-relievo plaster work on the walls? Considering the pretensions, this portion of the work is an extraordinary failure, and contrasts most unfavourably with the breadth of style, repose, and higher style of decoration adopted, probably by some London house-painter, in the room off the large hall—a room which has only been cleaned, at present. Had space, and other circumstances suited, a chapter on incongruities might have been illustrated by examples taken from these new decorations. Moreover, we would object to even good ornamentation on bad groundwork as creditable decoration; and another chapter might have been written on the difference between German and English qualities of preparation, if these rooms be a fair specimen of how such work is done in Hanover.

**ARCHITECTURAL PHOTOGRAPHIC ASSOCIATION.**—The circulation of photographs among architects must largely improve the taste of the general body of the profession, those we mean especially who have not enjoyed the benefit of seeing in the reality the various styles of continental architecture. The present exhibition, which is held at No. 9, Conduit Street, contains two hundred and seventy-three examples from continental Europe, and two hundred and thirty-two of buildings and remains in our own country. The minute and exact detail presented by many of these photographs would almost persuade an observer that he has never seen the subject itself. Every body stops before entering to admire the wondrously rich sculpture of the porch of Rouen Cathedral, but nobody can see it as it is brought under the eye in a photograph. The same may be said of the reliques of Venetian wealth and greatness, in innumerable cases the narrowness of the canals defeats the research of another than the eye of the artist or the antiquary, but the infallible camera registers the complete composition, and presents it as a whole. Of the Louvre there are—the Gallery of Henri II., Pavillons Richelieu, Sally, Turgot, and De l'Horloge,—all separate plates; then the Church of the Invalides, the Sainte Chapelle, the Hotel de Clugny, the Porch of St. Germain l'Auxerrois, the

portals of the Cathedral of Rheims, with those of Strasburg, Tours, &c. The Italian subjects comprehend famous examples from Venice, Rome, Milan, Verona, Padua, &c., &c.; and the catalogue extends to Spain, the Netherlands, Constantinople, and Jerusalem.

**FELICIA HERMANS!**—the name is honoured by all who venerate genius devoted to the highest and holiest purposes. Her poems have been translated into every tongue; they have been teachers in every country of the world; and the lessons they convey are those which best inculcate duty to God and to mankind. There is a large debt due to her for the enjoyment she has given, and the virtue she has taught. It has long been a national reproach, that among "Records of Women" there is none of her; that a small tablet in the church of St. Anne, Dublin (where she died), alone preserves her name; and, although to her may be applied truly and with emphasis the memorable epitaph—

"Praises on tombs are lily spent—  
Her good name is her monument."

it is a duty, none the less, that society shall render homage to her memory and strengthen the force of her example. It is therefore very pleasant to know that a "memorial window" is about to be placed in the church where her remains repose, "as a public record of her pure fame and lofty genius." Subscriptions are asked to accomplish this object: we feel assured it is only necessary to make the project known to raise the requisite funds. The sum is not large, and contributions, however small, will be gladly accepted by the committee. Those who desire to aid this undertaking may communicate with the Rev. H. H. Dickenson, 56, Upper Bagot Street, Dublin (the vicar of St. Anne's), or Mrs. S. C. Hall, 27, Ashley Place, Victoria Street, London.

**MR. LEIGH SOTHEY**, the eminent book auctioneer, and famous as a "book-worm," who is always doing good, has put forth an appeal on behalf of the admirable clergyman who, when the *Royal Charter*, off the Welsh coast, gave hundreds of living men and women to the remorseless sea, exerted almost superhuman strength to recover the bodies and to console afflicted relatives who thronged the coast. If ever there was a case that called for public acknowledgment it is this. To state the case fully is beyond our space: it is, however, done by Mr. Sothey; and those who are interested in the subject will do well to apply to him for information.

**SILVER PLATE.**—There has recently been on view at the rooms of Messrs. Elkington & Co., Regent Street, a magnificent silver dinner-service, executed for "the Hon. and Right Rev. the Bishop of Mauritius"—a bishop of the Roman Catholic Church, who is resident in Malta. The entire service is of solid silver, the centre-piece and candleabra being gilt. It is intended to dine thirty persons, and as the table on which it was laid out is the size of the dining-table on which it will be used, the effect was precisely that which the bishop's dining-room will present as his guests enter, and a more gorgeous display is very rarely seen.

The cost of the silver service is about £12,000; and, considering the quantity of plate, and quality of workmanship, the price seems extreme in its moderation. Without entering into details, the style of Art-decoration employed in the general forms is highly creditable to Messrs. Elkington; and some of the articles, such as the plates, jugs, and dish-covers, show that this firm is fully keeping abreast of the growing knowledge now available in the designs of such articles. In these, and some other specimens, the combination of ornamentation, whether cut or cast, most successfully harmonizes with the general outlines, which are, in some cases, very fine indeed; and although, in other parts, a tendency to mere pictorial effect is too apparent, yet manufacturers can only lead the public by slow degrees to prefer purer to more showy styles of domestic embellishment; and there is sufficient evidence in this silver service that this firm is leading public taste into increasing elegance of design.

At a recent sale of pictures, by Messrs. Foster, a painting by J. F. Herring and H. Bright, entitled "The Meeting of Friends," realized the sum of 180 guinees; and one by the late W. Müller, a view of "The Bay of Naples," sold for 300 guineas.



## REVIEWS.

THE PILGRIM FATHERS. Painted by C. W. COPE, R.A. Engraved by C. KNIGHT. Published by HENRY GRAVES & Co., London.

This is one of the accomplished artist's contributions to the House of Lords, deeply interesting in subject, admirably grouped and arranged, and executed with consummate skill. Such records are perpetual teachers. It is to such themes a government should direct the thoughts of a people; if they produce shame for the past, they induce thankfulness for the present—gratitude that we live in an age when persecution is but the page of a closed book of history. The struggles of these Pilgrim Fathers made us free; they fought, though without weapons, for the liberty we enjoy; calmly but fearlessly they resisted oppression; and "freedom of conscience" is their mighty and glorious bequest to their descendants in the Old World, and in the New. The event pictured took place early in the seventeenth century, when the worship of God, except in accordance with a special form, was a crime, the penalties for which grew heavier and heavier, until they became intolerable. Then, and a long time afterwards, those who refused to "bow the knee to Baal" were voided or involuntarily exiled hence the New World became the heritage of the Pilgrim Fathers; and millions of their descendants have learned from them the value of liberty. Mr. Cope, to illustrate this grand epoch in the history of earth and man, selected the moment when a number of Christian families assembled on the shore at "Delft Haven" to join in prayer on the eve of embarkation for America. They had previously been exiles from England to Holland, but finding few resting-places there, they sought and found in the New World the calm and hope from which they were debarred in the old. The chief of this heroic band was a "recusant" clergyman, John Robinson; it is he who raises his voice and his heart to God on that peopled rock of a strange shore, about to be exchanged for the far-off desert. Loves and fears can be read clearly on every countenance of that mournful yet hopeful group; but FAITH triumphs; they go forth confiding in the Providence that conducts them to a safer haven than that of Delft. The subject is very skillfully treated: the touching theme has been made doubly touching by Art. History is thus illustrated to become a record and a lesson, supplying material at once for shame and pride. Few will look upon this fine print without desiring to possess it. Few, that is to say, of those who desire the artist to be employed on nobler and loftier matters than "still life," or life that might be, without disadvantage, "still."

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE BRITISH INSTITUTION. By THOMAS SMITH. Published by SIMPKIN & MARSHALL, and E. STANFORD, London.

This book contains a curious record; one, moreover, no less interesting to the lovers of British Art than it is curious. We have been among the many who think that the British Institution has not of late years fulfilled satisfactorily its mission—to "Promote the Fine Arts in the United Kingdom." This was the object for which the society was originally founded in 1805; and to a great extent it has done so, but not so far as it might have done. Mr. Smith, whose experience of its doings is the result of a personal acquaintance with the establishment for a long series of years, tells us that, from its foundation to the last year, the number of works by British artists exhibited in the gallery has amounted to 22,150, that the sales have realized more than £150,000, and that the sums expended in premiums, complimentary donations, purchase of pictures, and in charitable contributions, &c., amount to £28,515. Now in the face of these figures it would be absurd to deny that the artists of the country have not benefited by this institution, but that the Art of England has not prospered in an equal ratio, is too generally admitted by those who, during the few last years, have examined the walls of the exhibition-rooms, to admit of any well-grounded contradiction. Mr. Smith states that his object in compiling his volume is, "to place upon record the wonderful energy, indefatigable activity, and patriotic zeal, brought to bear in forming and carrying out the plan of the institution, and that by a class of persons whose very elevated position necessitates so many calls upon their time and attention." The compliment may have been earned in days long gone by; it can scarcely apply, if all we have heard be true, to the noblemen and gentlemen whose names have more recently appeared in the list of directors. However, we leave Mr. Smith to sound forth their

praises, and proceed to examine his book a little more closely.

Briefly, then, it contains an account of the proceedings of the institution from its commencement, a list of the principal pictures exhibited annually, with a brief biographical sketch of the painters. Among those who contributed to the exhibition of 1806 were the names of Sir F. Bourgeois, Colcott, Copley (father of Lord Lyndhurst), Daniell, Fuseli, Howard, Lawrence, Northcote, Opie, F. Reinagle, Paul Sandby, Robert Smirke, Stothard, Turner, Thomson, West, Ward, Westall, as painters; and Bacon, Banks, Nollekens, and Rossi, as sculptors; in short the strength of the Royal Academy of that date, who exhibited many of their finest works. In the list of applicants, who in 1809 applied for permission to study in the School of Painting, we find the names of Drummond, Wilkie, Haydon, R. B. Reinagle, Jackson, H. Pickersill, Constable, Hoppner, J. Lewis, and Stephano; among the students in 1819, were C. and T. Landseer, Briggs, Behnes, G. Jones, Linton, Etty, Hoffman, and Brockedon. The first summer exhibition of the "Works of Ancient Masters and Deceased British Artists" took place in 1813, with a selection from the paintings of Sir Joshua Reynolds. The second of the works of Lawrence, in 1830, realized £3,000, which sum was divided among the ten nieces of the deceased artist.

We presume the funds of the British Institution must have fallen off greatly of late years, for in the summary of premiums given for meritorious pictures, there is no entry since 1842, and in that of donations to charitable institutions, none since 1850; these are facts that show something wrong somewhere. Whether or no Mr. Smith's annals of the establishment will tell for, or against it, is, we think, scarcely a question: at all events his work is, as we stated at the outset, both curious and interesting; how much more so would be a similar history of the Royal Academy! Will such a book ever be published?

THE QUEEN SKETCHING AT LOCH LAGGAN. Painted by SIR EDWIN LANDSEER, R.A. Engraved by J. T. WILMORE, A.E. Published by HENRY GRAVES & Co., London.

This is an exceedingly agreeable print, picturing the Queen as her subjects love to see her, away from state, freed from its trammels, enjoying nature, and accompanied by her children. Its interest is enhanced by the introduction of a Highland pony bearing home the deer; contrasting thus with the tranquil and happy occupation in which her majesty has been engaged. The surrounding scenery is very beautiful: the mountains look down on the quiet lake; the banks are full of wild flowers: it is the calm afternoon of a day of repose. May the Queen, her children, and her children's children enjoy many such beside that Highland loch. As a composition, the picture is admirably arranged; and the engraving—in line—is firm, free, and effective.

THE TURNER GALLERY. With Descriptions by RALPH N. WORNUM. Part 6. Published by J. S. VIRTUE, London.

The conductors of this publication appear to have adopted the plan of giving in each number an example of the three epochs into which Turner's Art-life is divided. The arrangement is exceedingly judicious, as it enables the subscriber to compare the different periods with each other, while, at the same time, it renders the work additionally attractive by variety of subject and treatment. Thus, in the present part we find, 'The Parting of Hero and Leander,' engraved very effectively by S. Bradshaw. This picture, which is in the National Gallery, belongs to Turner's latest style, having been painted in 1837; it is a large composition, of overpowering architecture, wild tempestuous sea, and still wilder sky, the two latter constituting a chaotic mass of elements which could only have been compounded in the brain of a painter like Turner, or a poet like Milton. The next plate, 'Brighton Chain Pier,' engraved by R. Wallis, is from a picture in the possession of Col. Windham, Petworth; it must be classed with Turner's second period, and may have been painted about twenty years earlier than the preceding; in fact, the view of Brighton as seen here would almost determine the date, for the town looks far different from the noble appearance it now presents, and the pier is not that on which visitors now delight to promenade, but the old pier that was carried away by a terrific storm some years ago. The composition is very simple, but it is beautifully treated. The sun is going down behind the high ground in the west, tinged, as it departs, with gold and vermillion the fine clouds scattered around and above it: one almost feels the atmosphere to be soft and delicious, but not oppressive.

The water, exquisitely as it is painted, is not true; the sea at the pier-head, the point near which the sketch was made, is, as every one who is acquainted with Brighton well knows, deep; Turner has painted it, in parts, as if rolling in over a shallow bottom, and breaking on the shingle. He evidently did this to vary the forms of the waves, but the harmony and repose of the work, as well as its truth, have been sacrificed thereby, for the centre of the foreground is perfectly quiescent, while the two sides are considerably agitated. The third engraving, by T. A. Prior, is from "The Goddess of Discord in the Garden of the Hesperides," painted in 1806, and one of the national pictures; it is a grand work, reminding us of the best and purest compositions of Gaspar Poussin, so classical is it in conception, yet with a certain leaven of wildness in the forms of the distant mountains. The figures here are realities, carefully drawn and busily occupied, while the huge dragon, whose long scaly form crowns some hundred or two feet of lofty rock, is a poetical episode highly characteristic of the artist's mind.

THE HILLS AND PLAINS OF PALESTINE. By MISS L. M. CUBLEY. Published by DAY & SON, London.

Here is a lady entering the lists, ready to run a tilt with the gallant—knight, we were about to say, but the regal sword has not crossed the shoulder of the Royal Academician—David Roberts. Miss Cubley has visited the Holy Land, and while aiding in the good work of attempting to raise the condition of the poor Jewesses in Jerusalem—the chief object of her visit—she employed her pencil, during her stay in Palestine, in sketching various localities, and groups of figures in that picturesque and interesting country. These have been lithographed by Messrs. Day and Son, and now make their appearance in a handsome volume, with appropriate descriptions of the scenes, and such other remarks as seemed suitable to the occasion. The pictures are not Mr. Roberts's (Miss Cubley would herself acknowledge this), but they are, nevertheless, of a right good order, faithful representations, there is no doubt, and quite worthy of occupying a place, not a subordinate one, moreover—in the illustrated works on the Holy Land, which have been published within the last few years. We are always pleased to see ladies employing the Art-knowledge they have acquired to good purpose, and Miss Cubley so uses her accomplishment.

LORD MACAULAY IN HIS STUDY. Photographed by ROGER FENTON, from the Picture by E. M. WARD, R.A. Published by E. GAMBAULT & Co.

An interesting memorial this, of the distinguished man whose recent loss is not only that of his country, but of the civilized world; for the writings of Macaulay have gained for him a reputation far beyond the limits of our sea-girt isle. Mr. Ward painted the picture about eight years ago, if we recollect rightly; it represents the historian in his library, in the Albany, before he removed to Kensington. He is seated in a large high-backed chair, beside a table, on which lie several volumes of books, one of them open, as if just put down; for his spectacles are in his hand, and his lordship has evidently been reading. The attitude of the figure is not elegant, but it is easy, and perfectly natural. The face does not "come out" successfully, though it is recognisable; with this exception—not an unimportant one, by the way—the photograph is excellent, and will be valued as a glimpse into the inner life of this brilliant writer.

THE BUILDING NEWS. Published at the Office, 20, Old Bowell Court, London.

The volume of this hebdomadical publication for the last year lies on our table; a thick quarto, the contents of which are an ample record of all matters connected with the profession of architecture, the building trade, metropolitan improvements, sanitary reform, &c. &c. These subjects are discussed by the respective contributors with considerable talent, and with an independence and spirit that must be effectual for good. The numerous illustrations of important edifices, either erected or projected, are executed in the best style of wood-engraving; we may notice as an extraordinary example, a very large woodcut of the interior of All Saints' Church, in Margaret Street: this engraving is little inferior, in solidity of colour—or that which may be presumed to express colour—and in delicacy of execution, to a fine steel-plate; all the details of the decorated architecture and of the rich ornamentation are admirably rendered, and the print is worthy of being framed and hung up.



## THE ART-JOURNAL.



LONDON, APRIL 1, 1860.

TWO FOP ARTISTS:  
SHERWIN AND COSWAY.

BY WALTER THORNBURY.



LOOKING through the telescope of my imagination I see, on a February afternoon, in the year 17—, leaning against a superb mantel-piece, in a house in Pall Mall, a little, old, dandy gentleman, a frosty pink about his apple cheeks; standing on a Madame Pompadour rug, amid ivory cabinets, retouched "old masters," and ormolu musical clocks, he looks very self-contented, and supremely happy. Nature has endowed him with such a fall in the back, and such a grace and manner—pardon! the little old gentleman with the monkey face ought to be happy, and be grateful to Providence,—and he is.

Mat Darley, the scurrilous print-seller, may well caricature our little apish friend in his Strand window as the "Macaroni Miniature Painter." For lo! how he is dressed! He has actually just been to Christie's picture sale in a mulberry silk coat, dotted all over with embroidered scarlet strawberries! He is very grand, indeed, in his sword and bag, and tiny three-cornered hat, balanced on the top of his snow mountain of a powdered *toupée*, and with his black servant—who has published an octavo book on *slavery*—behind him. As he chatted and took snuff with the handsome young Prince of Wales, he looked for all the world like a Dresden china chimney-piece-ornament beau come to life.

This house of his in Pall Mall was once part of the Duke of Schomberg's (the son of the Boyne man). First it was taken by Jarvis, the painter, whom Pope over praised; then by Astley, the painter (Gainsborough was his neighbour), who, at one time, before he married Lady Duckenfield, wore waistcoats formed of his own landscapes; then by quarrelsome Hone; then by the quack Graham, the earth-bath doctor; lastly, by our little fashionable ape friend, Cosway, the fashionable painter, who, in his mulberry silk and scarlet strawberries, reigus there over a wealth of old furniture and sham relics. And here, on Sunday nights, he gives his concerts, that quite block up Pall Mall with carriages.

A royal ape he looks, leaning jauntily against a mantel-piece sculptured by Banks, with figures representing the worship of the sun, giving directions to a cringing picture-dealer, who is going to bid for him at a sale.

His rooms are more like a fashionable upholsterer's show-rooms than those of an ordinary mortal. Cabinets of cobweb ivory rest on mosaic tables, studded with jasper, blood-stone, and lapis lazuli; Japan screens, figured with mellow gold, stand against the wall; gold mountains of clocks, that chime like fairy cathedrals, adorn the carved buffets; tables of ormolu and mottled tortoiseshell, delight the senses; great Mandarin jars stand by the windows; Nankin and Dresden china fill the cabinets; Persian carpets, with soft blues and reds, receive the foot, and seem to it like quilts of rose-leaves; the gilt chairs are cushioned with Genoa velvet, stamped and fringed: the place, in fact, is a perfect upholsterer's paradise. Everywhere there are great ebony escrutoirs fit for an emperor, inlaid with mother of pearl; and rich caskets, full of antique gems and cameos, fretted with onyxes, opals, and emeralds. His hearth-rugs are bordered with heraldic crests; his hangings of old tapestry are studded with armorial bearings.

But Cosway is also a poetical and credulous antiquarian: he has cups of the times of York and Lancaster, which, he says, belonged to Wolsey; he has the feather of a phoenix, and remembrances of Cromwell—for Cosway is a believer in spiritualism and converse with spirits; and he is a mesmerist, and a Swedenborgian, and pretends to have visits from great men's ghosts (they could not come to a more comfortable house or a better table); and he has armour, fluted suits, and brassards, and flanchards, and spiked chanfrons, for war-horses, and gigantic tilting lances, and Titanic two-handed swords; and sometimes the gay old ape disports himself in a sham Elizabethan slashed dress—picturesque but ridiculous.

And whence emerged this gay little old butterfly who we find revelling amid china jars, and gilt couches, in this upholsterer's paradise? Old family?—blue blood-royal, bar sinister? Good lack, no! Dirty Dick Cosway, with the monkey face, was originally drudge and errand-boy to the students at Mr. Shipley's drawing-school, in the Strand, where old Nollekens (in Roubillac and Scheemaecker's time) learnt to draw from the statue. He used then to carry in the thick bread and butter, and thin, pale coffee, that the housekeeper provided at the lavish charge of threepence per head. He was found drawing, as all such boys are wont to be found; was taken up by the good-natured students, and instructed till he had learnt to carry off small prizes at the Society of Arts four years running: upon which Dick washed his hands, floured his hair, cleaned his apish face, and engaged himself as teacher at Parr's drawing-school, in the same street, and so rose.

In spare time he drew heads and fancy miniatures for the shops, and grew rich by drawing snuff-box tops for the jewellers, and by jobbing in old pictures which he retouched, not caring a whit for being called "Billy Dimple," or caricatured as the Macaroni painter. It was about this time that he married the daughter of an English hotel-keeper, who lived near Florence, became known to the Regent, and started as a fop of the first water. Who would remember the dirty, clever, impudent little errand-boy at the Strand Drawing Academy in this exquisite, in the mulberry silk and scarlet strawberries, in the mountainous *toupée*, and swaying bag? who declares at a Royal Academy dinner that the night before, in a dream, Pitt and Charles I. both appeared to him, and praised his talent as a portrait-painter in the warmest manner, regretting they had not lived to be immortalized by his genius!

Now let me ring the bell that is the signal for drawing up the curtain of my stage, and exhibit another fop artist for your amusement,—and, perhaps, improvement. It is Sherwin,

the Sussex wood-cutter's son, now a fashionable engraver, whose knocker is nearly beaten flat by great people's footmen, who never leave it alone.

We rub the glass of the imaginative telescope clear, and looking again through its crystal circle see a most stupendous beau, but of a somewhat later period than Cosway. Sherwin is not an ape either, but a handsome fellow, who dresses like a mad tailor trying to pass himself off as a fine gentleman. He appears a fashionable Apollo clothed, as to his body, in a blue coat with scarlet lapels, and gilt buttons, large as half-crowns. His white satin shining waistcoat is embroidered with sprigs of jasmine; his trim shape is adorned with black satin small clothes with Bristol stone knee-buckles, that shine like diamonds of Golconda; his silk stockings have drank deep of Scott's liquid azure dye, and are remarkable for Devonshire "clocks;" his long quartered shoes are saddled with large square buckles that cover half the foot; his frills and ruffles are of the finest lace, and lap over and hide the hand once so horny that it could scarcely hold a graver; his hair is pomatumed and powdered with an immense cone of *toupée*, three curls on a side, and tied up in a huge white club behind.

But Sherwin drinks punch, and gambles, and fires pistols out of his windows at midnight, and works only by fits; and we much fear that some day duchess' and countess' footmen will cease beating and anvilting at that clever scamp's knocker, and duns will come instead. Cosway will thrive, I think, and Sherwin go down, though he is so rapid with the burnin, and the brush, and the red chalk.

But what led Sherwin from wood-cutting to copper scratching? What led Cosway from running for beer to painting miniatures, we have already shown. What led Sherwin to Art? Why, the strong, warm hand of a kind patron, Mr. Mitford, of the Treasury, drew him into the fashionable world, where he ultimately wrecked, and went to pieces, as many a better barque has done before. He it was who bought his gold medal picture of "Venus soliciting Vulcan to make armour for her son." Sherwin painted and engraved portraits equally well, and drew, in red and black chalk, drawings of Court beauties, intending to flatter, but not always doing it with tact,—I suppose because wood-cutting till your hands are horny, may make you fond of fine clothes and grand people, but does not always give you the power of pleasing them.

Yet how skilful that Sussex wood-cutter's son was—how quick of eye, how nimble of hand! It was like legerdemain to see him. In one day and night he drew for Dr. Johnson's friend, Tom Davies, the bookseller, a head of Garrick, for which he received fifteen guineas. After promising it for three months (so his pupil Nollekens Smith tells us), he executed an engraving of Romney's "Earl of Carlisle" in four days,—and this was a work of Art as beautiful as it was dextrous, and, being privately printed, is thought a great rarity. Poor Mrs. Robinson, the Prince of Wales's victim, when in her fullest beauty, he drew at once, without a sketch, upon the copper—a feat only equalled by that inspired fury that drove Buonarroti to splinter away from the solid marble without drawing or model. Stately Mrs. Siddons, as the "Grecian Daughter," he also photographed on copper with the same brilliant ease. I don't know what the Art dandy could not do; he drew so well, and knew the human body so completely.

How different a life looks seen from the middle, and seen from the end! It seems to give a sort of divinity to a biographer—that power of his of seeing a whole life, from

the cradle to the earth-pit. He smiles sadly at the fop strutting before his looking-glass, knowing, as he does, the death-bed in the garret; he smiles at the squalid task of the boy, when he remembers the splendour of the sunset of that life. The biographer views a life as our guardian angel may do when kissing our pale face in the coffin,—he hovers for a moment above the spot, and thinks of whither his fifty or sixty years' long companion has led him. It is a great power, and should be used in a thoughtful way, or it will be misused.

Let me try and use it in that way, as I scan the achievements of this nimble-fingered artist, from the time he attained fame by his elaborate piece of flattery, called 'The Finding of Moses,' in which he introduced portraits of all the Court ladies. The Princess Royal (imagine the absurdity of an essentially artificial age) was Pharaoh's daughter, and amongst the ladies were Lady Duncannon and her sister, the beautiful electioneering Duchess of Devonshire, Lady Jersey, the Duchess of Rutland, and Mrs. Townley Ward, whose grand features rather eclipsed this or some other duchess—who, with all her head-tossing, grew offended, and slighted, and tried spitefully to injure the artist, wickedly, and with bad malice enough. At that time patrons were necessary evils, and the offence poor reckless Sherwin gave by preferring beautiful people of no rank to ugly people with rank, led perhaps, indirectly, to his downfall, and his pensioner's death-bed in stormy Cornhill. In the words of Shakspeare—

"His offence was rank—it smelt to Heaven."

When for months the knocker was as noisy as a coppersmith's hammer, Sherwin's pupils had nothing to do but to attend the ladies of title in the painting-room, answer their loud irrational questions, and to unroll engravings before them; while the grand man bent busily and consequently at his easel, or at the table where he toiled over Poussin's 'Holy Family,' from the Bishop of Peterborough's gallery; at the likeness of Miss Collins, of Winchester; or of Kinnaird, the magistrate, the father of the editor of 'Stuart's Athens.'

But what use was all this skill when our friend gambled, drank, dressed like a prince, and never worked if he could help it? Was it wonder that that elephantine German tailor, from Wells Street, sat stolidly blockading him for five hours while he dressed upstairs for some levée, leaving it to a chance nobleman entering to pay the bill, and raise the siege? Was it wonder that, being needy, he grew shifty, and from being shifty, mean, and had to trick old short-sighted engravers, who had worked hard for him, by dressing up lay figures to sit at table and take wine with them, while he stole off to the roulette-table? Tardily would he make up these peccadilloes with impulsive guineas, and charity thrown to poor Vicars of Wakefield, to whom his heart ever softened—as well it might, though no bishop's, swollen with temporal and spiritual pride, would.

One recourse he has for everything—*borrow*. Duns gather round him, like the dogs round Actæon; still he borrows his sop, and throws it them, as hunters throw the pursuing bear—first, a fur glove, then a belt, then a coat, till, at last, naked and bleeding, they themselves are crushed with cruel friendliness to the monster's heart. Gay and reckless, nimble in evasion, still he drank, and threw the dice, disbelieving that, sooner or later, the last day of all folly must come. Yet the sun shone on John Keyse Sherwin, the wood-cutter's son, who, from that rude sort of wood-engraving that consists in decimating elm-tree trunks for the coffin-maker, took to engraving on copper, with some suc-

cess, from 1775 to 1795—twenty years of good fortune, to end with a pauper's bed in Cornhill, and an unknown grave at Hampstead! That blue coat, with the scarlet lapels, was even seen at levées; for Sherwin, after that great man, Woollett's, death, became engraver to the king, and, during that time, bit into the tenacious and retentive ruddy metal, portraits of the Earl of Chatham, and the Marquis of Buckingham (Gainsborough); Dr. Lowth, Bishop of London, after Hogarth's friend, fat *Friar* Payne; Captain Cook, after Dance; and Sir Joshua Reynolds (after himself); as well as the portrait of his predecessor, Woollett: and years of fame in shop-windows, now gone to dust, had these flowing engravings. Yes! they were sold, and framed, and praised, and talked of, while our blue-coated friend, with the jewelled knee-buckles, was drinking and gambling, unconscious that the inexorable iron walls of his life-prison were slowly compressing closer and closer, nearer and nearer, till nothing but the sad death-bed in the Cornhill upper room would be left for him. Woollett had gone to rest under an engraving on stone in St. Pancras churchyard; and the great works of Wilson, that he had executed for Alderman Boydell, when he (Wilson) was struggling, poor and needy, in a squalid court in Leicester Fields, were now the wonder and delight of the *cognoscenti*.

Working with both hands by fits and starts, pale after drunken revels and scurrying flights from duns, Sherwin attained great eminence in his brief day, engraving not only Reynolds's arch 'Fortune Teller,' Stoddart's 'Death of Lord Robert Manners,' and Beretoni's 'Holy Family,' but even the old masters, as Poussin's 'Holy Family,' 'Christ bearing the Cross,' and 'Christ appearing to Mary Magdalen.' And so, with his knocker going all day, in violent and impatient gusts of anger, and with a perpetual rustling of silk and satins on his stairs, let us leave him for a moment to return to our little fop, who, more prudent at first, and generally in life more successful, ended with scarcely less discomfiture,—a paralyzed old man, living humbly (his gorgeous upholsteric paradise all melted from him) in the Edgeware Road.

Cosway we have described beginning life as an errand-boy at Shipley's Drawing Academy, in the Strand (east corner of Castle Street), where Nollekens was a pupil; but Allan Cunningham will have it that he was the son of a Tiverton schoolmaster, of an old Flemish cloth-working family, a branch of whom had property at Combe Willis. His father, says Allan, had some good Flemish pictures, particularly some works of Rubens, and they gave the boy a taste. As to his descent we are rather sceptical; we always observe that the richer a man gets, the greater becomes the number of his ancestors. We have indeed known instances where a man who but last week did not know what trade his grandfather was, to-day exhibits you a parchment roll, carrying the name back to the dark ages, where no one can follow them. Probably he was a poor student, first at Hudson's, then at Shipley's; and, like every artist else, frequented the Duke of Richmond's gallery to study the antique, where Bartolozzi and Cipriani praised the softness and tenderness of his well-drawn figures. It was at this time, when the little fop began to get money by small fancy miniatures and studies for snuff-box tops, that he used to appear at the Artists' Club fresh from a levée, in red heels, bag and sword, when Wilson and rough Hayman (Hogarth's friend and fellow-workman at Vauxhall) would tease him remorselessly. "It used to be the monkey on the bear, but now it is the bear on the monkey," was Wilson's joke, when great drunken Hayman would not,

on one occasion, give the poor little fop a seat at the club: where above, in another room, sat Johnson and all his celebrated friends, "the sapientia," as Wilson used to call them.

No generous quarrels, such as Barry had, for Cosway; no struggle to paint only what his genius dictated, as Wilson. No, Cosway was quite for the "primrose path," that leads to the everlasting Lethe of oblivion. He became a picture jobber, buying cheap and selling very dear; he excelled even Sherwin in chalk drawings, he is so nimble. The little ape swears that he can "knock off" a miniature in three sittings of an hour each, and at times he will boast of having had twelve or thirteen sitters that day alone. The fashionable Lady Racketts, the Lady Oakleys of the time, praise the taste, elegance, spirit, softness, and delicacy, of Cosway's miniatures. He was the Ross, the Thorburn of his day, with a dash of the Lawrence fascination super-added. He is an R.A. too, and attempts real pictures, or as near as he can get—that is, portraits in fancy dresses: a countess and child as Venus and Cupid; a boy marquis as the child St. John the Baptist; somebody something as Rinaldo, and anonymous's wife as Armida; not to forget the Honourable Miss Furbelow as a charming Psyche. "Glossy, dark, and feeble," say angry people; but "charming and elegant," say the Racketts and Oakleys, in loud chattering chorus, for Cosway is as one of themselves, and no mere poor vulgar artist.

I do not wish to be severe, though I am resolute against the universal praise that biographical writers, *coûte qui coûte*, lavish on the subject they spread out on their dissecting tables; yet, between ourselves, I must say that this little fashion-monger, this over-dressed errand-boy, seems to me but a sorry bit of creation, but a poor dwarfed counterfeit of great father Adam. I think I would almost sooner be poor, drunken, dun-tormented Sherwin, with his dash and generosity, than this tame ape, in his mulberry silk and scarlet strawberries, pandering to vice and vanity, with his mean, picture-jobbing tricks, and with his microscopic, plausible, perishable, mercetricious Art.

It was not, however, alone the tricky grace of Cosway's chalk drawings and miniatures that drew great people to his studio; it was not the fluted armour, and the halberds, and the steel caps, that drew the Walpole Fribbles to Schomberg House; but the concerts of Mrs. Cosway, where all the lions of the season congregated and roared their best. Those concerts brought in miniatures enough to pay them twenty times over; but rich, careless people (if you please them) do not see through trading schemes, and Cosway was a cheery, pleasant little man of cultivated taste: so the Prince Regent (no heart, and very little brain) came to the Pall Mall Sunday evenings, and so did the beautiful Duchess of Devonshire, the Hon. Mrs. Damer, the sculptress, the Countess of Aylesbury, Lady Cecilia Johnstone, the Marchioness of Townshend, and such notabilities, the cynosures of Almacks or Carlisle House.

Brilliant must have been, in Cosway's time, I often think, as I stroll down Piccadilly, the running flame of links on those Sunday evenings, when gangs of footmen passed the cry up the stairs of "General Paoli's" (Boswell's friend), or "Lord Erskine's carriage stops the way." Such were the shouts that went vibrating through the corridors of the fashionable painter's house. How dense must have been the throng of "chairs" and the lines of carriages, badged with heraldic inventions. Charming Mrs. Cosway, who was intended for a convent, and only dissuaded from that living death by Angelica Kauffman!—



how beautiful her sketches from Ossian and Spenser, Dante and Virgil, and her miniatures almost equal to her husband's, who will not let her paint for emolument! How delightful the evenings, how perfect the success of *soirées* that please everybody, and bring in so many miniatures! This little man in mulberry silk, with his important, bustling, courtly air, so accurate and elegant, with such a house and wife, and such teeming shoals of friends, such *bijouterie*, such *vertu*, must be entirely happy. Look how he shows that duchess a red chalk drawing, or tells the smiling, radiant prince how Dante appeared to him last night. If there is a happy man in the world it must be Cosway.

Happy indeed! what, behind the scenes?—not he. At cards perhaps till daybreak, and then up in an hour or two, to work all day to make up the foolish loss,—repentant, cholic in his conscience, knowing half the people of the night before despised the "artist fellow" who lived on their vanity; though generous himself, suspecting his best friends; his vanity hurt by the sneers he knew were uttered at his expense. Blow after blow fell on him, as if some Nemesis were determined to whip the offending follies out of him. The prince, becoming Regent, forsook the imprudent painter, who ventured to rhapsodize about the boundless future the French revolution had opened for the world. He was too proud to stoop, or flatter, or condone; and with the prince went other friends, afraid of a man who lived in the shadow of Carlton House. Then his wife's health failed, and nothing but travelling and native Italian air would revive her.

Discomfited, sore, and a trifle crestfallen, the mortified, vain man started off for Flanders and Paris, there to win fresh fashionable triumphs, far removed from the baneful shadow. Rich and vain, he travels like a prince; at Paris he pities the bare walls of the Louvre, and gives some Giulio Romanos of his to the French king, receiving in exchange some rich Gobelin tapestry, which he bestows with gracious forgiveness on the Regent of England. Then he figures at great entertainments, paints the Duchess of Orleans and the Duchess of Polignac, and grandly refuses to take the portraits of the king and queen, because he is in Paris "only for amusement and health;" and this, perhaps, was the crowning audacity of the vain man's life. Refuse the request of a king and queen—entertain a prince—quarrel with him—then forgive him, and send him a regal present! Now may Cosway sing his *Nunc Dimittis*; the miserable desire of his petty life is attained.

But still, with all these fashionable triumphs, to crow over false friends, nothing goes quite right. Maria, "our" wife, returns to England, only to pine again for Italy—to go back and paint the interior of the Louvre, and pictures for convent chapels, and to plan the nun school at Lodi, that after her husband's death she became Superior of. Then a favourite little daughter died, a darling that Cosway had drawn, with a oradle guarded by angels. The only satisfaction of the little vain man—fantastic even in grief—was to have the body embalmed, and keep it in a marble (wine-cooler?) sarcophagus in the drawing-room.

Poor old paralyzed man! what avails thee now thy old masquerading suits of sham Elizabethan dress, in which thy portrait was taken, when thy little apish head was covered with a cap, and huge wandering plumes shadowed thy confident chin and pert, sharp nose? Poor worshipper of heartless fashion! thy eighty years are run out, and soon, not in mulberry silk and scarlet strawberries, but in white glazed shroud, and tied up jaw, thou must follow Death into that dark country where the sun is not!

Yet one thing there is still to praise in this intellectual dwarf—this moral homunculus: with sick wife, with pictures sold off, with extreme old age, with paralyzed hands, he still remains cheerful and confident, backed up still by the imperishable vanity of his fashionable youth. More than eighty years old, he still talked of Fuseli, and Wright of Derby, and Mengs, who knew his wife when she was at Rome; of his friends Bourgeois and Tresham, and the great *dilettante* Townley, who was at his (Cosway's) marriage; and of bad "Syntax," Dr. Coombe, who married his wife's sister. Still imaginative and a spiritualist as ever, he would relate stories of how Praxiteles and Apelles appeared to him, telling him that the English artists should draw carefully, and colour soberly, as he (Cosway) had done; and how Pitt, in a dream, rising from the river Thames, had told him that, "while living, he (Pitt) had discouraged genius, but now he had seen his error. With quiet certainty of immortality, the old paralyzed man would hesitate as to whether he should honour Devon or St. Paul's with his body: now he was all for Devon; then, again, he would be with Rubens, at Antwerp—Rubens, whom he had honoured and rivalled. But a sermon by Wesley on death rather sobered him; and, one day, following a funeral into Marylebone Church, and seeing the trim vault, and the gilt-mounted neat coffins, he said, "I prefer this to Antwerp or St. Paul's; bury me here." He did not then know anything about the unblushing verses that reprobate "Syntax," Coombe, would write for his epitaph.

One day, Death, without knocking or sending up a card, as respectable people should do at fashionable houses, pushes Mr. Cosway's black footman rudely by, and flings open the door, to allow the fashionable man's dead body to be carried upstairs. In a ripe, foolish old age he has died suddenly in a friend's carriage, on the road to Edgware; and, in a few short months, Painting, Poetry, and Nature—three marble-tomb children—will be beginning their long lamentation for the little old gentleman in the mulberry silk and scarlet strawberries, where I suppose they still lament, on the north wall, under the gallery of Marylebone New Church. After much fitful dressing, he sleeps well, but his great blue jars are in other drawing-rooms—his old masters delight other eyes—his bronzes are flown to the four winds. The fool's paradise has faded, even as all our toy Edens fade, when manhood comes, and drives us with harsh whips of reality into the broad, cold world.

And now let the curtain fall also on the more generous, and therefore more imprudent, fop. Let crape after crape darken over his blue coat and gilt buttons, as we sketch him falling from bad to worse. Duns swarm round him, and prevent all visits to levées of fashionables, like Sir Brooke Boothby. Sherwin becomes wilder and more idle, loses work, gets a bad name with booksellers, grows careless, sottish, and, at last, worn out in body and mind, dies at the house of a print-seller in Cornhill, who generously remembers his halcyon days, and who buries the poor prodigal at Hampstead, out in the quiet, pure air. There he lies now, in that quiet house of correction for such mistaken spirits—the GRAVE—almost forgotten, even by old print-sellers, but as a dextrous and graceful engraver. Yet, though his celebrity, at this calm distance of time, seems undeserved, we may still pity a weak man's misfortunes.

But let us put out the light, and close the door of the vault on the two fops, not without a word of moral, to serve as burial service. Here were two immortals, sent into a world, winged with genius, and gifted with all the enchantments of Art. They were sent here to teach, to improve, to warn the world: and what did they do?—put on mulberry silks,

and diamond buckles, and satin smallclothes, and spent their lives bowing, and sliding, and crying "*encore*," and complimenting Lady Somebody Something's complexion, and getting deservedly shunned and tormented, as they deserved, for such mean ambitions. To me they appear fluttering across a lamp-lit part of the stage of life, passing from dark to dark; or like two gaudy dragon-flies, that, emerging from the chrysalis, have scarcely flashed twice, like fairy shuttles, across the stream of life, than they are snapped and swallowed by that great black, watchful pike, who will in time swallow us all one by one—I mean DEATH.

## PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF GREAT ARTISTS.

BY THE LATE E. V. RIPPINGILLE.

NO. 8.—SIR AUGUSTUS W. CALLCOTT, R.A.

SIR AUGUSTUS CALLCOTT was a somewhat stately personage, who spoke in rather a measured and sententious way, without any appearance of severity, but as if he were not to be approached without leave. His character was truly what might be called sage and gentlemanly. There was a manner about him which indicated a degree of coldness; at the same time you could not avoid being impressed with an idea assuring you of his good sense, and highly favourable to his good-heartedness. In person Calcott was tall and stout, with an upright and manly bearing, which never failed to make his presence impressive. He had a fine head, with a scattering of thin grey hair that had once been dark, with overhanging eyebrows and a quick, steady eye, reflective but not penetrating; his nose was delicate in form, and his mouth and chin well-shaped and full. His face was not expressive, and his manner of address a good deal subdued, with voice soft and low. He had married Maria Graham, the writer on India, &c., and his manner formed a strong contrast with that of his talented partner, whose lively talk, in French or Italian, upon any subject that turned up, never failed to excite surprise, attention, and interest. It was not my good fortune, living at a distance from London, often to be thrown into his society; but during some years I was an occasional visitor at his house, at Kensington, and had opportunities of forming an idea of the character and extent of his mind and acquisitions, as well within, as without, the pale of Art. A social and a hospitable feeling was found in his house, by which many intelligent people were brought together, and the utmost freedom and ease prevailed. Calcott always spoke in a quiet and guarded manner, and, apparently, with a little reserve. I found it was seldom that you could get an off-hand opinion from him; it appeared, upon other subjects than that of Art, that something still remained behind, and that he had not told you all he had to say upon the subject on which you were speaking. If you returned to it and inquired again, it was the same, even when you were impressed with the notion that he desired to give you what information he could.

Calcott had one great peculiarity as a painter,—you were never asked into his painting-room. If you spoke of anything he had in hand, he would step into his studio and fetch it, and show it freely, and endeavour to provoke criticism, but he would never ask you in. This was always his practice with me; I understood it was the same with others, and I never heard of exceptions. In this respect he was the very opposite of Lawrence, Wilkie, Beechey, and I fancy of most other members of the profession. Sir Joshua Reynolds, it is said, did the same; none of his brothers in Art ever entered his *sanctum*. Wherever this is the case secrecy is supposed to exist, more in connection with processes, nostrums, and pigments, than in any other way. In Reynolds's case, as the present practice of Art proves, it was well to do so, in order that the mischief of the means employed might not extend beyond himself. In Calcott, however, there appeared no plea of the sort, as nothing could seem more simple, judging from his works, than the method he pursued in the mechanical department of his Art. It was a very different case



with Turner, whose processes in Art nobody appears to have got at: they were as exclusive and as impenetrable as himself, who presented to his brothers, and to the world, a character armed with the hide of the rhinoceros!

I remember being present on the varnishing day at the British Gallery, the year that Turner exhibited his picture of the 'Burning of the Houses of Parliament.' Turner who, as he boasted, could outwork and kill any painter alive, was there, and at work at his picture, before I came, having set to at the earliest hour allowed. Indeed it was quite necessary to make the best of his time, as the picture when sent in was a mere dab of several colours, and "without form and void," like chaos before the creation. The managers knew that a picture would be sent there, and would not have hesitated, knowing to whom it belonged, to have received and hung up a bare canvas, than which this was but little better. Such a magician, performing his incantations in public, was an object of interest and attraction. Etty was working by his side, touching one of his pretty pictures, and every now and then a word and a quiet laugh emanated and passed between the two great painters. Little Etty stepped back every now and then to look at the effect of his picture, lolling his head on one side and half closing his eyes, and sometimes speaking to some one near him, after the approved manner of painters: but not so Turner; for the three hours I was there—and I understood it had been the same since he began in the morning—he never ceased to work, or even once looked or turned from the wall on which his picture hung. All lookers-on were amused by the figure Turner exhibited in himself, and the process he was pursuing with his picture. A small box of colours, a few very small brushes, and a vial or two, were at his feet, very inconveniently placed; but his short figure, stooping, enabled him to reach what he wanted very readily. Leaning forward and sideways over to the right, the left-hand metal button of his blue coat rose six inches higher than the right, and his head buried in his shoulders and held down, presented an aspect curious to all beholders, who whispered their remarks to each other, and quickly laughed to themselves. In one part of the mysterious proceedings Turner, who worked almost entirely with his palette knife, was observed to be rolling and spreading a lump of half-transparent stuff over his picture, the size of a finger in length and thickness. As Calcott was looking on I ventured to say to him, "What is that he is plastering his picture with?" to which inquiry it was replied, "I should be sorry to be the man to ask him." All who heard the reply appeared to echo the remark in their looks, and to satisfy themselves as well as they could, without making the venture that by general consent appeared to be a dangerous experiment. Presently the work was finished: Turner gathered his tools together, put them into and shut up the box, and then, with his face still turned to the wall, and at the same distance from it, went sideling off, without speaking a word to anybody, and when he came to the staircase, in the centre of the room, hurried down as fast as he could. All looked with a half-wondering smile, and MacIse, who stood near, remarked, "There, that's masterly, he does not stop to look at his work; he *knows* it is done, and he is off."

Perhaps the style of Calcott was marked with as few peculiarities as that of any painter. Indeed, it appears to me to want something to distinguish it. It is good, honest, manly painting, representing things as they are in themselves, and as they appear under ordinary circumstances—effects of light, shadow, and colour, with very little indeed of accidentality, novelty, or what is striking in any particular. It is everywhere "a plain unvarnished tale," plainly told, quiet and satisfactory. His skies are every-day, calm, and commonplace; his mountains repose in friendly sympathy with the trees, that seem to be well-grown and respectable timber; and his seas and rivers repose in their beds, or run on as they ought to do. Everything is in its proper place—ships, boats, cottages, men, and animals—and no disturbance or discrepancies are found amongst them. Calcott's works are emblems of himself—sage, gentlemanly, and sedate. They belong slightly to the old school of Art, and what poor Müller used to call "the tree-in-the-corner men;" they, however, are above that, even though they do not rise to the highest of

landscape aspirations; and I do not remember in any instance an attempt to treat poetically, or out of the ordinary way, any subject whatever. The widest departure from the beaten course, and the highest flight into the poetic, or the regions of another branch of Art, is the excellent picture representing 'Raphael and the Fornarina.' This work I saw in progress as well as in its complete state. It is of a character which would have done honour to any artist, whose whole life had been spent in the study and representation of the human character. In fact, there are very few men indeed, among such as practised in that style of Art, who could have produced a work so well-drawn, so characteristic, and so full of the sentiment required by the subject. The figure of Raphael is a good echo of the pictures that exist of him, with, perhaps, too subdued an expression for the occasion; while that of his mistress is a good embodiment and type of the Roman women of the class to which she belonged. I question whether any picture ever produced in this country, and by modern Art, has higher claims to rank among those on which our national honour rests as producers in the higher branches of Art, than this. It is still more remarkable as the production of a landscape painter, and almost leads one to suppose that Calcott had mistaken his *forte*, or been diverted from it by some accident. This supposition receives strength from two circumstances which it may not be amiss to mention. There was, at the time I refer to, a gentleman living at Bristol, a surgeon, and a man of a highly cultivated mind, of the name of Gold, whose power as an artist far transcended any I have ever known possessed by anybody. This is not an unsupported assertion, since there are designs and drawings left, scattered about in that part of the country, of such a character of greatness and grandeur in conception as do not exist elsewhere in the world. He attempted one or two oil pictures, and finding himself not at home in the processes, was, unfortunately for Art, led to consult Calcott upon the subject. Of course Calcott spoke honestly: he talked of the difficulties, the labours, and the long time that must be devoted to the mere mechanical part of the art, to master it; and Gold, depending (in this case certainly) upon as frail authority as could be found, lost all heart, took disgust, studied and mastered the Persian language, a task of a million times greater difficulty, entered the service of the East India Company, went out and died.

The highly respectable, tame, and quiet style of Calcott was certainly strongly opposed to the grand and the terrible that belonged to Gold, and to this the world has to attribute the loss of one of the most promising spirits that have ever appeared upon earth. Upon some remarks I made on a fine portrait he had painted of the intelligent head of Lady Calcott, as well as upon the picture of Raphael and the Fornarina, which then stood before us, and the expression of surprise that he did not oftener indulge in such kind of productions, he astonished me by remarking, "What would my brothers in that branch of Art say to me if they found me too often intruding upon their province?" I hope, for the honour of the profession, that this is as groundless an imputation as the spectre of difficulty, which frightened poor Gold from the domain of Art, is, in all cases, found to be a reality.

I have in a former paper referred to the early pictures of Wilkie, and the mysterious fact that the first production of his pencil betrayed not the slightest evidence of his natural powers. I wish by this fact to illustrate and to make apparent that the faculty of criticism, exercised by anybody, regardless of all acquirements as well as all consequences, is the most difficult and dangerous to which men, wanting the necessary information, can aspire, or which they may venture to practise.

[Calcott's life, as do also his pictures, presents no very striking character: born in circumstances which called for no especial manifestation of such qualities as are required by those who have to fight arduously the battle of life, and to acquire knowledge under difficulties, he rose gradually into reputation, and pursued the even tenor of his way, admired for his talents as an artist, and respected for his inestimable private character. His pictures are beautiful, because they are natural.—Ed. A.-J.]

## THE ROYAL PICTURES.

ST. CATHERINE.

Domenichino, Painter. F. Knölle, Engraver.

Size of the Picture, 3 ft. 2 in. by 2 ft. 8 in.

ST. CATHERINE, a popular saint of the Romish Church, was also a favourite subject with the old Italian painters. The one was, in all probability, the natural consequence of the other; for the artists were always ready to meet the demands made upon their talents by the heads of religious establishments, who were, in truth, their most liberal, if not always their most enlightened, patrons; for, as a rule, it may be observed, that the majority of the finest ancient works of Art were either executed for, or purchased by, ecclesiastics, either individually or collectively. The legend of the history of St. Catherine is, that she was of a noble family of Alexandria, and after being fully instructed in literature and the sciences, was subsequently converted to Christianity. By order of the Emperor Maximian, she disputed with fifty heathen philosophers, whom she not only silenced by her arguments and eloquence, but so satisfied them of the truth of her own faith that they all embraced it, and, as a consequence, suffered martyrdom; she herself soon after meeting the same untimely fate. The emperor condemned her to be crushed between massive wheels of iron, into which sharp blades were inserted. The wheels, however, were broken asunder by some mysterious agency; and all other modes of death to which she was subjected having failed, St. Catherine was at length beheaded, in the year 310, at the youthful age of eighteen; from this circumstance, and her great learning, she is classified in the calendars of the Romish Church as the patron saint of philosophy, literature, and the schools. After her death, she was, according to the legend, carried by angels to Mount Sinai. An exquisitely beautiful picture of her transportation has been painted by Mücke, a modern German artist. The composition is well known in this country through a fine print.

There are other saints of this name, of whom the most important are St. Catherine of Bologna, who is generally represented as holding the infant Jesus; St. Catherine of Sweden, who bears the insignia of royalty, and leads a hind; St. Catherine of Sienna, whose hands show the marks of the nails which pierced the Saviour—she carries a crucifix.

The pictures of St. Catherine of Alexandria—who stands first on the list of the saints of that name—may be classed under three heads: those which represent her either as patron, saint, or martyr; those in which she is made a principal figure, appearing as the bride of Christ; and those in which she is disputing with the fifty heathen philosophers: the last are very rare. Of the first class we have a beautiful example, by Raffaele, in our National Gallery; and the Louvre, in Paris, possesses a fine specimen, by Correggio, of the second class. When represented as a single figure, the martyred virgin is usually seen in company with the instruments of her torture and death—the wheel and the sword. "St. Catherine's Wheel," as the sign of an inn, is not unknown in Protestant England, even in our own time.

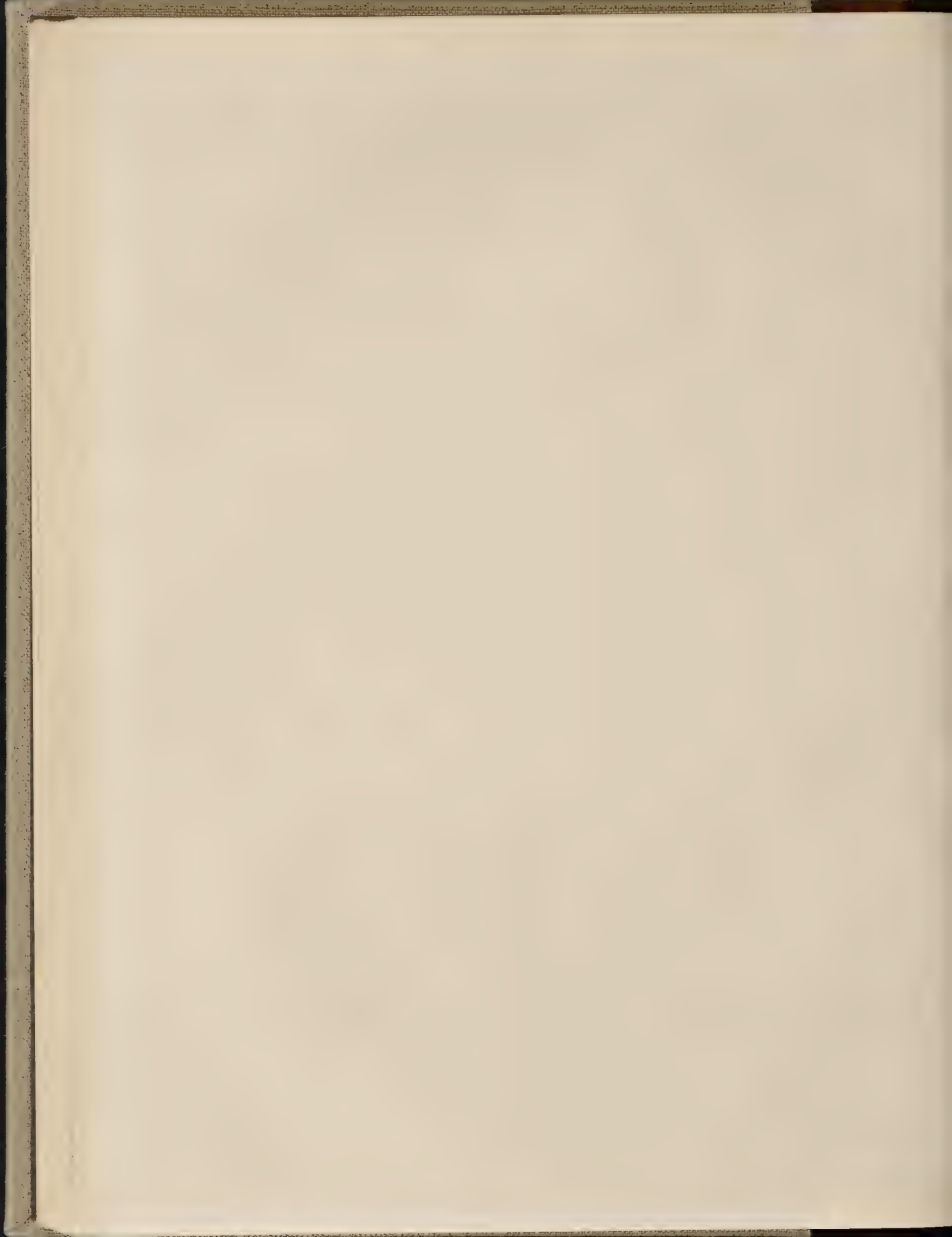
Domenichino's picture is a work that challenges admiration by the inspired devotional character of the face; this is beautiful, both in feature and expression. What softness, intelligence, and faith are in her upturned eyes; and how admirable is the drawing of each separate part of the figure! On her head is the crown of martyrdom, in her right hand she holds a branch of palm, the emblem of Christian victory; on the third finger of the left hand is the ring, significant of the mystic marriage; and behind her is the wheel. The draperies are arranged in that bold yet graceful manner which the painter learned in the school of the Caracci. When we look at such pictures, and remember that they were the only books—to speak—which the unlettered of past ages had for their guidance in spiritual matters, one cannot feel surprised at the devotional interest the works of the medieval painters excited in the popular mind. The engraver of the plate, M. Knölle, holds a very high rank on the continent, and occupies the professor's chair in the School of Brunswick.

The picture is at Windsor Castle.





ST. CECILIA





# THE HUDSON, FROM THE WILDERNESS TO THE SEA.

BY BENSON J. LOSSING.

THE ILLUSTRATIONS FROM DRAWINGS BY THE AUTHOR.

## PART IV.



WE started for Luzerne after an early dinner, crossing on our way the "French field," whereon Dieskau disposed his troops for action. We then entered the woods, and our route of eleven miles lay through a highly picturesque country, partially cultivated, among the hills, and following the old Indian war-path from the Sacandaga to Lake George. As we approached Luzerne, the country spread into a high plain, as at Warrensburg, on the southern margin of which, overlooked by lofty hills, lies Luzerne Lake. We passed it on our left, and then went down quite a steep and winding way into the village, on the bank of the Hudson, and found an excellent home at Rockwell's spacious inn. We have seldom seen a village more picturesquely situated than this. It is about seventy miles from the Adirondack village, and on the borders of the great wilderness, where game and fish abound; and for a quiet place of summer resort, can hardly be surpassed. It lies at the foot of a high bluff, down which flows in cascades the outlet of Luzerne Lake, and leaps into the Hudson, which here makes a magnificent sweep before rushing, in narrow channel and foaming rapids between high rocky banks, to receive the equally turbulent waters of the Sacandaga, just below. That place the Indians called *Tio-sa-ron-da*, the "Meeting of

as spies and informants for the enemies of republicanism. In the summer of 1777, while Burgoyne was making his way toward Albany, Colonel St. Leger penetrated the upper Mohawk valley, and laid siege to Fort Schuyler. On one occasion, he sent Indian messengers to the Fairchilds, who took the old trail through the Sacandaga valley, by way of the Fish House, owned by Sir William Johnson. When they approached *Tio-sa-ron-da* (Luzerne), they were discovered and pursued by a party of republicans; and one of them, close pressed, leaped the Hudson, at the foot of Jesup's Little Falls, the high wooded banks then approaching within twenty-five feet of each other. He escaped, took the trail to Lake George, and pushed on to Skencsborough (now Whitehall), where he found Burgoyne. Soon after this, a small party of republican troops, sent by General Gates, not succeeding in capturing these royalists at Westfield, laid waste the settlement.

Luzerne Lake, lying many feet above the village, is a beautiful little sheet of water, with a single small island upon its bosom. It is the larger of a series of four lakes, extending back to within five miles of Lake George. It abounds with fine fish, the largest and most delicious being the *Masque alonge*, a species of pike or pickerel, which is also found in the Upper Hudson, and all over northern New York. One was caught in the lake, and brought to Rockwell's, on the morning of our departure, which weighed between five and six pounds.\*

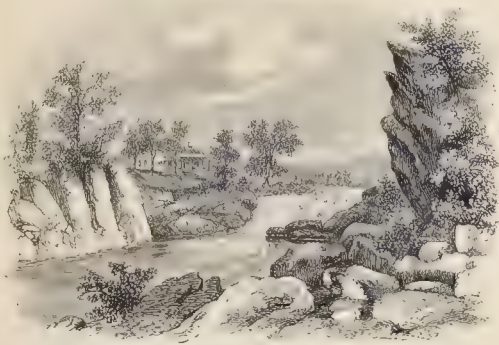
On the northern shore of Luzerne Lake, where the villas of Benjamin C. Butler and J. Leati, Esqs. (seen in the picture), stand, was the ancient gathering



LUZERNE LAKE.

place of the Indians in council. Here was the fork of the great Sacandaga and Oneida trail, one branch extending to Lake George and the northern country, and the other to Fort Edward and the more southern country. All around the lake and village are ranges of lofty hills, filled with iron ore. On the west is the Kayaderoseros range, extending from Ballston to the Adirondacks; and on the east the Luzerne range, stretching from Saratoga Springs to the western shores of Lake George. Four miles north of the village is a hemispherical mountain, eight hundred feet in height, rocky and bald, which the Indians called *Se-nong-wah*, the Great Upturned Pot.

The Sacandaga is the largest tributary of the Mohawk, and comes down seventy-five miles from the north-west, out of lakes and ponds in the wilderness of Hamilton County. Its confluence with its receptacle is at the head of a very beautiful valley, that terminates at Luzerne. It comes sweeping around the bases of high hills with a rapid current, and rushes swiftly into the Hudson,



FALLS AT LUZERNE.

Waters." Twenty years ago, there were several mills at the head of these falls: a flood swept them away, and they have never been rebuilt.

The rapids at Luzerne, which form a fall of about eighteen feet, bear the name of Jesup's Little Falls, to distinguish them from Jesup's Great Falls, five miles below; both being included in patents granted to Ebenezer Jesup, who, with a family of Fairchilds, settled there before the Revolution, when Luzerne was



MASQUE ALONGE.

called Westfield. These settlers espoused the cause of the king, and because of their depredations upon their whig neighbours, became very obnoxious. They held intercourse with the loyal Scotch Highlanders, who were under the influence of the Johnsons and other royalists in the Mohawk valley, and acted



CONFLUENCE OF THE HUDSON AND SACANDAGA.

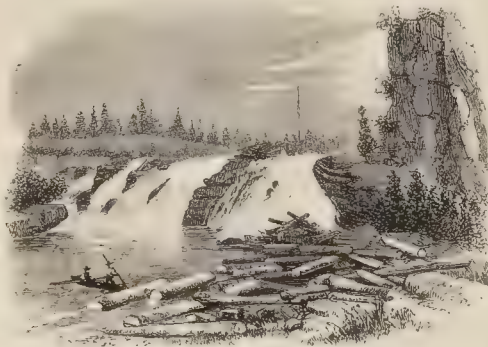
where the latter has become deep and sluggish after its commotion at the falls above. Down that valley we rode, with the river in view all the way to the village of Corinth, at the head of the long rapids above Jesup's Great Falls, the *Kah-che-don-cook* of the Indians. These were formerly known as the Hadley Falls. They are now called Palmer's Falls, the land on each side of the river being in possession of Beriah Palmer and others, who are constructing extensive works for manufacturing purposes. The water-power there, even at

\* The *Masque alonge* (*Esox eeter*) derived its name from the peculiar formation of its mouth and head. The French called it *Masque alonge*, or *Long-face*. It is the largest of the pickerel species: some have been caught among the Thousand Islands in the St. Lawrence, in the vicinity of Alexandria Bay, on its southern shore, weighing fifty pounds, and measuring five feet in length. It is the most voracious of fresh-water fish.



the very low stage of the river, as when we visited it, has been estimated to be equal to fifteen thousand horse-power. They have laid out a village, with a public square and fountain, and are preparing for industrial operations far greater than at any point so far up the Hudson. It is only sixteen miles north of Saratoga Springs.

We followed a path down the margin of the roaring stream some distance, and, returning, took a rough road which led to the foot of the Great Fall. From Jesup's landing to this point, a distance of more than a mile, the river descends about one hundred and twenty feet, in some places rushing wildly through rocky gorges from eighty to one hundred feet in depth. The perpendicular fall is seventy-five feet. We did not see it in its grandeur, the river was so low. From its course back, some distance, the stream was choked with thousands of logs that had come down from the wilderness and lodged there.



KAD-CHER-ON-COKE, OR JESUP'S GREAT FALLS.

They lay in a mass, in every conceivable position, to the depth of many feet, and so filled the river as to form a safe, though rough bridge, for us to cross. Between this point and Glen's Falls, thirteen miles distant by the nearest road, the Hudson makes a grand sweep among lofty and rugged hills of the Luzerne range, and flows into a sandy plain a few miles above the latter village. We did not follow its course, but took that nearest road, for the day was waning. Over mountains and through valleys, catching glimpses of the river here and there, we travelled that bright afternoon in early autumn, our eyes resting only upon near objects most of the time, until we reached the summit of a lofty hill, nine miles from Glen's Falls. There a revelation of beauty, not easily described, burst upon the vision. Looking over and beyond the minor hills through an opening in the Luzerne range, we saw the Green Mountains of Vermont in the far distance, bathed in shadowy splendour; and all the intervening country, with its villages and farm-houses, lay before us. The spires and white houses of Glen's Falls appeared so near, that we anticipated a speedy



THE HUDSON NEAR THE QUEENSBURY LINE.

end to our day's journey. That vision was enjoyed but for a few moments, for we were soon again among the tangled hills. But another appeared to charm us. We had just commenced the descent of a mountain, along whose brow lies the dividing line between the towns of Luzerne and Queensbury, when a sudden turn in the road revealed a deep, narrow valley far below us, with the Hudson sweeping through it with rapid current. The sun's last rays had left that valley, and the shadows were deepening along the waters as we descended to their margin. Twilight was drawing its delicate veil over the face of nature, when we reached the plain just mentioned, and the night had closed in when we arrived at the village of Glen's Falls. We had hoped to reach there in time to visit the State Dam, and the Great Boom, which span the Hudson at separate points, a few miles above the falls, but were compelled to forego that pleasure until morning.

We were now fairly out of the wilderness in which the Hudson rises, and through which it flows for a hundred miles; and here our little party was broken by the departure of Mr. Buckingham for home. Mrs. Lossing and myself lingered at Glen's Falls and at Fort Edward, five miles below, a day or two longer, for the purpose of visiting objects of interest in their vicinity, a description of which will be given as we proceed with our notes. A brief notice of the State Dam and Great Boom, just mentioned, seems necessary.

The dam is about two and a-half miles above Glen's Falls. It was constructed about fifteen years ago, to furnish water for the feeder of the canal which connects the Hudson river and Lake Champlain. It is sixteen hundred feet in length; and the mills near it have attracted a population sufficient to constitute quite a village, named State Dam. About two miles above this dyke is the Great Boom, thrown across the river for the purpose of catching all the logs that come floating from above. It is made of heavy, hewn timbers, four of them bolted together raft-wise. The ends of the groups are connected by chains, which work over friction rollers, to allow the boom to accommodate itself to the motion of the water. Each end of the boom is secured to a heavy abutment by chains; and above it are strong triangular structures to break the ice, to serve as anchors for the boom, and to operate as shields to prevent the logs striking the boom with the full speed of the current. At times, immense numbers of logs collect above this boom, filling the river for two or three miles. Last spring (1859) at least half a million of logs were collected there, ready to be taken into small side-booms, assorted by the owners according to their private marks, and sent down to Glen's Falls, Sandy Hill, or Fort Edward, to be sawed into boards at the former place, or made into rafts at the latter, for a voyage down the river. Heavy rains and melting snows filled the river to overflowing. The great boom snapped asunder, and the half million of logs went rushing down the stream, defying every barrier. The country below was flooded by the swollen river; and we saw thousands of the logs scattered over the valley of the Hudson from Fort Edward to Troy.

We have taken leave of the wilderness. Henceforth our path will be where the Hudson flows through cultivated plains, along the margins of gentle slopes, of rocky headlands, and of lofty hills; by the cottages of the humble, and the



THE GREAT BOOM.

mansions of the wealthy; by pleasant hamlets, through thriving villages, ambitious cities, and the marts of trade and commerce.

Unlike the rivers of the elder world, famous in the history of men, the Hudson presents no grey and crumbling monuments of the ruder civilizations of the past, or even of the barbaric life so recently dwelling upon its borders. It can boast of no rude tower or mouldering wall, clustered with historical associations that have been gathering around them for centuries. It has no fine old castles in glory, or in ruins, with visions of romance pictured in their dim shadows; no splendid abbeys or cathedrals, in grandeur or decay, from which emanate an aura of religious memories. Nor can it boast of mansions or ancestral halls wherein a line of heroes have been born, or illustrious families have lived and died, generation after generation. Upon its banks not a vestige of feudal power may be seen, because no citadel of great wrongs ever rested there. The dead PAST has left scarcely a record upon its shores. It is full of the living PRESENT, illustrating by its general aspect the free thought and free action which are giving strength and solidity to the young and vigorous nation within whose bosom its bright waters flow.

Yet the Hudson is not without a history—a history brilliant in some respects, and in all interesting, not only to the American, but to the whole civilized world. From the spot where we now stand—the turbulent Glen's Falls—to the sea, the banks of the beautiful river have voices innumerable for the ear of the patient listener; telling of joy and woe, of love and beauty, of noble heroism, and more noble fortitude, of glory, and high renown, worthy of the sweetest cadences of the minstrel, the glowing numbers of the poet, the deepest investigations of the philosopher, and the gravest records of the historian. Let us listen to those voices.

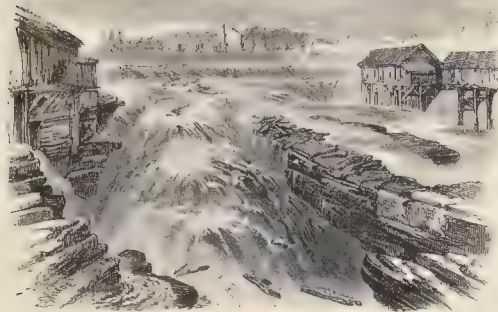
Glen's Falls consist of a series of rapids and cascades, along a descent of about eighty feet, the water flowing over ragged masses of black marble, which here form the bed and banks of the river. Hawk-eye, in Cooper's "Last of the Mohicans," has given an admirable description of these falls, as they appeared before the works of man changed their features. He is standing in a



cavern, or irregular arched way, in the rock below the bridge,\* in the time of the old French war, with Lucas and Major Heywood, and Cora and Alice Munro, the daughters of the commandant at Fort William Henry, on Lake George, when Montcalm with his motley horde of French and Indians was approaching. "Ay," he said, "there are the falls on two sides of us, and the river above and below. If you had daylight, it would be worth the trouble to step up on the height of this rock, and look at the perversity of the water. It falls by no rule at all: sometimes it leaps, sometimes it tumbles; there it skips—here it shoots; in one place 'tis as white as snow, and in another 'tis as green as grass; hereabouts, it pitches into deep hollows, that rumble and quake the earth, and thenceaway it ripples and sings like a brook, fashioning whirlpools and gullies in the old stone, as if 'twere no harder than trodden clay. The whole design of the river seems disconcerted. First, it runs smoothly, as if meaning to go down the descent as things were ordered; then it angles about and faces the shores; nor are there places wanting where it looks backward, as if unwilling to leave the wilderness to mingle with the salt!"

The falls had few of these features when we visited them. The volume of water was so small that the stream was almost hidden in the deep channels in the rock worn by the current during the lapse of centuries. No picture could then be made to give an adequate idea of the cascades when the river is full, and I contented myself with making a sketch of the scene below the bridge, at the foot of the falls, from the water-side entrance to the cavern alluded to. A fine sepia drawing, by the late Mr. Bartlett, which I found subsequently among some original sketches in my possession, supplies the omission. The engraving from it gives a perfect idea of the appearance of the falls when the river is at its usual height.

The Indians gave this place the significant name of *Che-non-tuc*—meaning a difficult place to get around. The white man first called the cascades Wing's Falls, in honour of Abraham Wing, who, with others from Dutchess County, New York, settled there under a grant from the Crown, about a hundred years ago. Many years afterwards, when Wing was dead, and his son was in possession of the falls and the adjacent lands, a convivial party assembled at table in the tavern there, which formed the germ of the present village of nearly four thousand inhabitants. Among them was Mr. Wing; also John Glen, a man of fortune, who lived on the south side of the river. The wine circulated freely, and it ruled the wit of the hour. Under its influence, Wing agreed to transfer to Glen the right of name to the falls, on condition that the latter should pay for the supper of the company. Glen immediately posted handbills along the bridge-path from the Wing's to Schenectada and Albany, announcing the change in the name of the falls; and ever since they have been



GLEN'S FALLS.

known as Glen's Falls. For a "mess of pottage" the young man sold his family birth-right to immortality.

Glen's Falls village is beautifully situated upon a plain on the north side of the river, and occupies a conspicuous place in the trade and travel of that section of the State. The water-power there is very great, and is used extensively for flouring and lumber mills. The surplus water supplies a navigable feeder to the Champlain Canal, that connects Lake Champlain with the Hudson. There are also several mills for slabbing the fine black marble of that locality for the construction of chimney-pieces, and for other uses. These various mills mar the natural beauty of the scene, but their uncouth and irregular forms give picturesque to the view. The bridge crosses just at the foot of the falls. It rests upon abutments of strong masonry at each end, and a pier in the middle, which is seated upon the caverned rock, once in the bed of the stream. The channel on the southern side has been closed by an abutment, and one of the chambers of the cavern, made memorable by Cooper, is completely shut. When we were there, huge logs nearly filled the upper entrance to it. Below the bridge the shores are black marble, beautifully stratified, perpendicular, and, in some places, seventy feet in height. Between these walls the water runs with a swift current, for nearly a mile, and finally, at Sandy Hill, three miles below, is broken into rapids.

\* A view of this cavern is seen at the head of this chapter. The spectator is supposed to be within it, and looking out upon the river and the opposite bank.

At Sandy Hill the Hudson makes a magnificent sweep, in a curve, when changing its course from an easterly to a southerly direction; and a little below that village it is broken into wild cascades, which have been named Baker's Falls. Sandy Hill, like the borough of Glen's Falls, stands upon a high plain, and is a very beautiful village, of about thirteen hundred inhabitants. In its centre is a shaded green, which tradition points to as the spot where a tragedy was enacted a century ago, some incidents of which remind us of the romantic but truthful story of Captain Smith and Pocahontas, in Virginia. The time of the tragedy was during the old French war, and the chief actor was a young Albanian, son of Sybrant Quackenboss, one of the



BELOW THE BRIDGE AT GLEN'S FALLS.

sturdy Dutch burghers of that old city. The young man was betrothed to a maiden of the same city; the marriage day was fixed, and preparations for the nuptials were nearly completed, when he was impressed into the military service as a wagoner, and required to convey a load of provisions from Albany to Fort William Henry, at the head of Lake George. He had passed Fort Edward, with an escort of sixteen men, under Lieutenant McGinnis, of New Hampshire, and was making his way through the gloomy forest at the bend of the Hudson, when they were attacked, overpowered, and disarmed by a party of French Indians, under the famous partisan, Marin. The prisoners were taken to the trunk of a fallen tree, and seated upon it in a row. The captors then started toward Fort Edward, leaving the helpless captives strongly bound with green withes, in charge of two or three stalwart warriors, and their *agnawes* or wives. In the course of an hour the party returned. Young Quackenboss was seated at one end of the log, and Lieutenant McGinnis next him. The savages held a brief consultation, and then one of them, with a glittering tomahawk, went to the end of the log opposite Quackenboss, and deliberately sank his weapon in the brain of the nearest soldier. He fell dead upon the ground. The second shared a like fate; then a third, and so on, until all were slain but McGinnis and Quackenboss. The tomahawk was raised to clear the skull of the former, when he threw himself suddenly backward from the log, and attempted to break his bonds. In an instant a dozen tomahawks gleamed over his head. For a while he defended himself with his heels, lying upon his back; but after being severely hewn with their hatchets, he was killed by a blow. Quackenboss alone remained of the seventeen. As the fatal steel was about to fall upon his head, the arm of the savage executioner was arrested by a squaw, who exclaimed, "You shan't kill him! He's no fighter! He's my dog!" He was spared, and unbound; and, staggering under a pack of plunder almost too heavy for him to sustain, he was marched towards Canada, as a prisoner, the Indians bearing the scalps of his murdered fellow captives as trophies. They went down Lake Champlain in canoes, and at the first Indian village, after reaching its foot, he was compelled to run the gauntlet between rows of savage men armed with clubs. In this terrible ordeal he was severely wounded. His Indian mistress then took him to her wigwam, bound up his wounds, and carefully nursed him until he was fully recovered. The Governor of Canada ransomed him, took him to Montreal, and there he was employed as a weaver. He obtained the governor's permission to write to his parents to inform them of his fate. The letter was carried by an Indian as near Fort Edward as he dared to approach, when he placed it in a split stick, near a frequented path, in the forest. It was found, was conveyed to Albany, and gave great joy to his friends. He remained in Canada three years, when he returned, married his affianced, and died in Washington County, in the year 1820, at the age of eighty-three years.

Baker's Falls are about half-way between Sandy Hill and Fort Edward. The river is about four hundred feet in width, and the entire descent of the water, in the course of a mile, is between seventy and eighty feet. As at Glen's Falls, the course of the river is made irregular by huge masses of rocks, and it rushes in foaming cascades to the chasm below. The best view is from the foot of the falls, but as these could not be reached from the eastern side, on which the paper-mills stand, without much difficulty, and some danger, I sketched a less imposing view from the high rocky bank on their eastern margin. This affords a glimpse of the mill-dam above the great fall, the village of Sandy Hill in the distance, and the piers of a projected railway bridge in the stream at the great bend. The direction of the railway was changed after these piers were built at a heavy expense, and they remain as monuments of caprice, or of something still less commendable.



Fort Edward, five miles below Glen's Falls, by the river's course, was earliest known as the great carrying place, it being the point of overland departure for Lake Champlain, across the isthmus of five-and-twenty miles. It has occupied an important position in the history of New York from an early period, and is now a very thriving village of about two thousand inhabitants.

In the year 1696, the unscrupulous Governor Fletcher granted to one of his favourites, whom he styled "our Loving Subject, the Reverend Godfridus Dellius, Minister of the Gospel at our city of Albany," a tract of land lying upon the east side of the Hudson, between the northernmost bounds of the Saratoga patent, and a point on Lake Champlain, a distance of seventy miles, with an average width of twelve miles. For this domain the worldly-minded clergyman was required, in the language of the grant, to pay, "on the feast-day of the Annunciation of our blessed Virgin Mary, at our City of New York, the Annual Rent of one Raccoon Skin, in Lieu and Steade of all other Rents,



DAKIE'S FALLS.

Services, Dues, Duties, and Demands whatsoever for the said Tract of Land, and Islands, and Premises." Governor Bellomont soon succeeded Fletcher, and, through his influence, the legislature of the province annulled this and other similar grants. That body, exercising ecclesiastical as well as civil functions, also passed a resolution, suspending Dellius from the ministry, for "deluding the Maquas (Mohawk) Indians, and illegal and surreptitious obtaining of said grant." Dellius denied the authority of the legislature, and, after contesting his claim for a while, he returned to Holland. There he transferred his title to the domain to the Rev. John Lydius, who became Dellius's successor in the ministry at Albany, in 1708. Lydius soon afterward built a stone trading-house upon the site of Fort Edward. Its door and windows were strongly barred, and near the roof the walls were pierced for musketry. It was erected upon a high mound, and palisaded, as a defence against enemies.

In 1709 an expedition was prepared for the conquest of Canada. The commander of the division to attack Montreal was Francis Nicholson, who had been lieutenant-governor of the province of New York. Under his direction a military road, forty miles in length, was opened from Saratoga, on the east side of the Hudson, to White Hall, on Lake Champlain. Along this route three forts were erected. The upper one was named Fort Anne, in honour of the Queen of England; the middle one, of which Lydius's house formed a part, was called Fort Nicholson, in honour of the commander; and the lower one, just below the mouth of the Batten-Kill, was named Fort Saratoga. Almost fifty years later, when a provincial army, under General Johnson, of the Mohawk valley, and General Lyman, of Connecticut, was moving forward to drive the French from Lake Champlain, a strong irregular quadrangular fort was erected by the latter officer, upon the site of Fort Nicholson, and the fortification was called Fort Lyman, in his honour. It was not fairly completed when a successful battle was fought with the French and Indians under the Baron Dieskau, at the head of Lake George, the honours of which were more greatly due to Lyman than Johnson. But the latter was chief commander. His king, as we have seen, gave him the honours of knight-hood and £4000. With a mean spirit of jealousy, Johnson not only omitted to mention General Lyman in his despatches, but changed the name of the fort which he had erected, to *Edward*, in honour of one of the royal family of England.

Fort Edward was an important military post during the whole of the French and Indian war,—that Seven Years' War, which cost England more than a hundred millions of pounds sterling, and laid one of the broadest of the foundation-stones of her immense national debt. There, on one occasion, Israel Putnam, a bold provincial partisan, and afterward a major-general in the American revolutionary army, performed a most daring exploit. It was winter, and the whole country was covered with deep snow. Early in the morning of a mild day, one of the rows of wooden barracks in the fort took fire; the flames had progressed extensively before they were discovered. The garrison was summoned to duty, but all efforts to subdue the fire were in vain. Putnam, who was stationed upon Roger's Island, opposite the fort, crossed the river upon the ice with some of his men, to assist the garrison. The fire was then rapidly approaching the building containing the powder-magazine. The danger

was becoming every moment more imminent and frightful; for an explosion of the powder would destroy the whole fort, and many lives. The water-gate was thrown open, and soldiers were ordered to bring filled buckets from the river. Putnam mounted to the roof of the building next to the magazine, and, by means of a ladder, he was supplied with water. Still the fire raged, and the commandant of the fort, perceiving Putnam's danger, ordered him down. The unflinching major begged permission to remain a little longer. It was granted, and he did not leave his post until he felt the roof beneath him giving way. It fell, and only a few feet from the blazing mass was the magazine building, its sides already charred with the heat. Unmindful of the peril, Putnam placed himself between the fire and the sleeping power in the menaced building, which a spark might arouse to destructive activity. Under a shower of cinders, he hurled bucket-full after bucket-full of water upon the kindling magazine, with ultimate success. The flames were subdued, the magazine and remainder of the fort were saved, and the intrepid Putnam retired from the terrible conflict amidst the huzzas of his companions in arms. He was severely wounded in the contest. His mittens were burned from his hands, and his legs, thighs, arms, and face were dreadfully blistered. For a month he was a suffering invalid in the hospital.

Fort Edward was strengthened by the republicans, and properly garrisoned, when the revolution broke out in 1775. When General Burgoyne, with his invading army of British regulars, hired Germans, French, Canadians, and Indians, appeared at the foot of Lake Champlain, General Philip Schuyler was the commander-in-chief of the republican army in the Northern Department. His head-quarters were at Fort Anne, and General St. Clair commanded the important post of Ticonderoga. In July, Burgoyne came sweeping down the lake triumphantly. St. Clair fled from Ticonderoga, and his army was scattered and sorely smitten in the retreat. When the British advanced to Skeneborough, at the head of the lake, Schuyler retreated to Fort Edward, felling trees across the old military road, demolishing the causeways over the great Kingsbury marshes, and destroying the bridges, to obstruct the invader's progress. With great labour and perseverance Burgoyne moved forward, and on the 29th of July he encamped upon the high bank of the Hudson, at the great bend where the village of Sandy Hill now stands.

At this time a tragedy occurred near Fort Edward, which produced a great sensation throughout the country, and has been a theme for history, poetry, romance, and song. It was the death of Jenny M'Crea, the daughter of a Scotch Presbyterian clergyman, who is described as lovely in disposition, graceful in manners, and so intelligent and winning in all her ways, that she was a favourite of all who knew her. She was visiting a Tory friend at Fort Edward at this time, and was betrothed to a young man of the neighbourhood, who was a subaltern in Burgoyne's army. On the approach of the invaders, her brother, who lived near, fled, with his family, down the river, and desired Jenny to accompany them. She preferred to stay under the protection of her Tory friend, who was a widow, and a cousin of General Fraser, of Burgoyne's army.

Burgoyne had found it difficult to restrain the cruelty of his Indians. To secure their co-operation, he had offered them a bounty for prisoners and



GROUND-PLAN OF FORT EDWARD.



THE JENNY M'CREA TREE.

scalps, at the same time forbidding them to kill any person not in arms, for the sake of scalps. The offer of bounties stimulated the savages to seek captives other than those in the field, and they went out in small parties for the purpose. One of these prowled around Fort Edward early in the morning after Burgoyne arrived at Sandy Hill, and, entering the house where Jenny was



staying, carried away the young lady and her friend. A negro boy alarmed the garrison, and a detachment was sent after the Indians, who were fleeing with their prisoners toward the camp. They had caught two horses, and on one of them Jenny was already placed by them, when the detachment assailed them with a volley of musketry. The savages were unharmed, but one of the bullets mortally wounded their fair captive. She fell and expired, as tradition relates, near a pine-tree, which remained as a memorial of the tragedy until a few years ago. Having lost their prisoner, they secured her scalp, and, with her black tresses wet with her warm blood, they hastened to the camp. The friend of Jenny had just arrived, and the locks of the maiden, which were of great length and beauty, were recognised by her. She charged the Indians with her murder, which they denied, and told the story substantially as it is here related.

This appears, from corroborating circumstances, to be the simple truth of a story which, as it went from lip to lip, became magnified into a tale of darkest horror, and produced wide-spread indignation. General Gates, who had just superseded General Schuyler in the command of the northern army, took advantage of the excitement which it produced, to increase the hatred of the British in the hearts of the people, and he charged Burgoyne with crimes utterly foreign to that gentleman's nature. In a published letter, he accused him of hiring savages to "scalp Europeans and the descendants of Europeans;" spoke of Jenny as having been "dressed to meet her promised husband, but met her murderers," employed by Burgoyne; asserted that she, with several women and children, had been taken "from the house into the woods, and there scalped and mangled in a most shocking manner;" and alleged that he had "paid the price of blood!" This letter, so untruthful and ungenerous, was condemned by Gates' friends in the army. But it had the desired effect; and the sad story of Jenny's death was used with power against the ministry by the opposition in the British parliament.

The lover of Jenny left the army, and settled in Canada, where he lived to be an old man. He was naturally gay and gregarious, but after that event he was ever sad and taciturn. He never married, and avoided society. When the anniversary of the tragedy approached, he would shut himself in his room, and refuse to see his most intimate acquaintances; and at all times his friends



BALM-OF-GILEAD TREE.

avoided speaking of the American revolution in his presence. The body of Jenny was buried on her brother's land: it was re-interred at Fort Edward in 1826, with imposing ceremonies; and again in 1852, her remains found a new resting-place in a beautiful cemetery, half-way between Fort Edward and Sandy Hill. Her grave is near the entrance; and upon a plain white marble stone, six feet in height, standing at its head, is the following inscription:—

"Here rest the remains of Jane McCrea, aged 17; made captive and murdered by a band of Indians, while on a visit to a relative in the neighbourhood, A.D. 1777. To commemorate one of the most thrilling incidents in the annals of the American revolution, to do justice to the fame of the gallant British officer to whom she was affianced, and as a simple tribute to the memory of the departed, this stone is erected by her niece, Sarah Hanna Payne, A.D. 1852."

No relic of the olden time now remains at Fort Edward, excepting a few logs of the fort on the edge of the river, some faint traces of the embankments, and a magnificent Balm-of-Gilead tree, which stood, a sapling, at the water-gate, when Putnam saved the magazine. It has three huge trunks, springing from the roots: one of them is more than half decayed, having been twice riven by lightning within a few years. Upon Rogers's Island, in front of the town, where armies were encamped, and a large block-house stood, Indian arrow-heads, bullets, and occasionally a piece of "cob-money,"\* are sometimes upturned by the plough.

\* The old silver coins occasionally found at Fort Edward, are called "cob-money" by the people. I could not ascertain the derivation of the name. The picture represents both sides of two pieces in my possession, the proper size. The larger one is a cross-pistareen, of the value of about sixteen cents; the other is a quarter fraction of the same. They are irregular in form, and the devices and dates, respectively 1741 and 1743, are imperfect. These Spanish coins

formed the bulk of the specie circulated among the French in Canada a hundred years ago.

A picture of the village of Fort Edward, in 1820, shows only six houses and a church; now it is a busy town with two thousand inhabitants. Its chief industrial establishment is an extensive blast-furnace for converting iron ore into the pure metal. Upon rising ground, and overlooking the village and surrounding country, is a colossal educational establishment, called the Fort Edward Institute. The building was erected, and its affairs are controlled, by the Methodist denomination, and it is widely known as one of the most flourishing institutions of its kind in the country. The building is five stories in height, and is surrounded by pleasant grounds. It is seen in our view of Fort Edward, taken from the end of the bridge that connects Rogers's Island with the western shore of the Hudson. The blast-furnace, and a portion of the Fort Edward dam, built by the State for the use of the Champlain Canal, is also seen in the picture.

A carriage-ride from Fort Edward down the valley of the Hudson, especially



VIEW OF FORT EDWARD.

on its western side, affords exquisite enjoyment to the lover of beautiful scenery and the displays of careful cultivation. The public road follows the river-bank nearly all the way to Troy, a distance of forty miles, and the traveller seldom loses sight of the noble stream, which is frequently divided by islands, some cultivated, and others heavily wooded. The most important of these, between Fort Edward and Schuylerville, are Munro's, Bell's, Taylor's, Galusha's, and Payne's; the third one containing seventy acres. The shores of the river are everywhere fringed with beautiful shade-trees and shrubbery, and fertile lands spread out on every side.

Seven miles below Fort Edward, on the western shore, is the site of Fort Miller, erected during the French and Indian war; and opposite, at the head of foaming rapids, which afford fine water-power for mills, is the village of Fort Miller, containing between two and three hundred inhabitants. Not a



FORT MILLER RAPIDS.

vestige of the fort remains. The river here rushes over a rough rocky bed, and falls fifteen or twenty feet in the course of eighty rods. Here was the scene of another of Putnam's adventures during the old war. He was out with a scouting party, and was lying alone in a batteau on the east side of the river, when he was surprised by some Indians; he could not cross the river swiftly enough to escape the balls of their rifles, and there was no alternative but to go down the foaming rapids. He did not hesitate a moment. To the astonishment of the savages, he steered directly down the current, amid whirling eddies and over ragged and shelving rocks, and in a few moments his vessel had cleared the rushing waters, and was gliding upon the tranquil river below, far out of reach of their weapons. The Indians dared not make the perilous voyage: they regarded Putnam as God-protected, and believed that it would be an affront to the Great Spirit to make further attempts to kill him with powder and ball.

## WALTHAM ABBEY CHURCH.

As a rule, it is our practice to leave architectural matters in the hands of those organs of the public press which are especially devoted to the consideration of such subjects. There are, however, circumstances occurring sometimes in which we deem it right to depart from our ordinary course, and to direct the attention of our readers to what has interested us—as in the case of the edifice of which we are about to speak.

There are few persons acquainted with the archæology of the country, who are not aware of the existence of the old Abbey Church at Waltham, in Essex, probably so far as regards some portions of it, one of the oldest ecclesiastical buildings in the British dominions. The abbey church of St. Albans is presumed to be of earlier date, having been founded by Offa, King of Mercia, in the ninth century. The abbey of Waltham is generally supposed to have been founded by King Harold about 1059, and the abbey church to have been consecrated on May 3rd, 1060. In a recently published number of *The Transactions of the Essex Archæological Society*, the early history of this edifice is discussed with much ability by Mr. E. A. Freeman. From this paper we learn that at an earlier period than Harold's reign a church was erected on the spot, that it was taken down by the monarch, and another, and much finer one, substituted for it.

"Changes since its first erection—barbarous mutilations, and hardly less barbarous additions—have entirely destroyed its character as seen from without; and even within, both mediæval alterations of the strangest kind, and the accumulated enormities of more recent days, have gone far to ruin the general effect of the original building. The nave of the Romanesque Church is all that remains; the addition of a large Decorated chapel to the south, and of a Debused tower to the west, the destruction of the eastern portion of the church, and of the whole conventual buildings, have between them converted the once splendid church of Waltham into a patched and mutilated fragment. Still a large portion of the original interior remains untouched—an interior deserving attentive study, as one of the noblest specimens of northern Romanesque, and invested with a still higher interest if we may regard it as called into being by the taste and bounty of the last of our native kings." From documentary and architectural evidences, Mr. Freeman arrives at the conclusion, that "in the nave of Waltham Abbey we have a genuine portion of the great work of our last national prince," and also that the tomb which was formerly shown here as Harold's was really his.

We will now, in as brief a manner as possible, explain to our readers why we have brought this subject before them. It is with the hope that the statement we make may aid in the restoration, or rather reparation, of this most interesting relic of past ages. The church has never, we believe, been closed against Divine service; but early last year it was found to be in a very deplorable condition: all the windows on the north side had been, a long time ago, mutilated or destroyed; an inconvenient and hideous gallery reached from east to west on the south side, blocking up the Norman doorway on the south; the wooden supports of this gallery had seriously damaged the pillars; two ugly galleries, rising one above another, blocked up the west end and entrance, while the flooring was so elevated as to cover the bases of the pillars; very high and unsightly pews filled the whole interior.

In the summer of last year the churchwardens of the parish requested the incumbent, the Rev. James Francis, to take measures for repairing the structure and removing all that was objectionable from the interior. The parishioners joined in the request, and a sum of money, about £1400, having been collected in the parish and neighbourhood towards meeting the expenses of these repairs, they were immediately commenced, and are now being carried on; but as the work has progressed, what was found necessary to be done has so far exceeded the original estimate, that the amount collected is entirely exhausted, and it is calculated that a further sum of £4000 will be required to complete all that is immediately desirable, in which would be included the insertion of an east wall and window—now a

broken, shabby wall—the repairs of the decorated chapel, and the work necessary to be done to the interior. Of this sum £1000 are required immediately, to render the church fit for Divine service.

The incumbent of Waltham and his parishioners justly consider this ancient edifice is of so interesting and important a character, that, by appealing to the public, and more especially to all lovers of

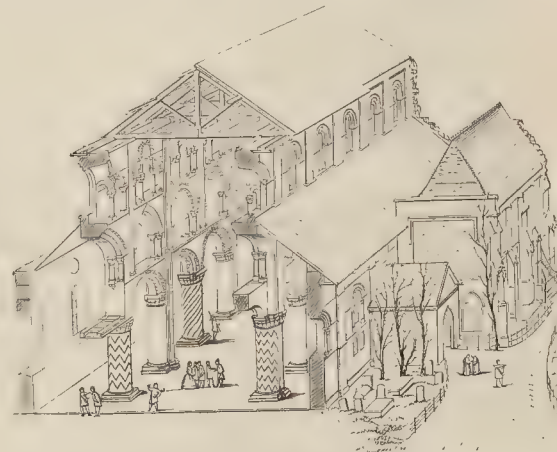
archæology, they may obtain the funds essential to their object; they are also most desirous to be placed, by the liberality of contributors, in a position to enable them to complete at once the works now in hand, in the hope of reopening the church on the next ensuing 3rd of May, which will be the *eight hundredth anniversary* of the consecration of "Harold's Church"—a day most becoming such an occasion.



VIEW, SHOWING THE PROBABLE APPEARANCE OF THE ABBEY CHURCH BEFORE THE ALTERATIONS OF THE 14TH CENTURY, BUT WITH THE ADDITION OF THE LAY-CHAPEL.

The interest that is attached to the building, both historically and architecturally—the fact that the last of the Saxon kings founded the abbey, erected the church, and, as is generally supposed, was buried here—that the honoured name of Craumer, dear to all English churchmen and Protestants, is also associated with the edifice, ought to prove, as

we trust they will, sufficient motives for a public appeal, and an encouragement for the parishioners to hope they will not be left without the means of realizing to its fullest extent the object they have in view. They do not intend *restoration* in the common sense of the word, which too often means spoiling an old building by removing the marks of



VIEW OF THE ABBEY CHURCH AT THE PRESENT TIME.

antiquity; but they desire by proper structural repair to uphold and maintain the present fabric.

As we stated at the outset, we believe this case to be a suitable one to lay before our readers; it is of the number of those in which every true lover of antiquarian art must be interested—and among our numerous subscribers are many, doubtless, who would most willingly avail themselves of the opportunity to aid in rescuing a venerable fragment of the past from absolute decay. The incumbent and

committee would be glad to receive any suggestions as to the best method of obtaining the necessary funds; and would forward, on application, a report on the present state of the church, with a sketch of its history from the pen of Mr. W. Burges, architect. Donations would be received by the incumbent, and by Messrs. Fuller, Banbury, and Co., 77, Lombard Street.

The two woodcuts introduced here require no explanation—they speak for themselves.



## SHAKSPERE'S DRAMATIC WORKS.\*

THE plays of Shakspeare† have passed through almost every possible form of publication, from the poudorous folio *tome* extending through many books, to the single small volume, printed in type which young eyes only can read: they have been brought within the reach of all classes in one shape or another, so that there is not a mansion, nor scarcely a cottage, in the land, where the works of the immortal dramatist are unable to find a home and a resting-place. This is as it should be: there are some books which rightly claim entrance everywhere; Shakspeare's writings are among them, and, consequently, they are as frequently found on the shelves of the divine as on those of the mere man of the world. We are not disposed to admit that his plays are adapted for indiscriminate reading by all—the licences of language and of ideas in the sixteenth century, are not in accordance with those of the nineteenth; but the pure-minded and judicious reader will know how to separate the tares from the wheat, and the result of the winnowing process leaves a glorious product of the true, the beautiful, and the good,—of that which ought to make him wiser and better, individually and socially.

By the way, what a battle Shakspeare has occasioned just now among some of our literary contemporaries: it would be amusing, were it not sad, to see men of reputation in letters entering the arena, like gladiators, to prove whether any among them are, or are not, guilty of falsehood. For ourselves, it would be beyond our province, even if so inclined, to engage in the conflict; it contents us to feel that the poet himself cannot suffer in this paper warfare.

We cannot find a more suitable term for the volumes now lying on our table, than that of the "People's Edition," for it is just such an one as the "people" would desire to have, and which it is not beyond the means of any but the poorest classes to acquire; all who can spare a shilling a month—the price at which the parts are published—may possess it. Completed, it forms three handsome volumes, fit for any library, the type large and clear, and the illustrations most abundant: our primary duty is to notice these, but a word must be given to Mr. Staunton's editing. Each play is preceded by copious remarks on its history, and the circumstances under which it is presumed to have originated; the explanatory notes, and glossary of obsolete words and phrases, are ample, and almost assume the character of a running commentary on the text. Here the editor has called to his aid the observations of the most distinguished annotators of Shakspeare. Lastly, at the end of the play, appear the critical opinions pronounced upon it by such writers as Dr. Johnson, Schlegel, and Malone; and numerous notes, called "Illustrative Comments," which we presume to be the work of Mr. Staunton himself. It will thus appear that everything which the editor could do to render this edition perfectly intelligible has been accomplished, and, we may add, most successfully.

Last month we introduced Mr. Gilbert to our readers as an illustrator of Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress;" we here exhibit him as an illustrator of Shakspeare's dramatic works—a field of much wider scope for his operations than the former book, and of which he has most abundantly availed himself. It is no slight task for a single artist to undertake, even with the facility of execution for which Mr. Gilbert is famous. What a variety of characters is there to study; what a multitude of scenes and incidents inviting attention, because of almost equal importance; what a redundancy of *matériel*—

"From grave to gay, from lively to severe!"

what a mine of pictorial wealth, from which to select the purest and brightest gems; what a garden of flowers, from which to extract sweets! To choose amid so much that is tempting must have been sufficiently embarrassing; but we do not see, on

looking through the extensive gallery of pictures, that a better selection could have been made: we use the word "gallery," because the large number of illustrations of every kind justifies its adoption.

That the artist's mind was earnestly at work upon the subjects selected, while his pencil was revealing their features, none who turn over the pages of these volumes will be disposed to deny. Apart from the



"TWELFTH NIGHT."—OLIVIA AND VIOLA.

spirit of these sketches as mere pictorial works, there is a marvellous exhibition of character, which seems at once to stamp the individual. It is scarcely a stretch of imagination to say that in many of the scenes introduced we appear to be present at a per-

formance of the drama, so vivid an impression do they make; and are constrained to acknowledge the power which, by such apparently slight means, can accomplish so great an end. This, after all, is real Art, which consists not in elaboration of details,



"AS YOU LIKE IT."—ORLANDO AND ADAM.

however beautiful, nor in a multitude of accessories, however skillfully combined and harmonized; but in a few simple lines, so truthfully expressed, correctly arranged, and effectively brought together by the aid of light and shadow, that we unhesitatingly pro-

nounce the work to be the very thing required to identify the subject with it.

Were we asked to point out the description of character in which Mr. Gilbert is seen here to the greatest advantage, we should say in the humorous;

\* THE PLAYS OF SHAKSPERE. Edited by HOWARD STAUNTON. The illustrations by JOHN GILBERT. Engraved by the BROTHERS DALZIEL. 3 Vols. Published by G. ROUTLEDGE and Co., London.

† Mr. Staunton's orthography of the name differs from that we generally employ, and which we retain here, as the one, we believe, most universally adopted by recent writers.

his comicality is rich to a degree, but never vulgar. In the "Midsummer Night's Dream," in the "Merry Wives of Windsor," and in "King Henry IV.," are some capital sketches of this kind; one ex-

ample is here introduced, in the scene from "As you like it," where Touchstone and Audrey meet William in the forest of Arden. The engraving from "Pericles" shows how competent the artist



"AS YOU LIKE IT."—TOUCHSTONE, AUDREY, AND WILLIAM.

has proved himself, to carry back his thoughts into a region of mourning, and a land of classic beauty. The other subjects we have introduced for the purpose of showing the variety which characterizes the illustrations, no less than for their intrinsic merit as

works of Art; if Mr. Gilbert felt himself embarrassed in selecting his subjects, we have experienced as much difficulty in choosing from the aggregate of his labours. We should, moreover, remark, that a very considerable number of the cuts—which, by the



"PERICLES."—CLEON, DIONYZA, AND ATTENDANTS.

way, Messrs. Dalziel have engraved in a manner that must enhance their already well-earned reputation—are too large for convenient insertion in our columns.

It will, we think, be apparent that the artist has not aimed at extreme delicacy and refinement of

execution; we know enough of his former works to be assured that this could easily have been attained, had he deemed it desirable: his principal object has been to catch the spirit of his subjects, and to express it forcibly and unconventionally.

## THE ROYAL PICTURES.

### BLINDMAN'S BUFF.

Sir D. Wilkie, Painter. W. Greathach, Engraver.

THE name of Wilkie is yet green in the memory of every lover of Art, whether of high or low degree, and will continue to be so as long as a single picture he painted remains undestroyed, or an engraving from his works is in existence: crowned heads contended for the possession of the former, and the cottage of the peasant and the home of the artisan were made more cheerful by the presence of the latter. From the depths of the dark blue ocean, to which amid the solemn stillness of midnight his mortal remains were consigned, the spirit of the painter, speaking through his works, creates in those who look at them a corresponding spirit of joyousness and pleasure; they are like draughts of living waters, refreshing the weary traveller on his path through this feverish, toiling, restless world of ours.

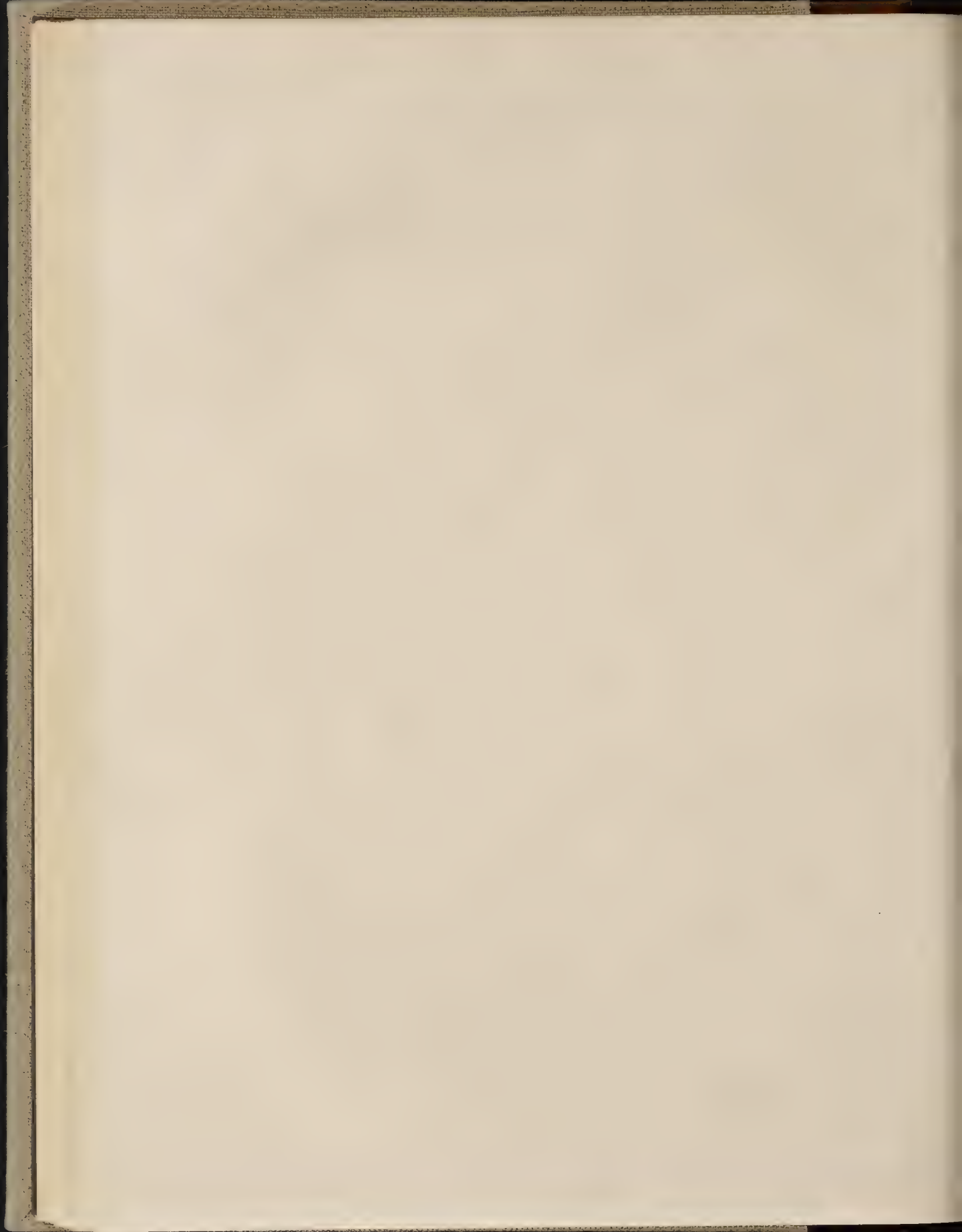
What is the secret of this undoubted success? What is it that Wilkie so possessed in common with the distinguished men who have made the canvas a vehicle to carry down their fame to a remote posterity? We remember the exhibition of a large number of his most distinguished works at the British Institution soon after his death, and it was then that we seemed for the first time to understand fully how it was he had gained such a hold on popular feeling; what we could not rightly learn from individual examples, or from two or three seen in company with others of a different character, was acquired by studying his pictures in a collective form. His peculiar method of Art could not of itself have won such golden opinions, for that he learned from the Dutch, and others have equalled—perhaps surpassed—it, without securing a tithe of his renown: it was the *tales which he told*. His destiny was to send out such forcible and impressive delineations of human life in various phases, as the circumstances of our own day enable us to seize upon and appropriate with instantaneous sympathy, while they have so much common nature that they appeal to the feelings of every age and every clime: only make an intelligent Chinese or Hindoo understand English manners and customs, and English character, and he would at once enter into the spirit of one of Wilkie's compositions. Others had observed, and some had recorded, the same facts; but when Wilkie had placed them in the focus of his imagination, and represented them by the power of his acute intellect, and with all the charm of his art, they became familiar and oft-recurring images, with an enduring influence on the moral perceptions of the public. In such pictures as the "Rent Day," the "Penny Wedding," "Blindman's Buff," "Distraught for Rent," and many more of a similar kind, he led the minds of the richer classes to sympathize with the joys and sorrows of their poorer brethren, and thus elevated himself to the high position of a right-minded philanthropist? What Cowper and Crabbe were among poets, Wilkie was among painters: his pictures are didactic poems.

The picture of "Blindman's Buff" is one of the famous series of works whereon the great fame of the author will ever rest. It is one, comparatively, of his earliest productions, having been painted in 1812, for the Prince Regent. In a large "keeping-room," as such apartments are often called in the country—and a very large one it must be, looking at the perspective, and the number of persons who are in it, with ample space for their sport—a company of youths and maidens, young boys and girls, is seen in the full tide of enjoyment, at the boisterous but good old-fashioned game which gives the title to the picture. Wilkie has not only shown his skill in giving a real natural view of the game, with all its fun, tricks, and flirtations, but in the artistic groupings of the figures, and in the drawing, it is no less manifest. It is not an easy matter to represent such a scene without some approach at least to the burlesque; there is here, however, humour without exaggeration, and common life without vulgarity.

The picture is in the Royal Collection at Buckingham Palace: it is distinguished by all the care and nicety of his finest works, and is in admirable preservation.









## THE NATIONAL INSTITUTION.

This institution generally produces some of the best landscapes of the season. On this occasion it does not falsify its prestige; but its foster children, on attaining their majority, forget the honour that is due to the parental nurture they received in tender years to fit them for the great battle of Art. Of the works of those members of the society who have been serious in their labours, many are qualified with a beauty, freshness, and power beyond the character of antecedent efforts. This uniformity of progress is a feature with respect to the paintings of the artists to whom we allude. Of the works of men who produce many pictures it is commonly complained that they are mannered—monotonous; and this is felt as year by year the advancing series is brought under the notice of the constant observer. But it would be more difficult for a painter to change his manner of Art than his handwriting. His painting is as immutable as his gait, speech, and action; we read in it his sentiment and habit of thought. When no other fault can be discovered in a picture than that it is what is called “mannered,” it will generally be found to be a worthy production, proclaiming at once the hand of its author. A work by Rubens, but wanting in the fleshy emphasis of Rubens’s manner, is less valuable than another glowing with the indisputable *morbidezza* of the master. Wilkie was no longer Wilkie when he changed his manner; and in no other mantle than in that of the great “dog-star” would Landseer be acceptable to those even who speak of his manner. The Portland Gallery, like all others, presents a mixture graduating from excellence to certain degrees below mediocrity. But the inferior works are the negative quantity in a proposition which can be solved without taking them into the calculation. The figure pictures are neither so numerous, nor so well qualified as others we have seen here on former occasions; there is, however, a picture by Robert Scott Lauder that would do honour to any school or time—it is a sublime effort in the derelict work of sacred history. The numbers commence over the fireplace, amid a small galaxy of little pictures—miniatures in oil—a class that has largely won the public esteem of late years.

No. 4. ‘A Wintry Walk,’ F. SMALLFIELD, shows a boy carrying at his back a turkey and a pheasant in a snowy landscape. This artist was recently elected an associate of the Old Water-Colour Society, but it is to be hoped that on this account he will not forsake oil painting.

No. 7. ‘The Bashful Boy,’ DIXIE, is a child in his mother’s arms: most careful in drawing and finish.

No. 9. ‘The Mountain Child,’ J. B. BURCESS. A study of a country girl painted with substance and firmness; the face is extremely happy in colour and character. And No. 8. ‘The Quiet Pipe,’ J. HAYLAR. The head of a rustic, like that of a veritable Somerset yeoman.

No. 31. ‘Scene in Surrey,’ H. B. GRAY. The subject is a section of the most highly cultivated part of the county, the foreground being a corn-field, whence the eye is led to a richly-diversified distance felicitous in expression of atmosphere.

No. 37. ‘St. Brelade’s Bay, Jersey,’ J. PREL. Altogether the most perfect production that has ever been exhibited under this name; it is charming in colour, unflinching in daylight breadth, and with respect to the foreground material, we know no living artist who could accomplish such a detail with manipulation so precise, yet so soft and easy.

No. 40. \* \* \* R. S. LAUDER, R.S.A. All the material of this composition has been

perhaps suggested by nature, but it is everywhere reduced to poetic sentiment. The principal quantity is a rock, the face of which is broken and variously tinted, and on the nearest ground passage lies the sleeping maiden. The pebbles, and the limpid rill, in the bed of which they lie, constitute the only natural reality that forces itself on the eye; the forms of the trees, and even of the nodding and curfeying grasses, are all dictated by elegant feeling.

No. 46. ‘A Country Girl,’ BELL SMITH. A small study vigorously painted, and full of appropriate character.

No. 50. ‘A View from the Needles,’ E. HAYES. In this subject there is but little incident, but the treatment and certainty of handling are very masterly.

No. 52. ‘The Tranquil Hour,’ J. ADAM. A composition of lake and mountain scenery, brought forward under the effect of deepening twilight. The proposed sentiment is forcibly illustrated.

No. 53. ‘Feeding Chickens,’ N. O. LUPTON. Clear, definite, and earnest in the realization of the locality, which is the head of a mill-dam screened in by trees. The figures are only auxiliary.

No. 56. ‘The Dancing Lesson,’ C. ROSSITER. The Terpsichorean aspirant, a dog, is the partner in a *pas de deux* of the maestro, one of a party of cottage boys; another of whom, with a violin, performs the part of which the devil acquitted himself to the witches according to Tam o’ Shanter. The point of the story is admirably maintained; all the figures are painted with firmness, and their features are full of animated expression.

No. 60. ‘A Mountain Road,’ SYDNEY PERCY. A large composition of Welsh lake and mountain material, very similar in character to works already exhibited by the painter. The time appears to be about midday, according to the light and the cast of the shadows, and the proposition is fully supported by the dispositions. It is throughout painted with a mastery that is pronounced in the manner of dealing with the most difficult passages.

No. 67. ‘Winandernere,’ EDWIN PETTITT. This is a view of a section of the shore scenery of the lake, rendered carefully according to the reality. It is given with much substantive force.

No. 71. ‘A Welsh Cottage Door,’ C. L. COPPARD. The subject is literally the door, *et pretere nihil*, but it is old, worn, seamed, and weather-stained; and all this is pithily remembered.

No. 75. ‘Low Tide,’ G. A. WILLIAMS. The subject is an expanse of beach, with cliffs on the left trending into the twilight horizon. The effect is that of sunset charmingly painted.

No. 80. ‘Evening,’ B. W. LEADER. The composition shows a cottage door, garden, and the neighbouring village church, with trees, &c., all brought forward rather in the material terms of Crabbe than Goldsmith. It seems to have been very carefully studied from the locality.

No. 83. ‘Life on the Heath,’ A. W. WILLIAMS. This work is distinguished by its breadth, force, and simplicity. It is a heath scene overcanopied by a sky of grand conception, darkly draped with heavy boding clouds, from the nearest of which lightning is shooting. The “life” is that of a gipsy camp, and as a prominent point there is a boy with a white horse.

No. 90. ‘Tract of an Old-World Glacier,’ A. W. HUNT. In this work we are first struck with the marvellously minute manipulation and laborious definition of form; in the second place, by the untruth of the colour, to which reality is wholly sacrificed. The title should be changed, for having somewhat geological

about it, the subject should have been rendered not only form for form, but colour for colour. As to imitative texture, the picture will never be surpassed.

No. 95. ‘The Straits of Dover,’ H. W. B. DAVIS. The straits play but a secondary and auxiliary part in this composition. The strength of the subject is a flock of sheep on a portion of the cliff pasture beyond which appears the calm sea bright with sunny effulgence; but the sheep are drawn and painted with most exemplary exactitude: anything more accurate in this way cannot be conceived. *Ce peintre reviendra à ses moutons.*

No. 105. ‘Sunset on the River Noon,’ H. B. GRAY. Anent this subject the first observation of a cunning piscator is, “A likely pool for jack, but very difficult to fish.” The tranquil sky, and the lustrous water repeating every near form, are most faithfully transcribed.

No. 108. ‘Salmon and Trout,’ H. L. ROLFE. These fish are drawn and painted with Mr. Rolfe’s usual fidelity.

No. 150. ‘Leaving the Wreck,’ A. MONTAGUE. There is more power in this work than in any marine subject we have ever seen by its author, but the sea appears to be sweeping along the coast, not breaking on it; this is at least an anomaly unaccounted for in the composition. There is also a boat falling with her broadside into the trough—she is sure to be capsized.

No. 154. ‘Farm Stable,’ J. F. HERRING and A. F. ROLFE. This picture is throughout remarkable for nicety of drawing and neatness of execution. The pigs and piglings are admirable in condition, and equally so is the nag, to which life evidently bears more of pleasure than of pain.

No. 155. ‘Near Llanwrst, North Wales,’ W. DEAKIN. The trees and foreground are agreeably painted, but the subject is bald—it wants incident, and there is too much confided to the glazings.

No. 226. ‘St. Aubin’s, Jersey,’ J. PREL. Somewhat similar in character to that already noticed, but different in treatment, as having less of the daylight breadth by which the before-mentioned picture is characterized. It is painted, however, in the same resolute tone as the other.

No. 232. ‘The Last Supper,’ R. S. LAUDER. This is a single figure, that of the Saviour according to the 22nd chapter of St. Luke—“And he took bread and gave thanks, and brake it,” &c. The impersonation is presented in profile in a red robe and a blue mantle; the colours, however, are by no means importunate, but subdued, and subordinate to the expression. The picture being under a glass and the textures so tender, it is difficult, save by close examination, to determine whether it is in oil or in water colour. There is no vaunt of handling or execution, but everything evinces a profound reverence for the fathers of modern Art, or it may be one of them—say Leonardo da Vinci. It is a result of deep thought, and a theme for thought to the observer.

No. 243. ‘The Old Town of Hastings,’ G. A. WILLIAMS. The most important work that the artist has ever produced. From the east cliff we look upon the town dominated by the west cliff, crowned by the castle—a mass which is opposed with admirable effect to an unexceptionable evening sky. Beyond and below this lies St. Leonards, and thence the eye is led round to Beechy Head. The great point of the work is the success with which the low-lying town is described. It is unmistakably Hastings; and the treatment of the subject is in all respects excellent.

No. 252. ‘Menai Straits,’ EDWIN PETTITT. The subject is extremely well chosen, as presenting a diversity of interesting and effectively paintable material, the whole of which is reu-



dered with an integrity of purpose gratefully refreshing in these days of inexplicable eccentricities.

No. 258. 'A Trout Stream,' S. PERCY. The foreground and trees of this composition are as conscientiously worked as if the artist were yet in his minority. It is simple and unaffected.

No. 263. 'Peter denying Christ,' R. S. LAUDER. In this composition the moment indicated is that when, according to St. Luke, the "Lord turned and looked upon Peter," and the latter went forth and wept bitterly. It is essentially a dark picture, suggestive of Rembrandt, but with less of the parade of telling points than Rembrandt, and more dignified, solemn, and perfect in its forms. Our Lord occupies the centre of the composition, standing with his hands bound, and looking round on Peter with an expression which should have been rather that of sorrowful reproach, than of the more than anger that flashes from his eyes. That is the only reasonable objection that could be urged against the picture, which throughout embodies the rarest qualities of what is called high Art. It is characterized by an entire absence of vulgar ostentation, and evinces, not a display, but a reserve of power equal to the most signal triumphs in religious Art. By the way, glasses over dark pictures are an injustice to the work, as being extremely embarrassing to the eye.

No. 266. 'Sleighing Fens,' H. MOORE. Another of those Young England landscapes of which our fathers never could have dreamt. It seems to have been painted in some ultramontane copal or coachmakers' varnish, for the days of what Barry stigmatized as "megilph" are gone. The independence and mastery of the work cannot be too highly eulogized. "Sleighing," be it understood, is sledding, or conveying on a vehicle without wheels.

No. 273. 'The Outskirts of a Farm,' B. W. LEADER. There are in this work some sheep, with a variety of farmhouse items, made out with infinite exactitude.

No. 280. 'Rough Hands and warm Hearts,' J. G. NAISH. A group of two figures on the sea-shore—a fisherman and his betrothed it may be supposed, for the relation of the persons proposes a love story. The intention of the artist is a forcible picture, and he has amply succeeded. The figures are well drawn and characteristic.

No. 287. 'The Lost Friend,' J. A. FITZGERALD. This is a fairy composition, and "the lost friend" is a dead robin, whose decease the fairies and gnomes universally lament. It bears the impress of a rich and exuberant fancy.

No. 288. 'The Village Carpenter,' A. PROVIS. The scene is the shop, which, with its catalogue of major and minor utilities and inutilities, is detailed with a curious apprehension of minutiae. The work, however, as a whole, is not so brilliant and effective as others antecedently exhibited.

No. 312. 'Ruined Temples,' G. PETTITT. A large picture presenting a composition of Italian lake and mountain scenery, with passages of much romantic beauty. The effect is that of sunny day, which is carried out in close reference to nature.

No. 323. 'Leigh, Essex,' W. E. BATES. A small and picturesque nook on the coast, where, as in the Island of Calypso, the green trees grow down to high-water mark. It is little known to painters, but deserves more attention at their hands. Here we look westward, and the masses tell effectively against an evening sky.

No. 356. 'A Trout Stream near Lofthouse, Yorkshire,' J. F. WALTON. There is here a study of foreground stones, which seem to have been most faithfully depicted from the reality.

No. 357. 'Lady-bird, fly away, &c.,' J. F. DICKSEE. Here a little girl has been gathering flowers, which she grasps in her hand, whereon rests the little red insect that she addresses as above. The head, in profile and entwined with oak-leaves, is extremely felicitous in colour and expression.

No. 375. 'Candid Opinions,' J. HAYLLAR. A little boy contemplating his mother's portrait may be supposed to express himself without reserve: a small composition—minute in finish.

No. 376. 'The Middy's Presents,' F. SMALLFIELD. His sister contemplates the Spanish wine pot, shells, &c., that he has brought home. Another miniature, also very carefully finished.

No. 380. 'Katherine,' J. T. DIXEE. She is yet unshrewed, and looks a very Jezebel, even as saying—

"I will be angry—what have you to do?"

It is a head and bust elegantly costumed and charmingly painted. The features are handsome, as they should be—and their expression has a pungent spice of the fury, as it should have.

No. 381. 'Burns and his Highland Mary,' R. S. LAUDER. A small picture with the two figures very carefully treated. It looks like an essay preparatory to a larger work.

No. 384. 'French Boats, Evening,' R. BEAVES. A small, but very spirited sketch.

No. 406. 'Lane Scene with Gipsies,' J. E. MEADOWS. This picture has more force and substance than any that has of late been produced by its author.

No. 412. 'Port of Honfleur,' W. PARROT. We are placed here on the quay, on the right of the basin, not very far from the Cheval Blanc, which is just round the corner, and we look inwards towards the Lisieux Road. A principal feature is the old tower, built, of course, according to popular tradition, "*par les Anglais*." It is an honest daylight picture, portraying unmistakably the Port of Honfleur.

No. 415. 'The Cray Valley,' W. S. ROSE. This beautiful part of the home district of Kent is but seldom painted. This is the most important work the artist has ever exhibited. The foreground is rich and elaborate, and the dispositions generally effective, but the tone is somewhat cold.

No. 420. 'Children at the Well,' W. GRAY. A subject from the wooded scenery of the Isle of Wight. Treated with much elegance and independence of feeling.

No. 443. 'Tracked and Caught,' W. J. WEBB. This is an allusion to the custom prevalent in America and the West Indies of pursuing the track of runaway and rebellious negroes with bloodhounds. In this case a slave appears looking through an opening in a cell door, which is guarded by a leash of dogs. The picture displays indefatigable diligence in dealing with detail.

No. 448. 'A Moss Trooper,' F. WEEKES. A mounted figure in the harness of the seventeenth century riding at speed, either in flight or pursuit. The subject has been carefully studied.

No. 465. 'Lilac and Lily of the Valley,' T. WORSEY—with the addition of a bird's nest, leaves, and tendrils of creeping ivy, &c.; painted with much beauty of execution.

There are, as usual, two screens of water-colour drawings, among which No. 178, 'The Judgment of Paris,' FLORENCE CLAXTON, is an "idyll" caricaturing the leaders of the Pre-Raphaelite sect, especially Mr. Millais, who is made to play Paris. It is extremely personal.

No. 189. 'Dawlish, North Devon,' R. H. NIBBS. A sea-shore view, which would be powerful were it not heavy in manipulation.

No. 205. 'Rustic Bridge,' EDWARD MARTIN. The subject has been well chosen; the execution is clear and firm.

No. 212. 'A Kitchen Interior,' J. O. WATSON. Carefully drawn, but the shades are heavy and opaque.

No. 218. 'The Importunate Beggar,' Mrs. ELIZABETH MURRAY. The beggar is one of the Brethren of Mercy in his black robe and masked hood, receiving a contribution from a woman of Rome, or the Romagna, who carries an infant. The latter are mellow and brilliant in colour, and the treatment of the group constitutes a very powerful picture. Another work by Mrs. Murray, entitled 'A Present of Fruit,' shows a study of a girl of Tenerife, with a basket of grapes; it is a drawing of much sweetness.

Thus it will be seen that the strength of this exhibition is its landscapes, some of which evidence a learning that is only acquired as the happy result of years of earnest communion with nature.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of "THE ART-JOURNAL."

PAINTINGS OF RELIGIOUS SUBJECTS.

When a happy combination of circumstances, such as results from a family wintering at Rome or Florence, enables youthful travellers to visit the great repositories of Italian Art, the mind unbiassed and unprejudiced at that early age, derives impressions of admiration, mingled with reverence, from beholding the paintings of religious subjects executed by such masters as Andrea del Sarto, Raffaele, Leonardo da Vinci, Domenichino, and others. These impressions, deep and vivid, remain with maturing age, and in after life associate themselves, perhaps unconsciously, with those which are called forth and sustained by religious worship. In the scriptural and other religious works of the early masters, the Christian virtues are personified by the most beautiful and engaging forms; whilst those merits which pertain to grouping, attitude, and apparel, combine to render these subjects charming as well as elevating, awakening noble though often solemn aspirations. The embodiments of form and colour which the art of painting realizes, come indeed so close to human nature that they can but faintly suggest those spiritual and, therefore, less tangible attributes which may be dwelt upon in a discourse, but they present images all the more vivid to the mind, and which are, therefore, the more suited for retention by the memory; and there are various works of the early Italian school, in which superhuman attributes are so gracefully introduced, as to show that a beautiful moral, or an incident which awakens the kindest feelings, may in painting be invested with the garb of a pleasing symbol, without glaringly contradicting truth.

The mind is, doubtless, greatly assisted by the clear and definite forms presented by paintings, in its attempts to build up ideal images which are connected more or less with the domain of mystery, but which are linked as it were to earth by such attributes as can be gracefully yet forcibly expressed in the language of Art. And the more beautiful, dignified, and lovely are those embodiments of divine or preternatural forms which assist the imagination in its ideal conceptions, the more gratifying and instructive will these prove to each individual observer who has the good fortune to find unlimited access to the works in which such Art-renderings have been effected. So that Italian peasants who witness in their churches and chapels the best material representations which have been produced of the events connected with our Saviour's life, or of some less definite narrative of the early Jewish people, which time has consecrated, could meditate more vividly and more refinedly on those subjects than could the same classes in countries where such excellent specimens of sacred Art are wanting.

Happily, that diffusion of good pictures which results from trade, and the dissemination of prints of the best works, supply, in some measure, the deficiency of religious schools of Art in those countries where they never were established. But the progressive increase of population, and the relative insufficiency of religious pictures, yearly diminished by the ravages of time, must sooner or later render a fresh supply necessary. There are, therefore, grounds for surmising that modern Art of superior excellence will, sooner or later, be called upon to fill up those vacancies which time has occasioned: to it will devolve the noble task of supplying the



minds of the uneducated with substantial images of divine beauty, and of presenting to them in refined but unmistakable lineaments, the various actions of virtue and piety which the scriptures unfold.

As the walls of churches in Protestant countries are forbidden to religious paintings, it might, perhaps, be well to set aside rooms in our public galleries to be exclusively appropriated to religious Art. In all well arranged galleries some kind of classification having reference either to the period or to the school of the works exhibited is adopted; but, singular as it may seem, an arrangement founded on the subject or character of the pictures is seldom, if ever, to be met with. But in regard to modern English Art, the pictures being all of one period, and as it were of one school, classification, if aimed at all, would naturally resolve itself into a distinct separation of those subjects or styles which are of the most opposite character; and religious pictures would more particularly claim, by such an arrangement, to be kept separate from pictures of a mixed character. By this kind of selection each visitor to the gallery would be prepared to contemplate religious pictures with the composure and reverence which they always claim in those countries where such paintings are not mixed up with profane or trivial subjects; and this elevated branch of Art, itself encouraged by the advantages and distinction thus conferred upon it, would, doubtless, after some years of preparation, attain a degree of excellence which modern genius and industry have hitherto failed in realizing: whilst the public generally, and especially the classes who cannot easily travel to those countries which have been the cradles of religious Art, would find in such home-raised collections a new source of pure and earnest enjoyment.

H. R. T.

#### FEMALE SCHOOL OF ART, GOWER STREET.

SIR,—Inquiries having been made, in consequence of my letter which you kindly inserted in your February number of the *Art-Journal*, as to the benefits arising from the Gower Street School, I beg to state that this institution, in common with the other Department schools, is gradually, but not the less certainly, working a marked change in Art-manufactures, and in the taste of the people throughout England. In reference to the good effected by preparing young women for remunerative employment, several cases have come under my own immediate knowledge in which some of the students have not only succeeded in maintaining themselves, but also have been enabled to support near and dear relatives; and although the majority have hitherto joined the ranks of teachers, yet some have, notwithstanding many obstacles, made their way in designing for manufactures; and if the unfortunate prejudices which exist against female labour in this direction could be overcome, there are many students who have been educated in the Department schools who are fully competent to design patterns as excellent as any which are daily produced in this country by foreign artists, or sent for from Paris.

A former student only the other day bore testimony to the benefits resulting from our teaching; she said,—“Miss Gann, in the business in which I am engaged, I am not called upon either to design or to draw, for we keep a French designer; but I am thankful for the instruction I received in the Gower Street School, which I find most beneficial in enabling me to judge of the respective merits of the designs drawn in our establishment, and sometimes to suggest suitable alterations.” I might also draw attention to Mr. Stewart's article in last month's number of the *Art-Journal*, entitled “Art-decoration a Suitable Employment for Women,” in which that gentleman mentions a hall-ceiling of Admiral Sir Maurice Berkeley's house in London as having been lately decorated by a lady in the ordinary course of business. The young lady there alluded to was educated in our school, until she was promoted to the Training Department, Marlborough House. I quite agree with Mr. Stewart's remark, that “work in which the knowledge of drawing can be turned to account according to the capacity possessed, and which shall combine the substantial advantages of trade with the mental enjoyments of Art,” would be very desirable employment for many of our students. Art-decoration, such as he speaks of, would be a new and inexhaustible field for female labour, and one which the training in our school would be eminently calculated to advance and elevate, as the school has always been praised for the bold *tempora* drawings done in it under Mrs. Milnes's superintendence.

Three of our evening students are at the present time employed in a glass factory daily, from ten till six, where they draw figure subjects and ornamental designs for glass windows, which they afterwards paint on the glass. At the late meeting of

the provisional committee held at Gower Street, some of their work was kindly lent for the inspection of the gentlemen, who expressed themselves much pleased with the execution. To any one who may feel sufficient interest to visit the school, I shall be happy to show some manufactured articles in Japan ware, which were both designed and executed by former students, fully proving that they are capable of being employed in various superior branches of Art-manufacture.

LOUISA GANN,  
Superintendent.

[We desire again to direct the attention of our readers, who are liberally inclined, to the appeal we made last month on behalf of this school. A provisional committee, with Sir C. L. Eastlake, P.R.A., at its head, has been formed for collecting donations and subscriptions to prevent the institution from being finally closed.—Ed. A.-J.]

#### EXHIBITIONS OF THE WORKS OF ENGLISH ARTISTS.

SIR,—At a time when our national Art-collections occupy, and so prominently, public attention as at present, the free consideration of their accumulation and arrangement is not only permissible, but salutary; and amidst the various propositions of late, there is one which unfortunately appears to have been lost sight of. I refer to the movement made by the Society of Arts in 1843, when the pictures and drawings of Mr. Mulready, R.A., were collected and exhibited as the inauguration of a project for the formation of a National Gallery of Modern British Art, by an annual exhibition of the collected works of some one living English master.

With this proposal you will, of course, be familiar, but as by some of your readers it may be forgotten, and to others, unknown, I would make a few remarks, believing publicly only is requisite to give it that place in the discussion of our Art-movements its importance claims. The object is to hold an annual exhibition of the collected works of some one English master towards the formation of a National Gallery of Modern British Art; this gallery to consist of works commissioned of each artist, respectively, whose pictures form the exhibition of the year, and paid for by the proceeds of that exhibition, and subscriptions for the same period; the commission being placed in his hands, unrestricted as to size or subject, he being simply invited to produce a work by which he would desire to be known hereafter, and with which name should be associated in the annals of his school and age.

This project, originated by the Society of Arts as far back as 1846, and forming the subject of an interesting paper by Mr. H. Cole, read at a meeting of that body, on the 27th January, 1847, has always appeared to me the most truly national undertaking in reference to Art ever suggested in this country; being calculated to promote its advancement by measures in the highest degree honourable to the artist, and enriching the nation by a series of works worthy of representing British Art, and in a place to which the artist would proudly point as his credentials to posterity. Under such incentives what might not be anticipated from men whose pencils have already achieved so much, and whose works have so largely tended to place the English school foremost among those of modern times?

Thus should we acquire a real national gallery; national, not merely in the sense of belonging to the nation, but as composed of, and illustrating, the genius of the country by works of our own school and time. Such a gallery, but for the munificence of men like Mr. Vernon and Mr. Sheepshanks, would be still unknown to us (with which collections the works resulting from such project could be worthily incorporated, yet forming a separate section); but, grateful as the nation is for the almost invaluable treasures comprised in those donations, and proud as we justly are of the patriotic spirit prompting their donors to such acts of more than princely liberality, there still exists a want of some more public, nay, national, recognition of our Art and artists.—something beyond that which the mere visiting of exhibitions, or the purchase of prints and pictures suffice for; and which desideratum would seem to be supplied by the realization of the project now in question, whereby the genius of our living men would be fairly and fully represented, each by his own works, in the national series, and our tribute to Art itself rendered by this public recognition of its professors and followers.

Yet, with all these claims for our support, and the benefits concomitant upon its success, the plan appears to have failed after the exhibition of the works of Etty; and in seeking to assign the causes of so untoward a result, I shall not, I think, be misunderstood in stating that, notwithstanding the nationality and warmth with which our country-

men enter upon the various intellectual and social movements of the time, and the cheerfully responsive hand proffered to whatever engages their interest or enlists their sympathy, their views of Art—that is, of Art in the abstract, for its own sake purely as Art—are wanting in that thorough apprehension and feeling essential to the success of a movement wherein a purely Art-motive is the basis of action: and that I am not without grounds to justify such conclusions, I would point to this proposal first entertained in 1846, the accomplishment of which would have reflected the highest honour on our country and school, whilst its failure has become an abiding reproach. It would be difficult to conceive any project more confidently appealing for immediate support—more worthy of assistance, or more certainly tending to the elevation of our Art at home, or its renown abroad, than some such national gathering of modern works; whilst no mode of procedure could be more honourable to the artist, less costly to the nation, or more effective as a means of Art-education, than thus placing before the public the artistic mind of the age,—the index and reflex of our civilization and refinement.

Let me ask who that saw, at the Society of Arts in 1843, the exquisite works of Mr. Mulready (the painter's real autobiography), or the same rooms when irradiated by the Venetian splendours of Etty, would not rejoice in the anticipation of beholding a similar gathering of the matchless power of Maclise—the life-like animals of Landseer—the refinement of character of Leslie—the home scenes of Greewick—the breezy coasts of Stanfield—or the many high special excellences of others too numerous to specify, but whose works have earned a world-wide renown, and the influences of whose genius shall endure as long as the human mind retains its susceptibility to the grand and beautiful. It is true we have here no crosses and orders for the men who, in ministering to the highest of our intellectual enjoyments, raise the standard of our rank in the scale of civilization; but the possession of a niche in such a temple of fame as is proposed, would be a welcome exchange for all the decorations in the gift of an emperor.

If the occasional exhibition of a separate *me* *et* *er* can be made successful as a private commercial speculation, are we not justified in hoping for a far greater success from a project claiming the interest and support of all classes, by addressing itself to our national pride, and having for its aim ends beyond the sum total of a tradesman's profit-sheet?

Far more just were it to our artists to bring together the labours of each whilst living, that in the hand-writing of his works he may stake his claim for fame, and the world give judgment on the cause: better that the rank and value of his work were more fully realized to its author while yet in life and strength to prize such estimate and reap its reward, than, in the “hope deferred” that “maketh the heart sick,” drag on year after year of weary expectancy, trusting to the “markets” becoming “steady” as his hand grows palsied.

However, the present seems a turning-time in the tide of Art; the general interest becoming manifested for the subject leads to the hope that a more thorough knowledge of its nature, principles, and scope, will be felt by all seeking to cultivate its study or love. A healthy reaction appears to be setting in after the nauseating, puerile monstrosities of Pre-Raphaelitism; and as out of evil comes good, let us trust the fallacies of that deluded sect will have clearly shown, that “morbidly close exactness, at the cost of truth of impression,” is no more Art, than the minute enumeration of the veins in a dock-leaf is a pastoral poem. Hence, in proportion to the need of healthy instruction, increase the responsibilities of the public writer and teacher. To what depth (for good or evil) the influences of the author penetrate every stratum of society, may be seen in the case of the writer of “Modern Painters.” But since the veil of delusion is now passing from the eyes of those until now so recently blinded by the specious sophistry of the popular dogmatist, we may hope a more healthy tone will restore their mental vision,—for “it is the soul that sees,”—teaching them that the study of nature engenders a love of the beautiful—that consumption and fever are disease—deformity and distortion the exception, not the rule of nature. Let those wavering between the shifting phantasies of a visionary and the realities of the true faith, be led to understand that a comprehensiveness of view, a concentration of detail, and a combination of great general powers, are the necessary qualifications of those called to the high ministry of legitimate Art; and soon will be scattered to the winds the puling moonshine, that Art, say, in its highest aim and noblest aspirations, is the poor, petty, microscopic niggling, the world has of late, with such imperious insolence, been commanded to worship.

T.



## CERAMIC PAPIER MÂCHÉ

A PLASTIC SUBSTITUTE FOR WOOD CARVINGS.

OUR attention has been directed to an invention which appears to promise many advantages. The object aimed at has been the production of imitations of carved wood by a plastic material which, admitting of a process of moulding, might be manufactured with much economy, and which, by the subsequent application of carving, might be rendered in the highest degree artistic, and be susceptible of the most delicate finish.

We have already given, in the *Art-Journal*, descriptions of the manufacture of Papier Mâché, and of the Fibrous Slab. The material which we have now to describe, differs in some respects from either of these, although there are some points of resemblance. Paper pulp, or fibrous material, are the base of either; but this plastic body, which has been patented by Mr. John Cowdery Martin, of Barnes, would appear to possess a peculiarly homogeneous structure, which ensures great tenacity. To this is due the power of carving upon it after the ornamental cast has been made. It works as readily as wood, and, by a careful admixture of the proper colours with the composition, any kind of wood can be imitated with great exactness and beauty. From the examples which we have seen of manufactured articles, this "plastic material" appears likely to occupy a very important place in a division of our Art-manufactures which requires extension, that extension having been hitherto retarded by the cost of production. We allude more especially to carvings in wood, and imitations thereof.

The following extract from Mr. Martin's specification explains the character of the material:—"The compound is composed of twenty-eight parts (dry) by weight of any fibrous substance of which paper may be made, reduced to pulp by means of an ordinary beating engine, twenty parts of resin or pitch, ten parts of soda or potash, to render the resin soluble, twenty-four parts of glue, twelve parts of drying oil, and one part of acetate or sugar of lead, or other substance capable of hardening, or drying oils. The pulp after leaving the beating engine is to be drained and slightly pressed under a screw or other press, to free it partly from water. The resin and soda are then to be boiled together and well mixed. The glue is to be broken up in pieces, and melted in a separate vessel with as much water as will cover it, and then to be mixed with the resin and soda, which mixture is then to be added to the pulp, and thoroughly incorporated with it; the acetate of lead, well mixed in the oil, is then to be added, and the whole mass or compound is then to be thoroughly mixed.

"The quantity of resin and alkali in proportion to the glue used might vary, or the glue might even be dispensed with, when the acetate of lead would be proportionately increased. After mixing the compound, it is to remain some days before using, to free it from some of its moisture, when it may be well kneaded and pressed into suitable moulds for use, the moulds being previously brushed with oil, when the compound is worked sufficiently stiff, or with oil in which is mixed some acetate of lead, when worked with more moisture. After leaving the mould the article taken from it is to be thoroughly dried, or, what is preferable, baked in an oven at a moderate heat, when it acquires many of the peculiarities of wood, as it may be cut or carved and polished, if required."

It will be observed that the paper or fibrous pulp is held together as a coherent mass by means of a resin soap and glue, to which is added some fat oil rendered drying by the agency of sugar of lead. The plastic substance resulting must necessarily possess very great hardness, and prove exceedingly durable. It is also evident that such a composition when hardened is susceptible of receiving the highest polish. When the manufacture becomes more extensive and developed it may possibly demand some further notice from us. At present, speaking from the examples before us, and from a careful examination of all the conditions involved in the production of this plastic material, we feel impressed with the idea that it will become an important element in extending that taste for artistic decoration which we have ever striven to encourage.

## ART IN SCOTLAND AND THE PROVINCES.

EDINBURGH.—In the notice which appeared in our February Number of the fountain recently erected at Holyrood Palace, it was stated that the figures were "carved" by Mr. Thomas of London: we have since learned that they were "modelled" by this well-known sculptor, and "carved" by Mr. John Rhind, of Edinburgh, formerly chief assistant of Mr. Handyside Ritchie. Mr. Rhind's statue of 'Hannibal,' in the present exhibition of the Royal Scottish Academy, shows him to be a sculptor of more than ordinary talent. It is only justice to him to correct the error we have inadvertently circulated: the information was, however, conveyed to us by a correspondent in Edinburgh.

MANCHESTER.—Mr. Fairbairn has lost no time in giving a practical character to his great project of a noble gallery of Art; we have so much reliance on his energy and ability as to believe he will actually bring it to a successful issue. They are marvellous men, the men of Manchester, gathering gold in heaps and expending it "grandy." To them the artists look for true and liberal patrons; it is by them nearly all the leading pictures of our school are bought: without their aid many who are more than prosperous would be struggling for fame—even for life, as did the master-painters of England forty years ago. A meeting has been held, at which the mayor of Manchester presided, to enable Mr. Fairbairn to explain his scheme. It is embodied in the following resolution:—"That the formation in this city of a large and comprehensive institution to be dedicated to the Arts, to be erected by voluntary contributions and opened freely to all, would provide a most desirable opportunity of instruction and rational enjoyment to all classes of its inhabitants; and that in the opinion of this meeting, the wealthy, and especially the employers of Manchester and Salford, may with great propriety be called upon to originate and liberally contribute to the establishment of an institution which would enable the collectors and lovers of the Arts in the neighbourhood to employ the treasures they possess for the benefit of their fellow citizens, and thereby offer the opportunity for the profitable and refining occupation of the rapidly-increasing leisure hours of the working population." The results have not yet been announced, but they are certainly promising. Yet it looks like a dream of glory to imagine a hundred thousand pounds collected for such a purpose: yielding no interest, giving no probability of a return, except the honour and happiness of advancing the true interests and promoting the real welfare of a people. This is, indeed, a huge per-centage, but one that only patriotism and benevolence can rightly comprehend and appreciate. Mr. Fairbairn, young as he is, will have made a name that will be foremost among the truly great men of his age and country.

At the annual meeting of the Manchester School of Art, held on the 1st of last month, it was stated by the secretary that the annual subscriptions had gradually fallen off from £355 in 1852, to £240 in 1859. This is scarcely to be credited among those who are about to subscribe their thousands for an Art-gallery; if the one is to be done, surely the other ought not to be left undone. What is the use of an Art-gallery unless the public is taught how best to enjoy it, and to make it serviceable?

SHEFFIELD.—The annual Conversations of the Sheffield School of Art, the fourth that has taken place, was held on the 21st of February, when a large assembly was gathered together to inspect the numerous works of Art collected for exhibition, and to witness the distribution of prizes awarded to the successful candidates among the pupils of the school. The pictures contributed included examples of many distinguished painters, British and foreign: Nicol, R.S.A., Williams, J. F. Herring, &c. &c.; Achenbach, Bodom, Frère, Van Daele, Madlle. Chosson, Troyon, Veroyssat, Vautier, Valters, Both, Swannfeld, &c. &c. Mr. Redgrave, R.A., superintendent, after addressing the company in a speech of very considerable length and of great interest, distributed the prizes, of which the principal were: The "Norfolk Prize" of twenty guineas to Henry Archer, for the best design and model of a centre-dish, or salver; the "Mayor's Prize" of ten guineas to Read Turner, for the best design and model of a rose-water ewer and dish; the "Montgomery Medal," value five guineas, to Richard Lunn, for the best drawing of wild flowers and plants; and "Special prizes of Messrs. Martin, Hall, & Co." of five guineas each to George Theaker, for the best design of a claret jug, and to Walter Nicholson, for the best design for fish knives. In concluding the distribution, Mr. Redgrave said he feared he had

been tedious, but if the students of the Sheffield School would work so hard, and win so many prizes, the operation of distributing them must take some time. The maximum number of medals that could be awarded to any school was thirty, and he had now had the pleasure of distributing twenty-nine. He had great pleasure in bearing his testimony to the highly satisfactory state of this school. On all occasions, his colleagues, Sir C. Eastlake, Mr. Maclean, and himself, had observed with marked admiration the works of the Sheffield School, especially in design. He hoped it would not only keep up its present success, but become still more successful. It did infinite credit to Mr. Young Mitchell and the assistant masters, whose duty was done very conscientiously. He appealed to the Sheffield public heartily to support this school.

## ART IN CONTINENTAL STATES.

PARIS.—The exhibition recently opened by M. F. Petit, in the *locale* built for the works of Ary Scheffer, is a great acquisition at the early time of the year to the Parisian and foreigners who visit Paris: in it are some of the best works of the most distinguished French artists—Bonington, Marilhat, Paul Delaroche, C. Roqueplan, Ary Scheffer, Alf. Johannot, Charlet, Renouville, Ingres, Horace Vernet, Robert Fleury, Eug. Delacroix, H. Flandrin, Decamps, Henri Leys (d'Anvers), Gaillet, Isabey, Th. Rousseau, P. Rousseau, Diaz, Brascassat, Troyon, Rosa Bonheur, M. Broure, Meissonnier, Davy, Corot, Daubigny, Guadin, Hébert, Gérôme, Bida, Picou, Breton, Raffet, Desgoffes, Tassart, &c., &c. They were selected from the galleries of many eminent amateurs, and the choice has been made in a conscientious spirit and with judgment; the exhibition is a real treat to all those who know anything of the school and of fine Art. The catalogue calls it the "first exhibition;" we assume, therefore, it will be followed by others: they will prove advantageous in Paris, where the "Salon" is opened only every alternate year. Amongst the improvements of Paris the right side of the *Champs Elysées* is to be covered with gardens to correspond with those round the *Palais d'Industrie* on the left.—The hall of the hospital, *La Charité*, has been painted in fresco, gratuitously, by artists in memory of Lantara, the eminent landscape painter, who died there: a poet wrote for him the following epitaph:—

Clign' le peintre Lantara,  
La Foi lui tenait lieu de livre,  
L'Espérance le faisait vivre,  
Et la Charité l'enterra.

Within the last two years 210 statues or groups in bronze, marble, and stone, have been placed in the Louvre. At present it is the square of the old Louvre which exhibits the talents of the various sculptors: some of the works are copies from antiquity, others are original. The latter are 'Phrynos,' by Elms Robert; a 'Nymph,' by M. Courlet; 'Hebe,' by Hauvenin; 'Perseros,' by Lanzotti; 'Paris,' by Rietz; 'Helen,' by Elze; 'Inspiration' (2), 'Omphale' (2), 'Sappho' (2), 'Bathsheba,' by Prouha, Eudes, Chambard, Crauck, Loison, Oudine, and Travaux, respectively. The sculptures have been a great assistance and encouragement to French artists.—We read in the *Patrie* that the exportations from Rome, in 1859, of statues and ancient and modern paintings, amount in value to the sum of 380,330 crowns: the ancient paintings are estimated at 15,136 crowns, modern at 133,689; ancient sculpture at 1,690, and modern sculpture 229,370 crowns. These sums are given by the minister of Fine Arts and Industry, and do not include a statue found at the gate of St. John of Lateran, purchased by a Russian at a very high price.—At the recent sale of Lord Seymour's gallery of paintings a picture, of moderate size, by Bonington, was sold to Lord Hertford for 49,600 francs.

Ghent.—The brothers Van Eyck, who flourished in the early part of the fifteenth century, have, until somewhat recently, been regarded as the founders of oil painting: an additional proof to the contrary has been made by the discovery in the Hôtel de Ville of Ghent. A parchment has been found there containing a description of oil painting, which proves that the art was known in Ghent in 1328, in Paris 1391, in Lille 1383, and in Tournay in 1351; and that the Van Eycks made use of oil in painting at Ghent in 1411 and in 1419, for the works executed by them in the saloons of the Hôtel de Ville.

Brussels.—An exhibition of works of Art by living artists is announced to open at Brussels on the 1st of August, and to end on the 30th of September next.



## PUBLIC DRINKING FOUNTAINS.

No less "strange" than "the uses of adversity" are many of the conditions which experience declares to be incidental to prosperity; and, in like manner, a state of the most advanced civilization is ordinarily characterized by inconsistencies, that with difficulty find a parallel under the rudest aspect of savage life. Thus, we live in the era of the locomotive, of the electric telegraph, and of the steam press, and yet we have but just learned to recognise the justice of that Egyptian usage which removed from the midst of crowded cities the cemeteries of the dead; and even now we are not advanced far beyond such experimental efforts as may eventually lead us to provide supplies of pure water sufficient to meet the requirements of our dense populations. The pernicious and degrading evils of intemperance we know but too well; yet, while seeking to arrest and to check the progress of this crying evil, we have only now begun to strike our blows at its roots, by inviting the thirsty to public drinking fountains. At length, however, the first steps have been taken in the direction which so long has been altogether disregarded, and a free supply of pure water—obtainable with ease in situations and under circumstances where it is most needed—has become one of the great philanthropic objects of the day. This is in accordance with that admirable principle by which the career of vice is at least deprived of the plea that it is inevitable—that it is a necessity, naturally and unavoidably arising from the existing constitution of things.

The public drinking fountain offers to the thirsty an alternative. It does not affect, it does not aim or even desire to coerce men to be sober; but it gives to all a chance of sobriety. It enables the poor in our cities and towns to choose whether their thirst shall be allayed by its cool stream, or by what the public-house has to offer from its "stores." It asks no payment for water, if men are willing or desirous to drink water; and it leaves them to determine which is the better, the free draught from the spring, or the costly potations that contain ingredients of a character so dangerous and perchance so destructive. Without drinking fountains, in the great majority of instances, persons in the humbler stations of life are actually compelled to frequent and habitually to spend portions of their small incomes at public-houses. It is most important that the fountains should be regarded simply as the means of removing any such necessity, and substituting for it an even choice between water that invites the thirsty, and strong drinks which cannot be obtained without being paid for. The object is to enable men to obtain water, not to compel them to drink it. Drinking fountains act as moral agents, in setting before men the means of acting as free moral agents themselves. They provide water, and they say,—"Here is water: do you desire to drink it? If so, come, it is for you. It is pure, and fresh, and cool. Come, drink—drink freely." But there is not even a hint at compulsion. There is no thought of any

such saying as this,—"Here is water; this you must drink, if you drink at all. Venture to take a draught from any other supplies, and there is a penalty which the law will not fail to exact."

It is the same with every most important and most salutary agency for public amelioration: in every instance men must be dealt with as men. The good has to be placed before them as well as the evil. They have become familiar with the evil already; well, now enable them to become at least no less familiar with the good. Men have fallen into habits of intemperance; let temperance at least be within their reach. Men have been content to remain in a lamentable condition of mental and

the same time they *only* provide and offer water. Whether the water shall or shall not be drunk, remains to be determined absolutely by men themselves.

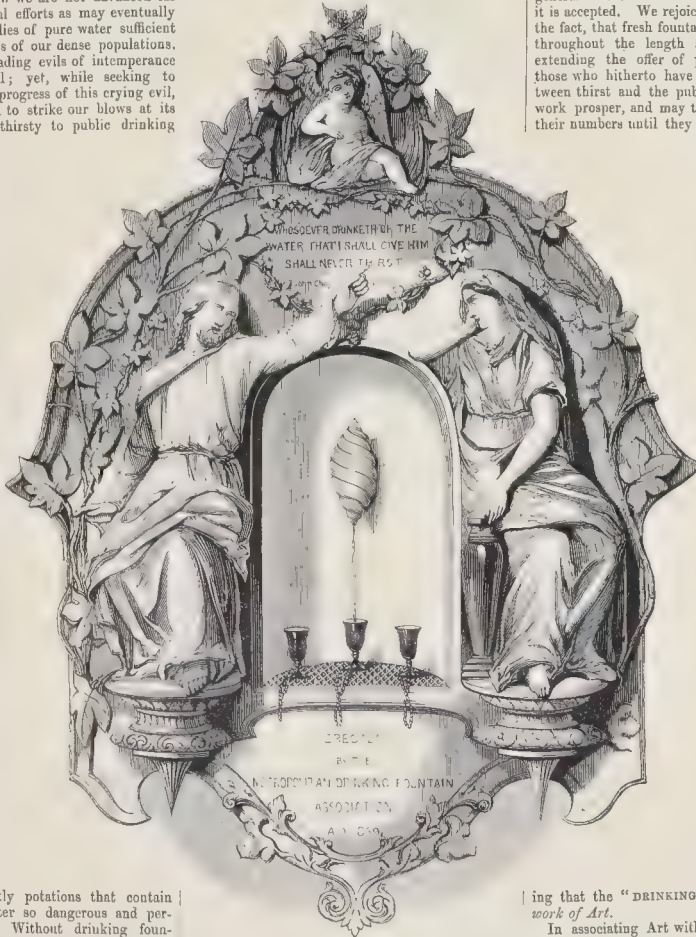
And where these beneficent, these eloquently silent fountains have been placed, men have very clearly expressed how highly prized are the offer and the alternative which they make. The actual use of the public fountains has already far exceeded the most sanguine expectations of their founders; and, as the fountains increase in numbers, and as their value accordingly becomes more generally known, each individual fountain is found to have an increasing demand upon its resources. The more general is the offer of water, the more abundantly it is accepted. We rejoice to know, and to record the fact, that fresh fountains are rising almost daily throughout the length and breadth of the land, extending the offer of pure water continually to those who hitherto have known no alternative between thirst and the public-house. May the good work prosper, and may these fountains increase in their numbers until they form a confederacy no less

numerous than the establishments which, if they do not tempt men into intemperance, certainly do enable them to become intemperate.

There is one circumstance connected with the movement for establishing free public drinking fountains, which exercises a direct claim upon ourselves for our especial approval and support. This is the artistic character which the actual fountains have been made to assume. It is impossible to speak too strongly in commendation of this felicitous adornment of the water-fountains. Even the most pernicious of the public-houses abound in gorgeous and glittering decorations, and seek to cover over their real deformities with a mask of splendour. Very different is the beauty that is appropriate to the water-fountain; and yet it has, and ought to have, a beauty peculiarly its own. Nature loves to clothe with her loveliest charms the crystal springs which well forth from the ground. Poetry ever associates a fountain with the brightest and the fairest imagery; and so it is altogether most becoming

that the "DRINKING FOUNTAIN" should be a work of Art.

In associating Art with our drinking fountains, we have significantly expressed the pure excellency of their functions. We have also, by the same means, and at the same time, grouped these fountains together in a beautiful fellowship with the fruitful sources of natural fertility and verdure, and also with every spring that is famous in its historical and poetic associations. There is a charm in the very words—*drinking fountains*. They lead the thoughts to the weary and the thirst-worn of other ages and of distant lands, who sought repose and refreshment where there were "fountains" of water. The patriarchs, digging wells as the most precious of possessions, arise in our remembrance: Moses appears, with his rod uplifted over the water-yielding rock: we call to mind how ONE greater than Moses sat on the way-side at a well—a "drinking fountain"—and conversed with a daughter of that city who went thither, as her custom was, to



moral ignorance: then place before them the option of obtaining a consistent education. Men have become inured to a system of inhabiting dwellings in which comfort and propriety are alike impossible: empower them, therefore, to obtain habitations consistent with civilized life, and suitable for the members of a Christian community. The grand improvement that is to be desired so ardently will proceed—and indeed it can proceed only—from the spontaneous choice of the better part by men who are free to choose.

In no aspect is the existing effort to establish free public drinking fountains more worthy of attention, than in its appeal to the better natures of those whom it seeks to benefit. The fountains are "free," in every sense of the word. They provide water without payment. They offer water to all. At



draw, little imagining that she should be bidden, on that memorable evening, to drink once and for ever from the fountain-head of living waters. Nor do we forget

"Silva's fount, that flow'd  
Fast by the oracles of God."

And, in their becoming order, we pass in mental review the celebrated fountains of classic antiquity; and from them our train of thought glides onwards, through the long vista of years, to the many "holy wells" of the middle ages. With the Roman poet, we admire the fountain that sparkled, in his fair Italy, with a splendour more brilliant than the glittering crystal; and then we dwell delightedly upon the picture which memory paints in her most vivid colours of the long-neglected well, down beneath the zigzag fretted arch in ruined Glastonbury. Again, another poet of old Rome carries us with him to that cool grot, *nympharum domus*, where, deep in the living rock, the bright waters slept to their own murmuring; and, once more, a master minstrel of our own bids us mark

"A little fountain-cell,  
Where water, clear as diamond spark,  
In a stone basin fell.  
Above, some half-worn letters say,—  
'DRINK, WILLY PILGRIM, DRINK, AND PRAY  
FOR THE KIND SOUL OF SIBYL GREY,  
WHO BUILT THIS CROSS AND WELL.'"

Fierce and deadly was the  
strife that once raged upon  
the plain of Flodden,  
where

"From out the little hill  
Oozes the slender springlet  
still,"

though

"Time's wasting hand has  
done away  
The simple cross of Sibyl  
Grey,  
And broke her font of  
stone."

In like manner, it is in the very centre of the stern battle of life that our "drinking fountains" now spring forth, suitably adorned with such beauties as Art knows so well how to provide, and with legends of precious teaching graven above or beside their streams. And we build them for endurance, as well as for present utility. They are designed to flow on, as perennial streams, are these "drinking fountains;" and their structural and artistic accessories are intended to disregard even "Time's wasting hand." Granite and iron are the materials with which we construct our fountains. And both the granite and the iron have learned to yield obedience to the will of Art.

It is, however, more especially to drinking fountains formed of iron that we now desire to direct the thoughtful attention of our readers. We assume their ready and cordial assent to the *drinking fountain principle*; and we have no hesitation in concluding that their views accord with our own in considering that every drinking fountain ought to be a beautiful as well as a practically beneficial and useful object. Durability also is necessarily an important quality—that peculiar durability which is no less competent to resist even wilful injuries than to endure the inevitable wear and tear of time. Iron, prepared in a manner that effectually defies the action both of the atmosphere and of liquids, naturally suggests itself as the most suitable material for the great majority of these fountains. It can be only in comparatively exceptional instances that the cost of the fountains is held to be altogether secondary to the excellence both of their material and of their art. Sculptured granite, por-

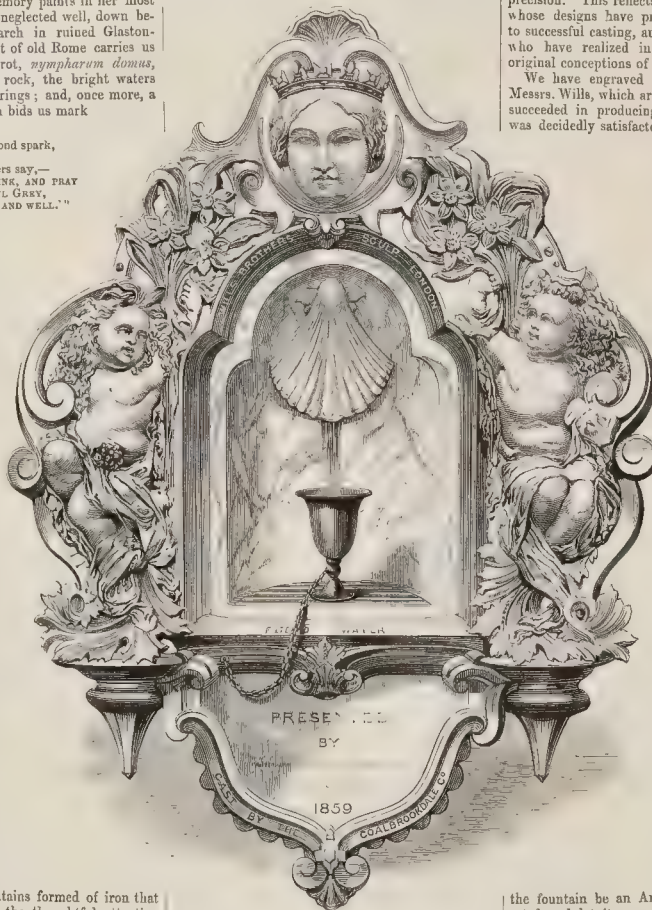
phyry and basalt, or bronze wrought after original designs, must certainly be at least comparatively rare. But iron fulfils precisely the conditions that are inseparable from the ordinary and prevalent examples. It is strong, enduring, and consistent; it freely admits artistic treatment, and it is obtainable at moderate charges. And this appropriate material is being dealt with in an eminently satisfactory manner. As the fountains themselves have secured a systematic support, so also there are artists who have devoted their peculiar attention to the production and execution of suitable designs for them in iron. As a matter of course, the same artists are prepared to execute fountains in other

carefulness and a delicacy of finish in these works, combined with a breadth and freedom of composition and general treatment, which assign to them a high status as works of Art; at the same time they are no less admirable as manufactures, being most happily adapted to the successful discharge of their appointed duties. The iron has the appearance of having been permanently bronzed, those parts of the structures which come into immediate contact with the water being coated with a species of enamel. The figures and other objects which constitute the designs, together with the commemorative and other legends inscribed upon these fountains, are executed with extraordinary sharpness and precision. This reflects equal credit upon the artists whose designs have proved to be so well adapted to successful casting, and upon the actual producers who have realized in so artistic a manner the original conceptions of the sculptors.

We have engraved four of the designs of the Messrs. Wills, which are amongst the first that they succeeded in producing in iron in a manner that was decidedly satisfactory. Since the execution of

our wood engravings, the studio of the artists has witnessed their rapid progress with fresh designs, which show a considerable advance in treatment, beyond the examples that now accompany these columns. And not only have the Messrs. Wills been successful in the development of varied designs, but they have also greatly improved the structural forms and arrangements of the fountains. They are more deeply recessed, and the reliefs are also bolder and more effective. The compositions that at the present moment are engaging the special attention of the sculptors—as we were glad to observe on the occasion of a recent visit to their studio—comprise a variety of natural productions, that have a direct association with springs or fountains of fresh water. This is precisely what we consider to be most desirable. Figures we would have to be generally so far subordinate to the leading idea, that they should rather convey some impression, or impersonate some incident, that may be consistently associated with the object and use of a drinking fountain, than themselves constitute the primary and most impressive feature of the decorative composition. Let

the fountain be an Art-fountain, artistically decorated, and let it convey some definite teaching, or express some peculiar symbolism by means of its accessories. It is also of great importance that classic sentiments should yield to such as are either of native growth, or which may be directly interwoven with national ideas and traditions; and also that there should exist at least a general consistency of sentiment between the Art-character of any fountain and the local peculiarities of the district in which it may be placed. The sculptors who have already accomplished so much, will not fail to carry out their project throughout the wide field of subject material that expands before them; and they will find their own treatment of these drinking fountains to be continually acquiring fresh excellence, as they proceed to think still more seriously, and to work with even increased enthusiasm. And other artists will both share and encourage them in their labours, until the drinking



materials, as other artists are ready to undertake commissions for drinking fountains; but it is to the Messrs. Wills Brothers, of Euston Road, that the promoters of drinking fountains, together with all who are interested in their diffusion and success, are eminently indebted for the ability, skill, and earnestness with which they have directed their thoughts to the production of iron fountains.

These gentlemen, sculptors by profession, and artists of no common ability, have considered the production of iron drinking fountains to be of sufficient importance to form a distinct class of Art-manufacture. Arrangements accordingly have been made by them with the directors of the Coalbrookdale Iron Works, by means of which they have secured for their designs an artistic rendering that constitutes a new era in iron castings. There is a



fountains of England shall have become famous amongst her public works of Art, and shall have done much in their turn to impart a more artistic character to our cities and towns.

It is with the utmost satisfaction that we have thus opening before our view another illustration of the felicitous and appropriate co-operation of Art with manufacture. The iron drinking fountains are true "Art-manufactures." They are the productions of a two-fold agency: both the sculptors in London, and the iron-workers at Coalbrookdale, under the direction and superintendence of Mr. Crooke, have their own share in these works, and to each their proper meed of commendation and approval must be awarded. The excellence of the castings affords a fresh example of the truly wonderful manipulative ability with which iron is now rendered subservient to artistic treatment. However admirable the skill of the early workers in this metal, our own artists and artist-workmen have fully equalled their very best productions. The working of iron in association with Art is always regarded by us with the deepest interest, and we consequently derive the most lively gratification from the appearance of the Coalbrookdale fountains, at the same time that we see iron wrought so ably at Coventry for still more decided architectural purposes.

To return briefly to the general subject, we may suggest the propriety of extending very widely the practice of erecting drinking fountains as *monumental memorials*, or as *thank-offerings* for mercies and blessings received. A grateful tribute or a happy commemoration can scarcely find a more excellent mode of expression. The pure stream, as it flows continually, symbolizes with peculiar expressiveness both the heartfelt aspiration and the cherished remembrance; and the blessing which the waters dispense as they flow, is a truly touching echo to the sentiments as well of gratitude as of eulogium.

It is another point of much interest that provision should be made, whenever circumstances render it available, for extending the water supply to thirsty animals, besides providing it for human wayfarers. And care must be taken, too, that our drinking fountains find their way into those localities where their presence is really most urgently required. This must necessarily be a matter to be gradually accomplished. Nor can its accomplishment altogether precede the general extension of these fountains in sites where their presence may be considered to be of a lesser degree of importance. It is not to be expected, nor indeed is it even to be desired, that every most thirsty spot should first be enabled to bear witness to the pious care of some modern Sibyl Grey. The work required will not be perfected, unless it be carried on far beyond the limits of the least favoured of our urban districts. We desire to have these pure fountains as well in the high places as in the lowest. We wish the occupants of the lowest to know, and to feel, that the same streams that flow freely beside their paths, pour forth exactly similar supplies in the midst of what are called the highways of fashion. The drinking fountains should find their way everywhere. Always absolutely free of access and use,

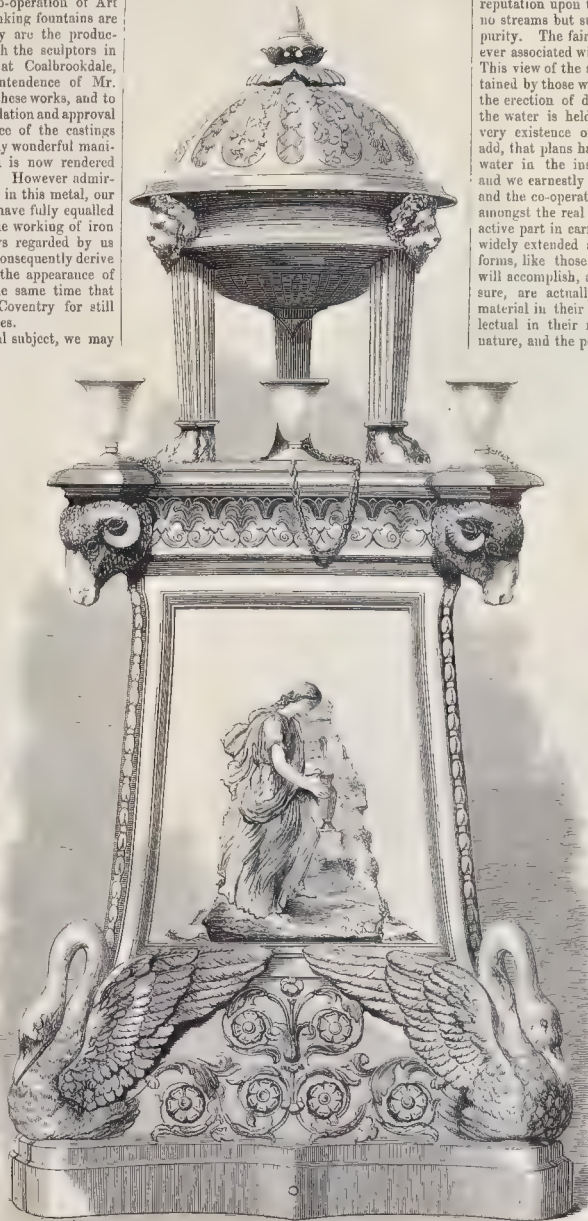
always sufficiently abundant, in every instance known to yield pure water only, they will only attain to complete success through the universality of their presence. And they must also be invariably attractive objects. Like nature's own works, our drinking fountains must always be beautiful. Their artistic

salubrious, but actually tainted with loathsome and noxious qualities. And it is truly sad to add, that these insidious elements are the most surely and the most fatally prevalent in water which has the brightest aspect, and is most refreshing to the taste. Now the drinking fountains have to build up their reputation upon the recognised fact of their yielding no streams but such as are distinguished for genuine purity. The fair imagery of the fountain is to be ever associated with the pure freshness of its waters. This view of the subject has been thoughtfully entertained by those who are most energetic in procuring the erection of drinking fountains. The purity of the water is held to be absolutely essential to the very existence of a drinking fountain. We may add, that plans have been formed for providing pure water in the instance of every drinking fountain; and we earnestly invite the sympathy, the support, and the co-operation of all who would desire to rank amongst the real benefactors of mankind, to take an active part in carrying out these plans in the most widely extended and comprehensive manner. Reforms, like those which public drinking fountains will accomplish, and which they already, in a measure, are actually accomplishing, though simply material in their basis, are highly moral and intellectual in their results. Such is the amount, the nature, and the permanency of the good to be thus

effected, and such the classes to be especially benefited, so simple also are the means employed in the work, that, without offending any, and without exciting even the slightest opposition, these fountains may surely with confidence rely upon a most cordial response from all to whom any appeal on their behalf may have been made.

To the munificence of an individual citizen, Mr. Melly, Liverpool is indebted for the erection of no less than thirty-five free public drinking fountains. In London the first fountain was erected by Mr. Gurney; and in several other towns the example so nobly set at Liverpool has been liberally followed. Still, it is evident that the provision of fountains in such numbers as would be really adequate to the requirements of all our large cities and towns, and more particularly in the instance of the metropolis, cannot be expected from individuals. The work can be accomplished in its completeness only by the combined action of many. There are, indeed, several valid reasons for such a work being undertaken and carried on by an influential and permanent association, constituted expressly for that purpose. The existence and action of such an association is required both by the nature and the magnitude of the undertaking, and by the peculiar functions to be discharged. The selection of sites; the guarantee both that the fountains should be suitably constructed, and that they should supply pure water; the choice of decorative subjects for the fountains themselves, together with the permanent supervision of them after their erection, are all duties peculiarly appropriate to an

association. The operations of such an association also would be eminently calculated to elicit and to impart a systematic character to the munificence of individuals in this matter. Persons desirous to assist in this good work, would readily co-operate



beauty also must symbolize their sterling character. It is amongst the most grievous of the evils attendant upon the still prevalent supply of water to our large towns, that in a very large proportion of instances the water itself is not only not pure and

with an association, in full confidence that their own efforts would by such means be most beneficially applied. And again, the very fact that a "Drinking Fountains Association" was in vigorous operation, would at once attract general attention to the subject, and would invite and stimulate co-operation on the part of the wealthy and the munificent. It would indeed be a primary object with such an association in every way to

facilitating the formation of a "Drinking Fountains Association," we are endeavouring to bring about a great public good, and accordingly it will be our earnest and anxious care both to devote our own attention to this subject, and to press it upon our readers. We hope at no distant period to advert to what such an association will have actually accomplished; and we look forward to being enabled to point, with becoming satisfaction, no less to the



stimulate and encourage local action, as, on the other hand, local and individual efforts would receive the most valuable aid from the central body. For ourselves, we are assured that in advocating the formation of a "Drinking Fountains Association," we are endeavouring to bring about a great public good, and accordingly it will be our earnest and anxious care both to devote our own attention to this subject, and to press it upon our readers. We hope at no distant period to advert to what such an association will have actually accomplished; and we look forward to being enabled to point, with becoming satisfaction, no less to the

felicitous adornment of our public places by the drinking fountains that will have sprung up in them, than to the beneficent influences which they will continue to exercise.

## CHASTITY.

FROM THE STATUE BY J. DURHAM.

"Of all the Arts, that of sculpture is the one possessing the least extensive means as concerns the representation of actions—the least various in that of personages. Devoid of the resources of colours and their effects, and limited to a very small number of figures in statuary, and of aspects in *basso-relievo*, this art would express fewer things than any other, did it not compensate by the intrinsic worth of its images for what they want in diversity, and attain in them, by a collected and condensed significance, what they cannot acquire in number, extent, and narrative qualities. Hence, therefore, this art endeavours to collect together, under a small number of signs, a very large mass of ideas, and to produce the most forcible impression by the fewest means. . . . The secret of this art consists in expressing so much the more, the less it speaks."\* If, as we understand the foregoing remarks, sculpture has such difficulties to contend against in the representation of narrative or history, where groups of figures are necessary, how much greater is the task where the sculptor has to symbolize a single idea, as it were? and that idea, moreover, one of a character, or quality, so closely allied with another similar to it, that the shades of difference are scarcely to be distinguished. Take, for example, the moral attributes of Purity, of which we gave a sculptured representation a few months ago, and of Chastity, as offered to us in Mr. Durham's work; again, Modesty and Simplicity may be classed in the same category—all may be associated, but all do not convey exactly the same idea. Chastity is of a far higher quality than the others; it is a power self-sustained by the force and majesty of its own wisdom, and sense of duty to God and man: it is woman's own true attribute. Purity, and her sisters, Modesty and Simplicity, are only other names for Innocence, and are as applicable to childhood as to those of riper years. Milton has, we think, intimated such a distinction in the following exquisitely beautiful passage in "Comus"—

"So dear to Heaven is saintly Chastity,  
That when a soul is found sincerely so,  
A thousand liveried angels lacquey her,  
Driving far off each thing of sin and guilt,  
And in clear dream and welcome vision,  
Tell her of things that no gross ear can hear;  
Till oft converse with heavenly visitants  
Begin to cast and teem on th' outward shape  
The unpolluted temple of the mind,  
And turn it by degrees to the soul's essence,  
Till all be made immortal."

And Dryden also, when, speaking of the influences of this virtue, he says,—

"Not the mountain ice  
Congeal'd to crystal, is so frosty chaste  
As thy victorious soul, which conquers man,  
And man's proud tyrant, passion."

Mr. Durham's statue, or rather statuette, for the figure is considerably below life-size, was suggested by another passage than that already quoted from the dramatic poem of "Comus,"—

"Thou unblemished form of Chastity!  
I see thee visibly, and now believe  
That He, the Supreme Good, to whom all things ill  
Are but the slavish officers of vengeance,  
Would send a glistering guardian, if need were,  
To keep my life and honour unassail'd."

It is only rendering justice to the sculptor, when we acknowledge that the head in our engraving does not adequately express the personal beauty and moral dignity of the original. The artist who made the drawing was unwell at the time, and his usually skilful hand and correct eye had lost somewhat of their cunning; but enough of the mind which created the figure is seen, to show that it is a work highly poetical in conception, and in harmony with the subject sought to be realized. The attitude is unaffected yet majestic, the drapery graceful in its flow and simple in arrangement. A larger amplitude and more fanciful display might, probably, have exhibited to greater advantage the mechanical skill of the sculptor; yet he has shown discretion and taste in avoiding such a theme. The sceptre of lilies in the hands of Chastity is emblematical of her pure nature.

\* Quatremère de Quincy on "The Nature, End, and Means of Imitation in the Fine Arts."









THE  
NATIONAL FLAGS OF ENGLAND:  
THEIR HISTORY AND ASSOCIATIONS.

WITH A GLANCE AT THE FLAGS OF  
OTHER NATIONS.

BY CHARLES BOUTELL, M.A.,

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"CHRISTIAN MONUMENTS IN ENGLAND AND WALES," "MONU-  
MENTAL BRASSES AND SLABS," ETC., ETC.

PART X.—THE SECOND UNION-JACK.

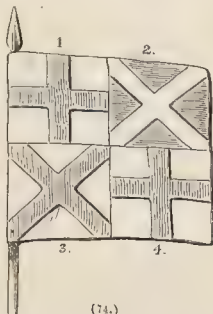
FROM the time of the proclamation of King James I. in 1603, until the commencement of the present century, the "Union-Jack" was a flag formed from a combination of the crosses of St. George and St. Andrew, as I have represented it in (71), and it was the national banner of Great Britain—of the United Kingdom, that is, of England and Scotland.

Upon the first of January, 1801, in the reign of George III., in consequence of the union with Ireland, instructions were issued for the preparation of a fresh design for the national banner, in which the cross of St. Patrick—the ensign of the sister island—should be combined with the crosses of St. George and St. Andrew, "as they were then used." Such an order would imply the retention of the principle upon which the heralds of King James had produced their flag; and, accordingly, the process of engraving was again to be adopted, with the view to produce a single flag of cruciform character from a combination of the three crosses of St. George, St. Andrew, and St. Patrick. The cross of St. Patrick (73), as I have already shown, like that of St. Andrew, is disposed diagonally, the colours



(73.)

being the same as those of the banner of St. George—that is, a red saltire resting upon a white field. Had the process of *quartering* been previously in use, and the first Union-Jack had been such a flag as is represented in (72), the banner of St. Patrick would have been introduced into the third quarter of the composition, and the new union-jack would have appeared like (74). The



(74.)

symbolism of such a flag as this, it may be observed, would have borne a strict analogy to the blazon of the royal banner in its present form (75). I place my sketches of the two flags (74 and 75) here side by side, for the purpose of facilitating a comparison between them. The cross of England, as it will be seen, would thus have appeared in the first and

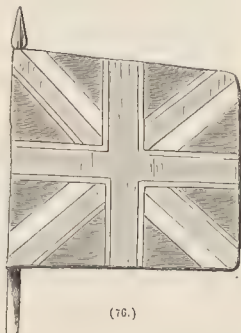
fourth quarters of the national banner, as the lions of England actually appear in the same quarters of the royal banner; the cross of Scotland, and the lion of Scotland, would have occupied similar positions in the second quarters of the two flags; and the cross and the harp of Ireland would have been displayed in the two flags, each in the third quarter. A coincidence in adjustment might thus have been produced, by far too remarkable to be passed over



(75.)

without notice. Such a quartered ensign might, indeed, be very happily added to the "National Flags of England," particularly if a device to represent the colonies were to be substituted in the fourth quarter for the second introduction of the red cross.

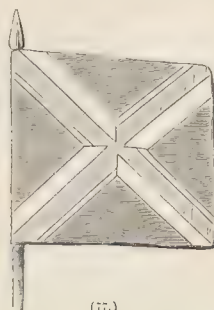
The actual form of the arrangement and composition of the Second Union-Jack—the Union-Jack of the present day—was in close conformity with the original flag, in accordance with the instructions of



(76.)

January 1st, 1801, at which time the new banner (76) was declared by a royal proclamation to be the "UNION FLAG OF THE UNITED KINGDOM OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND." It is by no means easy to give a clear description of the mode of proceeding adopted by the heralds on this occasion. Their object was to combine the cross of St. Patrick with the engrafted crosses of St. George and St. Andrew; and, as the crosses of St. Andrew and St. Patrick were crosses saltire, they appear to have considered that the desired combination would be most satisfactorily accomplished, by setting the limbs of these two crosses together in pairs, the white and the red alternating, and precedence being given to the white, in deference to the place occupied in the first Union-Jack by the banner of St. Andrew. The blue field or ground of St. Andrew's banner it was determined still to retain as before,—an arrangement which would render necessary the introduction of narrow strips of white ("fimbriations"), that might intervene between one side of each red diagonal and the blue field of the flag. The new Union-Jack—no one ever thought of calling it a Union-George—in this, the first stage of its deve-

lopment, is shown in (77). The flag was completed, as in the former instance, by placing over the combined saltires the cross of St. George, with its white edging, or "fimbriation" (76). In constructing the Union-Jack, it is to be observed, that all the

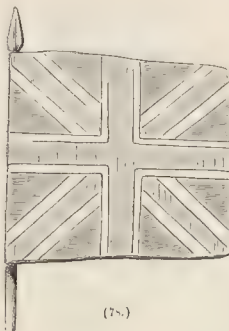


(77.)

white edgings, or "fimbriations," should be very narrow, that the alternate white and red limbs of the compound diagonal cross should be of equal width, and that the upright red cross should have its width so adjusted as to be in harmonious proportion with the other members of the composition. When displayed, this flag is always to be hoisted having the diagonal broad white uppermost next to the staff, or line of suspension, as in (76).

The new design must be admitted to be by no means happy in the manner in which it deals with the Scottish and Irish saltires. As is clearly apparent from (77), they both lose their integrity and completeness as crosses. And in the Union flag itself (76), in which the intersection of the diagonal lines is covered and concealed by the cross of St. George, the difference in the width of the white on the two sides of the diagonal red members of the composition, produces an effect which is at once singular and perplexing. This effect may be, in a great degree, obviated by making the white fimbriations as narrow as possible.

It seems to me more than a little strange, when once the principle of forming an engrafted banner was determined on, that the simple expedient of successively placing one cross upon another should not have been adopted; and more especially so, on the occasion of the second change, seeing that, in reality, this is what had been actually done in the composition of the first Union banner of King James.



(78.)

Such an arrangement is shown in (78), where the three crosses are really present. The white saltire of St. Andrew there rests upon its proper ground of blue, and, at the same time, it represents the white field of the red saltire of St. Patrick. This mode of engrafting the two saltires is clearly apparent from (79). Placed over all, and having a border of white to represent its own white field, the red cross of St. George would stand well to the front of this illustrious fraternity (78). The expression "fraternity," as applied to the component elements of

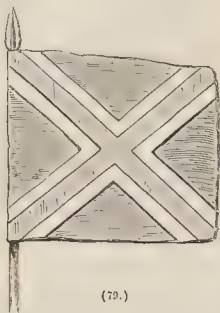
our national banner, involuntarily brings to remembrance the fine Italian adage—

"Tre Fratelli,  
Tre Castelli;"

which we may render—

We Brothers three,  
Three Castles be;

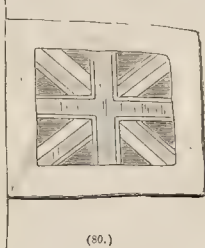
for, certainly, the three crosses of the three realms of the United Kingdom are symbols of three castles of strength—each one grand and mighty in itself—the three sublime in the fixed stability of their consolidated power. Such a flag as I have just suggested, would seem to have been preferable to the one which was actually designed and adopted, from the circumstance of its being so simple in its combination, that each cross appears in it clearly and



(79.)

distinctly; and also because a description of it, whether in heraldic or in ordinary language, would be both easily intelligible and indisputably correct. It is impossible, however, to add, that I desire to see even this change introduced into our Union-Jack, trifling as such a change would be, while it would be productive of such decided improvement in the aspect of the flag itself. The associations of the old flag are too glorious, and their influence by far too strong, to admit any modifications whatever in its blazonry.

The Union-Jack, when carried by merchant-vessels or packets, is distinguished from the same flag on board vessels of the royal navy by being surrounded by a broad border of white, as in (80).



(80.)

I may here repeat that the UNION-JACK—the "National Flag of England" *par excellence*—as it has "braved the battle and the breeze" since January 1st, 1801, is represented in (76); before that day, and ranging back from thence till April 6th, 1606, the "Union-Jack" was such as appears in (71); and then again, still earlier in the "thousand years" of its free and triumphant display, "the meteor flag of England" was the red cross banner of St. George (69).

#### PART XI.—ENSIGNS.

I have not been able to discover any proclamation, or other authoritative document, to which may be ascribed the introduction and use of another class of our national flags—ships' ENSIGNS. These flags may be considered to have been derived from the habitual use of both banners and standards at sea, at early periods in English maritime history; and it is highly probable that they may have gra-

dually assumed their distinctive character concurrently with the disuse of miscellaneous heraldic insignia. The term "Ensign" is the title given to the large flag which, when they hoist any colours, English ships carry displayed at the stern of the vessel. The ensign is the principal flag of the ship, unless, indeed, special circumstances should demand the display of the royal banner. In all ships of war, the ensign both declares the vessel to be one of the wooden walls of old England, and also specifies with what division or squadron of the British fleet each individual ship for the time being is associated.

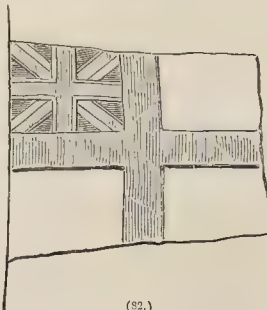
These squadrons of our fleet are three in number, and they are severally distinguished by the colours of the flags borne by the three divisions of our admirals, Red, White, and Blue. There are three grades or ranks also of our admirals in each division,—those of *Admiral*, *Vice-Admiral*, and *Rear-Admiral*. The rank of our admirals, accordingly, is thus distinguished (and I name them in their order of precedence), Admirals of the Red, the White, the Blue; Vice-Admirals of the Red, the White, the Blue; and Rear-Admirals of the Red, the White, and the Blue. There are seven admirals, nine vice-admirals, and seventeen rear-admirals in each squadron—in all ninety-nine. All admirals are entitled "Flag Officers;" and the senior Admiral of the Red is styled "Admiral of the Fleet."

Every admiral has his own flag, which is displayed from the mast-head of his ship,—the flag of an admiral from the *main* (or central) mast; the flag of a vice-admiral from the *fore-mast*; and that of a rear-admiral from the *mizzen* (or sternmost) mast. The flags of admirals, vice and rear-admirals of the red, are plain red flags; those of the three ranks of admirals of the blue, are plain blue flags; but the admirals, vice and rear-admirals



(81.)

of the white severally carry, at the main, the fore, and the mizzen, a white flag with a red cross (69)—the ancient banner of St. George, in its original purity and nobleness. The ensigns carried by ships under the orders of admirals of the red, white, and blue, are distinguished as the *Red Ensign*, the *White Ensign*, and the *Blue Ensign*. These ensigns are

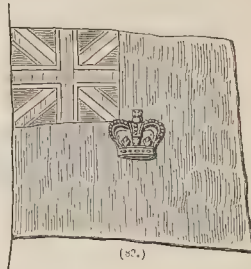


(82.)

large flags, the "red" and the "blue" being plain red and blue flags, and each of them having a Union-Jack inserted in the uppermost quarter towards the staff or point of suspension (81). The "white ensign," which is also called the *St. George's ensign*, is the banner of St. George, having its uppermost

quarter towards the staff occupied by a Union-Jack (82). I may here repeat that, when used alone, the old banner of St. George is now denominated the *St. George's jack*.

The red ensign, besides its use by ships of war, under the orders of admirals of the red, is carried by all English ships of every class, whatsoever be the



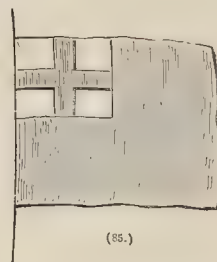
(83.)

nature of their service or employment, as the English ensign. The figure of a crown is occasionally placed upon the red ensign (83), and the white ensign (84), when those flags are used in the royal service. The white and the blue ensigns are carried, by special permission, by the vessels of our yacht squadrons, as well as by ships of war under the orders of admirals of the white and blue. The white,



(84.)

or St. George's ensign (82),—perhaps the most beautiful flag in the world,—is also in general use on shore, on occasions of rejoicing and festivity; it floats from our church towers and other public places, and it shares with the Union-Jack the favour of every patriotic Englishman, who delights to set up a flag-staff of his own.

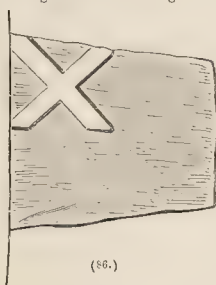


(85.)

Regular ensigns (which, in their primary use, may be regarded as a species of standard adapted to nautical purposes) have been displayed in the English navy for upwards of two hundred years. In the middle of the seventeenth century, Vandevelde's naval pictures give numerous examples of ensigns, as distinguished from either the royal or the national banners. The peculiarity of these early ensigns is that, in place of the Union-Jack, as it is now inserted, they have in their uppermost quarter towards the staff, the old banner of St. George, as is shown in (85), drawn from a Vandevelde at Hampton Court. In another

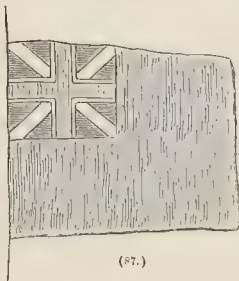


of the Hampton pictures a ship appears, carrying a similar red ensign at her stern, the first Union-Jack at her peak and main, and smaller red ensigns of the same description at her mizzen and foremast heads. A ship, undoubtedly of Scotland, is represented in another of these pictures, having a large blue ensign with the white saltire of St. Andrew, instead of the customary red cross of St. George; and she also carries similar flags of smaller dimensions at each of her mast-heads, and on her bowsprit. Possibly this Scottish blue ensign (86) may declare the origin of the three ensigns of the United



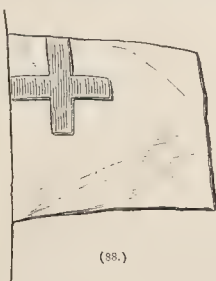
(86.)

Kingdom, and, with their origin, that of the three squadrons of the British fleet—the blue, derived from the blue field of the banner of St. Andrew; as the white and the red would be from the white field and the red crosses of St. George and St. Patrick. The red ensign may also have had its colour determined by the red field of the royal banner, which bears the three golden lions of England. Nearly all the ships in the highly interesting pictures to which I have referred, carry, in addition to their other flags, the first Union-Jack upon a small staff rising from the extremity of the bowsprit. This usage still obtains in our navy; our own Union-Jack still is



(87.)

displayed, from her bowsprit-end, by every British man-of-war. Thus does the flag of England flash above the waters, wherever they yield a passage to our ships, "as they sweep through the deep" that encircles their island home.



(88.)

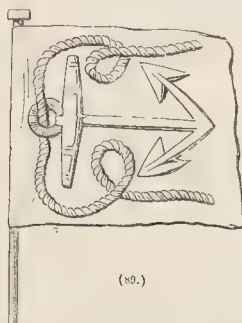
In the picture, also at Hampton Court, which represents the embarkation of William III. from Holland, in 1688, the ensigns carried by the English ships are either plain red, or red with the St. George (85), or red with the first Union-Jack (87).

This is the earliest instance of which I am aware of the Union flag being substituted for the St. George in an ensign. Other ships in this picture carry a tricolour ensign, having the blue, white, and red arranged horizontally. In a picture of sixty years later date, representing the attack upon St. Domingo by Sir C. Knowles, A.D. 1748, a white ensign appears, and is displayed by a ship which carries at her main the simple banner of St. George, and at her fore a plain red flag. This first white ensign is a plain white flag, having the St. George inserted, as in (83). The white or St. George's ensign, adjusted as now in use, does not appear until a later period.

As the eighteenth century advanced, the Union-Jack in its first form (71 and 87) was inserted into all the ensigns, in place of the simple St. George; and, as a matter of course, in the present century, the second Union-Jack, as we now use it, was substituted in the national ensigns for its predecessor (70, 81, and 82).

#### PART XII.—MISCELLANEOUS FLAGS.

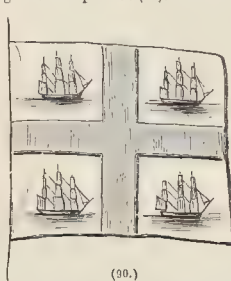
There yet remain to be noticed several flags of great interest, which would not admit of being associated with any of the groups that have already been taken into consideration. Foremost amongst these is the flag of the ADMIRALTY—the ensign of that department of the British Government, in which is vested the supreme administrative authority in matters connected with the royal navy. This characteristic and expressive ensign is red, and bears an anchor and cable of a yellow colour, the anchor being set horizontally upon the field (89).



(89.)

It is displayed over the "Admiralty" offices in London, and at the mast-head of any vessel on board which a "Lord of the Admiralty" may have embarked.

A second equally beautiful and appropriate flag is that of the corporation of the TRINITY HOUSE, under whose care and authority are placed all the light-houses and light-vessels which stud our coasts, and send sometimes a welcome, sometimes a warning, ray afar upon the waters. It is the ancient banner of St. George, having in each quarter a small figure of a ship in red (90).

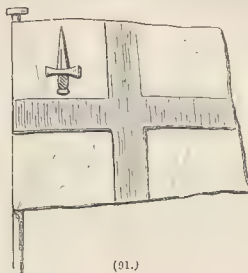


(90.)

Another modification of the banner of St. George is the worshipful standard of the CITY OF LONDON (91). It bears a drawn sword, set erect in the first quarter—in memory of the loyal Walworth, Lord Mayor of London, who is said to have struck

down with his sword the rebel, Wat Tyler, A.D. 1381. Like the ships of the Trinity House, the sword in the civic banner is tinctured red.

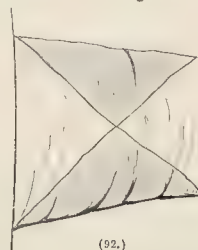
Various other public bodies, including the still existing representatives of our ancient civic and



(91.)

commercial Guilds, have each their own peculiar and appropriate banner. Such is the case also with certain high official personages. These flags are of an heraldic character, and many of them are both interesting and curious in the highest degree. It is not consistent, however, with my present purpose to do more than thus indicate their existence.

Another class of flags, which hold no mean rank amongst the ensigns of England, are those that belong to our great ship owners, and to the companies of proprietors of our noble ocean steamers. These ensigns, entitled "House-flags," declare to what enterprising establishment each of the ships of the splendid mercantile marine of England may be attached. I give, as a specimen of these most interesting flags, the ensign of the "Peninsular and Oriental Steam Navigation Company," which waves at the mast-heads of their magnificent fleet. It is



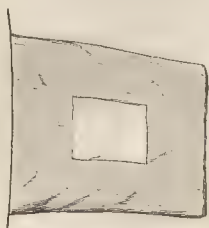
(92.)

quartered diagonally (92), the colours being yellow, red, white, and blue.

Not in the slightest degree inferior in interest to the mercantile "house-flags" are the ensigns and pendants carried by the vessels of the various brilliant yacht clubs, that encircle the coasts of old England, and often cruise far away over distant waters. The yacht ensigns are either the red, white, or blue ensigns of England, in almost every instance distinguished—"differenced," the heralds would say—by some peculiar and appropriate device. The use of these flags is a special privilege, conceded graciously by the Sovereign. The "Royal Yacht Club" is privileged to use the white, or St. George ensign (82), without any difference or distinction; and with it the vessels of this club display a white swallow-tailed pendant, also bearing the red cross of St. George, the cross itself being charged with a royal crown. As another example, I may specify the ensign of the "Royal Thames Yacht Club," which is the blue ensign (81), charged with a crown, as in (83); the pendant is swallow-tailed, blue in colour, and is charged with a white cross.

Then there is the numerous family of "Signal-flags," with which the important work of telegraphing is so efficiently carried on at sea. With these eminently useful flags the name of Captain Maryatt will always be associated, as a memorial of the valuable code of signals which were produced and brought into use by him. A single individual of this class of flags it will be sufficient for me here to specify and to describe. This is "Blue Peter"

(93), a blue flag having a square of white in its centre—the well-known signal for sailing,—that signal which to so many an aching heart has proclaimed the dreaded hour of parting actually to have come; while to others it has been as a beacon to light them on to new lands of promise; or,



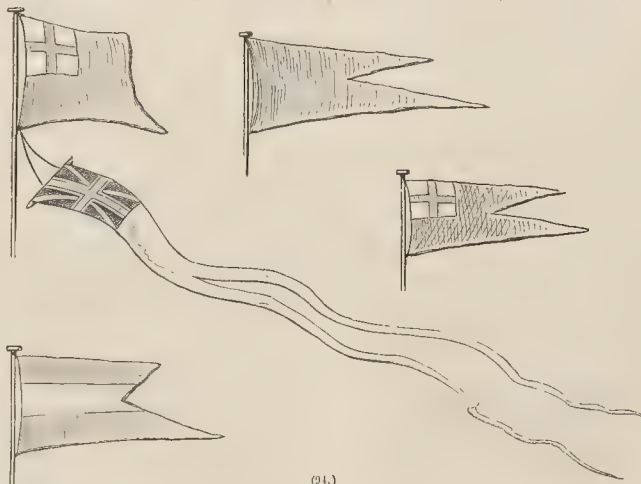
(93.)

when blowing out from the mast-head of the "homeward-bound," it has assumed the character of the very emblem of joyous hopefulness.

The "Flag of Truce," the symbol of friendly purposes, or of a temporary cessation of hostilities during the time of war, is plain white. This pure and peaceful banner is held to be sacred and inviolate, and its presence is treated with the utmost respect by all civilized nations.

#### PART XIII.—PENDANTS.

In addition to FLAGS, properly so called, various long and narrow STREAMERS, or PENDANTS, were displayed from the masts of English ships in early times, and also from the stern and bows of the vessels themselves. Sometimes these pendants bore armorial insignia, in which case they may be considered to have been narrow and long standards. Other examples appear with the red cross of St. George at their head—also after the fashion of the standards of the period. Four pendants of this kind are displayed from a representation of the *Great Harry*, the first ship of war possessed by Henry VIII. Other Tudor pendants are repre-



(94.)

sented, having the red cross extended along their whole length: thus, in Holbein's 'Embarkation of Henry VIII.' (to which reference has already been made), the ships carry enormous pendants, and they are all white, with the cross of St. George displayed upon them from end to end. The pictures of Vandevelde also abound in examples of the much admired pendants of his day; and such, in like manner, is the case with all representations of our early shipping. The picture of the 'Embarkation of William III., A.D. 1688,' has a remarkable

example of a long swallow-tailed pendant, with the first Union-Jack at its head, which is carried beneath a red ensign of the earliest class at the mast-head. I have annexed a sketch of both the ensign and pendant in (94); and in the same group (94) I have introduced three varieties of swallow-tailed "Broad Pendants," of which the picture furnishes many excellent examples. One of these is plain red, a second resembles the red ensign shown in the same group, and the third has the colours blue, white, and red, arranged horizontally.

The "Broad Pendant" at the present day is the distinguishing emblem of a "commodore" of the royal navy—an officer who is discharging the duties of an admiral, though he has not actually attained to an admiral's rank. The commodore carries his swallow-tailed broad pendant at the mast-head. This pendant may be compared with the pennon of the mediæval knights, as the "flag" of an admiral, which denotes his superior rank, would seem to have been derived from the square banner of earlier times.

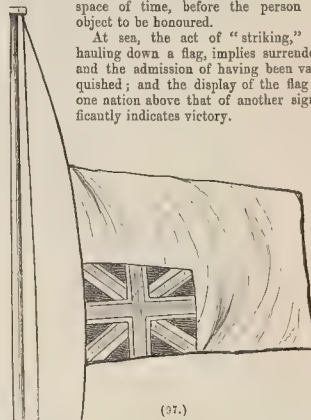
The streamer-like pendant now in use is very narrow and long—sometimes very long; it appertains exclusively to the royal navy, and denotes the authority of officers in command of her Majesty's ships, such officers being of lower rank than admirals. These pendants are carried at the mainmast-head. Like ensigns and admirals' "flags," they are either red, white, or blue; but they all have the red cross of St. George at the head, and, as a matter of course, the colour of a ship's pendant is determined by the squadron (red, white, or blue) to which the admiral belongs, under whose general orders she may for the time being be placed.

#### PART XIV.—THE DISPLAY OF FLAGS.

All flags are hoisted up close to the head of the mast, spar, or ensign-staff, from which they are displayed; *except upon occasions of sorrow or distress*, when flags are always hoisted "half-mast high"—that is, they then are displayed in such a manner that the mast or staff rises above the flag. Also, whenever it may, unhappily, be necessary to intimate by means of an English flag that distress and danger are imminent and in extremity, an ensign is hoisted *reversed*, or "union down," at the "half-mast" (as

for a single instant at the half-mast. Flags carried by the hand perform the same duty, by being "lowered," or bent down to the ground for a brief space of time, before the person or object to be honoured.

At sea, the act of "striking," or hauling down a flag, implies surrender, and the admission of having been vanquished; and the display of the flag of one nation above that of another significantly indicates victory.



(97.)

Ships display their ensigns at the stern of the vessel, either from a flag-staff fixed there for that purpose, or from the "peak" or extremity of the spar that supports the principal sail of the mizzen-mast. The Royal Standard, admirals' flags, pendants, official flags, house-flags, and signals, are displayed from the mast-heads; ships of war, however, hoist a Union-Jack forward, upon a staff that rises from the bowsprit. Upon occasions of rejoicing, ships are "dressed" in all their flags, which are then displayed in long continuous lines, stretching from mast-head to mast-head, and thence down to the extremities of the lower spars fore and aft. Flags hoisted at the mast-head are sent aloft through the rigging rolled up in a ball; when displayed, they are said to be "broken," and the act of displaying them, by hauling on one of the hoisting-ropes, or "ensign-haulyards," which had been tied in slip-knot around the ball, is entitled "breaking" the flags.

At the present day, when flags are so commonly in use upon festive occasions on shore, it is important that attention should be directed to the fact, that flags require to be hoisted in a proper manner, as well as to be correctly made. This observation is enforced by the almost inconceivable carelessness which has characterized recent public displays of flags in the metropolis. Whether the ensigns of England, of France, of Prussia, or of Sardinia were most in favour, the flags appeared hoisted after almost every possible variety of plan, and with a disregard of propriety and correctness that might actually have been suspected of having been deliberate, had it not been clearly evident that the enthusiastic flag-hoisters had not the slightest notion of there being both a right way of hoisting flags, and also a wrong one. It was the same with the royal standard and the civic banner—the lions and the harp must have been sorely perplexed at the positions in which they found themselves, if they ever give way to such a weakness as perplexity; while, over Temple Bar itself, the time-honoured sword of the city, on one flag-displaying day in 1858, pointed horizontally from the flag-staff in the second quarter of the banner, in place of being boldly erect in its proper position in the first quarter (91).

It is to be hoped that in future the good rule will prevail, which will provide that the right flags may be carefully displayed in the right manner. Flags, it should be remembered, are heraldic ensigns, and heraldry always speaks with peculiar clearness and accuracy. Flags, therefore, should invariably be made to convey their heraldic significations in conformity with the rules and usages of heraldry. In fact, when rightly displayed, they speak the language of heraldry in the most emphatic manner; and, on the other hand, they become the symbols of confusion when their display is the result of ignorance or caprice.

as it is entitled, does not permit the flag to remain in 97); or, if an ensign could not be obtained, the union-jack itself would be displayed *reversed* in a similar position, in which case the flag would show the diagonal red saltire above the diagonal white one, instead of the white being above the red.

Flags are sometimes employed to convey an expression of honour, respect, or admiration. This is effected by suddenly hauling down a flag from a mast-head, and again replacing it in its former position. It will be observed that this "dipping," as it is entitled, does not permit the flag to remain



## THE COMPANION-GUIDE

(BY RAILWAY)

## IN SOUTH WALES.

BY MR. AND MRS. S. C. HALL.

## PART IV.



are now in South Wales, for we have passed over the railway-bridge that crosses the Rhyymney, quitted Monmouthshire, and entered Glamorganshire.\* Wales has been so long a "part" of England, ruled by the same sovereign, and governed by the same laws, that all important distinctions between the two have gradually given way; and although the Welsh are proud of their country, and very proud of their descent from the ancient Britons, there is little jealousy, and no hostility, now-a-days, to divide the two people who are so essentially and emphatically one. Still, the Cymry retain many of their old customs, and speak the language of their far-off ancestors—so much so, indeed, that in many districts English is not understood, and even in courts of law very often the jury, as well as the witness, use no other than the native tongue. In the costume there is not much to strike the stranger as peculiar. The hat, the shape of which varies in different counties, is still somewhat generally worn by women; it is costly, a good "beaver" being of the value of twenty shillings—and even a farmer's wife of small means will not be content with inferior head-gear. The short semi-coats of coloured flannel, pinned under the bosom, which is covered by the folds of a kerchief, are made at home, and are encountered in all market-places, where "the best" is donned,—and it is always a pretty and cheerful sight to see the women, old and young, in such assemblages, with neat white baskets, vending the produce of the garden or farm. The hats are broad-brimmed, high, and mostly peaked in the crown; their use does not, however, date farther back than the reign of Elizabeth. Of late they have been much displaced by a small closely fitting bonnet-cap, not unlike a jockey's cap. The red linsey petticoat, usually both made and dyed at home, is still common; it is generally worn very short, and displays the shoe tied with ribbon, or the wooden-soled "clogs." The women are always neatly attired, and rags are never by any chance seen either in byway or highway. They are for the most part pretty without being handsome, and are essentially feminine in features, form, and manners.

The Welsh language is usually considered guttural; and so it is—with its superabundance of consonants—to the eye; but to the eye only, for to the ear it is harmonious: and as the voices of Welsh women are generally "sweet and low," the sound of the strange tongue is very pleasant among the hills or in the valleys, where it is often a delicious harmony. Even a casual acquaintance with the "Cymraeg" is sufficient to show that it is far from being inharmonious, and that in wealth of words and power of expression it is unsurpassed amongst living languages. Indeed, so copious, flexible, and energetic is it, that according to excellent authority, "whatever is translated into it gains in strength, power, and conciseness of expression." From a belief that it tends to retard the social and intellectual advancement of the people, active measures have at various times been taken

\* In this wise came the county of Glamorgan (Gwalad Morgan) into the hands of the Normans. It was when William Rufus reigned in England, and Rhys-ap-Iweddwr was Prince of South Wales. The prince sought to corrupt the wife of Jestyn, Lord of Glamorgan; a furious war was the result, in which Jestyn was worsted; so he applied, through "Einion-ap-Cadell-on-Golwyn, Lord of Dyfed," for aid of the Normans, promising Einion his daughter, Gwladys, or Nest, in marriage. Einion prevailed on the Norman knight Fitzhamon to associate with him twelve of his brothers in arms, and march to the help of the beaten Lord of Glamorgan. They encountered Rhys "at a place still called Penrhys," and there took and beheaded him. Jestyn kept his word with the Normans, but treated Einion with contempt, refusing to fulfil the promise of his fair daughter Nest. Einion, resenting this ingratitude, ran post-haste after Fitzhamon, and reached the sea-shore—"some say near Penarth"—in time to arrest the sailing of the ships in which they had actually embarked. Waving his mantle as a signal, they returned, and, tempted by the representations of the indignant Einion, proceeded to dispossess the Lord of Glamorgan of his castles and lands. This was easily done. Fitzhamon took and divided the lands of the expelled prince, keeping Cardiff for himself, and bestowing castles and manors by dozens on his fellow-knights; giving, however, reasonable shares to the three sons of Jestyn, and to Einion, besides the fair prize he had fought for, the lordships of "Miskin, Glyn, Pentyre, and Trevern."

to extinguish or suppress it, but all such attempts have been unavailing. And its enduring prevalence will occasion no surprise when we discover the affectionate pride with which it is regarded by the Welshman, who, it is admitted by unprejudiced judges, "possesses a mastery over his own language far beyond that which the Englishman of the same degree has over his," whilst "readiness and propriety of expression, to an extent more than merely colloquial, is certainly a feature in the intellectual character of the Welsh."

The excursionist into Wales will find that some knowledge of its language, ever so slight, were it only sufficient to enable him correctly to pronounce the names of places, will be of avail to him in his endeavour to become personally acquainted with the peasantry and their social habits. To the English eye the language does certainly appear to be formidable, but



CARDIFF.

such will be found not to be the case. Of the Welsh alphabet the letters that seem to be difficult of pronunciation, are in reality not so. The *dd*, which presents itself so frequently, is soft, as *th* in "thou;" *f* is like the English *v*; *h* has the same power as in the English "hand;" *ng* as *ng* in "long;" *c*, *g*, and *th* are hard, as in the English words "cat," "dog," "thin." The remaining letters have the same power as they have in English, with the exception of *two*, which offer a slight difficulty in their pronunciation by an English tongue. These are the guttural *ch* and the aspirate *ll*. The names of two stations on the South Wales Railway illustrate the sound (*Lougher* or *Locher*, and *Llanclly*), and it is amusing to listen to the remarks and the humorous manner with which the peasants hear the guards murder the "Queen's Welsh." There are no sounds in our language equivalent to these of *ch* and *ll*, but most of our readers



CARDIFF BRIDGE.

will be able to enounce them when they are informed that the former has the same sound as the *ch* in the Scotch "loch" (a word with which all are familiar), and that the latter expresses the sound of the Italian *gl* or the aspirated *ll* of the Spanish.

Having mastered these letters—a work of little labour—there will be no difficulty in learning to read Welsh, which is incomparably easier than English or French, from the fact that in Welsh no letter in a word is mute, and the accent, with insignificant exceptions, is always uniformly placed on the penultimate.

Those who are of opinion that Welsh is hard or dissonant, would do well to hear any Welsh preacher of note in his native tongue—hear him display the rich resources of his

\* Report of the Commissioners of Inquiry into the State of Education in Wales.

poetic language, and pour out his harmonious sentences in solemn and sonorous tones, and they will see cause to alter their opinion, and understand why it is he excites the enthusiasm of his hearers, and learn at the same time that it is possible to awaken powerful emotions even in those who are utter strangers to the language of the speaker.\*

Cardiff is "the county town" of Glamorganshire, very inconveniently situate, for it is close to the extreme border of the shire, and distant nearly forty miles from its western boundary. It stands at the mouth of the river Taff,† and nearly at the entrance of a delicious valley, a distant view of the opening to which is obtained from the railroad—to the right—high wooded hills on either side looking down upon the river. Cardiff, from its peculiarly advantageous position, as the nearest outlet to the sea from the great iron and coal district of South Wales, ranks among the busiest and most prosperous towns of the kingdom. Its commercial advance, however, is but of recent date: in 1826, its exports were, of coal 40,718 tons, and of iron 64,303 tons; twenty years afterwards they had increased to—coal 626,443 tons, and iron 222,491 tons.

Its busy, large, and admirably-constructed docks and quays rival in extent and power those of Liverpool and London; its people prosper, its population has largely increased, and its railways are night and day thronged with huge waggons, bearing to the quays the dark produce of the hills, contrasting strangely with a time not far off, when coals were brought thither in bags on horses, mules, or asses, a boy or woman driving two or three of them into the port.

Anciently "it was known by the name of Rhatolabius;," and when the Romans invaded Britain, Aulus Didius, one of the generals, stationed a garrison there to curb "the fierce Silures;" it was then called *Caer-didi*; since *Caerdaf*, "*culgo* Caerdydd, or Cardiff;" the name, however, is expressive of its original state, and the situation of the town—i. e. "a fortress on the Taff." "The town was built (probably the walls were raised), in 1080, by Jestyn-ap-Gwrgan"—that prince whom the Norman knight Fitzhamon dispossessed. It is now the property of the Marquis of Bute, into whose family it came by marriage with the daughter and heiress of the Herberts, ancient lords of Glamorgan.

A graceful bridge, pictured in our engraving, leads to the town. The artist has also conveyed an idea of the picturesque character of the Quays and Buildings, which border the banks of the lower Taff. These are seen to great advantage from any of the neighbouring heights.‡

Although the old and venerable Church of St. John—famous "for the loftiness of its proportions, and the elegance of its pierced battlements and airy pinnacles" §—is a very stately and beautiful structure, it is to CARDIFF CASTLE the attention of the tourist will be specially directed, as among the most interesting of the many ancient remains in South Wales.

"The castle" is a modern residence, one of the seats of the Bute family. It contains some old rooms, and there are, we understand, many proofs of its antiquity; but the dwelling has been sadly metamorphosed, and of its ancient character, externally, there is nothing left. In the terrace walks, however, the old battlements may be clearly traced, and THE KEEP is a singularly picturesque ruin, standing on the summit of a huge mound. The CURTHOSE TOWER, recently restored with much sound judgment, is that in which Robert, Duke of Normandy, eldest son of the Conqueror, was a prisoner during twenty-six years; and here he died, A.D. 1144, being interred in the Cathedral of Gloucester. He was

\* "Though there are supposed to be two thousand books in the Welsh language, there are none of immoral tendencies, none that propagate principles of infidelity."—*ANGLICANUS CROX.*

† The river Taff rises on the western side of the Brecknockshire Vau; its birthplace is a dreary sheep-walk—a tract of boggy, unsightly land, pursuing a monotonous course until it reaches Merthyr Tydvil, entering the mineral "coal-basin" of South Wales, and passing through veins of iron ore which are the true sources of the wealth and power of Great Britain. Merthyr (Martyr) Tydvil is so named from a female saint who was murdered by a party of "Saxons and Irish Picts" in the 6th century. In Leland's time, Merthyr was merely a parish through which "Morley's riverlet goeth into the ripe of Tave." It was of little note until the middle of the last century, when riches underground were explored and made available. It is now a populous town, whence issues a large proportion of the iron that supplies the world. A visit to the iron-works here may give profitable employment for a day. On its course downwards, the river passes under the famous bridge Pont-y-Ffridd. Well may the historian of the Welsh rivers, John George Wood, writing in 1813, "rejoice exceedingly" over this fine effort of human skill: "composed of a single arch of 140 feet span, it has more the appearance of having been wafted across the turbulent torrent by supernatural agency, than produced by the labour of man—such is the extreme lightness and elegance of its form." This bridge we shall picture and examine presently.

‡ For the greater portion of the drawings that picture Cardiff, Neath, and the neighbourhood of Swansea, we are indebted to J. D. Harding, Esq. They were placed on the wood by Mr. Robert Hulme, and engraved by Mr. Mason Jackson.

§ "The church has a high tower of peculiar beauty, the parapet of which is richly carved, and crowned with four light gothic pinnacles at the corners. It is a bold effort of masonry, for one of the abutments is supported on a very small arch, beyond the centre of which it projects considerably."

said to have been "blinded by order of his cruel brother Henry;" the statement is, however, contradicted by our best historians; and William of Malmesbury asserts, that his imprisonment was made as easy as possible; that he was supplied with an elegant table, and had buffoons to divert him,—pleasures he preferred to the duties of sovereign power. Probably he had the range of the whole castle.\*

In the Castle of Cardiff, in the terrible year 1555, a still more illustrious prisoner was



THE CURTHOSE TOWER.

confined. Rawlins White was a poor fisherman; his child had been taught to read the Scriptures in the English tongue; the father learned from the child, and instructed others in the truths of the Gospel: for this he was burned at a stake in the market-place. The story of his devoted zeal is very touching, as "reported" by one of his friends, who, though reproved by



THE KEEP, CARDIFF CASTLE.

the priests, took the doomed man by the hand, and kept it until "the fire arose, and forced them asunder."† He was confined in the prison "called Cockmarnel—a very dark, loathsome,

\* Old writers give this legend:—"During his imprisonment, it happened that Henry his brother, and then king, had brought him, upon a feast day, in the morning, a scarlet garment to put on, with a cape for the head, as the manner then was, which, as he essayed, he found it to straighten in the cape, inasmuch that he brake a stitche or two in the seam, and, casting it aside, he had his gentleman give it to his brother Robert, for his head (quoth he) is less than mine. The garment was brought him, and when he sawe it a little torn, he demanded how it happened that it was not sowed; the gentleman told the truth, which, as he undertode, he fell into a great melancholy, sayinge, 'And dothe my brother make me his bedeman, in that he sendeth me his cast clothes? Then have I lyred too longe!' and, refusing all sustenance, he died."

† It was at Cardiff, according to an ancient Welsh chronicle, this incident occurred. Sir Foulk Fitzwarren was speaking of toils encountered and hardships endured when warring with the Saracens, and his knights murmured, and each one said he could have done as much as their chief had done. "Bat," said Sir Foulk, "these were nothing to one feat I accomplished." "What was that?" quoth they all. "I jumped," answered the knight, "from the ground to the top of yonder tower of my castle, which ye know to be the tallest tower in these parts." So they laughed scornfully, and ginsayed his words. "If," said the knight, "you will dine with me at noonday to-morrow, I will do it once again." So every one of the knights came to the feast; and when they had well eaten and drunken. "Now come," said Sir Foulk, "with me, and you shall see me jump from the ground to the top of the castle tower." They proceeded to the foot of the stairs, and Sir Foulk jumped to the top of the first step, then on to another, and so on, until he jumped upon the topmost step. "Oh!" said the knights, "we could do that ourselves." "So you could," quoth Sir Foulk, "now I have taught you the way to do it."



and most vile prison," previous to undergoing his sentence. On the fatal day "then went he cheerfully and joyfully, and set his back close unto the stake. As he was thus standing, a smith came with a great chain of iron, whom when he saw he cast up his hands with a loud voice, and gave God great thanks. Then the smith cast a chain about him, and as he was making it fast on the other side, Rawlins said unto him, "I pray you, good friend, knock in the chain fast, for it may be that the flesh would strive mightily; but God, of thy great mercy, give me strength to abide the extremity." Now when the smith had made him sure to the stake, the officers began to lay on more wood, with a little straw and reed, wherein the good old man was no less occupied than the rest, for, as far as he could reach with his hands, he would pluck the straw and reed, and lay it about him in places most convenient for his speedy dispatch, which thing he did with such a cheerful countenance and familiar gesture, that all men there present were in a manner astonished."

About two miles from Cardiff is the ancient and venerable "city" of Llandaff, and a pretty and pleasant walk it is from the town to the city. "Though an episcopal See, it is a most pitiful place"—a poor and uninteresting village, with few remains to indicate its former greatness." The old Cross has been repaired, and the Cathedral is in process of restoration, under the direction of accomplished architects, Messrs. Pritchard and Seddon, who are aided by the skill of an admirable carver in wood and stone, Mr. Edward Clarke. Time and strife had sadly ill-used this venerable structure; a few years ago, it was in a state absolutely ruinous; happily, however, the estimable Bishop of the See, the Dean, and other authorities, have set themselves to the task of its renovation, and ere long, Llandaff Cathedral will rank among the most beautiful sacred edifices of the kingdom. Browne Willis represented it, in 1715, as "in a most deplorable state of decay, the storm of 1703 having completed its destruction." In the middle of the last century a sum of £7000 was contributed towards its restoration; but that sum was expended, "under the agency of one Wood," in so debasing the old building as to render it "absolutely hideous," doing to it more serious injury than had been accomplished by tempest and by time. Happily, "one Wood" has been succeeded by architects of a very different order: "the love of Art, the love of country, and the love of Christ, require that Llandaff Cathedral should exist again, whole, perfect, and beautiful." We repeat with reverence the sentiments of one of the many zealous and good advocates for the restoration of this hallowed and time-honoured structure, and rejoice to know that ere long their hopes and efforts will bear glorious fruitage.

"Llandaff," according to its zealous and intelligent historian, Mr. Freeman, "is usually regarded as the most ancient episcopal See in Great Britain." In the dawn of Christianity, there was here "an edifice of very humble pretensions." Bishop Urban, the original founder of the present structure, "found there a small British church, A.D. 1120." According to another authority, "the annals of our church present us with little more than an uninteresting list of twenty-one prelates, successors to Dubritius, before the Norman conquest of the district."

The church was built chiefly by "the liberality of men," in consequence of the Archbishop of Canterbury "releasing the fourth of all penance inflicted," as a set off against their contributions. Owen Glendower destroyed the episcopal mansion, and also burned and demolished the castle; in all likelihood neither of them was repaired or rebuilt; for, in 1600, Matherne, now also a ruin, was "the only house left to the bishop to put his head in."

Of the Episcopal Palace the remains are interesting. The

artist has pictured the castellated gateway—"a fine object, which comes well into the grouping from several points, but has no particular reference to the cathedral." The ruins have nothing distinctly episcopal about them, "they might as well have been the stronghold of any Norman robber, the lair of the wolf of the flock, rather than the dwelling of its shepherd." The



CROSS AT LLANDAFF.

gardens are kept up with much care, and charming views are obtained from the summit of the gateway and from the towers that terminate the ramparts.

But Cardiff and Llandaff—however interesting as remains of old time, or for the prosperity that rewards labour and enterprise—have additional interest for the tourist as entrances to



RUINS OF THE BISHOP'S PALACE, LLANDAFF.

the beautiful Valley of the Taff. Our excursion must be limited: we purpose a journey of but twelve miles—from Cardiff to Newbridge. A railway takes us there, and will, if we please,

to celebrate that classic ground, and the 20,000 saints buried therein." A portion of this poem has been translated by David Lloyd Isaac, Esq., and printed in a small volume, published by him at Newport, entitled "Siluriana; or, Contributions towards the History of Gwent and Glamorgan."

"See the rich and fertile meads—  
Where the friars count their beads  
It is a garden God hath made,  
Which no robber dare invade.  
All the images behold  
In its abbey decked with gold;  
As you enter at the door,  
View the tessellated floor,  
And its marble altar spread  
Thick with offerings for the dead;  
Thus survey its burying-ground,  
Checkered all with graves around.  
At the tolling of the bell  
Each was laid within its cell  
See, in coffers wrought of stones,  
Relics old and holy bones.  
Twenty thousand saints of yore  
Came to lie on Bardsey shore."

\* "Elsewhere we are accustomed to find our greater churches, those especially of cathedral rank, sometimes in the densest parts of our great cities; but at all events in towns of considerable size, rising as witnesses above the din and bustle of busy life. But the founders of the Welsh cathedrals would seem, as indeed is recorded of the greatest among them, almost to have fled from the presence of man, and to have fixed their dwellings in places adapted rather for retired contemplation than for any active government of the church, in sites suited rather for Cistercian abbeys than for cathedral churches."—*The Rev. E. A. Poussette.*

† Of its second bishop, St. Tello, the monks had a legend, which for centuries obtained implicit belief. After his death, three places disputed for his remains: Pandy, the place of his birth (Penally, near Tonby, according to the "*Liber Landavensis*"); Llandillo-fawr, which he had selected for monastic retirement; and Llandaff, the See of his diocese. In order to allay the fierce storm thus created, it was agreed to leave the matter to the arbitration of Heaven: each set of clerical rivals commenced praying for his own special order, kneeling beside the corpse; when, lo! as morning broke, the early sunbeams shone not upon one body, but upon three bodies, so exact in form and lineaments, that it was impossible to say "which was which." Consequently, these three places were equally endowed and enriched; although Llandaff absurdly and unfairly claimed for their body the largest share of miraculous power! According to ancient Welsh bards and historians, this district was "beginning to become the retreat of saints so early as the sixth century, and thus it continued to be down to the Reformation." An ode of Hywel-af-Jeuon-ap-Rys, a bard of the year 1460, is still extant, which he sang

convey us thence to Merthyr Tydvil, and on to Neath; or at Aberdare we may branch off to Pontypool, and so make our way to Liverpool, or, indeed, to any part of our island.

Leaving Cardiff, we are soon among the hills and woods, the rapid, and sometimes brawling, river, always at our side. The first object to arrest the eye is the ruin of a very ancient castle, perched on the summit of a steep cliff to the right; it is **CASTELL COCH**—Red Castle, so named from the colour of the stones of which it is built. We may look up to it from the valley: the crag on which it stands is covered with rich underwood. On that side it was inaccessible to an enemy; none could approach it without being seen from afar off: and aided by fosses, moats, and outworks, and guarded and fortified, as it no doubt ever was, it seems, more than any other fortress in South Wales, to have been "impregnable." A pleasant walk among well-grown trees and shrubs, planted by the lavish hand of nature, leads to the ancient gate-tower, into the small court, and to the north tower (pictured by Mr. Wimpey), underneath which is the dungeon. It is conjectured by Mr. G. T. Clark, who has amply described these interesting remains, that no part dates farther back than the time of Henry III.; but it is certain that fortifications existed here long anterior to that reign. "A Cymric camp" adjoins the castle, and there are evidences that the first Norman "settlers" knew the value of this natural check upon their fierce and ever watchful foes. No doubt when they made "the Red Castle" here, it was a fortress of the Cymry. Hence there is an extensive view on all sides, north, south, east, and west: the long ships of the Danish rovers could be seen far out at sea, and a beacon fire lit on this height would be repeated from "the summits of distant mountains of Brecon and Carmarthen."

Of the history of this powerful "castle" very little is known; legend and tradition have, therefore, been busy with it. One of its foremost heroes was Ivor Bach—Ivor the Little, a patriot among the Welsh, a freebooter among the Normans, who was a terrible thorn in the sides of the invaders.\* "He used to boast that he had twelve hundred men, who would beat the best twelve thousand in the world."

Many castles of the Principality are believed to have subterraneous passages leading to other castles: thus, it is said, a passage leads from Cardiff to Castle Coch. Of course, there is a legend connected with this circumstance; it was communicated to us, and as we received it we give it. The legend we heard we tell. Many years ago a lady of good family, but small income, obtained permission to appropriate to her own use, and fit up according to her own taste, four or five rooms in Castle Coch; and there she resided, with two old servants, a man and his wife, who still followed her fortunes. She heard, and they heard, at different times, various noises, which, as they could not be accounted for in any other way, were set down to either rats or jackdaws. One night, however, the lady woke suddenly, and saw a venerable gentleman, in a full-dress suit of the time of Charles I., looking fixedly on her: his face was deadly pale, and every feature impressed by sorrow. She started up, and he retreated, passing through a door that was in shadow. She had sufficient resolution to follow, when, to her amazement, she found the door securely fastened, as she had left it. She did not tell her servants, but a few mornings after her servant told her, he thought they had been too long living there, and that he really heard noises that could not be made by rats or jackdaws. She laughed away his fears, but her own were strengthened, for the same evening, coming from a turret garden she had made, along a corridor, which terminated in a dead wall, she saw the self-same venerable gentleman who had disturbed her repose. She advanced to meet him, but he backed, and disappeared into the wall; this incident frequently occurred, and always with the same result. A tradition existed in the neighbourhood, that during

\* A large painting in the Town-hall at Cardiff commemorates one of the incidents in the career of this hero of the Cymry. When Robert, the natural son of Henry I., succeeded to the Lordship of Glamorgan by marriage with the daughter and heiress of Fitzhamon, "he sought to force the English laws upon the Welsh." This brave Cymry resolutely withstood, but with little prospect of success, until "Ivor, son of Cadwallo"—called Ivor Bach (little) "from the smallness of his stature, contrasted as it was by his formidable prowess"—heading a body of his followers, broke suddenly into Cardiff Castle, seized on Robert and his wife, and held them close prisoners till they consented to restore their ancient laws and liberties to the people, "and all their privileges as they had ever stood, since the time of Howell Dha, the famous lawgiver." These concessions were of necessity made, and Ivor and his men returned to their mountain fastnesses, but not until the grants of Earl Robert had been confirmed by the king. The picture which commemorates this event was presented to the corporation by the artist, Mr. Frank Howard. It was one of the works exhibited at Westminster Hall in 1846, and is a work of considerable interest, as well as merit. It is, however, much to be regretted that this seems to be the only work of Art in the Principality, that commemorates the heroism of the ancient Britons, or, indeed, their gallant ancestors—if we except a pillar in Carmarthen, to the memory of the slain of the 23rd Fusiliers at Albuera, and a score of other battles.

the civil wars the then master of Coch Castle had deposited money and plate and jewels, to an immense amount, in an iron chest, in the subterraneous passage leading from his castle to that of Cardiff; and having been killed by the bursting of a petronel, he never returned to claim it. In process of time the lady found that her old servants were too terrified to remain; she preferred giving up her apartments to parting with her humble friends, and so Coch Castle was deserted.

Some years afterwards a party of stont-hearted gentlemen resolved to explore this subterraneous passage—wherever it might lead to. So, provided with torches and pickaxes, they set out on their expedition. On and on they went, and at last, shioing through the darkness, they saw four bright red lights—very bright and very red they were. Nothing daunted they advanced, and presently found that the four red lights were the eyes of two huge eagles, who were composedly perched on an **IRON CHEST**. Now here was confirmation of the legend of



CASTELL COCH: INTERIOR.

Coch Castle! They walked bravely forward, when suddenly the eagles sprang upon them with claw and beak; and very glad they were to make good their retreat, while the royal birds flew screaming back to the chest. But the men were persevering fellows, and the following day returned armed with pistols and eight good bullets, and when they came within proper distance of the eagles they fired, but with no effect; their enemies flew screaming towards them, beat out their torches with their wings, and sent the intruders back crest-fallen. They then cast some silver bullets, and got them duly blessed, and even persuaded a minister with his holy book to companion them. Again they saw the four red lights—an exorcism was read, which



CASTELL COCH: EXTERIOR.

the eagles did not heed—the charmed bullets were fired with no better result than with those of lead—a third assault was made by the eagles upon the disturbers of their watch and attackers of their ward, the enraged birds punishing them more severely than on either of their former visits. It is believed that the eagles are still there, though no one is bold enough to disturb them.



THE  
NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY.

THE portrait of Mary, Queen of Scots, known as the "Fraser Tytler" portrait, is one of the most interesting acquisitions the Portrait Gallery has made. There are many portraits presumed to be likenesses of Queen Mary, and some of them may or may not be genuine, yet certain it is that their possessors have done their utmost to authenticate them. This picture, however, requires no advocacy; it authenticates itself. The painter is unknown; and although "the school of Fontainebleau" had been, and some of its members still might be, employed in decorating the palaces of the kings of France, they were principally, with Primaticcio at their head, of the school of Giulio Romano, and this portrait has nothing in it of the freedom or colour of the Roman school of that period.

The most celebrated portrait painter in France, in the middle of the sixteenth century, was Francois Clouet, surnamed Janet. This master's works incline more to the German and Flemish school of the time, than to any contemporary Italian style; indeed, there is a resemblance between his works and those of Holbein, allowing always for the superior excellence of the latter; and this portrait of Queen Mary is, in feeling, strikingly akin to these. In the Louvre there is, by Janet, a picture of a Court Ball, and another of the marriage of Margaret of Lorraine, in both of which there is an executive resemblance to the feeling of this picture. Janet's work is minute to the last degree, and nothing can exceed the fastidious detail of this portrait. There are also in the Louvre, by Janet, portraits of Henry II., Charles IX., Michel de l'Hôpital, and of three or four other persons of distinction, and at Hampton Court there is also, by this painter, a portrait of Francis II. In short, Janet painted all the French royalty of his time, and it is not likely that he would have omitted one, whose beauty was the theme of all tongues. Yet the features do not, as a whole, meet the idea of the enchanting loveliness which enthralled so many hearts. The face is mapped out in that breadth of shadeless daylight, that Queen Elizabeth insisted was the fitting treatment for all portraiture. The nature of the white paint has destroyed the other colours with which it was mixed; but the more robust light red or vermillion in the lips, and the blue in the eyes, survive.

The face of Mary is oval, with a well-formed nose, and small mouth; but the upper lip is somewhat long. The eyes are blue and full, with a large and peculiarly marked upper lid. The eyebrows are faded—it cannot be supposed that the painter left them so indistinct. The hair, which is light, and most carefully dressed, surmounts the forehead, and lies on the upper part of the cheek in an even roll, thrown backwards; and over the top of the head passes an enamelled ornament, in which are wrought puffs of white satin. The rest of her dress is also better befitting her youth, than the fashion of Catherine de Medicis and Queen Mary of England—that of a close gown, buttoned up to the throat. The dress consists of a black velvet robe, open in front, over a white satin skirt. On the chest is worn a covering of lace, terminating upwards in a ruff round the neck. The sleeves are of white satin, and full. The right hand holds a pair of gloves, and in the left is a portion of the gold chain that goes round the waist. The hands are large; on the thumb of the left is worn a ring. In the place of a stomacher there falls from her neck, in long loops, a richly enamelled gold chain, of Italian workmanship, alternate links of which are formed like the "esses" of our knights' collars. In this are linked medallions bearing legends and cognizances; here and there is seen the salamander of Francis I., and on one is inscribed "*Fors et virtus miscentur in uno*." On the right of the portrait are seen the arms of France and Scotland. Mary was, therefore, queen when this portrait was painted. The entire impersonation is that of a tall woman: in this she in some degree resembled her mother; for Mary of Lorraine, the wife of James V., was unusually tall. The background is a composition of trees, a river, and a castle, looking very like the Château d'Amboise, on the Loire; if it be so, it was there that the portrait was painted,—originally on panel, but it has since been transferred to canvas with entire success.

THE EXHIBITION  
OF FRENCH PICTURES.

THE opening of this always interesting collection would have been too late for notice this month, but for the courtesy of Mr. Gambart, by whom we were allowed access to the pictures before they were hung. Thus, without a catalogue, and while the works were yet only on the floor of the gallery, little more could be effected than a brief record of the names of the painters, accompanied by an imperfect description of their works.

Of the school of Ecouen there are some charming examples; but let us state what and where the school of Ecouen is. It is a place distant from Paris about twenty miles, a retirement to which a knot of French artists have betaken themselves, for the sake of study, apart from all the dissipations and temptations of the capital; and those who know what student life is in Paris, will understand the economy of such a step. These wise men are the two Frères, Lambinet, Duverger, Fortin, Lassalle, Veyrassat, and perhaps another or two. Professors of "high art" could not get on in such a place, for want of models and material; but the gods not having made these men either poetic or historic, they can afford to abscond, and subsist on little boys and girls.

Of Meissonier there are two examples: one is 'Rembrandt in his Studio,' the figure is minute, but the head with the velvet cap is like the hundreds of portraits that Rembrandt has left of himself in pictures and etchings. He is seated at his easel, with his back to the light, wearing a kind of dressing-gown. The other is a companion picture, showing another painter at his easel. His name we know not, nor is the design on his canvas visible, otherwise that would serve as a key.

By Rosa Bonheur there is a small composition—a grey mare and foal in an open meadow landscape. There is no hesitation in the cool verdure of the scene, which, with the sky, is low in tone, in order to give force to the light on the side and back of the grey mare.

By the Frères there is 'The Slide,' a small composition, yet the largest that has ever appeared under this name. So modest has Edouard Frère hitherto been, that he has limited himself to one or two small figures; but here he produces a string of boys on a slide—which, as to effect, is simplicity itself, being but an opposition of one dark and one light, for the dresses of the boys are extremely low in tone, and severe as to colour, and the ground and background coincide in one snowy and misty surface. Another shows a couple of children in a nook of a humble interior, the one plays a pipe and the other plays the audience; the perfect childishness of the figures is happy beyond expression.

Of Duverger there are two examples, looking as if composed for pendants. In one, another seems to be visiting her child which is at nurse; at least such appears to be the subject, for there is one figure whose dress and style are beyond those of the persons about her and the house they live in. The second is a composition of like size, with various figures.—Lassalle has sent a group of small figures, shivering in the intense cold of a winter day: a woman with a child at her back, and a little boy by her side; they look as if they had no home.—There are two simple landscapes by Lambinet: one is a small tongue of meadow, round which flows a river; the other, a pendant, nearly resembles it as to subject, the difference being that the middle distance is covered with trees, and the tone is that of twilight.—Troyon contributes one of his largest compositions: a herd of cattle crossing a rivulet, the composition being assisted with trees and a variety of landscape incident. There is a second smaller work by this painter, showing a herd of cattle on a piece of sea-side pasture.—Ruizperez has contributed a small work, of which the subject is an artist submitting a picture to a patron. The picture which the painter holds before his friend is a landscape containing a mill, very like that called Rembrandt's.—By Plassan there is 'The Prayer,' a girl about to retire to rest, kneeling at her bedside; partaking of much of the simple grace with which Plassan qualifies all his works more or less. A large picture by Brion exhibits a numerous company of Breton peasants

kneeling in devotion within and without the porch of their church: the treatment of the figures is most appropriate, anything like neat finish would destroy their genuine character.—A painter in his studio, by Chavet; he is attired in the taste of the middle of the last century. This is a finished composition, which equally, in all its parts, satisfies the eye.—Two large pictures by Edouard Dubufe may be entitled 'The Conscrip's Departure,' and 'The Conscrip's Return.' In the former we see a Breton youth taking leave of his betrothed, who is incapable of replying to his assurance that he will be faithful to her. In the second scene he returns a *decoré* of the Legion of Honour, wearing also the British medal, which he has, of course, won in the Crimea.—In a ferry, by Veyrassat, two horses are already embarked, or, perhaps, about to disembark, while two others are on the bank of the river; everything here, as to substance, yields place to these horses and figures, hence they come effectively forward.—By Edouard Frère there is yet another composition, of which the point is not very clear. It has a group of three boys, of low class, kneeling on a bench. The dispositions of this work are in the feeling of the highest order of Art.—Jules Breton has sent a harvest scene, in the foreground of which is a company of peasant women, coarse in person and attire, but in movement, action, and sentiment equal to the impersonations of the Greek sculptors. There are also contributions from Antigna, Müller, Trayer, Henneberg, H. Baron, Monfallet, Legrand, and many others, whose works we hope to be able to notice more satisfactorily hereafter.

## MINOR TOPICS OF THE MONTH.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.—The days for receiving pictures and other works of Art are Monday the 9th and Tuesday the 10th of April. The exhibition to open, as usual, on the first Monday in May: i. e. the 7th of the month.

MR. JAMES CLARKE HOOK has been elected a member of the Royal Academy. A more satisfactory selection could not have been made: as an artist, he holds rank among the highest, and his position is equally high as a gentleman and a man of intellectual strength. Mr. Hook is the grandson of the great Bible commentator, Dr. Adam Clarke, and his father held a distinguished post under government in Africa, where he died. He is yet in the prime of life, and is no doubt destined to produce many grand results of labour, thought, and careful study of nature, as well as the old masters—for to the lessons taught by both his energies have long been dedicated.

THE NATIONAL GALLERY has received an addition of an Italian picture, by Lorenzo Costa (born 1460, died 1535), of the Bolognese school. It is a compartmented altar-piece, presenting, in the centre, the Virgin enthroned, with the Infant Saviour, and two adoring angels, one on each side; and, below, two angels, one playing the double fiddle, and the other a guitar of ancient form. On the right, in a separate compartment, is St. Peter, and, on the left, St. Philip; and, above these, are St. John the Baptist and St. John the Evangelist. It is a large picture, and in excellent condition.

LANGHAM CHAMBERS.—The second Conversazione of the season was held on the evening of the 27th of February. The pictures and drawings exhibited were by Duncan, J. W. Oakes, Miss Mutrie, Dodgson, Calderon, Pidgeon, Fitzgerald, Mole, Smallfield, E. Weigall, Rossiter, H. Moore, D. Y. Blakiston, E. Hayes, Pearson, Powell, F. Weekes, G. L. Hall, Page, &c. These meetings are rendered extremely interesting by the variety of pictures and drawings which are seen there, on the eve of being sent to the different exhibitions as they successively open.

THE SOCIETY OF ARTS announce an Exhibition of "Modern Furniture of Italian Design," to be opened early in June. "The exhibition will include all kinds of decorated cabinet-work; works of Art in metal, pottery, and glass; textile fabrics, such as curtains, table-covers, and carpets; composition ornaments, such as picture-frames and brackets; and paper-hangings." No doubt the society desire the contributions of Art-manufacturers and Art-



workmen, although probably the mass of the collection will be derived from private sources. The plan cannot fail to be useful: there will be assembled in the Adelphi many great teachers, and valuable lessons will be taught to producers.

**ARTISTIC COPYRIGHT.**—The discussion of this subject has been revived by the Society of Arts; committee meetings have been held, and it will be ere long brought before Parliament. There can be no doubt of the necessity for legislating with a view to a better understanding of the rights of producers and proprietors, and of placing them on a more equitable and rational basis. But the matter is one of extreme delicacy—one that may be so treated as to do incalculable mischief. We hope, while the good is obtained, the evil will be avoided; but, we repeat, it must be considered very carefully and very calmly. We have, in the *Art-Journal*, discussed the theme so often and at so much length, that all we need now do is to refer the advocates and the opponents of the contemplated measure to our pages.

**SCHIEFFER'S 'TEMPTATION ON THE MOUNT.'**—This marvellous picture is in England, exhibiting at Messrs. Grundy's, Manchester, and, no doubt, will be ere long in London. It is the property of the French nation, and its eventual destination is the Luxembourg. In some Paris journals it is asserted that the picture "hawked (*que l'on colporte*) about the three kingdoms" is only a copy. This assertion Mr. Grundy has indignantly denied, publishing a letter from M. Goupil (the eminent publisher of Paris) "showing that the picture exhibited by Mr. Grundy is really the original by Ary Scheffer, special permission for its exhibition in England having been accorded by the Minister of State." We remember it well in Scheffer's atelier: it is of immense size, and one of the grandest works ever conceived or executed.

**A PORTRAIT OF TENNYSON,** by Mr. G. F. Watts, the painter of the fresco in Lincoln's Inn Hall, has been recently shown at Messrs. Colnaghi's, and is probably still there. It is a fine, vigorous example of portraiture, and the likeness of the poet-laureate is unquestionably good; yet it scarcely conveys to our mind a satisfactory expression of his intellectual qualities: the eyes are comparatively lustreless, while the general character of the features is indicative of austerity.

**MR. JOHN GILBERT**, of Sheffield, is preparing for publication a chromo-lithographic print from Mr. W. Hunt's drawing called 'The Restless Sitter,' a young rosy-faced, yellow-frooked country-boy, who seems bent upon placing himself in every attitude but the right one for the artist's purpose. We have had the copy and the original picture side by side before us, and really were puzzled to know "which was which" so closely has Mr. Hanhart, the lithographer, imitated the drawing. Mr. Hunt's works, generally, are admirably adapted for this kind of reproduction; and 'The Restless Sitter' is one of the very best copies we have ever seen in "chromo." The little urchin will doubtless find troops of friends and admirers.

**THE GRAPHIC SOCIETY.**—The second meeting of the season was held on the evening of the 12th of January. The contributions were two or three landscapes by Linnell; 'The Rose of Seville,' Phillip; two works by Dobson; one by Inskipp; three by Faed, of which two were highly finished studies—'Shakespeare' and 'Milton'; one by Hook; two or three Morlands; the touched proofs of Turner's *Liber Studiorum*, and various interesting collections of drawings and sketches. At the third meeting, on the 8th of February, the table that attracted most attention, was one on which was displayed a large collection of sketches by Flaxman, studies, mostly, for book-plates, monumental designs, and of academy figures. On the walls were hung, also, many similar works. Among other prominent contributions, we noticed a pair of exquisitely painted small oil-pictures, by W. P. Frith, R.A., the subjects from Scott's novels; a cottage interior, by T. Webster, R.A., with an old woman teaching a child to read—not a very recent work, we presume, but most carefully painted; a pair of nun-like portraits, grouped, beautiful in treatment and colour, and very animated, by J. Sawt; the original sketches for 'The Scrape-goat,' 'Sir Isambard at the Ford,' and 'The Vale of Rest,' the well-known Pre-Raphaelite pictures, and of Etty's 'Youth at the Prow, and Pleasure at the Helm'; 'Fruit,' by Lance;

a very clever landscape, by the late J. Stark; drawings by Turner, D. Cox, Duncan, Dodgson, &c. The fourth meeting of the season was held by this society on the 14th of March, when there were exhibited pictures and drawings of much interest by D. Cox, Etty, Wilkie, Turner, Holland, Phillips, Rosa Bonheur, Holland, Richardson, T. Dalziel, E. T. Parris, Barker, H. B. Willis, Prout, Archer, W. Hunt, Smallfield, G. Chambers, G. Frupp, &c.

**THE ARCHITECTURAL MUSEUM.**—On the evening of Wednesday, March 7th, we were present at a most interesting meeting held at the Architectural Museum, South Kensington, for the purpose of distributing the prizes that had been awarded by the committee to artist-workmen for their productions in wood-carving and coloured decorative compositions. The chair was occupied by Mr. Beresford Hope, the chairman of the committee, and in the lecture theatre many of the warmest friends of the museum were present, together with a large assemblage of artist-workmen. The proceedings were of a highly gratifying character, and such as were eminently calculated to exert a powerfully beneficial influence upon the progress of practical Art amongst us. It is but too generally the fate of the actual producers of carvings and other decorative works to be altogether unknown, and to have their individuality merged in their employer. We believe it to be desirable, and for the general good, that the men should be known by name by whom the various works are executed. They have a right to the reputation and the honour, and to the more substantial advantages, also, that their works have won for them. It is thus that they are both rewarded for what they have achieved, and are led to aspire to still higher successes. Entertaining such views, we gladly avail ourselves of the recent prize-distribution at the Architectural Museum, to record the names of the prizemen on that occasion, who in these prizes hold diplomas of merit in their respective spheres of action. In wood-carving the first prize was adjudged to Mr. James Allen, who is engaged in the studio of Mr. Philip, the eminent architectural sculptor, and who has been engaged at Exeter College Chapel, Oxford. An extra first prize was awarded to Mr. W. Baylis, and the second prize to Mr. Charles E. Turner. The first prize for colour decorations fell to Mr. J. Simkin, and the second to Mr. Harrison, a prizeman of last year. The works are all of them most meritorious, and they encourage the committee of the museum to redouble their efforts, first to obtain prizes which they may offer to artist-workmen, and secondly to induce worthy competitors to enter the lists in this honourable rivalry.

**THE CRYSTAL PALACE.**—At length we are enabled to congratulate the Directors of the Crystal Palace on their having adopted a resolution to render their unrivalled Institution directly available for educational purposes. In the first instance, the Sydenham Palace was professedly intended to be a great national school of Art-teaching, as well as a universal museum and a place of popular resort. Circumstances, however, for a while have very considerably modified the original plans of the projectors of the Crystal Palace, and year after year has passed away, while the Courts and Collections of the Palace have taken no part in the great educational and intellectual movements of our times. It is with sincere gratification we record the near approach of better things, and that we may now expect the Crystal Palace to realize its own proper results. The new project originated with a gentleman, who has long been deeply impressed with the peculiar capabilities of the Palace to advance the cause of popular education. The details of this project will appear with the forthcoming programme for 1860-1861: but meanwhile we may state that the plans will then be shown to have been most carefully considered, as well as to be most comprehensive in their range. A systematic course of class study will be found to constitute the general plan; and the utmost efforts will appear to have been directed to the working of the proposed classes. No less satisfactory will prove the arrangements for extending the advantages of these classes as widely as possible, and for attracting to them the attention of all who may be expected to take an active interest in such matters. We trust that a really worthy "Crystal Palace Journal" will accompany and be associated with this movement; and also that the classes will lead to the production of a numerous and comprehensive series of cheap popular publications,

such as are so much needed for developing what all museums *can* teach, if their teaching-capabilities were earnestly brought into operation, instead of being permitted to lie dormant.

**PHOTOGRAPHS AND STEREOSCOPIC VIEWS,** by Mr. F. BEDFORD, have been issued by Messrs. Cathernall and Prichard, of Chester, descriptive of scenery, buildings, &c., in North Wales. The series of the latter is large, and comprehends a considerable number of the leading objects which excite the wonder and admiration of tourists, and have been the special delights of artists time out of mind. The photographs are of good size, and it is scarcely requisite to say, are of the highest possible merit,—the name of Mr. Bedford will sufficiently guarantee their excellence. They picture the leading beauties of the country—hills, dales, rivers, rocks, and waterfalls—and are delicious copies of surpassing natural attractions. The stereoscopic views are certainly among the best that have been produced, supplying a rich intellectual feast: to us they have given enjoyment of the rarest character—and so they may to our readers, for they are attainable at small cost. We name them at random, but they are all of famous places—Pont Aberglaslyn, Capel Curig, Llyn Ogwen, Betty-y-coed, Beddgelert, Pont-y-gilli, Trefriew, Llanberis, Pen Llyn, with views also of the Britannia Bridge, Carnarvon Castle, &c. It is highly to the credit of a provincial establishment to have issued a series so entirely good.

**MONUMENT TO BISHOP BLOOMFIELD IN ST. PAUL'S.**—It is understood that this work in marble is to be executed by Mr. Richmond, the accomplished portrait-painter. We imagine the next fact to startle the Art-world will be a tender from Mr. Frith to build the New Foreign Office, or perhaps one from Sir Charles Eastlake to construct the new docks in the Isle of Dogs. Such circumstances would be scarcely less astounding than the employment of a portrait-painter to erect a monument during the life-time of Mr. Foley, Mr. Calder Marshall, and a few other "capable" sculptors of Great Britain.

**THE MEDAL OF THE ARTIST,** TURNER, drawn and designed by MACLISE, has been finished by Mr. Leonard Wyon. It is described by a correspondent as "gorgeously beautiful." There can be no doubt of its exceeding merit. Mr. Wyon has added to the honours of his name, and is only second to his accomplished father.

**CROMWELL REFUSING THE CROWN.**—Such is the title of a large historical picture now being exhibited at Messrs. Leggatt, Hayward, and Leggatt's establishment in Cornhill. It is the work of Mr. Maguire, who has been most fortunate in his subject, which is one of the salient points of our historical incident. The battles of Naseby, Marston Moor, Worcester, &c., are more or less like other battles; but they really all seem small events in comparison with Cromwell's 'Refusal of the Crown of England.' Cromwell did not say, as Richard—

"Will you enforce me to a world of cares?  
—I am not made of stone,  
But penetrable to your kind entreaties,"

but plainly and absolutely, according to the Journal of the House of Commons, "I cannot undertake this government with the title of king, and that is mine answer to this great and weighty business." He had often expressed his determination to refuse the title of king; but the "petition" was presented on May 7th, 1657, and on the following day he gave his prompt and decided reply, regretting that so much of the public time had been lost on such a subject. In Mr. Maguire's picture, he has risen from his chair, and is addressing the deputation standing on the dais, and surrounded by all the commonwealth celebrities of the time—as Sir Thomas Widdrington, the Speaker; Lenthall, formerly Speaker, but now Master of the Rolls; Sir John Glyn, Lord Chancellor; General Desborow, Cromwell's brother-in-law; the Earl of Tweeddale, General Lambert, Colonel Pride, Milton, Chief Justice St. John, Lord Broghill, Lord Commissioner Fiennes, &c.—in the whole, about forty figures. Cromwell's figure and face have been carefully painted from the Cooper miniature, and in all the other impersonations recourse has been had to every known authority. The work is about to be engraved, for which it is extremely well adapted. The figures are well drawn, rounded, with face and substance; and in contemplating the composition, the spectator finds



himself at once interested in the question that excites and animates the assembly before him.

MRS. JAMESON.—We record with deep regret the death of this accomplished lady, after a very brief illness; the sad event took place on the 17th of March. Her age was sixty-four. We have no means this month to do more than record the heavy loss thus sustained by the Art-literature of the country.

THE SOCIETY FOR THE ENCOURAGEMENT OF THE FINE ARTS held its first Conversation this season at No. 9, Conduit Street, on which occasion the exhibition of the Architectural Photographic Association was thrown open to visitors. A paper was read by Mr. B. Montague Davis, B.A., on "The Fine Arts, their Rise, Decline, and Present Position." Pictures were not numerous, but the scant catalogue was compensated by the interest attaching to the few that were exhibited. There was an interesting memento of Wilkie—the beginning of a picture on panel, the subject "Samuel and Eli," carrying us more substantially back to the man than a finished work. There were others by Etty, Turner, Philip, Gainsborough, Wright of Derby, O'Connor, Old Crome, &c., the property of Mr. Cox, Mr. Outley, Mr. Farrer, Mr. Foley, R.A., &c.

FINDEN'S ROYAL GALLERY OF ART.—The steel plates of this work, forty-eight in number, have been sold by public auction, bringing the sum of two thousand pounds. Whether there will be a re-issue of the publication, or in what form our old friends will reappear, we cannot say. The work made a great sensation when it was commenced, about twenty-two years ago; it was then considered marvellously cheap; three prints for a guinea and a-half was a startling novelty; and the work undoubtedly contained many admirable engravings, from paintings by the best British masters. Numerous artists have, however, since risen to eminence; and some of those who were then famous are now forgotten. Moreover, the price that was small in 1838 would be considered large in 1860. The readers of the *Art-Journal* know they receive, in that publication, monthly, two engravings nearly as large, and quite as meritorious, as those which, in Finden's Gallery, brought the sum of a guinea: it is needless to state, that this advantage to the public results from the greatly increased number of Art-buyers.

THE ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH COMPANY has recently published a map of Europe, in which are laid down the lines of communication, by means of electric wires, through different countries. The principal stations are also marked out, and a tariff of charges for messages occupies the sides of the map. We had no idea, till we glanced at the red, branch-like lines, which intersect and cover the face of this quarter of the earth, as represented here, how wide and diverse are the operations of this wonderful piece of machinery, which enables the Finlander to talk with the Tunisian, and the Muscovite with the Spaniard. The map is capitally printed, and published by Messrs. Day and Son, by whom it is also drawn and engraved; its utility, whether for political, commercial, or only domestic purposes, is unquestionable.

INDESTRUCTIBLE PICTURES.—We found recently in the *Building News* the following information; we give it to our readers without comment, as we have had no opportunity of ascertaining for ourselves the facts it reports:—"M. Gollivet, the artist employed in the pictorial decoration of St. Vincent de Paul, has invented a new mode of painting, which has been tested by four years' experience, and which is on the eve of receiving very extensive application to the public monuments of Paris. Instead of canvas, copper or wood panels, or plaster surfaces, M. Gollivet employs thin slabs of lava, which may be of any dimensions, and which equally resist the action of fire and water. The colours are mixed up with the enamel material, and laid on the lava with the utmost facility, after which, when the picture is finished, it is fired to vitrify the enamel, and to preserve the colours from all danger, except of course, from fluorine acid. Specimens of the process may be seen in the façade of the painter's house, Cité Malesherbes, Rue Laval; they consist of medallions which were executed four years back. In a short time the portico of St. Vincent de Paul will be decorated with several large paintings of this kind, including a 'Last Supper,' an 'Adoration of the Magi,' and 'Adam and Eve.'"

## REVIEWS.

THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION. Engraved by ACHILLE LEFEVRE, from the Picture by MURILLO. Published by GOUPIL & Co., Paris and London.

This engraving is from the famous picture by Murillo, generally considered the *chef-d'œuvre* of the master, which Marshal Soult carried off, with others, from Seville, and which the French government bought, in 1852, at the sale of the "Soult Collection," for the enormous sum of £23,440: it is now in the Louvre. The composition is certainly most glorious and unearthly; it would be, indeed, difficult to discover a single attribute of this "sin-stained world" in any portion of it. Standing on a crescent moon, and surrounded by a mass of thin clouds, on and through which a host of cherubs is sporting in every imaginable form and attitude, rises the Virgin mother, whose sweet, tender, and expressive face is turned upwards, with her hands crossed on the breast; her beauty is radiant and holy, but it is not the beauty that Raffaele's saints and virgins have; nor have the cherubs that loveliness of feature which characterizes those of the painter of Urbino; yet there is a charm about them most winning, because it is simple and natural. M. Lefevre's *burin* has most successfully translated the picture, the principal figure, especially, is very exquisitely rendered, the draperies are solid or aerial, as suits the textures, and the foldings soft and graceful. In some of the cherubs, those which are in half-shadow, a little "wooliness" is apparent in the flesh, but the entire character of the engraving is worthy of the subject, and is highly honourable to the French school. The print is large.

TRANSFORMATION; OR, THE ROMANCE OF MONTE BENI. By NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE. Published by SMITH & ELDER, London.

We are not to accept this book as a story: in that respect it is grievously deficient. The characters are utterly untrue to nature and to fact; they speak, all and always, the sentiments of the author; their words also are his; there is no one of them for which the world has furnished a model.

Yet it is a book of marvellous fascination, full of wisdom and goodness, of pure love of the beautiful, of deep and intense thoughtfulness, of sound practical piety; it is the book of a gentle, loving, and generous heart, with sympathy for all sorrows, and an earnest longing for the happiness of human kind. Yet it is a sad book, notwithstanding; a wail from beginning to end, and pain rather than pleasure is the recompense of the reader. It is much so, indeed, with the other volumes of the accomplished author; but Rome seems to have shadowed all that remains to him of the freshness of earlier life—its gloom of the past, the present, and the future, seems to darken every step he treads in the Eternal City.

Nothing in literature is, however, finer than his descriptions of the Art-glories that yet exist to tempt artists to Rome. Art is the great theme of the writer. His heroes and heroines are artists; with them he daily visits scenes and places that are immortal; with them he talks of people who can never die.

The artist, especially the sculptor, will, therefore, read these volumes with exceeding delight, and not with delight only. He will find a great teacher in the great author, and behold his art under the effects of a new and shining light, by which to estimate the glories and the beauties of the works that have stood the test of twenty centuries of time.

It is seldom we can review a work at length proportionate to its interest and value. We must leave this to make its way, as it is sure to do, into the minds and hearts of the millions by whom it will be read in the Old World and the New.

AULD LANG SYNE. By ROBERT BURNS. With Illustrations by GEORGE HARVEY, R.S.A., engraved by LUMB STOCKS, A.R.A. Published by the Royal Association for the Promotion of Fine Arts in Scotland: Edinburgh.

Burns' immortal song has long been as popular with us southerners as with the dwellers in the land north of the Borders. It is not every Englishman who sings it whose botanical knowledge can enable him to comprehend exactly what is a *gowan*, nor to understand the precise meaning of "*We twa ha'e paidl't i' the burn*;" but still he sings the song heartily, because he knows its spirit to be that of kindness and friendship; and so the great Scottish minstrel finds a welcome even where his language is partially unintelligible. The five engravings illustrating the lines, and published by the society mentioned above for its subscribers, make a charm-

ing series: the first is a Highland landscape; in the foreground are two young boys filling a basket with *gowans*, or daisies. The next is a wild, desolate sea-shore view; on a bank reclines a half-clad figure, apparently escaped from a wreck, though no sign of ship is visible; he seems to have found a *gowan*, or flower of some kind to remind him of home; for he is contemplating it with a sad countenance; this figure is a fine poetical conception, and is admirable in drawing and expression: the scene illustrates the line "We've wander'd mony a weary foot." The third plate refers to the words, "We twa ha'e paidl't i' the burn;" it is a rich and picturesque Highland view; in the foreground two boys, knee-deep in the burn, are netting the water—if the term "net" may be applied to a cloth or apron—for small fish. The fourth engraving shows little else than a portion of the upper rigging of a vessel, with a sailor sitting on the cross-trees; the subject is suggested by the line, "But seas between us braid ha'e roared." The last brings the friends once more together; they are now both long past the prime of life, and are enjoying "a cup o' kindness," which here means "toddy," in a sea-port *bothie*, for a portion of a ship's rigging is seen through the half-open doorway. The companions are well characterized; it is not difficult to distinguish between him who has wandered over half the world, perhaps, and him who has kept on the even tenor of his way in a quiet little business at home. Mr. Harvey has thoroughly entered into the spirit of the song, and illustrated it in a manner as pleasing as it is varied; while Mr. Stocks has engraved the subjects most carefully. We cannot help thinking that a work of this nature is preferable for the purpose of distributing to subscribers of Art-Union societies—among which the Scottish association may be ranked—to the large single engravings generally issued by such institutions.

A COMPARATIVE VIEW OF THE HUMAN AND ANIMAL FRAME. By B. WATERHOUSE HAWKINS, F.L.S., F.G.S., &c. Published by CHAPMAN AND HALL, London.

Were it necessary to accumulate arguments to prove the expediency, now universally felt, of some rearrangement of the contents of the British Museum, an additional proof would be found in the fact, that the valuable collection of animal skeletons, made by Dr. J. E. Gray during the last twenty years, is now almost inaccessible buried in the crypt of that edifice, and thus one of the finest anatomical collections in Europe is so little known as to be nearly useless to both Science and Art. Now there cannot be the least doubt that the study of such objects is, to a great extent, indispensable to the Art-student, and it is with the view of setting before him what is, through another medium, beyond his reach, that Mr. Hawkins has published this work. The plates, which are on a scale of considerable magnitude, give what may be termed a "sectional view" of the animals represented; that is, the osseous, or bony, framework appears *in relief*, as it were, against the covering of flesh, so that the creature is seen externally and internally at the same time. Each plate is scientifically, yet clearly to unprofessional readers, described; the figures are also most artistically arranged and grouped, both in action and repose: and thus the publication is made in every way suitable to the requirements of the student of Art, for whom it is especially designed. To figure and animal painters of every kind, particularly to those who have not the opportunity of sketching "from the life," these illustrations must prove invaluable.

MEMORIALS OF WORKERS. By GEORGE GODWIN, F.R.S. Published by R. HADWICK, London.

Mr. Godwin is himself a zealous "worker," and is therefore a fit person to talk to others of the advantages derivable from labour; but his energies are not centred in his own aggrandizement, he works for the benefit of the community, and his active mind is ever employed, either with pen or in person, in investigating, and in attempting to remedy, some of the evils of our social system, and in showing how others may by principle and practice advance their own interests as well as that of their neighbours. The little book entitled "Memorials of Workers" is the lecture delivered a short time since, by Mr. Godwin, to working-men of South Kensington, at the Architectural Museum, his object being to encourage them by the examples of those whose names now belong to the history of their country, to a life of diligence, perseverance, and integrity, whereby they may elevate themselves to an eminence which, if not as high as that of some, may yet be more exalted than that whereon they now stand. Nature does not endow every man with great genius, but to few does she deny such power of intellect and other qualities either of mind



or body, or of both, as will, if properly applied, lead to a successful result. In the brief but well-digested memoirs of Pelissy, Arkwright, Crompton, Jacquard, Brindley, Watt, Stephenson, Flaxman, Chantrey, and many others, narrated by Mr. Godwin, we have splendid examples of "what great things have been effected by men working under the heaviest disabilities"—those of want of money, want of friends, want of early education, and even want of health. Such men have not, indeed, lived in vain, if their lives furnished no other lessons than the duty of employing to the best purposes, and in the most effective way, the talents God has entrusted to us. This printed lecture should be read and thought over in the home of every peasant and artisan in Great Britain.

**AN INQUIRY INTO THE PRINCIPLES OF BEAUTY IN GRECIAN ARCHITECTURE;** with an Historical View of the Rise and Progress of the Art in Greece. By GEORGE, EARL OF ABERDEEN, K.T., &c. &c. Published by J. WEALE, London.

Lord Aberdeen's elaborate and interesting "inquiry," has been before the public on two former occasions; it was originally written for, and published as the introduction to, the translation, by the late Mr. Wilkins, B.A., of Vitruvius's *Civil Architecture*, the copyright of which fell into the hands of Mr. Weale. Another publisher, however, at a subsequent period, issued an edition of the introduction at a price which limited its circulation only to a few, comparatively; the owner of the copyright has now included it in his series of shilling "rudimentary" works, to bring it within the reach of the masses. A treatise that has for a long period received the stamp of public approval, and by those best qualified to judge of its merits, requires no commendation at our hands. It will suffice to say that though full of research and learned information, it is so pleasantly and simply written as to be both entertaining and instructive even to those who have no especial inclination to the study of architecture.

**THE ELEMENTS OF PERSPECTIVE, Arranged for the Use of Schools, and intended to be read in Connection with the First Three Books of Euclid.** By JOHN RUSKIN, M.A. Published by SMITH, ELDER, & Co., London.

The study of perspective is at all times a wearisome task to most young people; nor do we think that Mr. Ruskin's method of teaching, however true in the abstract, will tend to render it popular and pleasing. It may enable the student to describe and solve mathematical problems, but the young artist pinning to get to nature, will have little heart for the mastery of such theoretical teachings as are found here; ere he seeks, pencil in hand, the fields and woodlands; nor, in truth, would it be necessary that he should master them. Mr. Ruskin admits that "an account of practical methods, sufficient for general purposes of sketching, might indeed have been set down in much less space; but if the student reads the following pages carefully, he will not only find himself able, on occasion, to solve perspective problems of a complexity greater than the ordinary rules will reach, but obtain a clue to many important laws of pictorial effect, no less than of outline." The landscape-painter who desires to learn something more than what is required by the exigencies of his art, will attain his wish readily by the acquisition of Mr. Ruskin's problems, if he possesses a faculty for comprehending information of a mathematical nature, but not otherwise. To the student of architectural and mechanical drawing, the book will be especially useful.

**PICTURES OF THE CHINESE, Drawn by Themselves.** Described by the Rev. R. H. COBOLD, M.A. Published by J. MURRAY, London.

We remember, when a boy, having in our possession a picture-book entitled "Scenes in London;" it was a favourite book among youngsters, for it represented and described the peripatetic traders, hawkers, &c., who at that time were heard and seen in the streets of the metropolis. Now Mr. Cobold's book is much after the same sort, though it is not one for children only. It is the result of observations made by the author during a residence of eight years in Northern China, in which he jotted down notes on what he saw and heard of the manners and customs of the people among whom he sojourned,—that strange nation claiming to have two eyes while all the rest of the world have but one. The illustrations—which, except a few topographical and other views, are mere pen-and-ink outlines—are the work of a native artist; and, though approximating very closely to the curious old drawings which our contributor, Mr. Wright, has recently introduced

into the pages of the *Art-Journal*, are said to be faithful representations of the scenes and characters exhibited; such, for example, as 'Street Slangers,' 'The Barley-Sugar Stall,' 'The Collector of Refuse Hair,' 'The Collector of Paper Scraps,' 'The Stone-Squarers,' 'The Blind Seer,' 'The Lantern Seller,' 'The Taoist Priest Exorcising,' 'The Florist,' 'The Cook-Shop,' &c. &c. These, with the writer's pleasant and graphic descriptions, give a most amusing insight into, as well as much novel information concerning, the Chinese at home.

**THE WAR IN ITALY.** From Drawings by CARLO BOSSOLI. Published by DAY & SON, London.

This book is an illustrated history of the war in Italy; the sad theme is yet fresh in memory, and a series of pictures, by a competent artist, described by an author to whose pen the British public were indebted daily, in the *Times* newspaper, cannot fail to have general interest and large popularity. The letter-press, without the illustrations, would be of great value; combined as it is with accurate portraits of so many memorable places, the book cannot fail to be received as one of the most instructive contributions to the Art-literature of our age and country. It is a book, not for the period only, but of worth as a permanent record of a true, though terrible, story. There are no fewer than forty coloured lithographs, describing the scenery, the marches, the assaults, the battles, and the triumphs; these suffice to represent all the leading incidents of the war: there are also explanatory maps. We have the author's testimony as to the accuracy of the artist's sketches, and no doubt the book may be accepted as conveying to the reader a perfect idea of all the leading scenes and circumstances connected with a contest the briefest, yet the most eventful, that has ever influenced the future of the eastern world.

**THE LIFE AND TIMES OF SAMUEL CROMPTON, Inventor of the Spinning Machine called "The Mule."** By GILBERT J. FRENCH, F.S.A. Published by SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, & Co., London; DINHAM & Co., Manchester.

Crompton's is a name which takes a high place in those annals of British worthies who have become distinguished in the arts of peace, and have elevated themselves by the aid of their genius and untiring energy of character. Mr. French's biographical narrative—enlarged from two lectures delivered at the Mechanics' Institute, Bolton—possesses much interest for the general reader, though he may, probably, care little for the *Cottonweaver*, and the great world of spinning-machines. The lives of most men, whatever their position, offer some lessons worthy both of imitation and of rejection; Crompton's forms no exception to the rule. Genius is of little service if not aided by common sense and a knowledge of the world in which we live; and it was in a great measure for the lack of such knowledge that he who might, possibly, have died a millionaire, became in his last days, almost, if not entirely, dependent on his friends for support.

**NOTES ON NURSING.** By FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE. Published by HARRISON, London.

We should neglect a solemn duty if we omitted to notice the marvellous collection of wise thoughts, resulting from practical knowledge, issued under this title by a lady whose name is as "a household word" in our country, its dependencies, and indeed throughout the world. Miss Nightingale is one of those gifts which Providence bestows upon mankind but once in a thousand years—a boon that is a blessing for all time. Humanity is her debtor. There is not a journal in the British dominions that has no record of the debt. Her name has been uttered at every hearth throughout the land, less with feelings of admiration and respect, than with those of deep and devoted affection: the WOMAN has her place in every British heart. This is her latest, but by no means her only—God grant it may not be her last—effort for the good of mankind. What a wonderful teacher is this book of eighty pages!—no line that can be dispensed with—no word needless or too much. Every topic that can rule the sick or guide the nurse is treated here so simply, wisely, and practically that the oldest head may learn, while the merest tyro is instructed. Of a surely no house where a sick room can ever be, should be without this invaluable counsellor: to palace and cottage it is a treasure, as useful to the one as the other—to the single patient in the small room as to the score collected in some "fever ward." No wonder, therefore, that this small and unassuming publication, so printed that it may be cheap, and within the reach of all, should have been received

with gratitude by the learned and the great, the physician and the man of science, as well as by the comparatively humble, whose duties in the sick room must very often be discharged with little help, and with aids of luxuries derived from sadly restricted means. It is a book for the poor as for the rich, and for the rich as for the poor, destined to make many a weary head less weary, to create confidence and hope where depression and despair might otherwise be, and especially, and above all, to make woman more than ever a ministering angel in sickness, where there is suffering under any of the ailments that flesh is heir to. As long as life shall last, and pain is the lot of humanity, there will be blessings in sick rooms on the author of this book; and the future will have even more cause than the past to bless the name of FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.

**MANY HAPPY RETURNS OF THE DAY.** By Mr. and Mrs. COWDEN CLARKE. Published by C. LOCKWOOD & Co., London.

A capital book to give to an intelligent boy on his birthday. To celebrate such an event a few friends have assembled early at a house in the country, and after partaking of breakfast all sallied forth to pass the long summer-day in the park, the farmyard, the fields, and by the river-side, discussing in their rambles the pursuits and pastimes incident to a country-life, and in which a boy is supposed to find interest: dogs, horses, poultry-yard pets, driving, riding, sailing, swimming, archery, angling, botany and other sciences, games of all sorts both out-of-doors and in-doors, with many other matters likely to arise out of conversations on such subjects. The information is full, and most pleasantly stated, and is well calculated to give to a boy ideas beneficial to both mind and body: the best *gradus* he can consult if he desires to become a "gentleman" in the truest sense of the word.

**MEMOIRS OF A LADY IN WAITING.** In 2 vols. Published by SAUNDERS & OTLEY, London.

The memoirs of a "Lady in Waiting" refer to the picturesque times of the second Charles, when ladies and gentlemen looked like what Sir Peter Lely painted. The author has modelled her story, not only on the period, but on the people who flourished in those days, and her sketches of character are vigorous and life-like: had her pencil been more carefully pointed, and she had taken more pains with the smaller details, the volumes would have been as perfect as they are pleasant. The striking historical episodes of those eventful times are chronicled with fidelity, and the freshness of young feeling; however well-known they may be, they are treated so as to ensure attention and sympathy. The author has bestowed much good labour on Clarendon, and her groupings and effects are very artistic. Having a second time tried her wings, we make no doubt but her third flight will be as great an improvement on "The Lady in Waiting" as this is on "The Adventures of Mrs. Colonel Somerset." We rejoice to see novels brought within two volume compass. Many a noble tale has been ruined by being, of booksellers' necessity, extended into three. What would "The Vicar of Wakefield" have been in three volumes?

**THE VICAR OF LYSSSEL.** A Clergyman's Diary of 1729-32. Published by SAUNDERS & OTLEY, London.

Fact or fiction, and it may be presumed to be the former, this is a pretty, though a sorrowful, history. It purports to be the diary of a clergyman who has become the incumbent of a picturesque little parish on the Borders: marries a sweet but fragile young girl, whom he soon loses: marries again, after a few years, and is a second time a widower. His eldest son too,—the handsome lad of sixteen, who brought the head prize from St. Bees, loses his life during the vacation. There is sunshine, however, on the old vicar's head as his days are drawing to a close, notwithstanding they are somewhat disturbed by the outbreak of bonnie Prince Charlie and the Scotch insurgents. The vicar is a little of a Jacobite, and bewails the fate of the chief and his misguided followers; but Mr. Kendal was a good man, he murmured not amid all his griefs, and "the serenity and peace shed over his last years seemed to be with his children, as they took their last farewell of his face, calm in death, and as they followed him to his last resting-place, through the garden-paths so long haunted by his footsteps, that sunny spring day, when all nature seemed to rejoice that the long and weary journey was over, and that the good man had gone to his rest."



## THE ART-JOURNAL.



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## LOMBARDY, AND ITS CAPITAL.

## PART II.

**I**n our March number, warmly interested in the wonderful terraced roof of Milan Cathedral, we almost forgot the surrounding view. Yet we would not willingly descend without a few words on that glorious panorama. The dusky city lies like a plan beneath, adorned with towers and domes of different ages, and especially with that "Arch of Peace" in the distance, which commemorates the triumph of a worse power over the bad power that raised it—the "peace" of bayonets and concordats. The most interesting structure is an old brown Lombardic tower, crowned by a circular pale

round-arched colonnade—a contemporaneous cousin to the leaning tower of Pisa. It tells of early days, when the Milanese set the first great example of mediæval patriotism, by contending against the Emperor Frederick Barbarossa. He made them pull down their own city, so as not to leave one stone on another; but they despaired not. Aided by the rest of the Lombard League, they soon rebuilt it, and defeating the emperor in battle, obliged him to acknowledge their independence. The plain—the site of this the first, and, as Sismondi calls it, the most glorious struggle which the nations of modern Europe have maintained against despotism—extends around the city, an ocean-like expanse of trees and fertility. It is notable that of all the streams that vein the map, not one is here visible: not a gleam of water appears. But roads interminably straight dart wholly across that oceanic level; and its green mazes are enlivened here and there by distant towns, and lesser clusters of buildings, sparkling like the sails of a lulled fleet—like those of Pisan, or Venetian and Genoese galleys, which a humane and benignant calm would fain keep asunder.

On a bright day there is a magnificent revelation of the Alps to the north. The green mountains which overhang the lakes of Como and Lugano range foremost, and beyond them many far-off snowy ridges and peaks are seen; but, on our last visit, a haze in the remote distance so prevailed, that, at first, not a single eminence appeared anywhere. It was only on a second look that the loftiest of them all was alone discerned, under an effect of extraordinary interest and impressiveness. High above a shadowy film, over a remote and level horizon, the snowy range of Monte Rosa appeared, rising into a clearer air, like a far sunny group of clouds at perfect rest; pure of aspect as those islands of vapour which floated over our heads, amidst multitudinous marble

embroideries not much less bright than themselves. The Lombard plain faded away from the clear green of innumerable sylvan wavelets to purple mystery, as if to a visible extreme horizon; so that the solitary Alpine ridge, soaring and glittering alone so high above the expanse of dusky vapour, separated from earth and dedicated to heaven by it, created an impression of vast extent and altitude. This was our farewell glance at the Queen of the Alps. And if we thus confine ourselves to the then present and past, let us not be thought dully regardless of the glorious future which has dawned on Milan since we were there. Remembering that Italy never yet prospered without conferring high benefits on mankind, and not forgetting gracefully our own particular debts to her, as the parent of our literature, and of much of our sciences and arts, with what close sympathy ought we now to share all her patriotic emotions! Not that we can say we are disinterested, since our hopes are for more such benefits—a glorious and delightful commerce of noble and refined new products of the intellect. Our civilization longs especially for a fresh infusion of the Italian element, to counteract our hard and gloomy northern tendencies.

From a recollection of Monte Rosa, beheld from the marble roof of Milan Cathedral, with which we closed the last paper, memory next descends to our peregrinations through the city, after its works of Art. We see ourselves (oh the happy time!) with the universal red manual in hand, a fondness for beauty quickening our footsteps, and giving perpetual freshness and ardour to the pursuit; so that, even after uninterrupted ramblings from morning to evening, fatigue was little felt. Those long outlying streets we chiefly had to explore, nevertheless, were then usually very dull, with little or no life in them; and sometimes it was no easy matter to find our way; but whenever we asked it, the inquiry was answered with gratifying politeness. The mild Italian, (courtous as the Parisian is in this respect,) not content with verbal instructions, usually went out of his way to direct us beyond the possibility of mistake. What a contrast to our experience of the Austrian official of those wretched days! Take, as one instance, his manners at the Dogana. There business was transacted in a noble old hall, adorned with native frescos, by no means without merit. Under a lofty ceiling, still glowing with fine bouncing nymphs and goddesses, who have manifestly known prosperous and courtly days, the dirty floor was scattered all over with luggage, and noisy porters knocking it about, and a profusion of little tables with clerks at them, whose attention to your business was only to be drawn in their own good time. My humble self they detained nearly two hours, referring me through a whole chain of officials, each of whom had to fill up a separate column in a large tabular form, and its duplicate, not the only document—and all about a carpet bag, containing but a bundle for the laundress, and a few of the most ordinary travellers' books. The books, notwithstanding the frankest possible display and description of them, they hurried off in an old shirt for grave earnest inspection; and on their return in little less than an hour, some upper officials still continued chattering at their leisure with each other, without the slightest thought of one's convenience. To one of these, a military-looking individual, who seemed as if he possibly might know better, I ventured to meekly hint the value of my time, but he only replied by a broad stare, the production of his tooth-pick, and a more deliberate and leisurely continuance of his conversation with his ally. My errors were, first, to come without a commissioner, who for a trifle, expedites every matter; and secondly, to be too much disgusted to

bribe; and my besetting punishment was the loss of a valuable morning at Milan. The want of commonly decent manners on the part of these menials of Austrian centralization was, however, not the less reprehensible. It was but one of the slighter instances of that mere stupidity of morose pride and insolence, from which nothing less than the artillery of Magenta and Solferino could have aroused them.

After a visit to the *Cenacolo* of Leonardo da Vinci (described in a former paper), our next excursion was to the conventual church of S. Maurizio Maggiore, which is nearly lined throughout with frescos by his most meritorious pupil, Bernardino Luino. Luino is an elegant and charming painter, who imbibed the spirit of Leonardo's gentler and sweeter graces so well, that some of his pictures were long thought to be Leonardo's, and even classed amongst his best. That elegant Fair One, with her soft dimpled cheek and smiling grace, whom Leonardo was the first to lead into the palace and temple of Art amongst her sorrowful grandams, aunts, and cousins, became the mother of the children of Luino's pencil; and they are sometimes so like their parent, that it needs a discernment nice indeed to distinguish one from the other. Indeed, in beauty and sweetness, the scholar's 'Madonna' in the Ambrosian Library, and his 'Daughter of Herodias' in the Florentine Tribune, surpass any faces we know of Da Vinci's, excepting always the incomparable angel's in Lord Suffolk's version of 'La Vierge aux Rochers.' Luino's name, on the whole, is quite a spell to conjure up recollections of elegant lovely faces—seen at Vienna and Milan especially—smiling ladies (female saints they are called in the catalogues), with almond-shaped eyes, large soft eyelids, and little dimpled chins, and with lovely children, and youths having holy titles, almost equally feminine in their looks, but so refined and amiable of aspect, that it is pleasing to look at, pleasing to remember, them. This subtle sweetness, expressed sometimes with a very refined technical skill, constitutes the chief charm of Luino's pencil. He had, too, a graceful and tender poetic fancy; but his genius was the reverse of masculine, confined in its range, and highly mannered. The manlier and grander excellences of the *Cenacolo* were above him far: in force he cannot compare with his master; and above all, it must be remembered, that in general principles of Art, he was merely his follower. Nevertheless, the mantle of Da Vinci's gentler graces fell on Luino, whom it so well fitted, who wore it with an air so charming, that like some adventurous gallant in one of Boccaccio's stories, he has often been mistaken for the original owner—in the twilight or moonshine of a not very intelligent discernment especially. Luino's more feminine mind hung itself on Leonardo's, even as a lovely wife may be ideally supposed to support herself on her husband, and train herself to a greater height of character by his noble and affectionate teaching and example. He is a beautiful parasite, mingling his leaves and flowers sometimes undistinguishably with the lower branches of that tree, whose supporting strength enables it to reach a height, and there show forth its beauties, when else its own slenderness and fragility could not ascend so far.

In our first search after his principal frescos in S. Maurizio Maggiore, we experienced a disappointment. The door of the church was closed, and the custode was gone, the neighbours knew not whither, for his dinner and siesta. Under this difficulty, we entered the courtyard of the adjoining convent, which, like the neighbouring abode of Da Vinci's 'Last Supper,' had been turned into a German barrack. Instead of devout nuns, we found here, seated on a bench, two or three of those ubi-



quitos white chilling uniforms, with creatures inside them who looked boorish and dull in the extreme. It was in vain to say to them that we were devoutly anxious to pay our respects to the holy relics of the renowned S. Bernardino Luino, one of the principal patron saints of the city, which we had heard were deposited in the adjoining church, and that we would gladly give a couple of zwanzigers to any one who would enable us to accomplish our purpose. The men only sat staring, without a word. Another comrade, more intelligent, however, presently looked down from a window, and told us, in very lively Italian, that we had certainly made a mistake in coming here, since this was the Church of San Maurizio. "The Church of S. Bernardino Luino," he added, "is quite at the other end of the city, more than half a league off, near the Porta Tosa." We thought ourselves defeated; but just as we were turning our backs, a wild and dingy old woman, with a bunch of keys in her hand, suddenly rushed out, and fairly caught us.

She led the way through the long passages and empty dormitories of the suppressed convent, which, in every respect, reminded me of our old poor-houses, pointing through the window, as she went, at the soldiers in the court below, and making complaints about them *sotto voce*, in a tone of wild excited eagerness, mingled with fear and dislike approaching to horror; but intense national repugnance had here, very probably, magnified instances of insolence and hardness. The church in which these dingy passages ended, is divided by a screen into two parts, the outer one for public, the inner for conventual worship. The architecture of the interior is most unexpectedly elegant, in the Vatican style, Bramantesque, being indeed the work of Dolcebono, Bramante's pupil; and it is painted everywhere, not only with frescoes for the most part by Luino, but with arabesques and grotesques; so that the whole must originally have been quite florid and gay. But now, alas! all has a faded and shabby air, and not from the scathing hand of time only; for the ultramarine and gold have been scraped away from the pictures, for the wretched pittance of their value. The frescoes by Luino have been ranked amongst his best; and some Leonardoish ladies in his 'Marriage of Cana,' and a gracefully tender and pathetic St. John, in an extensive work of the 'Crucifixion,' are highly attractive; but the execution has a flimsiness, an even rude sketchiness, which disappoints expectations raised by his tenderly and highly wrought easel pictures. On the whole, the critical discoverers of these works have, (as usual,) been tempted to exaggerate their merit.

Above, around the church is a triforium, or feminine gallery, along which our crone conducted us, previous to our dismissal. It led us under a succession of gaily painted arabesqued arches, over which, in round medallions, Luino has wrought heads of young female saints, such as Sant'Agata, Sant'Agnes, Santa Rosalia, Santa Lucia. These also are slight and almost rude in the handling, but refined and sometimes lovely in the features, and with the true Italian feeling, elegant even to poetry in the arrangement of the head-dresses. One might fancy them painted by the ladies themselves, they are so femininely delicate, so pretty. They are lady-saints, like those of Leonardo—Allegria, not like the earlier Venetian and the Umbrian, a woe-begone Penserosa. The paths of religion have been to them not only the paths of peace, but of pleasantness, rounding and smoothing the cheek: devoutness (if we may say so without irreverence,) here reposes in a complacent dimple. The whole interior must have been a beautiful picture in its pristine days, when its colours were all lively and gay, and the fair nuns (some of them, perhaps, the originals of these lovely Luinian frescoed ladies)

looked down from the triforium, or glided about, their arms round each other's shoulders, conversing with heart-and-soul-illuminated eyes on the several beatitudes.

But Luino's masterpiece of beauty is surely the Madonna, already alluded to, in his 'Holy Family,' in the Ambrosian Library. The face, combining girlish simplicity and animation with a remarkable dignity and refinement, is sweetness itself, heart-haunting. These graces may have had Da Vinci for their *grandsire*; but never, save once, so far as we know, did his own immediate mental progeny surpass them. For poetic fancy, the well-known group in the Brera, of the angels bearing the body of St. Catherine through the air, is one of Bernardino's capital productions; but in the same collection is a long series of frescoes from his hand, which also bears interesting testimony of his simple naive grace and elegant feeling in a variety of subjects. They are from the suppressed Convent della Pelucca, nevertheless quite miscellaneous in their classical and rural themes; such as girls playing at hot cookies, and rustics labouring in the fields with a Melibeian grace, the transformation of Daphne, and the Sacrifice to Bacchus. They are very slight and sketchy, and sometimes poor and insipid enough in conception; but now and then the simple grace, and refined beauty, beam forth like an enchanting inspiration. The painting here that most struck me was one of a very fascinating female satyr, with her spouse and infants sacrificing at an altar. One of the children has the true bewitching grace. The mamma-satyr, too, is as pretty, as winningly plump, and amiably smiling a young woman as ever was compromised by a couple of goat's legs. A more charming creature never trotted in the unsteadily wreathed ring-dance, or bewildered the affections of hunter benighted in the Menalian valley with her heterogeneous loveliness. And such a subject from the suppressed Convent Della Pelucca! A strange one, it may be thought, for a convent parlour; but such, in the times of these painters, were commonly chosen for apartments of that kind, where elegant tastes and pleasures took at least the full amount of usual licence. The parlours of the convents of noble ladies were then amongst the principal places of assembly for luxurious and refined society; and it was such a chamber at Parma that the pencil-wand of sweet Correggio converted to a Grotto of Diana. It is an arbour of vines, beyond whose circular openings to the blue bright sky beautiful and noble children are seen passing, bearing Diana's implements of the chase, or fondling her hounds, or the sleeping Endymion's lambs, (of which they have been made shepherds), or caressing each other, or plucking the grapes outside—their chastened seriousness, however, not the less showing them fully conscious of the demure goddess they serve. But, alas! here the frivolities and irregularities of the world likewise so intruded themselves, that the Vatican, specially frightened at the progress of the Reformation, shut up the gates against the visitors, and compelled the lady-nuns to a far more rigid idea and observance of their vows for the future. This was, perhaps, well; but as for the mythological frescoes, we cannot wish them unpainted, but only in a less equivocal place. Several of the Italian painters showed so truly graceful a fancy, so genial a relish for such subjects, that they would rather have been deluged had they painted six times as many of them, instead of lowering to the same tone, as they sometimes did, higher themes, for which they were far less fitted. But the ceaseless demand for church pictures of course prevented the full operation of their own natural gifts, and left them little option in the matter.

Besides Luino's frescoes, there are in the Milan Brera others by Gaudenzio Ferrari, the

next best painter Italy has produced west of Parma and Brescia. Gaudenzio was a Piedmontese, who studied under both Perugino and Raphael, but was much influenced by Leonardo. These frescoes of his have more variety of character and expression than Luino's, a manlier spirit, but incomparably less elegance and beauty. Gaudenzio, nevertheless, has one large altar-piece in oil, in the same collection, which is admirable—the most pathetic work we saw in the gallery—'The Martyrdom of St. Catherine.' The saint is kneeling between two spiky wheels, which are to be turned round, till they draw near and crush her. Her face is beautifully touching. Heavenly hope beams through bodily suffering: her hands are held up in calm expectation of death—and blessedness. Her eyes are languid and red from many various trials, no doubt beyond mortal endurance; and yet an almost smiling faith shines tremulously through them, with a gentleness and tenderness that seem immortal. The huge Herculean figures turning the wheels have a deeply grave and mournful look, and seem to be doing their horrid work slowly, with a prelude of more muscular effort than they are really using. It is a delightful comfort to think that, after all, those dreadful spikes did not close, and lacerate her tender form: some miraculous interposition ensued, and St. Catherine was reserved for a far milder form of martyrdom. One would say something of the undue prominence in colour and tone of the figures behind, and also of their inanimate stiffness; but that exquisite face below pleads against all harsh or adverse criticism. It is enough of itself to fill the mind, and throws everything behind sufficiently into the background, not by mere superiority in strength of hue and light, but by the pathetic force and brightness of its heart-enchaining expression.

The other scholars of Leonardo, as displayed by their works in the Brera, reflect on him little credit. One is at first surprised to see works so heavy, rude, dull, and incapable, produced by the followers of an artist so illustrious for his refinements. But, after all, his real excellences, a subtle perception of character and expression, a noble refinement of feeling, and elegance of taste, were not the most communicable. His more purely technical principles were, in several ways, full of defect; and these, as taken up by his scholars, led to much heavy and narrow mannerism.

But the general aspect of the Brera collection results from a more lugubrious mannerism of another kind—a preponderating crowd of inferior pictures of the earlier devotional schools, chiefly of Venice and central Italy, abounding in meagre woe-begone ill-drawn saints, and livid gory pietàs; such as cannot but be painful to any one not of the most far-gone enthusiasm, and ostrich-like digestion in such matters—according to a recent mania, which we fervidly hope and trust is now on the decline. The collection, in short, is too like in tone to the Chamber of Mediæval Horrors in our own National Gallery, that melancholy monument of the abject superstition of former ages, and of the spurious sentimentalism of our own, that costly *débris* of an extravagant second Renaissance, which, unless we are much mistaken, our successors will be glad to exchange *en masse*, for a single lovely classical fragment, or even a good Dutch picture.

A 'Coronation of the Virgin,' by Gentile da Fabriano, has been alluded to by a learned German critic as a particularly fine work, by a painter on whom he expatiates in his most charmingly picturesque captivating manner. Gentile has been considered as a link of devout inspirations (through his pupil Jacopo, the father of the two Bellini), between Fra Angelico and the early Venetians. But, in truth, this lauded production is utterly destitute of



merit. In form and style, indeed, it is something half-way between a Hindoo picture and an Angelico, but devoid of all life and spirituality. To the Majesty of Heaven the painter has only been able to give the visage of hoary and rustical imbecility, a smart heavy crown, and the childish barbarous pomp of the most uncouth mythology. In an enthroned Madonna with saints, by Alunno, the chief prototype of Perugino, the arrangement, the ornaments, and innocent prettiness, are, with far more sense and feeling, all closely imitated from Angelico; but the sweet seraphic inspiration to which the Beato ascended in two or three masterpieces, was uncopiable even by himself. Here, too, is a picture by that rare artist, Fra Carnivale, of Federigo, Duke of Urbino, a pontifical champion, and a Mecenas to boot, kneeling before the Madonna and a company of morbidly grave and solemn saints; in which it is to be observed that the gleam of the duke's armour, the architecture, and other accessories, are realized as fully as they could be by our present Pre-Raphaelites, with more transparency and pure simplicity of execution; such realization being, indeed, even in the Italian painters of that period, often more remarkable than their powers of expression. This may certainly be said of an 'Annunciation' by Giovanni Santi, Raphael's father, one of the very few of his pictures remaining. In some of the others is a decided feeling for that beauty and elegance, which in his son found their highest expression; but here, with much elaborate ornamental architecture, we have figures inexpressive and uninteresting in every respect.

We pass briefly the numerous works of the early Venetians at Milan, having already given our impressions of those painters in papers published in this journal on the subject of their pictures at Venice. The two or three by Giovanni Bellini in the Brera are rude ugly lugubrious works, the productions of a rarely gifted mind temporarily deadened by an uncouth monkish spiritualism. We should question their genuineness, but that the same mortal taint obtrudes itself in his earlier undoubted works at Venice. It really seems as if the example of his own pupils, Giorgione and Titian, quickened in him, at a late period of life, that sense of beauty, which, united with his own pious feeling, raised his two or three masterpieces, produced in advanced years, into marvellous triumphs of serene and tender old age. We trust that the agents for our National Collection do not forget that the finest of them is buried in an obscure and shabby church near the Rialto. The apparent poverty of the place may well suggest the fear that both this, and the matchless Sebastian del Piombo which hangs beside it, may else be easily obtained by some one a little more vigilant. The foremost of Bellini's competitors Victor Carpaccio, whose later works are softened by more of the Umbrian grace and charm, is better represented at the Brera. His single figure of St. Stephen in a rich ecclesiastical dress is beautifully serene and saintly, and the pure subdued harmony of the colours very exquisite. But the great work of this school in the present collection is the large masterpiece of Gentile Bellini, of St. Mark preaching to a most orderly and reverential crowd, and a camelopard, with a many-domed church in the background exceedingly like St. Mark's at Venice. The crowd of women seated on the ground in high turbans and veils before the Evangelist, reminds one of Constantinople, and the painter's patron, Mahomet II.; but the rows of male auditors standing behind are surely truthful portraits of Venetian burghers, humble, homely, thoughtful, pious men, whose faces are most softly and delicately coloured and wrought. The church in the background is, in an especial degree, a glorious

piece of old painting, made up of exquisite russets and delicate silvery grays, which are clearness itself, and so luminous as to unite harmoniously with the gilding with which the quaint cupolas and arches are daintily touched. Like the women seated on the ground at the feet of the Evangelist in the picture itself, did we sit on the ground before this delightful memorial of bygone ages; for no seats were supplied in that then Austrian gallery. Our experience was there certainly obtained at some sacrifice of personal dignity.

Longhi's engraving of the 'Marriage of the Virgin' by the youthful Raphael, one of the loveliest of prints, made me highly desirous of seeing the original, which is the most celebrated picture in this collection. The suitors of the Virgin deposited their wands in the temple for a sign; and he whose wand blossomed was to be deemed the chosen one. And now St. Joseph stands bearing, like a sceptre, his wand, which sprinkled no doubt with holy water in the night by the angels, has budded with lilies; and his other hand, guided by the venerable high priest, presents the ring to the bride. She, a lovely young creature, full of saintly grace and modesty, like one already set apart and sanctified for her supremely honoured function, advances with downcast eyes, as if she heard the angels singing the hymeneal, and scattering fadless lilies in her path. Grace is further made to adorn her in the very folds of her drapery, and the light gauzy scarves, which wreath her shoulders and gentle maidenly breast with so tender a flow of lines, that they seem conscious of the loveliness they encircle: that form of itself convinces that no light thought was ever harboured there. Behind the bridegroom, the disappointed suitors in quaint bonnets and costumes of the painter's times, fretfully break their barren wands. Two of them are portraits of Raphael and his friend, Perugino—no disappointed suitors for the ideal apprehension of the Virgin's beauties and graces—and Bramante is a third. And opposite stand the bridesmaids, the virgins of the temple, most lady-like figures, also in quaintly elegant costumes, and with gentle pensive sympathies in their looks, which perhaps may soon waken the disconcerted youths on the other side to the trust that there is, possibly, consolation in the world for them still. A feeling for beauty, and harmony, and lovely order, in the true spirit of Raphael, may be traced no whit the less through every subordinate line and form; and partly through this, a heavenly grace seems to descend on that company in an especial manner. It is a Spozalizio worthy, indeed, of the marble roof of Milan Cathedral, before that crowning pavilion, and the avenues of fair and delicate spires, with the cloudless sky, and the blush of Monte Rosa between. The sight of the picture, and of that matchless background, within the same morning, may sufficiently account for such an association, and perhaps justify it.

The above is a moderate description of an actually-existing work of Art; but before the original picture, it becomes manifest that it applies fully to the print only—to a work not of Raphael only, but of Raphael and the engraver Longhi, who has here rectified the errors, and fulfilled the shortcomings of the inexperienced young painter with a feeling and matchless skill, which, as we suppose, is by no means sufficiently appreciated. Those who have been delighted with the lovely heads in the print, or with the unqualified tones of glowing criticism so often applied to the original picture, will be startled indeed at the little pursed-up features in the latter, devoid of expression, and especially at the nugatory face of the Madonna, barren of every attractive quality. The silvery clearness of the incomparable print, too, is a perfect contrast to the hot and heavy colour of the original. But in fact there is

little of Raphael here; the conception being Perugino's even down to many of the minutest details;\* and the picture is chiefly interesting as a proof of the existence in the young Sanzio's mind, to an extraordinary degree, of one quality of true greatness—sympathy. He had now left Perugino, and begun his career independently, with symptoms of emancipation of style also; yet here, as if in the very tenderness of his recollections, he seems to *rely* entirely into the master whom he always continued to love and honour; for nothing can be more thoroughly Peruginian in every point.

Francia is the *cor cordium*, the heart of hearts of the real Pre-Raphaelites: a softness and warmth of humanity above the conceptions of the other seraphic painters, are here under the shadow of the Dove's wings. He has a work in the Brera, not comparable indeed to the matchless pair in our own gallery, but reminding one of their most rare purity luminousness and beauty of colour, especially in its landscape. The subject is the Annunciation; and behind the Virgin and the angel is a little lake encircled by gentle hills and trees, which receives into its bosom the crystal brightness of heaven as submissively and serenely as Mary's spirit does that which is vouchsafed from above. Quaint and feeble enough are the landscape forms certainly: nevertheless the mind is led to people them with the heavenly intelligences; and that neither the geology nor botany of our present landscape painters would have suggested. In a diary of this interesting painter's, there is preserved an affectionate record of the day when his beloved Timoteo delle Vite finally left his studio. This disciple of Francia's was one of the few who caught some of the graces originated by Raphael, his fellow townsman, with true feeling: his pictures are extremely rare; and one of the best of them is amongst the most beautiful in the Brera. The Conception of the Virgin is here, however, represented with an unfortunately mistaken mystical ingenuity. The Divine Infant descends towards the virgin, standing on the Sacred Dove. Between two saints, she looks up, indeed, with all the devotional beauty which the painter could impart to her: but not the less, the picturesque conceit being condemned by the priesthood as unsound, the picture was consigned to ignominious darkness for many years, and the painter himself narrowly escaped a prosecution. The saints here retain traces of the old asceticism; but the Virgin is set off by that peculiar Raphaelian elegance, which need not surprise us in the most refined assistant in the lovelier works of the Vatican. The light pure beauty of the colour and execution, too, show that it must have been a serious loss to the young prince of painters, when his beloved Timoteo (preferring to all things native Urbino) left him at an early period in the hands of assistants but heavy-handed and inferior.

But let not the reader fear that we shall detain him much longer in the Brera. One of its later pictures, the Guercino, of 'Abraham putting away Hagar,' Byron made celebrated—he liked it—it seemed to him "natural and goodly;" and Moore followed, with some enthusiasm, in the luminous wake of his opinion. But, alas, that was before the flood. Hear Mr. Ruskin—"The grief of Guercino's Hagar is partly despicable, partly disgusting, partly ridiculous: it is not the grief of the injured

\* In a most beautiful drawing in the Louvre by Perugino of the 'Presentation in the Temple,' the drapery of the Virgin is fold for fold the same with that of the Madonna in this picture; but it is interesting to see what additional beauty Raphael gives by his graceful amplification of Perugino's excellent but meagrely and stiffly drawn motives. Perugino delighted to adorn not the saints only with a poetic gracefulness of attire. "Pietro took a very beautiful girl to wife, and she bore him children. He is said to have had so much pleasure in seeing her wear becoming head-dresses, that he occasionally arranged this part of her toilet with his own hands."



Egyptian, driven forth into the desert with the destiny of a nation in her heart, but of a servant of all work turned away for stealing tea and sugar." This sneer may answer indifferently well behind Guercino's back; but how it dwindles in his presence—even beneath a counter sneer! We grant that there is nothing expressly lofty in the handmaiden's countenance. It might perhaps have been still better had there been; though, on the other hand, the assumption that the destiny of a nation was in her heart, seems a little gratuitous, and open to mild controversy. But in sober simplest fact, the grief is neither despicable nor ridiculous, but "natural and goodly," as Byron has very well described it; so natural, the eyes filling with tears, the brow delicately knitted, that we think we never saw the touching pain of ordinary tears expressed so completely, or with so much refinement. We are aware that in this most advanced and intellectual age, mere tears, "women's weapons, water-drops"—"those weapons of her weakness," have lost much of their delusive power over us; and that we require the highest and most purified moral grounds for our sympathies; still (woe's me!) something of our forefathers' rude benighted facility of sentiment comes creeping over us now and then: sometimes we feel prone to condole with mere pain and grief as pain and grief, without stopping to inquire the cause, nay even undeterred by a cause that is not perfectly legitimate. From even "a servant of all work turned away for stealing tea and sugar" who could look thus, we firmly believe we should be unable to withhold some tinge of respectful commiseration.

The large Bonifazio here, so long ascribed to Giorgione, and called 'The Finding of Moses,' is simply a romantic Italian fête champêtre, with something of the artless quaintness of an old tapestry of a rural castle in its want of grouping, its antiquated gusto, but with all the glow freshness and splendour of true Venetian colour, in which this Veronese painter sometimes fairly vied with Titian. There is also something of the charming Titian and Giorgione pastoral sentiment of love to be found out amongst that motley company—that is, if we but glance around with discernment. We may contrast the cheerfulness of this picture with the fine imaginative 'St. Jerome' by Titian. The ascetic saint is but dimly seen in the sympathetic twilight of the drear sultry desert, kneeling, about to smite his macerated breast with a flint. It is a duplicate of a larger work in that vast gloomy palatial desert the Escorial—a picture before which successive Kings of Spain have, no doubt, sat nursing that bigoted austerity which seems to have denied them things innocent only. It may possibly—this same picture—have suggested to Philip II. to require with the next hair shirt, or change of sackcloth, a lacerating, goring flint as hard as—his own heart. But we could have wished Titian a better office than this.

That prince of colourists had a subject school, not only at Venice, but at Brescia; and two of its ornaments, Moretto and Moroni, have dignified ecclesiastical altar-pieces in the Brera, of which we will say a few words in conclusion, because of the recent introduction of Brescian pictures into our own gallery, which perhaps may render some brief remarks not wholly unacceptable at the present moment. These Brescian painters, then, followed Titian worthily—sometimes they came up to him—in ecclesiastical dignity, in perfection of grand broad soft painting of all save the faces and flesh tones, and in harmony of colour, which however with them is cooler and more silvery, though often of exquisite luminousness, delicacy, and beauty. They took their hues, not from the deep glow of sunset on the lagunes, but rather from the aerial morning fairness of

their own mountains, near which Brescia is raised, known often (as lately) to be the metropolis of generosity, and noble feeling, and spirit in Lombardy. Moroni was specially recommended by Titian to the magnates of Bergamo as the worthiest to take their portraits; and even in his altar-piece in the Brera one may see that portraiture was his forte. The saints beneath are much what Titian might have painted in the majestic and feeling adaptation of fine living models they display; but Moroni could not see above the clouds: the celestial figures are failures, coarse and poor. His master, Moretto, by far surpassed him in grace, beauty, and tenderness of feeling, being indeed the Brescian Raphael, who much studied him of Urbino, and moreover, was of so humble a piety, that when painting the 'Virgin,' he prepared himself by prayer and fasting. And yet one at least of Moretto's religious pictures seems to breathe the finest spirit of Italian sentimental romance. We allude to his 'St. Justina,' one of the loveliest and most elegant ornaments of the Belvedere at Vienna—that most brilliant collection of all that is romantic and splendid in Venetian Art especially, the recollection of which is one of the most glowing chapters in our memory; and amongst its separate images shines conspicuously that beautiful and noble lady whom Moretto has chosen to call St. Justina. Holding a palm-branch, she stands amidst a bright and rich Lombardy landscape encompassed with mountains; whilst on one side, Duke Hercules of Ferrara, kneeling, looks up to her with a sweet reverence, not unmeet for such an object, even were she nothing more than a mere fair woman, and yet, as we faithfully believe, not unworthy of a saint; for, at the least, canzoni which Petrarch would have sanctioned, beam in his eyes. She, meanwhile, returns his gaze with a mild, gracious, contemplative air. The colouring of this picture is somewhat peculiar, but extremely beautiful and harmonious. It expresses a pure cool daylight, with a subdued undertone of deep richness.

The altar-piece by Moretto lately added to our gallery, though nothing comparable to this, is a dignified work, distinguished by a nobly tender manner of painting, and exquisite silvery Brescian tones. The Madonna and Child, indeed, are poorly conceived, (we doubt the advisableness of his well-intended fasting at this part of his themes—it may have chilled his fancy), but some of the saints below are truly grand and striking of aspect, and the St. Catherine in the clouds beautiful tender-thoughted figures. This work is an acquisition.\*

\* The altar-piece in five compartments, by Romanino—another Brescian, added at the same time to the National Collection—is, notwithstanding some tender feeling and fine painting in parts, so feeble on the whole, and so defective, as to be scarcely worth the space it occupies. The heavy monotonous, unnatural colour especially renders it little worthy of a painter who is the third in merit of the Brescians. On the other hand, the new picture by Borgognone, a somewhat early Milanese painter, is a decided gain—an unusually fine production of its class. The youthful majesty and pensiveness of the Madonnas are deeply impressive—the work of intense reverential feeling. But at the same time the walls were encumbered with a most insipid worthless altar-piece by Lorenzo Costa, and a vile 'Nursing of Jupiter' by Giulio Romano. Is it quite vain to hope that the most ordinary degree of consistency and good taste shall be uniformly exercised in the choice of our national pictures? Several of them are such unmitigated eyecores, so calculated to mislead the inexperienced, take up so much room, moreover, that surely they ought to be expelled—that immense libel on Paul Veronese, the 'Adoration of the Magi,' for instance, and the scrubbed ruin formerly ascribed at hapazard to Bellini and Giorgione. Even whilst the above was being written, our Gallery was further encumbered with another whole collection, bought at Paris, for by far the most part also miserably worthless. But now we seem to be taking a new tack. Having been so long tired with purism, we are, all of a sudden, to be repelled with impurity. The new Bronzino is an ill-drawn, vitally-coloured, every-way debased production, well worthy the court painter of such hardened cynical wretches as Duke Alessandro and Bianca Capello. Its only value is to illustrate the delightful truth that beauty cannot be produced but by beauty of mind; for notwithstanding some partial acquaintance with the ordinarily received forms and types of beauty, the result is mere awkwardness, and

but the same painter's portrait of an Italian nobleman, also recently obtained for the National Collection, is so interesting in its peculiar way, that we were much concerned when the honourable member for Brighton, the other day, denounced it in the House of Commons, in company with other works repudiated, as we conceive, quite justly. Rarely do we meet with a portrait so felicitously romantic in conception. Here we have familiarized for us at once, if not the hero, at least a prominent and interesting character of the Italian novel, and, we may add, of the Elizabethan tragedy founded on it. In that rich dress, so worthy of a gentleman and a cavalier, he leans upon his hand, with upturned eye, meditating, we doubt not, some highly dramatic issues. Even so Benvolio might look, thinking what risk his love-lost friend incurs; or Tybalt, perhaps, in a subdued, thoughtful moment—but he is "his own affection's councillor." Would he were a little handsomer, or, at any rate, that the face were somewhat better drawn and modelled; for it is not only a most interesting conception, but in every other respect an admirable piece of painting, firm, solid, yet tender, of an harmonious cool richness of colour, and with a peculiar delicate play of living light upon it, worthy of all admiration. Specially are we fascinated with the rich morone and yellow damasked curtain behind, scattered with this uncertain wavering light, just such as is reflected through the palace windows of Venice, or Verona, from the sunshine on the Canal Grande, or the Adige. We do not mean that this association was intended, but those who have gazed much in a gondola will enter into it. Would, we say, that we could exchange the whole of our Room of *Orreagna* Horrors on the right as you first enter (the Borgognone excepted), and the staircase to boot, for one other such picture as this!

We say so, because we believe that there are few visitors who do not find them painfully oppressive. Formerly, alas, we entered the National Gallery with unalloyed satisfaction; for notwithstanding the smallness and incompleteness of the collection, excellence greatly predominated; and there was, at least, due proportion between the number of great and inferior works. But now that proportion is no more. Mere rubbish of large dimensions is beginning to prevail to an alarming extent; and at the very outset of the collection, the imagination is much untuned and nauseated by the uncouthness and imbecility of monkish altar-pieces with their gaudy framework—productions outraging common sense, Christianity, Nature, and Art in every way—*Orreagna*-saints, of aspect fit to preside at an Indian Suttee, spiritualities in religious expression and artistic style only worthy of a Buddhist monastery, idiotically loathsome Pietàs and Crucifixes, over which reverence and decency would alike fan drop a veil. It is surely now high time that the habit of purchasing such works—a habit bred of antiquarians and eloquent writers who know little or nothing of Art, should cease. We cannot willingly look upon our National Gallery as in any degree a museum of archaeology and historical illustration, but simply as a gallery of Art—of good and sound Art, of models for delight and emulation, not a crowded accumulation of objects in themselves worthless and hideous, however conducive to antiquarian erudition. The national funds should not be lavished on such quaint and dreary curiosities, to the end that when some admirable work presents itself,

hard straggling ugliness. The most worthless new Paris Bordone is but a mere maulin variation of the same painfully earthy tone. Such works are truly lamentable blotches on the once fair face of our Gallery. And what a "Titian" is that patched, heterogeneous piece of half scholar's work, to hang beside the Bacchus and Ariadne! We doubt whether it will be possible in another generation to restore the former degree of predominance of the good over the bad.



those funds should be found exhausted, or inadequate. Many of those already collected are so utterly worthless, that we earnestly hope the trustees will by and by avail themselves of the legal resource of an auction for the winnowing and purification of the huge mass; or, at any rate, that they will send them to the shady corridors of one of our museums of historical and natural curiosities. The whole collection purchased in the lump at Florence is even curiously valueless. Only one work of each of the *principal* Giotteschi, and that invariably the smallest, should be retained: a cabinet Orcagna ought to content us thoroughly. Not that we would by any means repudiate our whole collection up to the time of Masaccio, for several of the later works within this limit have great merit; but wherever the choice has been made on the antiquarian principle, the picture ought to be dispatched elsewhere. Furthermore, *Numbers without Merit*, is the worst possible motto for a public collection of pictures; for nothing else so bewilders, fatigues, and discourages the uninformed as an unwinnowed multitude of objects of this kind; nothing else is so likely to deter them from further pursuit of the subject. And with regard to the more cultivated order of observers, nothing so tends to diminish imaginative enjoyment as such an obtrusion of the bad, the hideous, and repulsive. Our National Gallery ought to be a sanctuary of good taste, dedicated to the beautiful and the true; and therefore we should much rejoice to find all which seems to ignore these qualities—though worthy, perhaps, of being preserved on other grounds—set apart with our purely ethnological or antiquarian curiosities.

Yet amongst recent acquisitions of the Pre-Raphael period, some there certainly are which one would preserve the more carefully, inasmuch as, with unmistakable drawings of excellent Art, there may be found in them delineations of character and expression of high moral import: though, to be sure, it is not exactly the kind of moral for which such pictures were painted, or have been recently preferred amongst us. To a discriminative observer they are an instructive illustration and warning of what asceticism leads to. Contemplate, especially, that kneeling St. Francis, by Benozzo Gozzoli, the very type of grovelling inexorable superstition, of spiritual pauperism, worthy indeed of the apostle of that lazy falsely-dreaming mendicancy which has been the very sore of Italy for ages, and which the admirable Farini is now so auspiciously and delightfully sweeping away from the Emilian provinces, with a besom fashioned surely of sacred palms and sweet fadless amaranth. Or survey Marco Zoppo's 'St. Dominick,' who looks as though, in the crucible of school theology, he had transmuted all feeling and intellect into some remorseless dogma, to be enforced with no consideration for transitory pains, or scruples, or affections of humanity. Has he not—survey him attentively when next you go to the National Gallery—the very aspect of one who, by constantly dreaming of the abstract and the infinite, has lost the power of regarding the corporate or the individual? Does he not *seem* exalted there, with all his mystical barbaric attributes or paraphernalia, as the presiding divinity of innumerable *Auto-da-fés*? which indeed he was, nothing less. Or look at Borgognone's 'St. Catherine of Siena,' with all the humanity washed out of her countenance, piteously, by the waters of purism. Two or three such pictures as these, collected chiefly in consequence of the exhortations of mediæval sentimentalists, may indeed well remain, to counteract, if not to crumble into its original mortal dust, the charm raised by their fascinating eloquence.

W. P. BAYLEY.

### PHOTO-ZINCOGRAPHY.

THIS is the name given by Sir Henry James, R.E., to a process which he has recently introduced—the object of which is to obtain copies of engravings, maps, manuscripts, and the like, by a photographic process, and to transfer the photograph directly to a zinc-plate, from which any number of copies can be printed. Colonel Sir H. James has for some time employed photography for the purpose of reducing the Ordnance Survey Maps from the large to the smaller scale. It will be readily understood by all who are in the least degree acquainted with the camera-obscura, that this can be accomplished by carefully adjusting the distance between the lens of the instrument and the object to be copied. In copying upon the reduced scale the Maps of the Ordnance Survey, the greatest delicacy is required; and this has been secured in the Map Office, at Southampton, by moving the camera-obscura upon an accurately graduated plane-scale. The perfection obtained is such that a committee appointed to inquire into the value of the process state, "that the greatest error in any part of the reduced plans does not exceed the 1-400th part of an inch, and that the annual saving effected amounts to £1,615."

Advancing from this valuable application for reducing maps, &c. Sir Henry James has arrived at the following process of printing them. The negative obtained in the camera-obscura is placed on paper which has been washed over with bichromate of potash and gum, and then dried. The use of the bichromate of potash was introduced by Mr. Mungo Ponton, and subsequently a very pleasing modification of his process, called the chromotype, was published by Mr. Robert Hunt, at the meeting of the British Association at Cork. Another application of this peculiar salt as a photographic agent was then made by M. Edmond Becquerel. Afterwards Mr. Pretsch employed it in his interesting process of *photo-galvanography*; and, still later, Mr. H. Fox Talbot uses it in his phototypic engraving. The value of this salt depends in all those examples upon a remarkable peculiarity possessed by it. When exposed to light, in contact with organic matter, it is decomposed, and the chromic acid enters into powerful combination with the organic body, whatever it may be, so that it is rendered insoluble over all those parts which have been exposed to solar influences. In this particular process, the collodion negative picture being pressed close to the paper prepared with the bichromate of potash and gum, is exposed to solar action. The picture so obtained is then coated over its whole surface with lithographic ink, and a stream of hot water is then poured upon it. Now, as all the parts which have been exposed to light have become by that exposure insoluble, they remain uninfluenced by the hot water, but all the other parts are removed, and thus is obtained the outline of a map, or of any picture or document, in a state ready to be transferred to zinc, stone, or to a copper-plate. The following extract from a communication made by Colonel Sir Henry James to *The Photographic News* still further explains the process and its application.

"Since the publication of this report" (that is, the report of the committee on the reducing process alluded to), "Captain A. de Courcy Scott, R.E., who has charge of this branch of the work, has been experimenting for the purpose of producing the reduced photographs in a state to be at once transferred either to zinc, or to the waxed surface of the copper-plates for the engraver; and with the aid of Mr. Appel, who is so well known for his great skill in zincography, and the assistance of Corporal A. G. Rider, R.E., one of our photographers, we have, I think, perfectly succeeded; our success being due to the fact, that we have in this establishment both first-rate photographers and first-rate zincographers, although I am myself neither the one nor the other."

"The process by which the photo-zincographs of the ancient MS. from the Record Office (supposed to be of the time of Edward I.) were made, is in principle similar to that described as the carbon process of M. Asser, of Amsterdam, and which consists in coating paper with a solution of bichromate of potash and gum, exposing it, when dry, under a negative highly 'intensified,' then applying lithographic ink to the whole surface, and afterwards removing that which is on the soluble portion of the

bichromate of potash, and transferring the copy thus produced to zinc.

"But, although in principle the process is the same as M. Asser's, the success we have obtained arises from variations in the methods employed at almost every stage of the process, as, for example, in coating the whole surface of the paper with ink, and again removing the superfluous ink, both objects being obtained by passing the paper through the press on zinc plates, evenly covered with lithographic ink, and then again by using the 'Anastatic' process instead of the process of transferring to zinc.

"The object we have in view is the production of facsimiles of plans, or MSS., or line engravings of any kind, and therefore we do not encounter the difficulties which those who seek the production of gradations in shade or half-tones do; but we have arrived at this important result—viz. that we can now produce, at a very trifling cost, any number of facsimiles of the ancient records of the kingdom, such as Doomsday Book, or the Pipe or Patent Rolls, or we can take facsimiles of the MS. Bibles, &c., without even touching the originals, and this, I think, will be a most important application of the art of photo-zincography."

Nothing can be more perfect than the copies obtained by this means of ancient manuscripts and of black-letter pages. There is without doubt a very extended application to be made of this process, which is at once simple and economical. R. H.

### THE ARUNDEL SOCIETY,

FOR PROMOTING THE KNOWLEDGE OF ART.

In October last we brought the objects of this society before the notice of our readers; its subsequent publications now claim our further consideration. In the earlier years of its existence, it appealed in somewhat hard and dry woodcuts, taken from the Giotto Chapel, at Padua, to the initiated few. It now, however, claims in a new career, a wider usefulness and a more extended popularity. Chromo-lithography in its present advanced stage, reaching all but an ultimate perfection, has enabled this society to indulge in the fascination of colour without surrendering that higher and still more spiritual attribute—the beauty, and the expression of form. The Arundel Society has accordingly employed a skilled Italian artist in the making of coloured drawings, from some of the rarer and more important Italian frescoes. These drawings are copied and indefinitely multiplied by the chromo-lithographic process; thus the subscribers, and, indeed, the general English public, are enabled for the first time accurately to judge of, and intimately to enjoy, those great pictorial works which have decorated the mediæval church, and added solemnity to the secluded cloister. Accuracy of drawing is still further secured by tracings taken from the heads of the more important figures, and published in outline as accompaniments to the coloured lithograph. This is the general plan of operation, and we now proceed, in few words, to tell our readers in what manner the Arundel Society is carrying into execution its laudable intent.

The society has, we think, rightly shown a preference for those early and purely Christian painters, till late long neglected, but now fortunately exerting so salutary an influence upon the Arts of modern Europe. Pinturicchio, born in the spiritual school of Siena, baptized and nurtured in the deep devotion of Umbria, was a master of the type specially suited for Pre-Raphaelite tastes and Anglican sympathies. Accordingly, the society sent its chosen artist to the church in the small town of Spello, set upon a hill, where the masterpieces of this spiritual painter lie in forlorn neglect, threatened with destruction and decay. A chromo-lithograph of 'Christ among the Doctors,' taken from this church, was last year issued to the subscribers; and 'the Nativity,' a companion work, has within the last few days been likewise published. The members have also received a truly beautiful picture, 'the Burial of St. Catherine,' by Luini, from the Brera in Milan. Luini we love as one of the tenderest of painters; living at the happy epoch when the earnest faith of early days, yet unextinguished, was most happily blended with



that intellectual knowledge which Art, in its progress, had at length accumulated. Milan, and other neighbouring towns in Northern Italy, are rich in the exquisite works of this true and right-minded painter, the only worthy successor of Da Vinci. Among all his conceptions, we know of none more touching and pathetic than this 'Burial of St. Catherine,' hallowed by attendant angels, lovely in that beauty which the true artist ever chooses as the emblem of heavenly bliss and purity. As an "occasional publication," the society has also within the last few months executed an exact facsimile from Giotto's well-known portrait of Dante, in the Bargello Chapel of Florence. The head is of historic importance, painted by Giotto, the friend of Dante. Its identity in the fresco itself is now, however, virtually lost under those modern restorations, which, in Italy, are indeed the most fatal of all destroyers, not excepting time itself. This facsimile of the work, just as it was found when first cleared from whitewash, and ere it had suffered from repainting, is therefore of special interest and importance.

Materials for future publications are fast accumulating; yet destruction, making still more rapid advances, will, it is feared, not stay her hand till the society, by the ordinary means of operation, has secured to itself works which in the history of Art are of inestimable value. And in the impending state of Italy—the victim probably in coming years of military rapine, political uproar, and social anarchy—what devastation may not overtake pictures which a stray cannon shot will suffice to destroy! The council of the Arundel Society have therefore thought that, in the interest of European Art, it becomes their duty, ere it may be too late, to secure by accurate copies works perishing by neglect, or threatened with more violent and immediate destruction. They have consequently opened a special "Copying Fund," to which they now invite contributions. Already the first-fruits of this newly directed effort may be seen hung round the rooms of the society. We have viewed in these rooms, with pleasure, an excellent copy of Masaccio's 'Tribute Money,' from the far-famed Brancacci Chapel, in Florence, a work to which Raphael himself was indebted in his Cartoon at Hampton Court. There also may be found copies from frescoes by Benozzo Gozzoli—pictures of pure spiritual feeling, to which many an artist has made his pilgrimage. And lastly, though certainly not least, two exquisite drawings from Francesco Francia, in the desecrated chapel of St. Cecilia—a master of such rare excellence and beauty as worthily to win the name of Raphael of Bologna. It is thus the object of the society to form a collection of water-colour drawings, tracings, and photographs, from the great frescoes of the fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth centuries, and to publish from time to time, according to the means at its disposal, coloured transcripts which will indeed constitute in themselves a gallery and a history.

Italy, in fact, offers to this society exhaustless treasure. Not a town even in the fastnesses of the Apennines that is not rich in works which here, in Northern Europe, would be deemed a glorious heritage. Masters scarcely heard of beyond the narrow confines of a local reputation, were dowered with that love of beauty, and hallowed by that rapt devotion, which either the world no longer knows, or Art has ceased to recognise. The task, then, which the Arundel Society has set itself to perform is among the most noble and the most useful. It may teach a utilitarian age what divine works men in days of old wrought for the honour of God, and the glory of his temple. It may show to a school of literal and naturalistic art, the function of the imagination and the high sphere of the ideal. And it may yet serve to inculcate and enforce those immutable principles in which all noble Art originates—those essential truths for lack of which many a modern work is doomed to perish.

J. BEAVINGTON ATKINSON.

[It may be well to lay some stress on the fact, that this valuable society is maintained entirely by private subscriptions, for which a very ample return is made; its power to do good may be largely increased by an augmented list of subscribers.]

### SIMPLICITY.

J. B. Greuze, Painter.

F. Joubert, Engraver.

We presume this picture to be a portrait, but we have no record of the fair sitter. Greuze, one of the best colourists of the French school, and one of the most fascinating painters of feminine beauty—when he restrained his imagination within the limits of decorum, from which it was too apt to go astray—was a kind of Art-idol among *les belles dames* of France and their gallant cavaliers. The former worshipped him for his recognition of their charms in the manner in which he transferred them to his canvases, and the latter rendered him their homage because he placed before them such objects as they most delighted to look upon. Men who cared nothing for Art, except as a medium of unworthy gratifications, sought after his pictures, and prized them as the choicest gems in their cabinets, only on account of their fascinating power—not to subdue what is evil in human nature, but to prompt and encourage it. We believe there have been few, if any, painters whose works, frequently, are so open to condemnation.

But there are two sides to his character as a painter; one has just been hinted at, the other, and the brighter side, is that in which he now appears before us. His portraits of young girls and of children are by far the most pleasing of his works, "especially," as it has been said, "when he paints them as nature formed them, with the untutored simplicity and innocence of infancy, before they are spoiled by injudicious education, and tricked out with the dress and air of coquettes." The picture we have engraved is not altogether free from this objection, but it is so trivial in its nature as to be overpowered by the sweetness of the face and the elegance of the whole treatment. The countenance is that of a young girl, bright and intellectual; her large dark eyes are gazing fixedly upon some object, and yet without showing any definite intent or meaning; the lips are slightly parted, and the pervading expression of the face inclines more to pensiveness than to any other recognisable feeling. But the bust of the figure is that of a young woman, and in adopting this the artist has exhibited inattention to congruity of treatment, and a leaning towards that coquettishness which destroys the simplicity of so many of his subjects. The grace of the composition is not affected thereby, yet a doubt, which ought not to exist in any work of Art, arises as to identity of age. One may sometimes be at a loss to discover the exact number of summers that have passed over the head of a female when she is presumed to have reached thirty; but there ought to be no uncertainty, except where nature seems to have unduly ripened childhood into womanhood, as to whether a young girl is ten years old or twenty.

The costume of this figure is fanciful but very picturesque, and it can scarcely be called affected. A light black lace veil is thrown carelessly over the head and shoulders, partly concealing the masses of long curly hair of a rich brown colour, and is tied loosely over the bosom, forming, as it were, an ornamental framework for the face, whose delicate tints acquire greater softness from the contrast, and at the same time are heightened by it. Such a mode of treatment could not have been judiciously adopted, except with such characteristics of physiognomy as are here.

In all pictures of childhood or of girlhood, provided nature in her highest and purest attributes is the point which the painter strives after, there is a never-ending source of delight. They are a kind of angel visitants to refresh us when we are weary, and to gladden when sorrowful. Old men look at them, and time goes back fifty or sixty years, when such beings were first their playfellows, and then, perhaps, their dearest associates through life. Men immersed in the cares and business of life contemplate them till they forget, for a season, their anxieties, their toils, and disappointments; and even the young regard them with a sympathetic feeling, that inwardly exclaims—"Such are we." Portrait-painters generally acknowledge that subjects of this class are the most difficult to delineate; and we imagine it is, for the most part, because the world has not yet set its unerring seal upon them. Temper, and passions, and even care, may have assailed the heart, but have not attacked the outworks of the "human face divine," so as to mar its beauty and freshness.

### FUSELI IN SOMERSET HOUSE.

BY G. WALTER THORNBURY.

On a blustering March day impetuous Fuseli must have been born. In this Swiss-English painter there was always cropping out some trait of his ancestor the battle-painter, of his ancestor the entomologist, or of his father the artist and the poet. Not that he himself, resting from his labours on Milton and Shakspeare, ever painted a whirlpool of steel men, frothing with white plumes, and bristling with lances, but that the old impetuosity, and fire, and energy that make a man delight in painting battle-scenes were strong in the veins of the old lion of Somerset House; not that he ever wrote about entomology, but that he was always introducing moths' portraits in his pictures, and was never tired of reading Huber or Spence; not that he ever wrote any tangible poetry, but that he gave hypochondriacal Cowper some valuable and thoughtful hints for his *Homer*. As his father had known Klopstock, he knew Lavater; as his father had known Wieland, he knew Cowper of Olney.

The old family tastes were perpetually breaking out in him; and a fiery, poetical, entomological artist he remained all the days of his life—led perforce by those old family instincts of blood that are so strong in all of us. Strange privilege of humanity this, of bequeathing tastes and faculties—one of the most awful and responsible, perhaps, that humanity inherits. Daring, impetuous, exaggerated—must it be said?—somewhat flatulent, Fuseli of Zurich, the battle-painter's descendant, remained all his life.

Lely and Roubilliac, Scheemakers, Vivares, Cibber, all foreigners, would have given heaven knows what semi-eclectic and foreign bias to English art, had not Hogarth arisen, and founded a new school of *genre*; and with him Wilson, to originate English landscape; and Reynolds, to bear away the palm for English portraiture. Fuseli, coming later, when foreign influence was less paramount, however, was absorbed among the English painters. In spite of a certain German manner and mode of thinking, and especially a German love of the supernatural, Fuseli must always be ranked among English artists.

It seems difficult to realize the little Swiss boy—whom, about 1755 or so, we see strutting through the streets of Zurich, in a flame-coloured silk coat, that he has bought from the proceeds of some drawings sold to his schoolfellows—in the old eagle-nosed man, with the prominent eyes, of whom we have seen sketches, in after years, with projecting under lip, and neck sunk in his large-caped, eccentric coat, swearing at the noisy student lads at Somerset House, or rating Sam Str Sawyer, the porter, for some trifling neglect; in him who teases Nollekens, snubs sarcastic Northcote, abuses Opie, and talks of Reynolds as very unequal—Reynolds, to whom he had come, years ago, as a frightened Swiss boy, with a portfolio of clever show drawings under his arm.

We see him taking his vigorous walk before breakfast; his keen blue eye and aquiline nose known to every shopkeeper in the Strand; his short, but well-made, figure driving down the pleasant Strand street by Exeter Change; his broad chest breasting the hearty March wind that is now breathing down the chimneys, and turning them into great mellow organ-pipes, that prophesy murmuringly of wreck and disaster upon our island shores. When he returns he will read *Homer*—favourite *Homer*—while the barber is busy with him; and at breakfast it will be all Mrs. Fuseli can do to keep him from poring all the time, between









abstracted mouthfuls of toast, and gulps of balmy tea, over some entomological book. At half-past ten he will go into his studio, and paint, standing all the time, till six, when he will take a walk, then come home, and dress for dinner. In the evening, if he does not go into the world, he will look over prints, or amuse himself with drawing, and illustrating some book.

Lavater—that strange enthusiast, who fancied himself like our Saviour—long after Fuseli his old friend is dead, will describe him as an intrepid genius (*pide* his nose), burning with an energy that knew no trammels—vain, ambitious, and too impatient to be accurate or laborious, except by charges and dashes. In affections, impetuous, but cold; never loving the tender or the gentle, and unable to bend to any one. He was intended by nature for a great poet, painter, and orator; but the will, and not the mind, was deficient.

He will always be the fiery little man, as when, in flame-coloured silk, at Zurich, he sat up illustrating Howlengias, writing German verses, reading Shakspeare, or shouting out battle songs from Homer. Always the violent man, morose as Barry, but more sociable; who, even as a boy, got into such a scrape in the Swiss city by writing pamphlets against the insolent tyrannical city dignitary, who had insulted himself and gentle Lavater.

Born, I should think, on some blustering, cold March day—which makes the little eagle-nosed man so boisterous, dwarfish, and crabbed; so bitter against Opie, so trenchant with bilious little Northcote, so cruel with old miserly Noltekens, so sharp on Constable, so crushing with courtly Lawrence—was Fuseli, the small Tintoret of Somerset House. How difficult it is to imagine the "Painter in ordinary to the Devil"—the lineal descendant of Michael Angelo; the Robusto of the Academy; the stormy ghost-seer lecturer; the terror of boy-students, and of every one but Sam Str Sawyer; the gentle boy preacher; the patient, submissive, bowing pupil in the Humanities, under Bodmer and Brestinger,—arm in arm with Lavater, the pale, thin clergyman, who is "meek as any maid," and is all gentleness and forgiveness of injuries. What a strange companion for a man who is ever angry; always beating the noisy drum of argument; always laying about him with the two-handed, double-edged, and self-wounding sword of satire and sarcasm!—the man who rode on a whirlwind, and wrote in a passion; the man who lowered Reynolds, despised Hogarth, and snubbed Gainsborough, and all because they did not cultivate the high historic style.

Yes, it was in that very Somerset House that Swiss Fuseli removed to on being made Keeper, when, on the death of portly Wilson, he left his dreaming place in Berners Street. It was less dirty and more stately then, being fresh from the scaffolds of Sir William Chambers. Those great river gods, that now stare at me as I pass, with black vizards, were then white and new; and Bacon's weird figure of Father Thames, sprawled at his length, was less sooty and craped than now. The old house of the Protector Somerset, that John of Padua built, where Lord Hunston, and where Charles II.'s poor neglected Portuguese wife lived, had fallen before Chambers's Greek hands.

Here, with rosy lines, Fuseli "built up" his dream-creatures, stamped his foot, and raved of Michael Angelo; here he swore that half the students ought to have been tailors or bakers; here he railed at mere copies of nature—at landscapes, at portraits, and men who painted merely for money. He foams out his lectures, and describes to the frightened students how he used to lie on his back for weeks, looking up at the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel. They like to hear him rave in broken

English, because it clears the air of his temper, and makes him once more quiet and placable. They all know his bark is worse than his bite, and when, presently, he goes up to his studio, a wag will write up on his door—

"HOT JOINTS FROM TEN TILL FOUR."

And the little man, coming out, will cry, "They are a set of wild beasts, and I am their keeper!" and will laugh, because he knows he makes his dream-creatures' elbows and knees too red, despising colour:—wild imagination, unchained, unchainable, being the deity he worships.

I can imagine the little eagle-man, so loud, so vivacious, walking out through one of the three arches of Somerset House, arm in arm with Armstrong the poet, Bonycastle the arithmetician, Apollonian Lawrence, printer Johnson, Dr. Jenner, or old friend Contts, railing at that coarse-tongued mountebank, Peter Pindar; or on his way to some friend's gallery to look at pictures, or talking of poetry, swearing that Pope had no invention, and that Metastasio was cold; or, later still, praising Byron, and declaring that Turner's landscapes had genius, recommending Wilkie, or cheering Lawrence.

Let us go up into his rooms, at Somerset House, the night Fuseli dies at Lady Guilford's house, at Putney, listening for the wheels of Lawrence's carriage; and let us turn over his sketches. Sam Str Sawyer is in tears; Mrs. Fuseli is in the first agony of grief. Innumerable devils we shall find, and the great *nightmare* picture that first made his German genius for *diablerie* known. Here are sketches from Dante, Shakspeare, Milton, Gray, veined anatomical drawings, skeletons, in every attitude,—all that he did from his flame-coloured silk and green salad days to the time he left for Putney to die, in extreme old age. There is his first sketch of his first picture, 'Joseph interpreting the Dream,' that he sold to Johnson the bookseller. There specially is the Nightmare that started from the stable in his brain, and ran all over England for the poor hire of twenty guineas. We see the 'Edipus and his Daughters;' there are his contributions to the Shakspeare Gallery of Alderman Boydell, and, next these, comes his 'Theodore and Honorio,' that Cipriani was to have done for Walpole; there are 'Dido' and 'Francesca,' and the Milton Gallery, with the terrible 'Lazar House;' and the 'Night Hag,' which his biographer, Mr. Knowles, bought; his 'Hercules threatening Pluto;' his 'Death of Cardinal Beaufort,' the subject Reynolds caricatured; the 'Descent of Odin,' 'Thor killing the Serpent,' drawings from the old dramatists, gayer than decent, and even studies for his twelve last pictures.

In this house, now so blank and silent—for even the students, hushed by respect, are to-night scarcely audible—let us review some of these wild man's fancies. Here I find an engraving by Simon (Raphael Smith, and Moses Houghton were his usual transcribers). It represents Titania caressing the clown with the ass's head, while elves and gnomes sport and caper around, some doing mock homage, others intent on the various duties and amusements of the little fairy world. It seems to me full of faults and eccentricities. There is more fancy than imagination about this leaf-framed dream. Bottom is a flayed Hercules, swollen with muscles; and the attendant, Puck, is a miniature Atlas, or a stumpy gladiator. There is an organic tendency in this man (Fuseli) to swell out and exaggerate truths, because he thinks exaggerated muscles make his work resemble Michael Angelo's; but fat is not strength, nor is wadding muscle. We allow that the Titania is, in some degree, an actress beauty, and that one may tolerate the fancies of bridling the philosopher, and of placing a tributary fairy,

muscular as a dwarf Samson, on the broad plain of the Athenian's hand; but no compassionate tolerator will allow us to forgive the wild fancy that, forgetful of all permanent truth and keeping, puts on the tiny head of one fairy a gipsy hat, and on another the sash and short-waisted dress of the artist's own times. It might be a pretty vehicle for compliment to Mary Woolstoncroft or Angelica Kauffman, but the anachronism is an indelible blot in the artist's pictures. It throws an ephemeral air over the whole, and leads us away from the Athenian wood and Pea-blossom, Mustard, and Cobweb, to Siddons's soirées, and Lawrence's drawing-rooms. No force of imagination can render a fairy with a Polish hat, or a goblin with a Scotch bag-pipe, congruous with Shakspeare's dainty visions. We might pardon the tubular powdered curls and mannered statuesque face of Titania, in the scene where Bottom resumes his shape; we pardon the bound of the fiery breathing nightmare, and—considering the poet's ancestral entomological predilections—even the moth-headed spirit and the fairy spectre emerging from the chrysalis; but we cannot forgive these unceasing *laches*, this reckless intrusion of all the chance faces Fuseli had beheld, perhaps the night before, at the evening party, or on the stage. Surely Art is ephemeral enough, without clothing it in the momentary caprices of local fashion. Despising all restraint of common sense, Fuseli was behind even his age in attention to the proprieties of costume, and that antiquarian detail that gives the *crayonnable* to a picture. Like Westall, Opie, Tresham, Smirke, Hamilton, and Northcote, with whom he worked on the Boydell Shakspeare, he clothes all his characters in one dull, unreal, impossible, stage dress, conventional and ill devised, which he makes to fit, now Romeo, now Lear. His brawny, gesticulating monsters of heroes wear tight Roman armour of solid plate-steel, through which, with childish affectation, he makes the muscles display themselves, as if the steel were silk, in defiance not merely of sense, but of truth. If Opie is often coarse, Westall spindly, Northcote mannered, Smirke buffoonish, and Tresham weak, Fuseli is always strained and blustering, and standing on tip-toe, to make himself tall. His rapiers are all two-handed swords, and his figures are all drunken prize-fighters. His drapery is always swollen with March wind, and if he strives for simplicity, it generally turns into mere dull baldness. He has no fun at all about him, and his Falstaff is a living feather bed. His Macbeth he clothes in old knee-breeches, and shows he is Scotch by putting thistles near his feet. His foreground is simply furnished with a skull, with a spear shaft run through it, and a sweltering toad; his witches are mere stage supernumeraries. His Henry the Fifth wears a sham Elizabethan dress; his Cordelia is ugly; and his Ghost of Hamlet is a most material and muscular ghost, with flaming moultachios, twice the possible length, pointing out of the picture, with a mace shaped like a port-crayon; and as for the Prince of Denmark, he looks like a delirious acrobat. With all the vanity of little men, Fuseli is ever trying to appear taller than he is. The Swiss wears the very highest-heeled boots, yet after all does not reach up to Michael Angelo's knee. Yet it showed either a laudable ambition, or a gigantic vanity, to attempt, so perpetually as Fuseli did, to illustrate the sublimest subjects of Dante, Shakspeare, and Milton. Occasionally—at least, as in 'Sin pursuing Death'—he seems to rise to something like Buonarrotti's grandeur; but then the subject was found him, though not the forms.

Here, in these portfolios, are his Miltonic and Shakspearean subjects mixed together, and they certainly, with all their defect, show a

wide range of thought. It was no common man that chose such scenes as 'The Gryphon pursuing the Arimaspians,' 'Bridging Chaos,' 'The Dream of Eve,' 'The Lapland Witches' Orgies,' 'Satan summoning his Legions,' 'The Birth of Sin,' 'The Expulsion from Eden,' and that filled each canvas with fine forms and learned anatomy. A vivacious intellect, and a broad strong intellect, had Fuseli; but his impetuous March-wind violence of temperament prevented him ever becoming really great. He was violently laborious, but never patient. He never drew from the life, and therefore soon became pedantic and unreal. Like his fiery ancestor, the battle painter (*temp.* Charles I.), he seldom finished a picture; and frequently used his completed works to paint fresh conceptions upon. He painted alternately with either hand. But Fuseli not only turned his back on nature, but disregarded all the charms of colour, to which we English are so specially sensitive, and to which he was contemptuously indifferent. "There," he used to say, sweeping on a mixture of half his dirty palette, "is not that vary laike Teeslean?"

Fuseli's writing, though nervous and picturesque, was like his painting, strained and bombastic. It was in his lecture-desk at Somerset House that he poured forth all the vehemence of his nature, denouncing Correggio's seraglio beauties, Guido's actresses, and Parmegiano's coquettes; it was there he denounced the emaciated dryness of Albert Durer, and the bloated corpulence of Goltzius. I can fancy the son of the Swiss March wind stamping his foot, and shouting out to the glowing lads—

"The male forms of Rubens are the brawny pulp of slaughtermen, his females are hillocks of roses; overwhelmed muscles, dislocated bones, and distorted joints are swept along in a gulph of colours, as herbage, trees, and shrubs are whirled, tossed, or absorbed by vernal inundation."

The bombast of cumbrous and misused epithets mark all that Fuseli ever wrote, valuable as it is. In this way, too, he talked with Armstrong and Bonycastle, at Carrick Moore's table, or at that of Mr. Lock's, where he used to meet Dr. (Zeluco) Moore and Sir Joshua Reynolds; at Mr. Roscoe's, or at Lord Orford's, where he met everybody—that is, every fashionable somebody. In such a way he spoke to Dr. Johnson and Sterne, Horne Tooke, Tom Paine, Macklin, Smollett, Falconer (Shipwreck), or any of those London lions this great talker was accustomed to meet; when he flirted with Miss Moser, or parried Mary Woolstoncroft's insidious Platonisms. So he spoke to the students, when they presented him with a silver vase, designed by Flaxman. By them, with all his rough wit, and scoldings, and sarcasm, he was liked; even when he would call for another figure for Mr. Medland to break; when he told another student, indulging in ill-timed gymnastics, to go to Sadler's Wells, and learn leaping; or, as memorably, when he burst in fire-fury into the life school, where two students were fighting, and burst out in broken English with—

"It is very true that Torreegeano broke Michael Angelo's nose; but it is also very true that there are no Torreegeanos and no Michael Angelos here, I guess."

They liked, yet dreaded him, to come and draw rosy lines, or cut nail marks through ill-drawn but highly-finished and useless drawings. They delighted to see him pretend to get his umbrella, and button up, to go and look at a landscape by Constable; or to hear how he ran to the door, to let Opie and Northcote in, just after they had voted against him in the Academy, pretending to be afraid people would say there was a bum-bailiff and a little Jew broker come to sell up the ghost-painter;

or how he told a man who hoped he did not intrude, that he intruded now, and if he came to-morrow, would intrude again. They liked to see him rearing moths, and painting them out of place, as large as life, in his Miltonic pictures. They liked his figures with the metal faces, and rosy arms.

On an April day—a day weeping through its golden veil, Fuseli, cold and dead, lay in state in a room in Somerset House, his 'Lazar House' and 'Bridging of Chaos' hung near the coffin. He was buried in St. Paul's, between Reynolds and Opie; Lawrence, Beechey, Reinagle, Chalon, Jones, and Mulready—those now dead, and those still living—followed the wild little hectoring Swiss man to his stately grave.

It seems almost difficult to imagine Death ever quenching that keen eye, and humbling that impetuous mind; yet Death came and whispered him away from the lecture-room and from the easel, and he followed the summoner gently as a child into the silent and the unknown land. It will be for future ages, looking over the long roll of fame, cancelling unjustly conferred titles, to decide which of the aspirants for fame mentioned in the following quotation from his writings Fuseli was:—

"Some enter the gates of Art with golden keys, and take their seats with dignity among the demi-gods of fame; some burst the door, and leap into a niche with savage power; and thousands consume their time in clinking useless keys, and aiming feeble pushes against the inexorable doors."

Might there not be a fourth class, says a voice from the outer darkness of oblivion,—men who, quickly driven from their imperfectly conquered thrones, are turned by the relentless angel of the golden trumpet back among the blind and nameless crowd, who grope for ever but cannot find the entrance to the Lost Gate?

## WEAVING BY ELECTRICITY.

AMONGST the numerous applications of this remarkable power, no one, as it appears to us, is of a more striking character than Professor Bonelli's method of using it in the process of working the Jacquard loom. Professor Bonelli is the Director-General of Sardinian telegraphs, and, consequently, has constantly had his attention directed to the phenomena of voltaic and magnetic electricity, as applied in conveying thoughts through space. The study of these phenomena, and especially of all the peculiarities, of the varieties, of printing telegraph, appears to have led him to the invention which has lately been brought before the English public.

To those who are not acquainted with the Jacquard loom, it will not be an easy matter to convey an idea of the method in which electricity is made to do its work. It may be as well to explain that in figure-weaving, with the Jacquard loom, it is necessary to use a great number of perforated plates, which are cut out in a peculiar manner, to meet the requirements of each individual pattern. The figure upon the woven fabric is the result of the arrangement of the threads crossing each other, so that in some cases the warp is above, and in others the weft; the variations in the number and order of the threads being regulated by a series of needles, which can only act on the threads as they are disposed either under the perforations of the cards, or those parts which are not perforated. When we look at the very involved patterns now woven by these looms, we can well understand how difficult must be the task of preparing, that is, of perforating those plates—"cards," as they are called—so that the perforations shall exactly correspond with the required figure which it is desired to produce by the loom. Many thousands of cards are frequently necessary, and the cost of production is therefore very large. In the ordinary Jacquard loom, the needles are worked by the machine itself, whether they act effectively or not being dependent upon the

position of the cards, and the correctness with which the perforations have been made.

Availing himself of the peculiarities of some of the printing telegraphs, Professor Bonelli uses a roll of metalized paper,—paper covered with tin or copper foil,—upon which the design is traced or pointed with a resinous ink. In some of the printing telegraphs the message to be sent is written upon a strip of tin foil, with a resinous ink which dries readily. The resin is a non-conductor of electricity, the metal being a good conductor; so that when a moving needle, connected with the telegraph, is passing over the metal, the current from the battery is circulating, and at the other end of the line it effects the chemical decomposition of a salt (usually the ferro-prussiate of potash), and produces a blue stain. It then passes, we will suppose, over a resinous letter, the electrical current is stopped, and no chemical change is effected at the other end of the line. This being repeated by moving the roll of metal foil, with its resinous writing, under the needle, or the needle over the sheet of tin foil, as the case may be, there is eventually produced a facsimile of the original in white lines upon a blue ground.

Now, in the Jacquard loom, as modified to meet the necessities of the case by Professor Bonelli, the needles are moved by electro-magnetic action. It is necessary to explain that an electro-magnet is made by coiling some covered copper wire around a bar of soft iron. While this is in its normal state,—that is, while there is no electricity passing through the copper wire,—the iron has no magnetic power, but if, by connecting the wire with a voltaic battery, a current is made to circulate through the coil around the iron, the bar becomes very powerfully magnetic—the magnetism ceasing as soon as the current is interrupted.

Now, the design is drawn or painted by the artist on a metal surface with a resinous compound, so that when the conducting wires are passing over the uncovered metal, the electricity is brought into action, and the needles are brought into play by the electro-voltaic current. When the conductor is passing over the resinous surface, the connection is broken, no electricity passes, and the needles are out of action. Thus, as these needles regulate the thread in a manner analogous to the passage of the needle of an embroiderer, it will not be difficult to conceive how the pattern is produced by this means.

Professor Bonelli urges the following as his chief claims to our attention:—

1st. The great facility with which, in a very short time and with precision, reductions of the pattern may be obtained on the fabric by means of varying the velocity with which the pattern may be passed under the teeth.

2nd. That without changing the mounting of the loom or the pattern, fabrics thinner or thicker can be produced by changing the number of the weft and making a corresponding change in the movement of the pattern.

3rd. The loom and its mounting remaining unchanged, the design may be changed in a few minutes by the substitution of another metalized paper having a different pattern.

4th. The power of getting rid of any part of the design if required, and modifying the pattern.

5th. That by this arrangement of Professor Bonelli's there is a saving of 75 per cent. in money, and of 80 per cent. in time. The great economy being in the rapidity with which a design can be painted or drawn on the metal, as compared with the long and tedious skilled labour requisite to produce the perforated cards.

Although it may appear, to those who are not familiar with the beautiful loom of Jacquard, that there is much complexity in this arrangement, we can assure them that the reverse is the case. The loom itself is left as it was, the cards are abandoned, and, by a very simple contrivance, the electric current, guided by a resinous picture on a metal band, is made to act upon the needles so that the weaving is effected in the most uniform manner, producing any required design upon either thick or thin fabrics, as may be desired. From the great economy—if Professor Bonelli is strictly correct in his statement—with which this electrical weaving can be produced, there is but little doubt but we shall shortly see it employed in preference to the endless chain of cards, which always has formed the most striking feature of the Jacquard loom.—R. H.



# BRITISH ARTISTS: THEIR STYLE AND CHARACTER.

WITH ENGRAVED ILLUSTRATIONS.

No. XLIX.—WILLIAM CHARLES THOMAS DOBSON, A.R.A.

**F**OREMOST in the ranks of the younger historical painters who are winning their way to fame is Mr. Dobson. He was born, in 1817, in the city of Hamburg, where his father, an Englishman, was for many years engaged as a merchant: circumstances, however, compelled him, in 1826, to come to London with his family. Not very long after their return thither, his son commenced the study of Art by drawing in the British Museum, and subsequently was admitted into the schools of the Royal Academy. His first lessons in painting were received from Mr. Edward Opie, of Plymouth, nephew of the late John Opie, R.A.; but about the year 1835, an especial introduction to Sir C. L. Eastlake procured for him, during many years, the advantage of the president's instruction and

advice: these were given gratuitously,—indeed, Sir Charles, we believe, never took pupils, in the ordinary acceptance of the term; the assistance rendered to Mr. Dobson was given out of kindness, and from the interest felt in the success of the young artist, who has always expressed himself with gratitude for the favour bestowed on him.

In 1843 he accepted the appointment of head master of the Birmingham School of Design. This post he occupied two years, resigning it in order to prosecute his studies in Italy: on his retirement the pupils presented him with a piece of plate, in acknowledgment of the value of his services.

Faithful to his *Alma Mater*, Mr. Dobson's pictures have been contributed only to the exhibitions of the Royal Academy, except when they were transferred thence to some one or other of the provincial galleries. Since his first appearance as an exhibitor in 1842, his name has only once been absent from the yearly catalogues. His earliest exhibited work was a subject from Par-nell's poem of "The Hermit;" in the following year he sent two portraits, and a scene from "Paul and Virginia," the latter a single figure, but one characterized by considerable taste. In 1844 and 1845 he exhibited only portraits: in the latter year he went to Italy; the first result of his visit was seen in 1846, when he exhibited 'A Young Italian Goatherd.' In the following year he was, as we have intimated, absent from the Royal Academy; but to the exhibition held in Westminster Hall, under the auspices of "Her Majesty's Commissioners of the Fine Arts," he sent two pictures, one entitled 'Lamentation,' a composition evidently suggested by Herod's decree concerning the young Hebrew children. We spoke of this work as "a production of very great technical excellence, being admirable in treatment, effect, colour, expression, and execution; indeed, the latter reminds us much of the careful style of

Mr. Eastlake." This was written in ignorance of the influence which the latter artist had exercised over the mind of the other. The second picture referred to was 'Boadicea meditating Revenge against the Romans;' this also bore evidence of great power of conception, and of skilful and judicious treatment.

'Saul and the Witch of Endor,' and 'Undine von Ringstettin,' are the respective titles of two paintings exhibited in 1848. 'The Knight Huldbrand relating his Adventures in the Enchanted Forest,' was contributed in the following year. Neither of these works requires any specific remarks, for they scarcely sustained the reputation which the artist derived from some of his former productions. In 1850 he ventured upon new ground, and commenced that series of pictures which may almost come under the denomination of "sacred art;" some of them, indeed, fully justify such a title: it is this class of works which has placed Mr. Dobson in the high position he now occupies, and which, if persevered in, as we trust it will be, must result in placing him in the most elevated—for he has yet scarcely reached the prime of manhood; and if life and health are preserved, a long and honourable career lies open before him. The earliest of these works, exhibited in the year just mentioned, were, a 'Portrait of a Lady, as St. Cecilia,' 'The Virgin Mary and the Child Jesus,' and 'St. John the Evangelist,' all of them productions of great merit, both as regards feeling and artistic execution: the second of the three named is treated after the manner of the early Italian painters, with some of whom it

will bear a very favourable comparison. There was a fourth picture, that of a young girl, exhibited at the same time; the subject suggested by some lines in one of Shakspeare's sonnets. 'St. John leading the Virgin to his Home after the Crucifixion,' exhibited in the year following, is a composition distinguished by deep pathos of feeling, and shows that the artist's visit to the galleries of Italy had exercised a powerful and beneficial influence on his mind.

'THE CHRISTIAN PILGRIM,' engraved on this page, was exhibited in 1852: it is an illustration of the words, "Whosoever doth not bear his cross, and come after me, cannot be my disciple." The figure is well studied, and the expression of the face is highly expressive of solemn emotion; the hands press the cross to the breast, symbolical of the willingness to endure whatever trials it may bring with it; and one of the attributes of pilgrimage is seen in the water-bottle hanging at the side of the youth. The picture is beautiful in colour. Two other paintings were exhibited in that year, 'Miriam,' and 'Mater Dolorosa,' subjects very distinct from each other, but both showing qualities of excellence suited to the respective impersonations.

In 1853 Mr. Dobson exhibited two pictures only; one, 'Tobias, with Raphael, his guardian-angel, on their journey to Medea,' is in the possession of Mr. Eden, of Preston. The two figures, habited as pilgrims, are ascending a gentle acclivity: the head of young Tobias is exquisitely tender in expression, but Raphael is scarcely an "angelic vision," though the work approaches the character of those now generally known as *Raffaellianesque*. The artist is quite

content to come after him of Urbino, and cares not to look further back in the catalogue of painters for a model of imitation: in doing this he acts wisely and well. The second picture, called the 'Chorister,' was unfortunately placed in the octagon room, and in a light that precluded any satisfactory judgment upon it.



Engraved by]

THE CHRISTIAN PILGRIM.

[W.C.T.D.]



'THE CHARITY OF DORCAS,' engraved on the next page, was exhibited in 1854, and is the property of Mr. Lewis Pocock, one of the secretaries of the Art-Union of London. It is a work of an elevated character, perhaps showing a little too much of the appearance of an *argumentum ad misericordiam* in the condition of the destitute, to be altogether agreeable, yet still it must be regarded as the emanation of a mind seeking to inculcate a holy lesson in a most attractive form; and the picture is one its owner may well feel proud in possessing. We presume it was in consequence of the Queen seeing this picture in the Academy that Mr. Dobson had the honour of receiving a commission from her Majesty to execute a similar subject: this, which was exhibited in the

following year, under the title of 'The Almsdeeds of Dorcas,' is well known to our readers from the engraving we published last year, in the series of "Royal Pictures."

The success attending these two productions induced the artist, in 1856, to exhibit another of a like character; but this time, instead of Dorcas, the principal personage in the scene is Job, ere the Chaldeans and Sabeans had stripped him of his possessions, the hurricane from the wilderness had left him childless, and the hand of Satan smitten his body with a loathsome disease. The picture, which bears the title of 'The Prosperous Days of Job,' belongs to Mr. H. Houldsworth, of Manchester: it represents the patriarch, as he



Engraving by

THE CHILD JESUS GOING DOWN WITH HIS PARENTS TO NAZARETH.

[Butterworth and Beeth.]

describes himself, "a father to the poor," visiting the sick and offering consolation to the afflicted: he is surrounded by numerous objects, candidates for his sympathy and benevolence. The grouping is very masterly, and the varied expressions of the faces distinctly declare the sufferings of the necessitous. The colouring is remarkably rich and brilliant; too much so, perhaps, in the draperies, for the condition of the wearers: their garments, though tattered, appear made of new material. In another room there hung, at the same time, what we have always considered the most important work this artist has produced: it is called 'The Parable of the Children in the Market

Place,' and was purchased by Messrs. Henry Graves and Co., we believe for the purpose chiefly of having it engraved—and a very charming subject it is for a print. The whole composition is full of appropriate subject, deeply studied, and most carefully carried out; a picture of undoubtedly high character, and one of the best in the Academy exhibition of that year.

Miss Burdett Coutts is the fortunate possessor of the two paintings contributed by Mr. Dobson to the Academy in 1857: one called 'Reading the Psalms,' has been engraved by S. Cousins, R.A. We know few pictures of modern art, of the same class, that so powerfully and feelingly expresses the



guilelessness of childhood as does this. The other, 'THE CHILD JESUS GOING DOWN WITH HIS PARENTS TO NAZARETH,' forms one of our illustrations. On a later examination, we find nothing that induces us to alter our opinion as recorded at the time of its appearance.—'The purity and sweetness of this work, with its exquisite colour and the chastity of its expression, render it a production of rare excellence; but, after looking at it many times, we cannot feel otherwise than that the child Jesus is too much grown to be carried in the arms of Joseph.'

In 1858 three pictures were exhibited by this artist—'Fairy Tales,' a young child seated on a sofa, her attention absorbed by a picture-book—the work in the possession of Mr. J. Lancaster; 'The Holy Innocents,' purchased by Mr.

W. Bowman, F.R.S., a charming study of four children's heads; and 'Hagar and Ishmael sent away,' the property of Mr. Gambart: this, though evidencing great power in composition and colour, is not, to our mind, so attractive a picture as many preceding works; the spirit of the narrative is scarcely realized with sufficient identity of the personages.

The two contributions of last year, 'Der Rosenkrantz,' and a subject from the book of Samuel, in which a Hebrew boy is being taught the use of the bow, are the property of Mr. Lewis Pocock. The former is only a finished study of a young German peasant, holding a rosary before her; it is painted with much of the feeling of the modern German school.

It is scarcely possible to look at any of Mr. Dobson's productions of the last



Engraved by]

THE CHARITY OF DORCAS.

[Butterworth and Heath

ten years, without a feeling of assurance that he is animated by the highest spirit of Art: his aim is to employ it for the best purposes, not indirectly, as some artists do, but openly and avowedly to make it a great teacher of that which is true and good. He has that within him which ought to lead to higher ground than any he has yet taken, and which would fully justify any pretension of such a nature. Our school is lamentably deficient in painters of sacred art; we have an abundance of *genre* artists, and some few historical; what is wanted are men who will be to the Protestant faith what Raffaello, Correggio, the Caracci, and others before and after, were to the faith of the Romish Church. The Pre-Raffaellites of the day are not the men for such work; the mind of Mr. Dobson, and his style of painting, are adapted to the

requirements of the time; his imagination can take in a wide expanse of pure and noble thoughts, without treading on the verge of eccentricity; his compositions are effective and graceful, and his colouring brilliant, even in a school where this quality is a distinguishing feature. We cannot afford to see such a painter spending even a portion of his time upon the heads of little children, beautiful as these pictures are; nor can we desire to find, as some of his latest pictures have shown, the influence of the German school pervading his works. Mr. Dobson has been passing several months recently in Dresden: we shall look with some anxiety to see what effect has been produced by his residence there. His election, two or three months since, into the Academy, is only a just recognition of his talents.

J. DAFFORNE.

THE  
LONDESBOROUGH ANTIQUITIES.

ENGLAND is indisputably the richest country of the world in its private collections. The large sums devoted by various individuals to the accumulation of objects of Art and *virtu* would astound the uninitiated, and make large reputations abroad for persons who at home are comparatively unnoticed. Our readers are sufficiently familiar with the fact of the very many picture collectors in England whose galleries fifty years ago would have made an *éclat* now only denied them by the rivalry of other

its artistic beauty as for its curious features; every weapon might be examined as a piece of design, so exquisite were the inlaid gunstocks, the damascened swords, and the embossed and chased body-armour. They were literally Art-manufactures, executed at a period when the taste of the armourer was as fine as that of the modern silversmith.

But the ability of the workers in precious metals was equally well displayed in this sumptuous collection. Lord Londesborough spent some thousands of pounds in gathering the most curious antique plate he could obtain; and the result was a collection unique for quaint and curious forms. It was the taste of the 16th century, particularly in Germany,

to cover the tables and sideboards with cups of fine and singular design. While some attracted attention by the beauty of their proportion and decoration, others arrested it by quaintness of figure, and drinking vessels in the forms of owls, bears, stags, &c., gave variety to the buffet. One of the most curious of these vessels was the *Nef*, or ship, which, originating in the 14th century, continued in fashion until the middle of the 17th: its use was to hold spices, confections, or wines, for which the hull was a convenient receptacle. The finest example known is that here engraved. It was long in the possession of the Knights of Malta, and preserved in their treasury until the time when their island was



galleries; but few are aware of the fortunes devoted to the collecting of coins and antiques, though they are equally important and extensive.

In the last winter was recorded the deaths of two of the most eminent of our nobility, who had devoted time and fortune to antiques. Lord Hastings and Lord Londesborough were more than usually distinguished by their tastes. The collection of the former nobleman has not been described in print, but the gems of the latter have been perpetuated in a beautiful volume. Lord Londesborough's collection was chiefly rich in arms and armour of all ages and countries, and was remarkable as much for

captured by Napoleon, and it was carried off in one of his vessels of war; but that being taken by an English man-of-war, the *Nef* was brought to this country by the captain. This beautiful vessel is entirely formed of silver, and is twenty-one inches in height; the small figures upon the deck are all made of pure gold, and partially enriched with enamel colours. The hull is chased with figures of mermaids and sea-monsters.

The great standing Cup, engraved in this page, is one of those which formerly belonged to a German guild of cloth-workers, and is hung all round with silver shields engraved with the arms and badges of

the various members. It was made in 1647, and was used as a "loving-cup" by the guild on days of public festivity. It is of massive silver, nearly two feet in height.

The taste of the old metal-workers in designing ecclesiastical paraphernalia is seen in the head of the Crozier in the following page. It is a work of the 12th century, in bronze, gilt, and adorned with precious stones; the central volute contains a quaint representation of St. Michael conquering the dragon. Occasionally the goldsmiths and jewellers devoted their art to the fabrication of *bizarre* ornaments, such as that also represented in the next page; it is



of silver-gilt, and enriched with precious stones; the body of the ram being constructed of large irregularly shaped pearls. It probably decorated the



boudoir of some titled dame of the 16th century, for whose pleasure the invention of the Art-workman



was frequently taxed. Cellini, in his singular autobiography, has recorded the execution of many similar quaint devices.

### SCOTT'S NOVELS.\*

THE position occupied by Shakspeare as a dramatist is maintained by Scott as a novelist: each reigns supreme over his respective realm of fancy; to each is rendered the grateful homage of the many thousands of hearts to whom their writings have been a pleasure, a solace, or an amusement; while the two may be united in the appreciative term given by

Virgil to the rival agrarian poets, *Arcades ambo*. Since the time—now more than half a century ago—when the then unknown author of "Waverley" appeared first before the public, down to the present day, Scott has stood at the head of all novel and romance writers; not alone by the number and variety of his works, but by the strong hold they have on public opinion: this no other author has been able to wrest from him, though a few have, unquestionably, put forth works which will bear



CASTLE CAMPBELL, CLACKMANSBURGH. FROM THE "LEGEND OF MONTROSE."

comparison with some of Scott's. It must, however, be remembered that he was the great pioneer of modern novel-writing, and that all others, whatever their success, tread more or less in his footsteps: it was he who struck into a new path, dug down into the depths of history, real and legendary, brought forth hidden or little-known characters, arrayed them in his own peculiarly attractive garb, and sent them forth for a world to gaze upon—to

admire or shrink from, according to the circumstances in which they are represented.

Shakspeare and Scott were both great in their perception and description of character; not equally so, it must be acknowledged, yet both show an intimate acquaintance with those springs of the heart which are the machinery of action, and prompt mankind to the good and the evil. The dramatist sketches with a more subtle touch and more deli-



VILLAGERS AT PLAY, APPEALING TO ODIE OCHILTREE. FROM THE "ANTIQUARY."

cate pencilling, that oftentimes render necessary close study and deep investigation to analyze his method of working, and to make his individuals perfectly comprehensible: he is a deep thinker, a philosopher in the science of the mind, revealing its secrets through an almost mysterious process. The

\* THE WAVERLEY NOVELS. Illustrated Edition: with the Author's Notes. Published by A. and C. Black, Edinburgh; Houlston and Wright, London.

gold of humanity, so to speak, is frequently so overlaid with the world's dross as to be perceptible only at intervals, but still we know it to be there, if searched after; and, again, the dross is so concealed in the magnificence of its setting—the pomp and pageantry of ideas and language—that one almost loses sight of the worthless mass, or passes it over as an unnoticeable thing. Scott, on the contrary, draws his characters, generally, with a

bold and fearless hand—there is scarcely a possibility of mistaking them; virtue and vice are apparent almost at a glance. His readers are not led astray by a sort of *ignis fatuus* phantom, the substance of which none can realize: the characters stand forth with an individuality and a stamp of truth, that is easily recognisable amid all the richness of colouring given to his pictures.

Since the death of Scott a new class of novelists, and a new generation of novel readers, have sprung up to take the place of the old; the shelves of the lending libraries groan beneath the weight of "just published" works of every kind, to the partial, if not entire, exclusion of those which may be called "old-fashioned." The public must choose, for it cannot read all, and it is natural to select the most



MICKLEBATH PREACHING. FROM "OLD MORTALITY."

modern; hence there is great reason to fear that amid the mass of new literature to attract, the "Wizard of the North," as Scott has been designated, would lose his potent spell over the popular mind, if some means were not adopted for keeping him constantly in sight; and this the owners of

the copyright of the Waverley Novels do by issuing, at various times, editions of these works which may come within the reach of most persons. The last which has made its appearance is a re-issue of one published many years ago, in forty-eight volumes, with the author's notes and comments:



FRANK INTRODUCED TO THORNE BY DIE VERNON. FROM "ROB ROY."

this was Scott's favourite edition. It now comes again before the world in exactly the same form as to size, but printed in a somewhat bolder type, and with numerous woodcuts, in addition to the steel plates originally given: specimens of the former illustrate this and the preceding page.

It must not be forgotten that these novels, unlike

most others, should never be considered as ephemeral works: they are part of the standard literature of our country, and ought to be seen in every well-selected library. Where previous editions have not hitherto found a place, this, which Messrs. Black are now issuing, should be made to fill the vacancy.

## THE ROYAL PICTURES.

### THE OMMEGANCK AT ANTWERP.

Baron Wappers, Painter. W. M. Lizars, Engraver.  
Size of the picture, 4 ft. 1 in. by 3 ft. 4 in.

Our engraving represents one of those public processions for which the Belgians have been celebrated during many centuries. It occurs at stated intervals in all the towns of the Low Countries, but Antwerp and Brussels take the lead as regards the importance and magnificence of the fête, which is generally exhibited on the day of some great church festival. The scene of our view is the Place de Mer, at Antwerp; the lofty spire in the distance is that of the noble Cathedral; the females in the balcony are habited in the characteristic costume of the country-folks who flock to the city on these gala days: the peculiar bonnet of straw, with its narrow rim, belongs to the Pays de Vaud. The chief feature of the pageant is the enormous figure of the seated giant, which is drawn upon wheels: it is generally reported to have been designed by Rubens, but was really executed by Peter Van Aelst, in 1534, who was court-painter to the Emperor Charles V. This enormous figure is so large that, unlike other giants the property of towns in the Low Countries, which are occasionally lent to swell the pageantry of neighbouring places on great festivals, it has never been outside the walls of Antwerp, because its size will not permit it to find egress through the city gates. A ladder inside the body enables a man to turn the head by a windlass from one side of the street to the other, as it passes along.

This giant is intimately connected with the legendary history of Antwerp, which informs us that he was named Antigone, and lived on the banks of the Scheldt, where the city now stands. It was his custom to levy contributions from all who passed down the river, amounting to one half the value of the merchandize carried. If his toll was refused, he seized the whole of the cargo, and punished the refractory crew by cutting off their hands; hence, according to the popular report, two hands, thus cut off, appear in the armorial bearings of the city. At length a general of the army of Julius Caesar, named Brabantius, was required to pay this description of black-mail, and, of course, being a Roman, he refused compliance. The enraged giant prepared to take his revenge, as usual; but the soldier contrived, somehow or other, to out-manoeuvre him, took possession of his castle, destroyed it, and founded on its site a colony called Brabant, after his own name. Such is the popular fiction which the Antwerp figure commemorates.

Among the other notabilities that figure in the procession of the Ommegeanck is a huge whale, the head of which appears in the picture immediately behind the giant: this monster measures twenty-seven feet in length; it is fixed upon wheels concealed by draperies painted to represent the sea; inside is a tank of water, streams of which are forced through the nose of the fish upon the spectators as it passes along, the jets being directed by a man in its body, and the water pumped up by others. These and other figures exhibited on great public occasions, are kept in a building especially constructed for their use, near the quay, and having lofty folding-doors to give them egress.

Albert Durer mentions, in the journal he wrote of his tour in the Netherlands, having seen this great civic show, which is known as the "Ommegeanck," or "People's Procession," on the festival of the Virgin, in 1520. It has frequently been introduced in honour of distinguished guests who have visited the ancient city, and was exhibited in all its glory for our own beloved Monarch when she was in Antwerp. We have no doubt that it was this circumstance that induced the Queen to obtain the picture by Baron Wappers, which is now in the possession of her Majesty: it might probably have been a commission given to the baron.

The artist is, as many of our readers are doubtless aware, a distinguished Belgian painter, and was, till very recently, President of the Antwerp Academy of Arts. In the picture he has very judiciously made the procession but a secondary object of interest—a kind of background to the group of pretty spectators.

The picture is in the Collection at Osborne.









THE  
SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.

THE exhibition of this society was opened to the public on the 24th of March, with a catalogue very similar as to subject-matter to the catalogues of former years. There are two or three "historical" essays, but, as usual, they are prominent as exceptions, the force of the exhibition residing, in obedience to public taste, in the negative and landscape pictures. We see in this exhibition less of the "Pre-Raphaelite" tendency than in any other, the members themselves being professedly naturalists. The accessions that the society has recently received will give strength to the institution, though, perhaps, such is the tyranny of public feeling in painting, that its members will never be known save as painters of small pictures. In this *genre*, however, they have already taken honours. Among the landscapes there are productions of unusual excellence.

No. 16. 'Spring Time,' VICAT COLE. In its filmy distance lies the appeal that this work addresses to the sense. The foreground is a parterre rich in the bravery of the most graceful of cowslips, and blue-bells, and winking buttercups. No other county than Surrey can furnish a distance with the peculiar beauties we find here. It is treated in a manner to suggest to the imagination an endless suite of horizons.

No. 17. 'The Ambush—A scene on Egton Moors, Yorkshire,' E. J. NIEMANN. Here is presented an expanse of country very wild in its aspect. The sun has just set, and we see in the distance a few horsemen approaching; to surprise whom there is concealed, among the near rocks and gullies, a party of men in corslet and steel helmets, but whether Royalists or Roundheads is not very clear. The whole is wrought with the utmost firmness of execution.

No. 23. 'In Bethelworth Park, Surrey,' H. J. BODDINGTON. The subject is simply a screen of trees, with an open view on the right, and, as a prominent object, the fallen bole of a once majestic elm; the picture is varied and fresh in the hues of summer.

No. 36. 'A Home Stall in Caernarvonshire,' G. COLE. This home stall is an abode common to cows and horses, eccentric in design, and so primitive in all its garniture that no idealism, how excursive soever, could have set it forth with all its appointments as we see it. Within the threshold lie a couple of cows and a calf, and in what we may by courtesy call a loose box stands a brown horse. The animals are painted with the certainty and knowledge that prevail in all the artist's works, and nothing can surpass the fidelity with which the "home stall" and all its accessories are represented.

No. 43. 'No longer "Baby,"' W. HEMSLEY. The title describes the condition of a little boy who sits on the floor whining forth his impatience at feeling himself neglected by his mother for his infant sister, who now engrosses the parent's attention. The figures are well drawn, and the composition everywhere displays experience and power.

No. 45. 'Long Shadows across a Narrow Glen,' A. W. HUNT. In this picture there is so much done in support of the title, that it is difficult to discover the feature to which it alludes. By a close inspection only can the great labour by which the picture has been worked be seen. It shows ample resource, but it wants simplicity.

No. 49. 'Coast Scene, Sunset,' A. CLINE. A class of subject in which this artist excels; in breadth and colour the picture is extremely successful.

No. 59. 'Kentish Cottage Scene,' J. J. WILSON. One of those small road-side cottages

and trees that Mr. Wilson renders with such sweetness. No. 65. 'Lanc Scene in East Kent,' by the same hand, is a work of similar quality.

No. 73. 'The Flower on the Window Sill,' T. ROBERTS. In this picture our sympathy is moved towards a girl who stands contemplating a flower at her window. She tells us she dwells within a "gloomy court" impenetrable by the sunbeams, yet in that sunless abode the circle of the seasons is announced by the presence of some cherished flower. The head is an admirable study.

No. 74. 'Wrecks and Wreckers off Beaumaris,' J. B. PYNE. A couple of vessels lying dry on the shore, an expanse of shingle, with a multitude of busy figures, constitute the substance of the composition. The time is sunset, but the horizon is not forced upon the eye, for the sun sinks stealthily down, almost veiled by the evening mist. It is charming in colour, and truly masterly in treatment; every object in the disposition performs its office effectively.

No. 87. 'Tantallon Castle,' J. SYER. This is perhaps the most frequently painted view of the ruin—that is, from the west; though from the other side the cliff is higher, and the ruin more picturesque. We have here the excitement of a ship on shore, with a heavy sea rolling in, and a successful representation of the confusion attendant on such a scene.

No. 105. 'Deer and Deer Hound,' T. EARL. A hind has been shot or hunted down in the snow, on which she lies, and a hound near her is anxiously looking for the arrival of his master. The animals are well drawn.

No. 106. 'Harvest Thine—painted at Holmby Hill, Surrey,' VICAT COLE. The most important work that has ever been exhibited by its author. The foreground is a corn-field of some extent, bounded towards the right by a wooded eminence, while the left section is open, showing a succession of distances so happily expressive of space, that when the eye is led to the veiled horizon it is felt there is yet an interminable distance beyond. The picture must have been worked out most assiduously on the spot: as an example of English scenery it is unexcelled.

No. 110. 'The Shadow on the Wall,' T. ROBERTS. The shadow is that of the head of a pig or a wolf—or indeed the spectator may assign it to any other animal he pleases; it is thrown on the wall by a boy for the amusement of his younger brother. Both heads are unexceptionable, and the figures are presented with admirable solidity.

No. 111. 'Sun and Shade,' T. F. WAINWRIGHT. The shade is cast by a plantation of pollard willows on a meadow, in which is distributed a herd of cows, some of which "affect the sun, and some the shade." The animals are drawn with firmness and precision, and the whole is spirited and effective.

No. 119. 'The Union of the Rose and the Lily—the first interview between King Charles and Henrietta Maria,' W. SALTER, M.A.F. This incident took place at Dover in June, 1625. Charles had been waiting for his bride at Canterbury, but on being informed of her arrival in England, he hastened to the coast, and their meeting was as that of lovers: "Henrietta flew to meet him, and with spontaneous grace and vivacity, kneeling at his feet, she kissed his hand, &c.;" and we find him here in the act of affectionately raising her. We have never before seen the subject brought forward; it is treated earnestly and thoughtfully, showing a patient inquiry into the costume of the time. There are present, besides Charles and his betrothed, the Duke of Buckingham, and, as attendants of the French princess, the Duke and Duchess de Chevreuse, Madame St. George, and Father Sancy, the

confessor. The points of the incident and the impersonations at once declare the subject.

No. 120. 'The Trysting Place,' J. J. HILL. The "trysting place" is a stile on some downs near the sea, and there are gathered, and in earnest discourse, a girl with her gleanings and a shepherd with his crook—boldly painted, and brought upwards in forcible relief against the sky.

No. 121. 'A Raft on the Danube, with priests blessing for a safe passage,' J. ZEITZER. The raft and its living freight are sketched with spirit and precision.

No. 145. 'On the Hills, North Wales,' H. J. BODDINGTON. An important work, commanding the respect of the spectator from the tenacious industry with which every passage is made to abound with contributive form. The foreground is firm and solid beneath our feet, but the more distant mountains are melting in the vapoury sunlight. The artist is a master of this effect.

No. 151. 'The Rendezvous,' J. NOBLE. A small picture introducing us to a gentleman of the Roger Wildrake school, waiting with rapier in hand for an antagonist. The circumstances of the case are fully explained.

No. 153. 'Lucy Ashton at the Mermaids' Fountain,' J. WOOLMER. This artist is extremely felicitous in extemporising situations for his characters. The fountain and its associations are far from commonplace, even better than what Scott figured to himself. The Lucy is perhaps *embonpointée*, beyond all the conception of Scott. The uniform execution of the work is a signal merit.

No. 160. 'The Trout Fisher, Lanarkshire,' J. C. WARD. The river is the Upper Clyde, or one of its tributaries, flowing in a deep bed of rock densely covered with trees on both sides. The passage has been worked out with much regard for local feature and colour.

No. 179. 'Margaret of Anjou, Queen, and Edward, Prince of Wales, in the wood on their flight after the fatal battle of Hexham,' F. Y. HURLSTONE. The dramatic character of this incident has rendered it a favourite theme with painters. The battle was fought about eight or nine miles above Newcastle, on the Durham side of the Tyne; and it was in effecting her escape to the coast that Margaret thus fell among thieves, and at once claimed their protection for her son. This is the precise point presented in the picture. The queen shelters her son, the foremost of the robbers snatches at a gold chain worn by Margaret, while another interposes authoritatively for her protection. The composition abounds with appropriate expression and coincident action, with every evidence of power, but it appears to us that in his determination to avoid prettiness, the artist falls into an opposite extreme.

No. 190. 'The Windings of the Usk, from Danypark, the seat of Captain Crawshaw,' J. TENNANT. The eye is here led down the valley of the Usk to a distance painted with the utmost delicacy of feeling; indeed, each passage of the rock has been realized with the most perfect honesty of purpose. The foreground is palpably solid, and the remoter parts have been studied with a perfect appreciation of atmospheric truth.

No. 195. 'A Calm Evening—Margate,' W. E. BATES. The plane of a calm sea, with a couple of small craft, fills here the breadth of the canvas. The composition is of the simplest kind, but it is enhanced by the skilful painting of the sunset effect.

No. 203. 'A Welsh Interior with sheep and a donkey,' G. COLE. The animals are drawn with exemplary accuracy—the donkey plays a distinguished part in the piece; and the stable, with its anonymous furniture, is well worthy such tenants.

No. 204. 'Rush Gatherers on Lough Cor-

rih,' J. J. HILL. This is a lake scene, wherein we find these rush gatherers embarked in their small boat, telling with brightness and substance against the misty distances of the lake.

No. 220. 'On the Fiord at Dale, Norway,' W. WEST. This part of the Fiord looks like a small inland lake, round which rise cliffs of infinite grandeur; it is painted with singular consistency in the expression of detail, without injury to the necessary breadth. The colour is perhaps not strictly that of the locality.

No. 225. 'The Merchant of Venice—Act ii. Scene 5,' W. SALTER, M.A.F., &c. The subject is Shylock's charge to Jessica to be careful of his house in his absence. He is "bid out to supper," but, ever suspicious, hesitates—

"But wherefore should I go?  
I am not bid for love: they flatter me;  
But yet I'll go in hate, to feed upon  
The prodigal Christian."

The head is an extremely felicitous study; in the features is written the utmost hate that Shylock could express in words. The face is not the vulgarized Hebrew type, but for the identity of the character there is yet enough of the Israelite. Thus the head of the Jew is the picture; the utterance of the lips and eyes is as bitter as the written sentiment.

No. 324. 'Summer on the Thames,' W. W. GOSLING. The material of this work calls to mind a similar production by this artist last year. The lower breadth of the canvas is occupied by the current, which reflects precisely the tints of the sky. On the left stands a river-side house, above which towers a group of trees, the reflections whereof are borne on the water down to the very base of the picture. As in conception it is similar to that alluded to, so is it characterized by much of its excellence. No. 269, by the same artist, "Wyatt's Ferry, on the Thames," is a production of another kind, as presenting a very highly-worked foreground.

No. 259. 'A Calm Evening—Margate,' W. E. BATES. There must be some error here in the title; the "calm evening" is most worthily sustained, but there is nothing in the composition resembling Margate.

No. 276. 'Dogs and a Partridge,' T. EARL. The bird lies dead, and the heads of the dogs—a pointer and a setter—are immediately over it, immovable, but with the eager expression of those animals when in the immediate presence of game.

No. 276. 'A Robin's Nest,' T. WORSEY. The site of the edifice is a clay bank overrun with primroses, violets, creeping ivy, and rank grass. Both birds are introduced, but in proportion to them the eggs are too large. The manipulation is most elaborate.

No. 277. 'Chapel and Shrine of Edward the Confessor, Westminster Abbey,' L. J. WOOD. An extremely accurate view of the place, but it is by no means so interesting as the foreign street views which have been hitherto exhibited under this name.

No. 284. 'Stray Thoughts,' T. F. DICKSEE. She appears *distracted*, the damsel who here sits at the window engaged in embroidery, from which her eyes are turned, looking earnestly down into the street. The head, with the hair and the ornaments, is admirably painted.

No. 285. 'Sunset—Ballynabine Lake,' A. CLINT. Another glowing evening effect of very great power.

No. 293. 'Spring in the Woods,' W. J. WEBBE. This work is unsatisfactory to the eye from the total absence of gradation; the minute precision of the handling does not, therefore, receive due justice.

No. 295. 'On the Scotch Coast—ruins of Dunbar Castle,' J. J. WILSON. An extremely difficult combination of material to deal with; the prominent objects, in the form of near rocks, being scattered, and the meagre ruin

playing but a subordinate part in the composition. It is, however, a broad daylight picture; the water forms are well understood, and the rocks have been elaborated into the textures of wave-worn stone.

No. 296. 'Lake of Geneva,' J. DANBY. A favourite view of the Castle of Chillon, that is from the shore of the lake, with the towering Alps for a background. The lower section lies in warm shade, while the upper parts yet catch the lights of the setting sun—an effect always agreeable in combination with attractive material.

No. 297. 'A Wreath of Wild-flowers,' E. J. COBBETT. In colour, treatment, and general character, the sweetest of the artist's recent works. It presents a group of two children, one enwreathing the head of the other with wild-flowers.

No. 302. 'The Darren from the Ffwdog—sun and rain,' J. TENNANT. The interpretation may be somewhat arbitrary, but the living sunbeam has never been more palpably painted than we see it here. Concentration cannot generally be effected without some sacrifice; there is, however, none here, for the shaded parts are realized with the most conscientious assiduity.

No. 311. 'Preparing for a Charge,' D. PASMORE. This subject is a gentleman in cavalier costume, relieving himself apparently of his riding gear, preparatory to taking refreshment, which is about to be placed before him by a waiting-maid. The figure stands out brilliantly from a composition happy in its allusions to domestic forms.

No. 316. 'Little Willy,' late T. Y. GOODERSON. A full-face and bust portrait of a little boy. Masterly in execution.

No. 326. 'A Sea Breeze,' J. HENZELL. Two or three characteristic figures of fish-girls on the sea-shore; the wind is off the sea. The action of the women, and other circumstances, sufficiently indicate its freshness.

No. 327. 'At Mountreux—Lake of Geneva,' J. P. PETTITT. The subject is a small nook on the northern shore of the lake, not far from Clarens; it includes a rugged gorge, a picturesque bridge, and the cliff surmounted by a house: it is kept generally low in tone.

No. 331. 'In the Fruit Market, Florence,' A. J. WOOLMER. The guardian of the stall, in a so-called Leghorn hat, is asleep. The head gear is that worn by the flower-girls who present the morning frequenters of the Café Doney with a bouquet of violets, or some curious liliptian rose. She seems to have sold all her best fruit, and may now sleep at ease, for the grapes are not worth stealing.

No. 343. 'Evening in the Cairngorm Mountains,' W. S. ROSE. It is not easy to understand the *locale* we enter here. The subject is treated as an essay in colour.

No. 346. 'A Corn-field looking over the Village of Wargrave,' W. W. GOSLING. The painting of this corn-field is worthy of all praise, but the picture wants a passage of shade in the foreground. Nothing can be more simple as a subject, but it is worked into pictorial value by good feeling and unexceptionable execution.

No. 380. 'Good News from Father,' R. COLLINSON. A domestic *agroupment*, of which the principal is the happy wife, a woman in humble life, who reads her letter in company with the proprietor of the neighbouring fruit-stall. The whole is very carefully executed.

No. 385. 'Side Screen of the Choir, St. Paul's Cathedral,' F. W. MOODY. Accurate in drawing, and careful in finish, but too monotonously low in tone; deficient also in point and force.

No. 393. 'A Welsh Stream in November,' W. HUNT. In general aspect the picture is very gray, but it is undoubtedly nearer the truth than if it had been forced with colour,

which must be felt to have no existence in such a place. The manipulation is singularly minute, but without injury to the breadth, though it brings some parts unduly forward.

No. 394. 'The Hoax,' T. P. HALL. The hoax is practised by two girls upon a would-be suitor, who has dressed himself in the utmost bravery of the middle of the seventeenth century to fulfil an assignation; which, of course, the young lady does not attend, but, with a friend, is a concealed witness of his weary disappointment.

No. 414. 'Grandmother's Pets,' A. PROVIS. The subject is the exterior of a farm-house with figures; it is a small picture extremely neat in touch and finish, yet not so interesting as the interiors painted by the same hand; and as to feeling, much in the taste of a foreign school.

No. 418. 'A Stream from the Hills,' H. J. BODDINGTON. So graceful in composition that it might with the best results have been painted larger. It is a small upright picture, the material of which is simply a small rocky rivulet overshadowed by trees.

No. 423. 'Denizens of the Mountains,' G. COLE. This is a large work containing a group of sheep, the heads of which are realities, living and moving. We find them in a nook among the mountains, which is painted with as much knowledge in its way as are the sheep themselves.

No. 446. 'The Lesson,' C. J. LEWIS. So small, and so highly finished, that it may be called a miniature. There is another similar in manner by the same hand, entitled 'The Brook,' No. 448.

No. 464. 'Land's End, Cornwall,' J. DANBY. The course of a small sloop or cutter in this view is scarcely intelligible; she seems to be standing directly in upon the rocks, and so near them as to be too late to tack. There is a man clinging to a piece of floating wreck, but even on this account the craft would scarcely be driven ashore.

No. 466. 'The Boudoir,' F. P. GRAVES. A study of a girl's head: correctly drawn, and very firmly painted.

There are yet other works deserving notice, but we can only mention their titles, as, No. 499. 'River side—Salmon Fishing,' A. F. ROLFE. No. 509. 'In the Rue de la Boucherie, Caudebec, Normandy,' J. D. BARNETT. No. 510. 'Shrimp Girls,' J. ZEITER. No. 513. 'Dog's Head,' T. EARL. No. 521. 'A Shepherd's Home,' No. 529. 'Ruth,' W. H. O'CONNOR. No. 538. 'Watching the Bubbles as they pass,' A. J. WOOLMER. No. 544. 'The Keeper's Pony,' T. SMYTH. No. 545. 'Cavalier Life,' D. PASMORE. No. 555. 'An Outhouse of a Cumberland Cottage,' J. RICHARDSON. No. 564. 'A Happy Family,' A. PROVIS. No. 567. 'Town Life,' J. NOBLE. No. 569. 'Spring Time among the Willows,' J. REES. No. 577. 'The Conservatory in Early Spring,' Mrs. RIMER. No. 578. 'A Pool,' W. W. GOSLING. No. 579. 'Country Life,' J. NOBLE. No. 583. 'Cottage near Horton Park, Kent,' J. J. WILSON. No. 585. 'Wreck Ashore—Moonlight,' G. CHAMBERS. No. 591. 'An Arab Boy, Algiers,' J. T. HIXON. No. 601. 'Evening in North Wales,' A. GILBERT. No. 602. 'The Sugar-loaf Mountain, Monmouthshire—Early Morning in Spring,' J. TENNANT. No. 608. 'Autumnal Evening,' W. SHAYER. No. 616. 'Lantern Hill and Chapel Lighthouse—Entrance to Ilfracomb, North Devon,' A. CLINT. No. 619. 'A Fire-side Party,' G. ARMFIELD. No. 627. 'A Quiet Pool on the Machno, North Wales,' G. COLE. No. 630. 'The Path through the Thicket,' VICAT COLE, &c.

There are ten sculptural works contributed respectively by E. G. Physick, R. Physick, G. Halse, Miss R. Smith, D. Hewlett, S. G. Camerous, and J. Holt.



# THE HUDSON, FROM THE WILDERNESS TO THE SEA.

BY BENSON J. LOSSING.

THE ILLUSTRATIONS FROM DRAWINGS BY THE AUTHOR.

## PART V.

FOR the twofold purpose of affording water-power for mills, and providing still water for the boats of the Champlain Canal to cross, the Saratoga Dam is constructed at Fort Miller, three miles below the rapids. The dam forms an elbow in the middle of the stream, and is about 1400 feet in length. Below it are considerable rapids; just above it is a bridge, which has a carriage-way for the public use, and a narrower passage for the horses that draw the canal boats. These vessels float safely on the usually still water of the river, but sometimes, when the stream is very full, the passage is attended with some difficulty, if not danger, on account of the strong though sluggish current. When we visited the spot, a large-class boat lay wrecked in the rapids below, having gone over the dam the day before.

The country in this vicinity is beautiful: the valley is narrow, and the hills, on the eastern side especially, rise one above the other in the landscape, until the view is bounded by a broken mountain range beyond. Here we crossed the river upon the canal bridge, and rode down to the mouth of the Batten-Kill,



CANAL BRIDGE ACROSS THE HUDSON ABOVE THE SARATOGA DAM.

near where it enters the Hudson, to visit the spot—on the plain just above its mouth—where the army of Burgoyne lay encamped, before he crossed the Hudson to engage in those conflicts at Bemis's Heights which resulted in his discomfiture and captivity. There he established a slaughter-yard; and it is



CONFLUENCE OF THE HUDSON AND BATTEN-KILL.

said that the fertility imparted to the soil by the blood and offal left there, was visible in its effects upon the crops raised thereon for more than sixty years afterwards.

The Batten-Kill is a shallow and rapid stream, and one of the largest of the

tributaries of the Hudson, flowing in from the eastward. It rises in the State of Vermont, and, before leaving the borders of that commonwealth, receives the Roaring branch: its entire length is about fifty miles. Within two miles of its mouth are remarkable rapids and falls, which the tourist should never pass by unseen: the best point of view is from the bottom of a steep precipice on the southern side of the stream. The descent is fifty or sixty feet, very difficult, and somewhat dangerous. It was raining copiously when we visited it, which made the descent still more difficult, for the loose slate and the small sparse shrubbery were very insecure. Under a shelving black rock on the margin of the abyss into which the waters pour, we found a good place for observation. The spectacle was grand. For about three hundred feet above



DI-ON-ON-DEH-O-WA, OR GREAT FALLS OF THE BATTEN-KILL.

the great fall, the stream rushes through a narrow rocky chasm, roaring and foaming; and then, in a still narrower space, it leaps into the dark gulf which has been named the Devil's Caldron, in a perpendicular fall of almost forty feet. The Indians named these falls *Di-on-on-deh-o-wa*, the signification of which we could not learn.

From the *Di-on-on-deh-o-wa* we rode to Schuylerville, crossing the Hudson upon a bridge eight hundred feet in length, just below the site of old Fort Hardy, and the place where Burgoyne's army laid down their arms. From the village we went up the western side of the river about a mile, and from a slight eminence obtained a fine view of the scene where the Batten-Kill enters



THE REIDSEL HOUSE.

the Hudson in two channels, having a fairy-like island between them. The river is there about six hundred feet in width, and quite deep.

Upon the slope opposite the mouth of the Batten-Kill is the house of Samuel Marshall, known as the Reidesel House. There, eleven years before, the writer visited an old lady, ninety-two years of age, who gave him many interesting details of the old war in that vicinity: she died at the age of ninety-six. This house was made famous in the annals of Burgoyne's unfortunate campaign by a graphic account of sufferings therein, given by the Baroness Reidesel, wife of the Brunswick general who commanded the German troops in the British army. She, with her children and domestics, and a few other women, and wounded officers, took refuge in this house from the storm of irregular conflict. The Americans, supposing the British generals were in that house, opened a cannonade upon it, and all the inmates took refuge in the



cellar. "The ladies of the army who were with me," says the Baroness, "were Mrs. Harnage, a Mrs. Kennels, the widow of a lieutenant who was killed, and the lady of the commissary. Major Harnage, his wife, and Mrs. Kennels, made a little room in a corner, with curtains to it, and wished to do the same for me, but I preferred being near the door, in case of fire. Not far off my women slept, and opposite to me three English officers, who, though wounded, were determined not to be left behind: one of them was Captain Green, an aide-de-camp to Major-General Phillips, a very valuable officer and most agreeable man. They each made me a most sacred promise not to leave me behind, and, in case of sudden retreat, that they would each of them take one of my children



CELLAR OF HIDESEL HOUSE.

on his horse; and for myself one of my husband's was in constant readiness. . . . The want of water distressed us much; at length we found a soldier's wife, who had courage enough to fetch us some from the river—an office nobody else would undertake, as the Americans shot at every person who approached it, but out of respect for her sex they never molested her." Six days these ladies and their companions remained in that cellar, when hostilities ceased, and the British army surrendered to the Americans.

The village of Schuylerville is pleasantly situated upon a slope on the western margin of the Upper Hudson valley, on the north bank of the Fish Creek (the outlet of Saratoga Lake), which there leaps to the plain in a series of beautiful cascades, after being released from the labour of turning several mill-wheels. These cascades or rapids commence at the bridge where the public road crosses the creek, and continue for many rods, until a culvert under the Champlain



RAPIDS OF THE FISH CREEK, AT SCHUYLERVILLE.

Canal is passed. Viewed from the grounds around the Schuyler mansion, at almost every point, they present very perfect specimens of a picturesque water-course, having considerable strength and volume.

The village, containing about twelve hundred inhabitants, occupies the site of General Burgoyne's intrenched camp, at the time when he surrendered to General Gates, in the autumn of 1777. It was named in honour of General Philip-Schuyler, upon whose broad domain of Saratoga, and in whose presence, the last scenes in that memorable campaign were performed, and who, for forty years, was a conspicuous actor in civil and military life in his native State of New York.

Upon one of the conical hills on the opposite side of the valley, just below the Batten-Kill, was old Fort Saratoga, written Saratogue in the old records. It was a stockade, weakly garrisoned, and, with the scattered village of thirty families, of the same name, upon the plain below, was destroyed in the autumn of 1765, by a horde of Frenchmen and Indians, under the noted partisan Marin, whose followers, as we have seen, performed a sanguinary tragedy at Sandy Hill ten years later. They had left Montreal for the purpose of making a foray upon some English settlements on the Connecticut river. It was late in the season, and at Crown Point, on Lake Champlain, the Indians refused to go eastward, because of their lack of preparations for the rigour of winter. On the suggestion of Father Piquet, the French Prefect Apostolic of Canada, who met the expedition at Crown Point, Marin led his white and red savages southward, towards Orange, as Albany was then called by the French, to cut off the advancing English settlements, and bear away what plunder they might obtain. Father Piquet accompanied them, and the invaders fell upon the inhabitants when they were asleep. They burnt the fort and most of the houses,

murdered some who resisted, and carried away captive over one hundred men, women, and children.

Upon the south side of the Fish Creek, on the margin of the rapids, stood a brick mansion, pierced near the roof for musketry, and owned and occupied by a kinsman of General Schuyler, bearing the same name. His house was attacked, and in an attempt to defend it he was shot. His body was consumed, with other persons who had escaped to the cellar, when, after plundering the house, the savages set it on fire. That Saratoga estate was bequeathed by the murdered owner to his nephew Philip (the General), who built a country mansion, elegant for the times, near the site of the old one, and occupied it when Burgoyne invaded the valley in 1777. During that invasion the general's house and mills were burned by Burgoyne's orders. It was an act which the British general afterwards lamented, for he soon learned to honour Schuyler as one of the noblest men he had ever met. The mansion was rebuilt immediately after the campaign was over, a few rods from the site of the old one, but in a style much inferior in beauty and expense. It was the general's country-seat (his town residence being in Albany) until his death in 1804, and is still preserved in its original form, surrounded by beautiful shady trees, many of which were planted by the master's own hand. It is now the residence of George Strover, Esq., who takes pleasure in preserving it as General Schuyler left it. Even some ancient lilac shrubs, now quite lofty trees, gnarled and unsightly, that were in the garden of the old mansion, are preserved, as precious mementoes of the past.

An outline sketch of events to which allusion has just been made, is necessary to a full comprehension of the isolated historical facts with which this portion of our subject abounds. We will trace it with rapid pencil, and leave the completion of the picture to the careful historian.

The campaigns of 1775 and 1776, against the rebellious Americans, were fruitless of any satisfactory results. The British cabinet, supported by heavy



THE SCHUYLER MANSION.

majorities in both Houses of Parliament, resolved to open the campaign of 1777 with such vigour, and to give to the service in America such material, as should not fail to put down the rebellion by Midsummer. So long as the Republicans remained united, so long as there existed a free communication between Massachusetts and Virginia, or, in other words, between the Eastern and the Middle and Southern States, permanent success of the British arms in America seemed questionable. The rebellion was hydra-headed, springing into new life and vigour suddenly and powerfully, from the inherent energies of union, in places where it seemed to be subdued or destroyed. To sever that union, and to paralyze the vitality dependent thereon, was a paramount consideration of the British government when planning the campaign of 1777.

General Sir William Howe was then in quiet possession of the city of New York, at the mouth of the Hudson river. A strong British force occupied Rhode Island, and kept watch over the whole eastern coast of New England. Republicans who had invaded Canada had been driven back by Governor Carleton; and nothing remained to complete the separation of the two sections of the American States, but to march an invading army from Canada, secure the strongholds upon Lakes George and Champlain, press forward to Albany, and there form a junction with Howe, whose troops, meanwhile, should have taken possession of the Hudson Highlands, and every place of importance upon that river.

The leadership of that invasion from the North was intrusted to Lieutenant-General Sir John Burgoyne, who had won military laurels in Portugal, had held a seat in the king's council, and was then a member of Parliament. He arrived at Quebec in March, 1777, and in June had collected a large force of English and German troops, Canadians, and Indians, at the foot of Lake Champlain. At the beginning of July he invested Ticonderoga with ten thousand men, drove the Americans from that old fortress and its dependencies, and, as we have observed, swept victoriously up the lake to Skeneborough, and advanced to Fort Edward. From that point he sent a detachment to Bennington, in Vermont, to seize cattle and provisions for the use of the army. The expedition was defeated by militia, under Stark, and thereby Burgoyne received a blow from which he did not recover. Yet he moved forward, crossed the Hudson a little above Schuylerville, and pitched his tents, and formed a fortified camp upon the site of that village. He had stated at Fort Edward that he should eat his Christmas dinner in Albany, a laurelled conqueror, with the



great objects of the campaign perfectly accomplished; but now he began to doubt.

General Schuyler had been the commander of the troops opposed to Burgoyne until the 19th of August, when he surrendered his charge to General Gates, a concealed officer, very much his inferior in every particular. This superseding had been accomplished by political intrigue.

When Burgoyne crossed the Hudson, Gates, then at the mouth of the Mohawk, advanced with his troops to Bemis's Heights, about twelve miles below the halting British army, and there established a fortified camp. Perceiving the necessity of immediate hostile action,—because the republican army was hourly augmenting (volunteers flocking in from all quarters, and particularly from New England),—Burgoyne crossed the Fish Creek, burned the mills and mansion of General Schuyler, and advanced upon Gates.

A severe but indecisive battle was fought at Bemis's Heights on the 19th of September; Burgoyne fell back a few miles toward his intrenched camp, and resolved there to await the expected approach of Sir Henry Clinton, with a large force, up the Lower Hudson. Clinton was tardy, perils were thickening, and Burgoyne resolved to make another attack upon Gates. After a severe battle fought on the 7th of October, upon almost the same ground occupied in the engagement on the 19th of September, he was again compelled to fall back. He finally retreated to his intrenched camp beyond the Fish Creek.

Burgoyne's force was now hourly diminishing, the Canadians and Indians deserting him in great numbers, while volunteers were swelling the ranks of Gates.

The latter now advanced upon Burgoyne, and, on the 17th of October, that general surrendered his army of almost six thousand men, and all its appointments, into the hands of the Republicans. The forts upon Lakes George and Champlain were immediately abandoned by the British, and the Republicans held an unobstructed passage from the Hudson Highlands to St. John, on the Sorel, in Canada.

The spot where Burgoyne's army laid down their arms is upon the plain in front of Schuylerville, near the site of old Fort Hardy, a little north of the

The plain farm-house in which that remarkable dinner-party was assembled, remains unaltered externally, except such changes as have been effected by necessary repairs. It stands about eighty rods from the Hudson, on the western margin of the plain; and between it and the river the Champlain Canal passes. Our sketch was made from the highway, and includes glimpses of the canal, the river, and the hills on the eastern side of the plain.

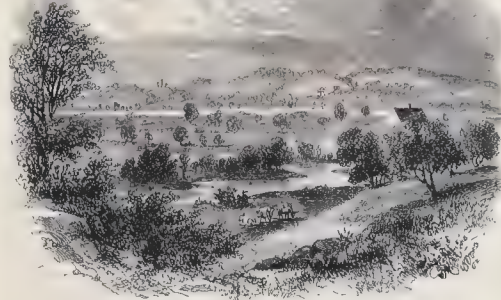
The Hudson, from Schuylerville to Stillwater, a distance of about thirteen miles, flows through a rich plain; its course is unbroken by island, rapid, or bridge. Between it and the western margin of the plain is the Champlain Canal, bearing upon its quiet bosom the wealth of a large internal commerce, extending from Albany to Canada. It is spanned, for the convenience of the farmers through whose land it passes, with numerous bridges, stiff and ungraceful in appearance, and all of the same model. The river is



GATES'S HEAD-QUARTERS.

crossed by means of rope ferries. These, at times, present quite picturesque scenes, when men and women, teams, live stock, and merchandise, happen to constitute the freight at one time. The conveyance is a large scow or batteau, which is pushed by means of long poles, that reach to the bottom of the river, and is kept in its course, in defiance of the current, by ropes fore and aft, attached by friction rollers to a stout cable stretched across the stream. There are several of these ferries between Fort Edward and Stillwater, the one most used being that at Bemis's Heights, of which we give a drawing.

Three miles below Schuylerville, on the same side of the river, is the hamlet of Coveville, formerly called Do-ve-gat, or Van Vechten's Cove. It is a pretty, quiet little place, and sheltered by hills in the rear; the inhabitants are chiefly agriculturists, and the families of those employed in canal navigation. Here



SCENE OF BURGUYNE'S SURRENDER.

highway leading from the village across the Hudson, over the long bridge already mentioned. Our view is taken from one of the canal bridges, looking north-east. The Hudson is seen beyond the place of surrender, and in the more remote distance may be observed the conical hills which, on the previous day, had swarmed with American volunteers.

With the delicate courtesy of a gentleman, General Gates ordered all his army within his camp, that the vanquished might not be submitted to the mortification of their gaze at the moment of the great humiliation. The two generals had not yet seen each other. As soon as the troops had laid down their arms, Burgoyne and his officers proceeded towards Gates's camp, to be introduced. They crossed the Fish Creek at the head of the rapids, and proceeded towards the republican general's quarters, about a mile and a-half down the river. Burgoyne led the way, with Kingston (his adjutant-general), and his aides-de-camp, Captain Lord Petersham and Lieutenant Wilford, followed by Generals Phillips, Reidesel, and Hamilton, and other officers, according to rank. General Gates, informed of the approach of Burgoyne, went out with his staff to meet him at the head of his camp. Burgoyne was dressed in a rich uniform of scarlet and gold, and Gates in a plain blue frock coat. When within about a sword's length of each other, they reined up their horses, and halted. Colonel Wilkinson, Gates's aide-de-camp, then introduced the two generals. Both dismounted, and Burgoyne, raising his hat gracefully, said:—"The fortune of war, General Gates, has made me your prisoner." The victor promptly replied:—"I shall always be ready to bear testimony that it has not been through any fault of your excellency." The other officers were then introduced in turn, and the whole party repaired to Gates's head-quarters, where the best dinner that could be procured was served.\*



IN PL. FALLS.

Burgoyne halted, and encamped for two days, after leaving his intrenched camp to confront Gates, while a working party repaired the roads and bridges in advance to Wilbur's Basin, three miles below. He then advanced, and pitched his tents at the latter place, upon the narrow plain between the river and the hills, and upon the slopes. Here he also encamped on the morning after the

\* The Baroness Reidesel, in her narrative of these events, says: "I was, I confess, afraid to go over to the enemy, as it was quite a new situation to me. When I drew near the tents, a handsome man approached and met me, took my children from the *calleche*, and hugged and kissed them, which affected me almost to tears. 'You tremble,' said he, addressing himself to me; 'be not afraid.' 'No,' I answered, 'you seem so kind and tender to my children, it inspires me with courage.' He now led me to the tent of General Gates, where I found Generals Burgoyne and Phillips, who were on a friendly footing with the former."

\* All the generals remained to dine with General Gates. The same gentleman who received me so kindly, now came and said to me, 'You will be very much embarrassed to

eat with all those gentlemen; come with your children to my tent, where I will prepare for you a frugal dinner, and give it with a free will.' I said, 'You are certainly a husband and a father, you have shown me so much kindness.' I now found that he was GENERAL SCHUYLER. He treated me with excellent smoked tongue, beef-steaks, potatoes, and good bread and butter. Never could I have wished to eat a better dinner. I was content; I saw all around me were so likewise. When we had dined, he told me his residence was at Albany, and that General Burgoyne intended to honour him as his guest, and invited myself and children to do so likewise. I asked my husband how I should act; he told me to accept the invitation." General Schuyler's house at Albany yet remains, and there we shall hereafter meet the Baroness and Burgoyne, as guests of that truly noble republican.

first battle at Bemis's Heights, the opening of a cloudy, dull, and cheerless day, that harmonized with the feelings of the British commander. He felt convinced that, without the aid of General Clinton's co-operation in drawing off a part of the republican army to the defence of the country below, he should not be able to advance. Yet he wrought diligently in strengthening his position. He erected four redoubts, one upon each of four hills, two above and two below Wilbur's Basin, and made lines of intrenchments from them to the river, covering each with a battery. From this camp he marched to battle



BURGOYNE'S ENCAMPMENT (from a print published in London, in 1779).

on the 7th of October, and in that engagement lost his gallant friend, General Simon Fraser, who, at the head of five hundred picked men, was the directing spirit of the British troops in action. This was perceived by the American commanders, for Fraser's skill and courage were everywhere conspicuous. When the lines gave way, he brought order out of confusion; when regiments began to waver, he infused courage into them by voice and example. He was mounted upon a splendid iron-grey gelding, and dressed in the full uniform of a field officer. He was thus made a conspicuous object for the mark of the Americans.

It was evident that the fate of the battle depended upon General Fraser, and this the keen eye and quick judgment of Colonel Morgan, commander of a rifle corps from the south, perceived. A thought flashed through his brain, and in an instant he prepared to execute a deadly purpose. Calling a file of his best men around him, he said, as he pointed toward the British right wing, which was making its way victoriously,—"That gallant officer is General Fraser; I admire and honour him, but it is necessary he should die; victory for the enemy depends upon him. Take your stations in that clump of bushes, and do your duty." Within five minutes after this order was given, General Fraser fell, and was carried from the field by two grenadiers. His aide-de-camp had just observed that the general was a particular mark for the enemy, and said, "Would it not be prudent for you to retire from this place?" Fraser replied, "My duty forbids me to fly from danger," and the next moment he fell.

About half way between Wilbur's Basin and Bemis's, stood, until within twenty years, a rude building, the upper half somewhat projecting, and every side of it battered and pierced by bullets. It was used by Burgoyne as his



HOUSE IN WHICH GENERAL FRASER DIED.

quarters when he first moved forward to attack Gates, and there the Baron Reidesdal had his quarters at the time of the battle of the 7th of October. Thither the wounded Fraser was conveyed by his grenadiers, and consigned to the care of the wife of the Brunswick general.

"About four o'clock in the afternoon," says the baroness, "instead of the guests [Burgoyne and Phillips] whom I expected to dinner, General Fraser was brought on a litter mortally wounded. The table, which was already set, was instantly removed, and a bed placed in its stead for the wounded general.

He said to the surgeon, 'Tell me if my wound is mortal; do not flatter me.' The ball had passed through his body, and, unhappily for the general, he had eaten a very hearty breakfast, by which the stomach was distended, and the ball, as the surgeon said, had passed through it. I often heard him exclaim, with a sigh, 'O fatal ambition! Poor General Burgoyne! O my dear wife!' He was asked if he had any request to make, to which he replied, that, if General Burgoyne would permit it, he should like to be buried at six o'clock in the evening, on the top of a mount, in a redoubt which had been built there."

General Fraser died at eight o'clock the following morning, and was buried in the redoubt upon the hill at six o'clock that evening, according to his



FRASER'S BURIAL-PLACE.

desire.\* It was just at sunset, on a mild October evening, when the funeral procession moved slowly up the hill, bearing the body of the gallant dead. It was composed of only the members of his own military family, the commanding generals, and Mr. Brudenell, the chaplain; yet the eyes of hundreds of both armies gazed upon the scene. The Americans, ignorant of the true character of the procession, kept up a constant cannonade upon the redoubt, toward which it was moving. Undismayed, the companions of Fraser buried him just as the evening shadows came on. Before the impressive burial services of the Anglican Church were ended, the irregular firing ceased, and the solemn voice of a single cannon, at measured intervals, boomed along the valley, and awakened responses from the hills. It was a minute-gun, fired by the Americans in honour of the accomplished soldier. When information reached the Republicans that the gathering at the redoubt was a funeral company, fulfilling the wishes of a brave officer, the cannonade with balls instantly ceased.

Other gallant British officers were severely wounded on that day; one of these was the accomplished Major Ackland, of the grenadiers, who was



NEILSON'S HOUSE, BEMIS'S HEIGHTS.

accompanied in the campaign by his charming wife, the Lady Harriet, fifth daughter of Stephen, first Earl of Ilchester, and great-grandmother of the present Earl of Carnarvon. He was shot through both legs, and conveyed to the house of Mr. Neilson, upon Bemis's Heights, within the American lines. The conduct of Lady Ackland on this occasion is worthy of record, but the narrative must be postponed till next month.

\* The redoubt was upon the middle one of the three hills seen in the picture of Burgoyne's encampment.



## EXHIBITION OF PICTURES:

MR. WALLIS'S, HAYMARKET.

YEAR after year, we feel and express especial wonder as to the destination of the thousands of Art creations that are continually offered to public notice. The ordinary observer, in contemplating even one exhibition, is at a loss to conceive in what abiding-places works so many and so diverse will finally settle. But if it were his province to examine every exhibition, and more particularly note the amplitude, and estimate the quality of its contents, his surprise would be increased tenfold. Among the masses of canvases that have drifted past us, there are many that claim to be remembered, and they present themselves to the imagination even the more vividly, the wider the interval from the year of exhibition—productions that continue to be spoken of by painters long after they have been settled (it may be hidden) in the whereabouts of some "millionaire," whose life, chapter and verse, may possibly be measured not by years, but by the dates of these or those *capis d'opera*.

We shall not be suspected of unduly estimating the value of "the dealer," but in proportion to the evil done to Art by ignorant or dishonest traders, is the service that may be rendered to it by persons who conduct such business with experience, judgment, and integrity. We have frequently exposed the one class: it is our duty to uphold the other; for although, undoubtedly, the wisest course for buyers to pursue would be to transact directly with the artist, we know that generally it is difficult and often impossible so to do. The great patrons of British Art are the merchants and manufacturers, many of whom live in provincial cities, are seldom enabled to spend more than a day at a time in the Metropolis, and have no leisure, even if they had knowledge (which cannot be gained in "six lessons"), to select pictures for themselves. Moreover, all painters of repute have "commissions" long in advance, and those who visit their studios with a view to "orders" will have to wait until patience is exhausted before it is "their turn to be served." Especially must it be borne in mind that a very large proportion of the best works of Art are at some period or other submitted to public auction. On such occasions the medium of the dealer becomes indispensable. Neither may we forget that many artists will prefer transacting affairs with the dealer, to such arrangements with a private gentleman: the business is thus closed with a word, the money paid in a minute, and there is a far better assurance of independence where "patronage" is neither inferred nor intimated.\*

Within the last few months we have visited several of the private galleries and collections of Lancashire and Yorkshire. It would be difficult, without seeming to exaggerate, to convey an idea of the immense amount of artistic wealth gathered together in these counties; while in other shires, and in Scotland (in Glasgow especially), there is probably as much—the possessors being generally the "new men," who, having made fortunes on the highway of commerce, expend large portions of such fortunes in procuring those intellectual luxuries which their grandfathers considered among the exclusive "rights" of aristocracy. Happy is it for the country, for the Arts, and for themselves, that their enjoyments are derived from so pure a source,—giving while gaining happiness. We are sure that nine out of ten of the pictures thus collected have been obtained from "dealers," and that, but for the mediumship of dealers, such pictures would not have found their way into the homes they adorn and dignify, giving to their possessors a well-earned and well-merited renown; for in Lancashire, certainly, Mr. A. or Mr. B. is famous throughout his great locality as the possessor of a picture by Mr. C.

\* During a conversation with Ary Scheffer, he informed us that for many years he had never sold a picture except to a dealer, alleging that each transaction occupied but two minutes—to ask the price, receive the answer, and pay the amount demanded; while, previously, he had had trouble without end, in alterations and suggestions, according to the fancy of the "patron," sometimes had to be humiliated by finding the picture declined; and very frequently to make repeated applications for payment—waiting for years before his claim was liquidated. We might quote a number of cases of our own earlier artists, who had the same perplexities and annoyances, but without a similar resource.

or Mr. D.: a spirit of rivalry being thus induced, out of which cannot fail to arise much benefit to Art, although it is sometimes carried to a dangerous or a culpable excess.

These views, therefore, will lead us, occasionally, to bring under the notice of our readers such collections of pictures as dealers submit to the examination of purchasers. We shall thus supply information greatly needed by picture buyers, which they cannot easily obtain from safe sources, and which may guide them in their Art-arrangements for galleries or dwellings. No one of them will doubt our integrity: our past will sufficiently guarantee our future. Publicity will be the best security for the authenticity of every picture we describe. We think there will be no question that any work noticed in these columns may be accepted as an original work of the artist.

The collection of which we now treat is that of Mr. HENRY WALLIS, in the Haymarket. We believe there are not many collections in England, made within the last ten or fifteen years, to which he has not contributed, those who have been his customers have been well content, and we believe him to have been upright and liberal in all his transactions with artists. If dealers be necessities,—and we imagine we must take that for granted,—it is of the highest importance to find one dealing *only in modern Art*, who does not assume to vend either Titians or Raphaels, but whose integrity can be at any time tested by reference to the painter to whom the picture is attributed, and who guarantees the "originality" of every work transferred from his gallery to that of a purchaser. We therefore introduce our readers and the public to the gallery of Mr. Wallis, premising that it forms an exhibition of rare excellence and of deep interest—one that no Art-lover, a resident in, or visitor to, London should omit to see, as one of the sights of the Art-season.

Maclise's 'Gipsies' covers the end of the room; it was painted in 1837, and enhanced immensely his reputation, not only with the public, but with that most epicurean section of it—the students. The picture describes the arrival of a large tribe of gipsies at their camping ground. Some are already settled, others just halting, and the tail of the caravan is yet glistening in the sunshine on the dusty road, comprising every ordinary carrying quadruped. There they are, Bohemians, Zingari, or what you will; and Maclise seems to have conceived them in the spirit of gipsy poetry, for they sell not, neither do they buy; but they are amply provided with game and poultry, which, were they supposed to be honestly paid for, away goes the dramatic interest of the scene. There are few idlers in the camp; those not busied in their hyphatral *cuisine*, address themselves to the spectator in some way illustrative of gipsy life, and the expression of the vagabonds leaves us at no loss as to their meaning. This work stands alone, as the greatest work of Maclise's early time; it is full of action and movement, and even at this period he signalized himself a master of expression so accomplished, as to leave thereafter nothing in that direction beyond his powers.

There is also, by Poole, 'Messengers announcing to Job the loss of his cattle, and the slaughter of his servants,' which was known as one of the remarkable pictures in the Northwick Collection. In his larger works nobody has been more original than Mr. Poole. His 'Solomon Eagle' electrified the world of Art by its daring conception and signal triumph over innumerable difficulties. In the 'Job,' he had a subject less declamatory, and therefore even more difficult to conduct to such a consummation as he has effected. The Sabians have slain his cattle, and the tempest of the wilderness has bereft him of his sons, and as he is in the act of rising, we may conceive that he now receives the intelligence of this crowning affliction; for "he rent his mantle, and shaved his head, and fell down upon the ground and worshipped." It is essentially a dark picture, with a solemnity of sentiment becoming to the subject, which, in treatment, would have been bald, had the impersonations been limited simply to the man of Uz and his male friends. The vestibule of the house, with its vail, and the pillars of the Beautiful Gate, constitute a novelty in this class of composition, extremely impressive, but in nowise derogating from the importance of the figures. Mr. Poole has not, for his effects, appealed to a verification of personal style and costume, beyond a few

points of indispensable identity with acknowledged forms. Thus, had the picture any prominent faults, it would yet be one of the most worthy essays of our school in religious Art; but as it is, with so much power and beauty, it is entitled to even a higher consideration than this.

Chief among landscapes are some works by Linnell, especially 'David slaying the Lion,' a picture painted but a few years ago. To sustain the dignity of its designation, it is composed of grand and imposing quantities; and even where detail is necessary, it is realized so as in nowise to importune the eye. No. 140, 'Hampstead Road,' also by Linnell, is in a very different strain of Art. It is a part of Hampstead Heath, marked by no salient feature, but wealthy beyond expression in that picturesque, undulating, bearded ground material, so difficult to paint that none but the most skilful of his craft can do justice to it. The ground is firm beneath our feet, and we desire to walk into the landscape, and "crane" over the brink of the horizon; it is one of the most careful of Linnell's small works. 'The Burning of the Houses of Parliament,' by Turner, is a well-known picture. The view is given from the Lambeth side, just above Westminster Bridge, which enacts an important part in the composition. In looking at this work, as at others by Turner, we feel profoundly his power of concentration, and his extreme tenderness in dealing with form. We are disposed to class this work as among the very highest of the great artist's achievements. Time has marvelously improved it: it is now mellow and rich; we remember it white and crude, yet always as a production of rare value. By the late F. Stone, A.R.A., there is his picture exhibited in 1840, 'Scene from "A Legend of Montrose,"' in which figure Annot Lyle, Allan M'Aulay, and the Earl of Monteith. It is the most important of Mr. Stone's earlier essays in oil, and has settled into a picture of much harmony and brilliancy. No. 124, 'South Downs,' by Creswick and Ansell,—that is, the sheep by the latter, the landscape by the former—is one of those pictures that will always loudly bespeak honour for both. It is a work that we vividly remember, and longed to see again. These are the most likely animals that Mr. Ansell ever painted of the *genus lanigerum*, and Creswick's foreground is an example of his best art; indeed, upon their simplest pictures the reputation of both respectively rests. For 'The Wolf-Slayer' (No. 152) Ansell received the medal at the Great Exposition at Paris in 1855: it is a large composition, and shows a man in close combat with a wolf, being about to cleave the animal with an axe—a Schnyders-like subject, but with much more character and executive precision than ever Schnyders qualified his works withal. 'The Billet-doux,' by Sant, is a life-sized study of a girl, wearing over her head and person a blue drapery, and holding the letter in her hand. The face, as usual, is the point of the picture—that is, anybody could paint the figure, but the bright, daylight, shadeless face is rendered in a feeling which Sant alone can realize. Then there is (No. 122) 'The Mother's Darling,' which may have been a portrait of a child, but it has that rare quality that constitutes it a picture. There are also, by the same painter, 'The Reaper,' and a little boy with a bird, equally beautiful; but as a painter of children's heads, Sant is pre-eminent: his art is descended in a direct line from Sir Joshua. By A. Johnstone is a version of—

"It was within a mile o' Edinburgh town."

We have, accordingly, the lovers as foreground figures—the centre group of a goodly crowd of hay-makers in an open landscape. In power of colour, and earnest and successful labour, this picture is unexcelled. It points at once to its source, and is entirely free from the theatrical affectation and other disqualifications, into which works of its class too often fall. 'The Temple of Pestum,' D. Roberts, R.A. (No. 101), exhibited in 1856, is one of the many instances of Mr. Roberts's skill, in converting drawings of classic ruins into sentimental pictures; for no one who touched this kind of subject before, left his works anything beyond architectural studies, while many have followed in the same track, but very obvious has been their paternity. 'Juliet' (No. 135), C. R. Leslie, R.A., was exhibited a few years ago; it is one of that series of small brilliant studies, to which Mr. Leslie added each season for

some years before his death. She contemplates the phial—

"Come, phial,  
What if this mixture do not work at all?  
Must I of force be married to the County?  
No, no, this shall forbid it; lie thou there."

And she lays the dagger before her. The facile roundness, breadth, and expression of these small studies, rank them among the best of Mr. Leslie's works. They were painted with more care than the figures in his larger works, and they amply compensate the additional labour. 'The Passing Cloud,' J. C. Hook, A.R.A., is the story of a lovers' quarrel—two rustic lovers; but the artist has endowed the composition with a sentiment more penetrating than if his *personæ* were of the *haute volée*. The landscape here, too, is admirably depicted, inasmuch that it is rare to find such a combination of excellence in both the figures and the landscape. 'Music,' (No. 96), also by Mr. Hook, is a study of another kind—that of a life-sized figure, a lady playing the guitar, not less successful in its way than the preceding. 'Rosalind and Celia' (No. 22), Henry O'Neil, A.R.A., is we presume one of the most finished examples of a manner which, perhaps, this artist will practise no more. It is the scene in the forest, their discourse being distinctly about Orlando: the picture is as bright as when first painted. 'The Almshouses of Dorcas,' W. C. T. Dobson, A.R.A., is the most brilliant of the bright succession of works which has so deservedly raised its author to the honours of the Academy; the picture admirably illustrates the value of simplicity, and the real difficulty of painting acceptably what we see. 'The Sick Child,' F. Goodall, A.R.A., is one of the subjects from humble life (à la Breton cottage with a figure or two), in the treatment of which Mr. Goodall achieved early distinction. The subject is rendered with a high-art dignity, and great must have been the self-denial exercised in the suppression of so much tempting material as this rude habitation affords. By T. S. Cooper, A.R.A., there are 'The Mothers' (No. 61) and 'The Road to the Farm,' with cattle and figures, both executed in his best manner. And, bearing the honoured name of Etty, there are (No. 12) 'A Female Head,' and (No. 41) 'Hercules slaying the Man of Kalydon,' characterized by the vigour of his manner; also 'Medora' (No. 72), 'Innocence' (No. 109), and (No. 151) 'St. John'; and although these are not of his most important works, it is not frequently that so many examples of Etty are met with in one collection. 'Wood Nymphs,' (No. 99) and 'A Nymph at the Bath' (No. 95), are miniatures of that rare finish which, in small figures, has won for Mr. Frost a unique reputation. 'Amy Robarts in her boudoir preparing for her visit to Kenilworth' (No. 177), by Wyburd, was exhibited about two years ago, being perhaps of more detailed execution than anything the artist has yet produced. No. 184, 'The Rose of Seville,' John Phillip, R.A., is a study of a female figure, one of Mr. Phillip's Spanish gatherings, and especially accurate as to all its nationalities. By the same there is also 'Charity' (No. 194). 'The Dream of Hope,' Rankley, shows a girl sleeping, and, in a visionary form, a company of which she, in another condition, forms one—

"Sleep disports with shadows too,  
Seeming, in their turn, as stable  
As the world we wake to view."

'The Captive Eagle' is an essay in oil by F. Tayler. The scene is in the Highlands, and describes probably an incident seen by the painter—a boy feeding a chained eagle with meat, from a large "luggie." Pictures in oil by this artist are not numerous; this is the largest we remember to have seen. 'Broken Vows,' by Calderon, was exhibited a few seasons ago; the principal figure is a lady who hears, separated only by the garden pales, her lover pledging himself to another, and giving to the winds all the vows he had breathed to her. The narrative is very perspicuous, and the tale of the breaking heart especially so. 'Bed Time' (No. 170), W. P. Frith, R.A., is a study for a larger picture which was exhibited in the Royal Academy; the subject is a mother preparing her child for bed. 'Marguerite' (No. 31), and 'The Death of Haidée' (No. 28), are by J. R. Herbert, R.A., in that lighter vein of sentiment in which he worked before he sought the more penetrating qualification that

he has shown in 'The Boy Daniel' and 'The Disinheritance of Cordelia.' 'The Statute Fair,' G. B. O'Neil, was exhibited recently at the Academy. The subject opens a wide field for the delineation of character, and the artist has fully availed himself of the occasion. 'The Orphans' (No. 3), and No. 44, 'Gin a body meet a body coming frae the well,' are instances of the firm handling and good colour which characterize most of the works of Mr. Dukes. 'Calvary' (No. 86), H. Le Jeune, is a single figure, that of Mary Magdalene, kneeling with uplifted features in fervent prayer, in the morning, as it may be supposed, after the crucifixion. It is a small study, but it impresses the mind so vividly, and is so well considered in composition, that it would have told effectively as a large work. Another small picture, 'Childish Pastime' (No. 134), by the same hand, shows a company of children disporting themselves in the green meadows; it is different in feeling from the preceding, as distinguished especially by the mellowness and suavity of colour which render the minor essays of Mr. Le Jeune so harmonious. 'The Crimple Valley Viaduct, Harrogate, Yorkshire,' is one of J. D. Harding's oil pictures, in which the architectural character of the subject is relieved by the skill wherewith the landscape features are dealt with: the drawing and painting of the trees are especially masterly. In his 'Veil,' a subject of entirely another class, he is not less at home in treating the superb palaces and marble churches of the 'Sea Cybele' than the green meads and stately trees of our own land. 'Military Aspirations,' by Mrs. E. M. Ward, presents a nook in the encampment of the 42nd Royal Highlanders, at Chobham, in which appears an *enfant du regiment* going through the manual with a broomstick; it is full of material very finely painted, and so appropriate that it could have been gathered only from the place itself.

And in addition to these works which we have briefly described there are others not less worthy of lengthened notice had we disposable space, as 'Summer Storm clearing off,' S. R. Percy; 'Charity,' Alfred Stevens; 'Evening on the Thames,' A. Gilbert; 'The Roamer's Return,' Thomas Pead; 'The Dead Wood-pigeon,' W. Duffield; 'The Retriever,' R. Andsell; 'The Farm, with Sheep,' T. S. Cooper, A.R.A.; 'The Morning after the Wreck,' J. B. Payne; 'Spanish Ballads,' Philip H. Calderon; 'On the Rothe, Rye, Sussex,' W. E. Bates; 'Bolton Abbey, Yorkshire,' T. J. Soper; 'Girl and Parrot,' J. H. S. Mann; 'The Pet Goldfinch,' J. Sant; 'The Fisherman's Cottage,' E. J. Cobbe; 'Interior of a Cathedral,' L. Haghe; 'The Evil Eye,' J. Phillip, R.A.; 'The Sands,' J. B. Payne; 'The Start—one, two, three, and away,' W. Hemsley; 'The First Sitting,' by the same; 'The World Forgetting,' J. C. Horsley, A.R.A.; 'Welsh River Scenery,' F. W. Hulme; 'The Unlucky Catch,' George Smith; 'Heath Scene,' Niemann; 'On the Midway,' G. Chambers; 'The Mountain Stream,' J. Tennant; 'Summer Afternoon, with Cattle and Sheep,' T. S. Cooper, A.R.A.; 'English Cottages, with Figures,' F. Goodall, A.R.A.; 'Varensa, on Lake Como,' G. E. Hering; 'Pleasant Thoughts,' C. Baxter; 'The Artist's Reverie,' A. Woolmer; 'St. John,' W. Etty, R.A.; 'Maltese Luggie,' E. W. Cooke, A.R.A.; 'Perdita,' C. R. Leslie, R.A.; 'The Favourite Hack,' J. F. Herring, Sen.; 'On the Mersey,' C. Stanfield, R.A.; 'Cowper's Mother,' A. Johnstone; 'Deep Thoughts,' H. Le Jeune; 'The Hop Garden,' T. Webster, R.A.; 'The Sisters,' F. Stone, A.R.A.; 'Charlotte Corday going to Execution,' E. M. Ward, R.A.; 'The Riverside,' F. R. Lee, R.A.; 'A Visit to the Hencoop,' F. W. Hulme; 'Betwix-y-Cood,' J. D. Harding; 'Landscape,' W. Müller; 'Hermione,' A. Egg, A.R.A.; 'The Student,' W. H. Knight, &c., the whole constituting a catalogue of two hundred and twenty-six pictures, comprehending, as is here shown, the best names of our time, and some of the best works of those who bear these names. To the observers of the progress of our school such collections are extremely interesting, as affording the means of estimating its phases, and computing its advancement.

The EXHIBITION, therefore (for it has been made a public exhibition), will amply repay the visits of all Art-lovers, yielding a large amount of information and enjoyment.

## GANYMEDE.

FROM THE GROUP BY E. S. BARTHOLOMEW.

SCULPTORS are so accustomed to follow the ordinary prescribed limits assigned to their art, in as far as subject is concerned, that it is a very rare circumstance to meet with any work which may be said to embody a new idea, or which, to speak more properly, perhaps, may be called a novelty, such as the group we have here engraved. It is to us, at least, a novelty, inasmuch as there is a peculiarity in the combination which could not be found in any representation of a presumed fact; and we cannot call to mind any example of sculpture that assimilates to it. It is something, therefore, to find an artist departing from the well-trodden path in search of a new idea; and it is better still to see that, when he has found it, he is able to adapt it successfully to his purpose.

The name of the sculptor of this group is probably not unknown to our readers, for in the volume of the *Art-Journal* for 1856 is an engraving from a highly pleasing work by him—'Hagar and Ishmael.' Mr. Bartholomew was a young American, who died in 1858, while studying in Rome. The drawing from which the 'Ganymede' is engraved he left with us a few months prior to his death, when he was in England.

The story of Ganymede is one of those mythological fictions which some of the old Greek and Roman poets have woven into their writings. He is said to have been a beautiful youth of Phrygia, who was called up to heaven by Jupiter to become cup-bearer to the gods, in the place of Hebe. The translation happened while Ganymede was out hunting, or, as some say, keeping his father's flocks on Mount Ida. Homer alludes to him in the following lines:—

"The matchless Ganymede, divinely fair,  
Whom heaven, enamoured, snatched to upper air,  
To bear the cup of Jove (eternal guest,  
The grace and glory of the ambrosial feast)."  
*Iliad*, lib. xx.

Virgil refers to the story with greater particularity. When *Æneas* and the Trojans were wrecked on the Sicilian coast, the former instituted funeral games in honour of his father *Anchises*, and gave prizes to the victors; one of whom, *Claonthus*, a victor in the naval games, receives a gorgeously embroidered vest—

"Where gold and purple strive in equal rows,  
And needle-work its happy cost bestows;  
There, Ganymede is wrought with living art,  
Chasing through *Ida's* groves the trembling hart;  
Breathless he seems, yet eager to pursue;  
When from sloth descends, in open view,  
The bird of Jove, and, sousing on his prey,  
With crooked talons bears the boy away.  
In vain, with lifted hands and gazing eyes,  
His guards behold him soaring through the skies,  
And dogs pursue his flight with imitated cries."  
*Æneid*, lib. v.

Horace, too, in the fourth ode of his fourth book, has a beautiful poetical allusion to Ganymede:—

"As the majestic bird of towering kind,  
Who bears the thunder through the ethereal space  
(To whom the monarch of the gods assigned  
Dominion o'er the vagrant feathered race,  
His faith approved, when in the distant skies  
From *Ida's* top he bore the Phrygian prize),  
Sprung from his nest, by brightly youth inspired,  
Fledged, and exulting in his native night."

Ganymede is rarely, if ever, pictorially represented as Virgil describes him, borne away in the talons of the eagle, but as the sculptor has here shown him, sitting at his ease on the back of the bird. The sculptor has had a difficult subject to grapple with, for it almost defies all those recognised graces of the art which give to it its highest charms. There is nothing spiritual in the theme; it belongs entirely to the world of matter, and must be viewed justly through that medium alone. Moreover, the pedestal, a necessity as a support, deprives the work of its ethereal character. The subject, perhaps, is better suited for an *alto-relievo* than for the "round," the objectionable pedestal would then have disappeared, and the idea of aerial flight would be maintained. The temptation, however, to young sculptors, in favour of the latter form, as giving greater importance to their work, is so great as oftentimes to be irresistible.





GANYMEDE

ENGRAVED BY J. H. BAKER FROM THE GROUP BY F. S. BARTHOLOMÆA





## THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

THE additions just made to the National Gallery have rendered necessary the introduction of two screens in the great room—a substantial evidence that the space allotted to the collection is much too limited. On these screens is arranged a selection of small pictures, some of the most recent purchases, and others that were in the gallery before. The acquisitions of which we are about to speak formed in great part the collection of M. Beaucousin, a French gentleman, from whom they were bought for £9,200; and, with the exception of eleven, all are now distributed in the rooms. These eleven have been withdrawn by the exercise of a discretion vested in the authorities, and empowering the disposal of pictures below the standard of the gallery; a wise provision, which it may be hoped will save our national collection from the reproaches unsparingly cast upon certain of the continental galleries.

The pictures that impress the visitor most deeply are two Titians, one a portrait of Ariosto, the other 'The Madonna and Child, St. John, and St. Catherine.' We know of no portrait by Titian more interesting than this of Ariosto—not even is his brightest portrait picture, that called 'The Flora,' but known to us all as a study of the same person whom he so frequently painted, and who is also seen in the Italian school in the Louvre. This Ariosto has been painted by Titian with an enthusiasm which he never felt when he was depicting those *galantissimi* with whom, during the best sixty years of his life, he was so busy in peopling the palaces of Venice, one generation after another. The gentle intelligence of this face is an inspiration apart from that of the fiery Giovanni dei Medici, or any of the other Medici or their courtiers, which were wont, and perhaps are yet, to be seen, in their sterna and steadfast dualities, in the Palazzo Vecchio on the Arno. Ariosto is presented to us here in full festive attire. He wears a parti-coloured tunic, striped crimson and purple, pinked and puffed, worn low, so as to show a plaited shirt that scarcely reaches the throat. Falling from the shoulders and behind is a cloak amply lined with fur. The left hand, holding a rosary, rests upon a book placed upright, and the other, on which is a glove, is on the lap, for the figure is seated. The features, with a tender and melancholy expression, look to the right. The hair is frizzed out on both sides, as Bellini wore his; that of poor Masaccio, on the screen, being at some distance *en suite* of that fashion. From Titian to Ariosto a laurel fillet would have been only an impudic vulgarity. The figure is relieved by laurel foliage disposed halo-wise round the head; and thus with a laurel glory has Titian uttered his devotion to the poet,—a signification that he felt he ought to have painted this portrait on his knees. In manner the work is infinitely minute in its indications, and in its entire pronunciation inclines to the feeling of Giorgione, having been painted when Titian was influenced by Giorgione's power, and when both were laughing in their sleeves at Gian Bellini's dry precepts. On the upper lip rides a sparse moustache, and from the chin depends an equally thin beard. The entire flesh surface seems to have been, while wet with a good body of colour, worked over with a small point, and the palette has yet been limited, indicating the absence of that luminous brilliancy which Titian afterwards vaulted, especially in 'The Flora.' His male portraits were not remarkable for expression, but the sentiment of this face is profound, and apart from everything we have seen in his heads, inasmuch as to qualify it more with the feeling of Giorgione than of Titian. Under all circumstances, the influence of the former is evident in the work. If the portrait were entirely anonymous, so clearly has the painter identified it with immortal verse that the visitor would at once ask, "Of what great poet is this the likeness?"

The other picture has about it those indisputable points of identity which bespeak its parentage. The subject is the Madonna and Child, with St. John the Baptist and St. Catherine. The Virgin, seated, holds the Infant in her lap, and St. Catherine, kneeling by her side, embraces the child. Mary extends her right hand towards St. John, who holds in his hand the emblems of the fall and the redemption, the latter whereof she takes. The face of the Virgin is painted with great tenderness, and between

her humanity and that of St. Catherine there is a marked distinction. We see in the action, dress, and person of the latter that she is not yet sanctified,—the flesh colours are strong in those transparent reds that Titian used with such effect in the summer-tide of his career. The Virgin wears on her head a white kerchief checked with orange, and a blue robe. St. Catherine is dressed in a light green gown, with a red clutture, and on her neck and shoulders wears a yellow gauze kerchief. Towards the left, the background is closed by trees, but on the right it shows a landscape, with shepherds and flocks, the plain being closed by a range of blue mountains, the same that appear in all Titian's open compositions—those that he saw from his window at Cadore, in the earliest and the latest periods of his long life. This is one of that series of smaller works, principally versions of the Holy Family and Madonna, that are frequently met with in Italy, of which the most finished and perfect we know is the Holy Family that used to hang in the Venetian school in the Uffizi, at Florence.

The largest picture of this numerous accession is an allegorical composition by Bronzino, wherein it is proposed by the painter to demonstrate that the consequences of the pursuit of Pleasure are Despair and Remorse. Venus and Cupid play prominent parts here. She has playfully deprived him of his arrow, for the return of which he appeals to her with a kiss. A boy, apparently impersonating Pleasure, is in the act of throwing them down on a bed of roses, and a syren brings them an offering of honey with one hand, but, with the other, holds behind her poisoned, scorpion-like sting ready to wound. The moralist is Time, who appears in the upper part of the picture, unveiling Remorse, and other ills that follow in the train of Pleasure. The principal figures are nude; the attitudes are somewhat constrained, but the whole of the painting is extremely careful. Bronzino was of the Tuscan school, and the pupil of Pontorno. He was one of three brothers whose family name was Allori; they all painted very much alike. The greatest work by any of them is the large picture by Alessandro Allori, in the second room of the Tuscan school, at Florence, the subject of which is, 'The Descent of the Saviour to Limbo.' The feeling of the work is very much that of the allegory. After these, some of the portraits are the most remarkable works. There is one of a lady, by Bisolò, with hair so light that it is but a few tones removed from white. Bisolò was a pupil of Bellini, on whose portrait of the Doge this lady is an advance. It is very conscientiously executed, but with the shadows indicated much less forcibly than in nature. The dress is extremely rich, and the fashion of the hair is not unlike that of the present day.

By Bronzino (Angelo) there is a portrait of a lady sumptuously attired in a purple velvet gown, of which the body is ornamented with gold tissue, and wearing a girdle of Venetian work, set with pearls. And by his master, Jacopo da Pontorno, there is an admirable study of a boy, wearing a pink satin slashed doublet, with short continuations of the same material, puffed and welted, and long red hose, a black velvet cap, and loose slashed coat also of black velvet; an excellent example of the style of the earlier part of the sixteenth century. The head is executed with the utmost nicety of finish. By Giulio Romano there are two sketches, or, at least, loosely-painted pictures, 'The Capture of Carthage,' and the Continence of Publius Cornelius Scipio, and 'The Abduction of the Sabine Women, and the reconciliation of the Romans and Sabines (*sic*). One, or both of these were in the Orleans Collection, and one of them in that of the late Jeremiah Harman. 'A Man's Portrait,' by Jan de Mabuse, is an extremely brilliant production, strongly individualised, like all the portraits of the time (about the beginning of the sixteenth century); he is dressed in black, holds a rosary in his hand, and appears standing before a richly inlaid screen. Two heads, by Vander Weyden, himself and his wife, are harder and more dry than the preceding—most faithful maps of human faces—neither of which is in anywise exalted beyond the most earthy influences of our nature. We are glad to see so perfect an example of Mabuse in our collection. He was in England in the reign of Henry VII., and, we believe, that there are portraits in England by Mabuse which are attributed to Holbein. Most welcome also is a small portrait

by Clouet, bright, and in good condition. Clouet, better known as Janet, was court-painter to Francis II. and his successor on the French throne. There are portraits by him at Hampton Court, but none so interesting as this. One example of Rottenhammer, 'Pan and Syrinx,' is a small and very minutely-finished work, in which Pan is seen pursuing Syrinx among the reeds. 'The Death of the Virgin,' an example of Martin Schoen, is also a small picture, showing the mother of Jesus on a couch, surrounded by attendants. Above is a representation of the Deity and a choir of angels as about to receive her spirit. Schoen was originally an engraver, but became subsequently a pupil of Vander Weyden, at Antwerp. Another small picture, by Salvato, is entitled 'Charity,'—rendered by a woman seated, in company with whom are three children. Salvato was a pupil of Andrea del Sarto, and became a settled member of the Tuscan school. Of the younger Ghirlandajo—that is, Ridolfo—there are two examples—'St. Catherine of Alexandria,' a half-length figure, small life-size, and 'St. Ursula,' a companion to it, both on wood. By Dosso Dossi there is 'The Adoration of the Magi,' a small picture. Dossi is not much known—he was of the Ferrarese school. His portrait among the *Ritratti dei Pittori* could scarcely have been painted by him: the manner is much more generous than that of anything he ever did. He was born about 1480. 'A Saint Reading,' and 'A Saint holding a White Standard,' both full-length, small life-sized figures, are by Santacroce, a pupil of the old age of Giovanni Bellini, the master of Titian. 'A Madonna and Infant Christ,' by Cima da Conegliano, of the Venetian school, and a contemporary of Bellini. By Jacob Cornelissen, of the Dutch school, portraits of a Dutch lady and gentleman, with their patron saints, Peter and Paul. A Madonna and Child, enthroned with Saints, &c., in ten compartments, is a work of Schiavone, a pupil of Squarcione, at Padua. 'Daphnis and Chloe,' two life-sized figures, are by Bordone, a pupil of Titian; and by Francis, a 'Virgin and Child, with two saints,' makes the third work in the gallery by this master. Of Francesco, the younger Mantegna, there is an example in a 'Noli me tangere,' and of Mazzolini, a 'Woman taken in Adultery.' By Garofalo, 'Christ's Agony in the Garden,' 'Virgin and Child,' Alberti's 'The Virgin adoring the Infant Christ,' Lorenzo di Credi; and by Bernard San Orley, a 'Magdalen reading.' Thus the pictures here enumerated constitute the bulk of the Beaucousin collection, consisting of forty-six works, of which eleven are withdrawn, and the others, hung some months ago, have been already described.

## ART IN CONTINENTAL STATES.

PARIS.—If in England pictures by native artists are realizing great prices, our neighbours, the French, are bidding high for the works of the old painters. Among some recent sales by auction in Paris may be noted the following pictures as justifying our observation:—'Head of a Girl,' by Greuze, £1,000; 'Portrait of Gerard Douw,' by himself, £1,480; 'The Dismounted Cavalier,' K. Du Jardin, £680; 'Village Alehouse,' Teniers, £904; 'Falconry,' Wouvermans, £752; 'Halt of Cavaliers,' Wouvermans, £328; 'Shipping,' W. Van de Velde, £380; 'Woman with a Fan,' Rubens, £348; 'Waterfall,' Ruysdael, £300; 'The Flemish Tript,' A. Van Ostade, £1,004; 'The Country Mansion,' Hobbema, £256; 'Scene on a Canal,' Vander Neer, £256. M. Biard, the distinguished French artist, has recently returned from a lengthened tour in the Brazils, bringing home numerous sketches made in that country, and a large and valuable collection of objects of natural history.

ST. PETERSBURG.—An exhibition of pictures, sculptures, &c., open to all nations, is announced to take place here during the ensuing summer.

BERLIN.—The Prince Regent of Prussia has directed a monument to be raised at Berlin in honour of his father, Frederick William III. The statue is to be equestrian, in height and dimensions after the model of the celebrated monument, by Rauch, of Frederick the Great, a copy of which, on a reduced scale, it will be remembered, is in the Crystal Palace at Sydenham. The site chosen for the statue is between the Royal Palace and the Museum.



## PICTURE SALES.

ANNUALLY, at this particular season of the year, collectors of pictures are accustomed to "weed" their galleries of paintings, or to get rid of all they have accumulated, by means of the auctioneer's hammer. This oftentimes is done not because their owners have "retired"—to use a commercial phrase—from collecting, but from a desire to possess themselves of new acquisitions, for which they could not otherwise find room. The present is in every way an era of change; we are constantly moving into a new condition of things. Art is not exempted from the general rule, and hence the productions of her professors pass from the hands of one individual to those of another, as caprice or fashion dictates, while she herself is working out her own immortal destiny independent of any such outward influences.

Messrs. Christie and Manson opened their campaign on the 24th of March, with a fine collection of English pictures, interspersed with two or three of foreign schools, announced as the property of G. R. Burnett, Esq., and T. Shepherd, Esq., respectively. The sale commenced with the offer of a few water-colour drawings, of which we need only point out—'Early Hospitality,' G. Cattermole, 103 gs.; 'The Frank Encampment,' the well-known work of J. F. Lewis, A.R.A.,—the first "bid" for it was £200, from which it rose till knocked down at the price of 550 gs.; 'Kilchurn Castle,' J. M. W. Turner, 350 gs. The oil-pictures included—'Madame de Maintenon and Scarron,' the small finished sketch by A. L. Egg, A.R.A., exhibited last year at the Royal Academy, 60 gs.; 'Cows near a Stream, Evening,' T. S. Cooper, A.R.A., 102 gs.; 'Early Spring,' C. Marshall, 77 gs.; 'A Pastoral, scene from Spenser, exhibited, in 1858, at the Academy, J. C. Hook, A.R.A., 320 gs.; 'The Pipe-Bearer,' J. F. Lewis, A.R.A., 120 gs.; 'The Sick Child,' a small picture by the French painter Frère, 192 gs.; 'Nearing Home,' J. Luard, exhibited at the Academy in 1858, £204; 'The Chevalier Bayard,' J. C. Hook, A.R.A., 216 gs.; 'Meditation,' F. Stone, A.R.A., 78 gs.; 'Venice, Sunset,' E. W. Cooke, A.R.A., 135 gs.; 'The Bath of Venus,' Etty, 135 gs.; 'Weary Pilgrims,' P. F. Poole, A.R.A., 195 gs.; 'Nelson boarding the San Nicholas at the Battle of St. Vincent,' Sir W. Allan, 200 gs.; 'Lower Window,' J. C. Hook, A.R.A., 432 gs.; 'The Prison Window,' J. Phillip, R.A., 620 gs.—Mr. Burnett paid the artist 300 gs. for this picture; 'Going to Sea,' J. C. Hook, A.R.A., 410 gs.; 'The Morning Meal,' Rosa Bonheur, 200 gs.; 'Greenwood Shade,' Etty, 150 gs.; 'Sir Roger de Coverley, Addison, and the Saracen's Head,' W. P. Frith, R.A., the finished sketch for the larger picture, 250 gs.; 'Interior of a Cottage,' a small cabinet painting by J. Phillip, R.A., 201 gs.; 'View in the neighbourhood of Reigate,' J. Linnell, 230 gs.; 'An Irish Fish-girl on the Sea-shore,' T. Faed, 178 gs.; 'The Fond Mother,' C. R. Leslie, R.A., 300 gs.; 'The Jewelled Hand,' J. Sant, 132 gs.; 'Catechising the Independents,' J. Phillip, R.A., 440 gs.; 'The Pet Fawn,' the joint production of W. P. Frith, R.A., and R. Ansell, 464 gs.; 'Coming Summer,' the landscape by T. Creswick, R.A., the figures by W. P. Frith, R.A., 420 gs.; 'Autumnal Sunset at Sea,' painted by Turner for Sir John Mordaunt, 560 gs.; 'Evening,' the landscape by T. Creswick, R.A., the cattle by T. S. Cooper, A.R.A., 440 gs.

The sale of the above collections was resumed on the 26th of March; but in addition to these were the contents of another gallery. Out of the whole number the following pictures deserve to be noticed:—'On the Medway,' W. J. Müller, 181 gs.; 'Cows in a Landscape,' T. S. Cooper, A.R.A., 180 gs.; 'Landscape,' J. Linnell, 370 gs.; 'Portrait of Mrs. Robinson,' the celebrated actress, Reynolds, 250 gs.; 'Rome, from the Villa Madama,' R. Wilson, 370 gs.; 'The Destruction of the Niobe Family,' R. Wilson, said to be the original picture from which that in the National Gallery was painted, 155 gs.; 'Portrait of the Artist's Sister,' Reynolds, 140 gs.; 'The First Communion,' Sir A. W. Calcott, 145 gs.; 'The Grand Canal, Venice,' by Turner, the celebrated picture engraved by W. Miller, 2,400 gs.; 'Ostend,' also by Turner, 1,650 gs.; the competition for these two great works was most keen: they were finally knocked down to Mr. Gambart: Turner, it is said, was paid 400 gs. for them by Mr. Munro, their first owner. 'Neap-

litan Bathers Surprised,' and 'London, from Battersea Fields,' both by Turner, sold for the respective sums of 215 gs. and 300 gs.; 'Portrait of Mrs. Quarington as St. Agnes,' Reynolds, 150 gs.; 'Portrait of Mrs. Baldwin,' in oriental costume, Reynolds, 115 gs.; 'Rural Amusements,' Lawrence, 200 gs.; 'Ye Lady Margaret's Page,' a full-length figure by D. MacIse, R.A., 100 gs.; 'The Angel delivering St. Peter from Prison,' the well-known gallery painting by Hilton, 300 gs.; 'Smiling Morn,' a female figure, C. Baxter, 99 gs.; 'Scene near Crediton, Devon,' F. R. Lee, R.A., 143 gs.; 'On the Stour, near Canterbury,' T. S. Cooper, A.R.A., 146 gs.; 'Clearing-off Shower near Hampstead Heath,' J. Linnell, 325 gs.; 'Temple of Theseus, Athens,' W. J. Müller, 200 gs.; 'Faust and Margaret in the Garden,' H. O'Neill, A.R.A., 200 gs.; 'A Sunbeam,' J. Phillip, R.A., 290 gs.

The only remark called for by the above sales is that there is still a large demand for English pictures of every kind, if of a good quality: these maintain their recognised value in most instances. Hilton's noble sacred historical picture is worth infinitely more than it realized, for it is one of which our school has just reason to be proud. Its size, however, almost excludes it from any private collection. How is it that among our wealthy patrons of Art no one can be found so patriotic as to purchase and present it to some church or public gallery? such a work ought never to be seen in the auctioneer's sale-room.

On the 29th of March, Messrs. Christie and Manson sold a large collection of pictures and sketches by Mr. W. Linton, the well-known painter of scenery in the "sunny isles" of Greece, Sicily, as well as of English landscape: the proceeds of the sale realized for the veteran artist the sum of £3,625.

The valuable collection of English pictures formed by the late Mr. John Houldsworth, of Glasgow, was sold by Mr. Nisbet, in that city, on the 12th of April. The number of paintings disposed of was fifty-seven, of which the principal were:—'The Raven's Hollow, Arran,' W. H. Paton, 145 gs. (Agnew); 'Highland Ferryman,' W. Dyce, R.A., 170 gs.; 'Eastward Ho!', and 'Home Again,' H. O'Neill, A.R.A., 450 gs. (Agnew); 'Mill on the Water of Irvine,' H. Maculloch, R.S.A., 130 gs. (Wallis); 'The Postboy,' C. Braunwhite, 80 gs. (Agnew); 'Leith Hill, with Cattle and Figures,' W. Linnell, 540 gs. (Russell); 'The Fire of London,' E. M. Ward, R.A., 91 gs. (Flatow)—we presume this to be the sketch for Mr. Ward's large picture; 'Crossing the Stream,' W. F. Witherington, R.A., £220; 'Uncle Tom and his Wife,' Sir E. Landseer, R.A., 770 gs. (Wallis); 'Cottage Interior, with Figures reading the List of Killed and Wounded,' J. Faed, R.S.A., 155 gs. (Wallis); 'Grandad's Music Party,' A. Burr, 175 gs. (Flatow); 'View in Rotterdam,' C. R. Stanley, 105 gs. (Agnew); 'Interior of the Duomo, Milan,' D. Roberts, R.A., £1,700 (Agnew); 'Covenanters Preaching,' G. Harvey, R.S.A., £320 (Agnew); 'Port na Spania, near the Giant's Causeway,' C. Stanfield, R.A., £1,300 (Agnew); 'The Lady of Shalott,' T. Faed, 115 gs. (Flatow); 'The Two Maries,' H. O'Neill, A.R.A., 155 gs. (Wallis); 'The Coter's Saturday Night,' a sketch by Wilkie, £155; 'Interior of Roslin Chapel,' D. Roberts, R.A., 122 gs. (Wallis); 'The Crossing Sweeper,' W. P. Frith, R.A., 325 gs. (Agnew); 'Galatea,' W. E. Frost, A.R.A., 95 gs.; 'The Master cometh, and calleth for Thee,' F. Stone, 72 gs. (Agnew); 'An Old Mill in Wales,' J. Bright, 100 gs.; 'Warrior Poets of the South of Europe contending in Song,' F. R. Pickersgill, R.A., 200 gs.; 'The Sleeping Beauty,' D. MacIse, R.A., £900 (Flatow); 'Crossing the Ford, Seville,' R. Ansell, 300 gs. (Agnew); 'The Rivals,' A. Solomon, 120 gs. (Agnew); 'Sunday in the Backwoods of Canada,' T. Faed—one of the "gems" of the Royal Academy Exhibition last year—£1310 (Gambart).

Thus pictures which realised between £10,000 and £11,000 were dispersed in about two hours, the time occupied by the sale; the majority of them—and by far the best—will come to England, the principal buyers being Messrs. Agnew, of Manchester, Messrs. Wallis, Gambart, and Flatow, of London. It will be noticed that some well-known works were sold at enormous prices, while others fetched less than might have been expected, and probably less than the painters originally received for them.

## ART IN SCOTLAND AND THE PROVINCES.

GLASGOW.—The citizens of Glasgow, or, at least, a large number of them, are up in arms against the Government, not on account of Mr. Gladstone's Budget, or Lord John Russell's new Reform Bill, but on a question of Art. From what we are able to gather from the report of a meeting of the citizens recently held in the Trades' Hall, it appears that a considerable sum of money was subscribed for the purpose of placing some stained glass in the windows of the venerable cathedral. A committee was formed to decide upon the best way of carrying out the work; and an application on the part of the late Mr. Houldsworth, to be allowed to put in a window, was entertained, if not by the whole committee, at least by the leading members of it, and the execution was entrusted to Mr. Ballantine. Before, however, it was finally completed, Lord John Manners, then First Commissioner of Works, was consulted, as the cathedral is the property of the Government: his lordship, after suggesting one or two slight alterations in the design, approved of it, and affixed his signature to the drawing. Subsequently a change of ministry took place, and Mr. Cowper succeeded to the office held by Lord John Manners. The window was then so nearly finished that it was almost ready to be put in its destined place; before, however, this was done, Mr. Ballantine submitted his design to Mr. Cowper, who, it is alleged, acting on the strong influence which some of the committee brought to bear upon him, refused his sanction to the work; the disquiet being so serious that it should be executed in Munich, under the idea that Great Britain could not produce artists competent to supply good stained glass. This, in brief, is the real question at issue—so far as we can understand it—between the subscribers on the one hand, and the Government and the committee on the other. At the meeting referred to, a memorial was adopted, praying the Commissioners of the Board of Works to allow the subscribers "to obtain their memorial windows from such artists as they may prefer, whether British or foreign, with this proviso, that the board shall first approve of such windows as works of Art, and as being suitable in decorum and character with the cathedral itself."

LIVERPOOL.—According to the statement read at the last annual meeting of the Liverpool Society of Arts, towards the end of March, the position of the institution is most satisfactory. A debt of £855 has been reduced to less than one half this sum; and, in addition to this, a purchase has been made of Mr. J. B. Payne's picture of 'Angeria, with the Port of Arona, Lago Maggiore.' The sales effected in the gallery of the society during the exhibition of last season amounted to £4,858, of which about three-fourths were expended on the works of British painters, and the remainder on those of continental artists. A proposal was entertained for opening an exhibition during the present spring—the contributions to consist of pictures both by ancient and modern artists, of engravings, photographs, &c. &c. In all probability the collection will be open to the public by the time our Journal is in their hands.

BIRMINGHAM is scarcely behind Liverpool in the encouragement it gives to modern Art; the Society of Artists in the former place having sold at their exhibition, last autumn, pictures to the amount of £3,400, and all exclusively by our own painters. A full-length portrait of Sir John Ratcliffe—who, like the renowned ancient knight of London, Sir Richard Whittington, has thrice occupied the chair of mayoralty in his native place, Birmingham—has just been presented to Lady Ratcliffe, by the members of the corporation, as a recognition of the manner in which Sir John has discharged the duties of the office conferred upon him by his fellow townsmen. The picture is painted by Mr. W. T. Roden, a local artist of considerable reputation, and it will, we understand, be exhibited in the Royal Academy this season, when an opportunity will be afforded us of examining its merits. All, therefore, that we need say now is that the portrait represents the worthy knight in the court dress in which he received the Queen when she visited Birmingham last year, and conferred upon him, in the Town Hall, the honour of knighthood.

DURHAM.—The sixth Report of the Durham School of Art is before us: we learn from it that the committee are able to announce "the increased progress of the institution, and its consequent proved efficiency in educating and fostering those principles of Art and Design, for which it was founded." This school is under the management of Mr. Newton, who, during the past year, has had an average attendance of 73 pupils in his various classes, besides superintending the teaching in several parochial schools of the town.



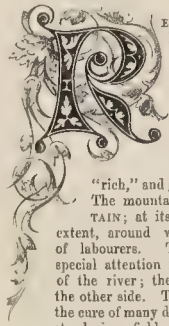
## THE COMPANION-GUIDE

(BY RAILWAY)

## IN SOUTH WALES.

BY MR. AND MRS. S. C. HALL.

## PART V.



RESUMING the Taff Vale Railway, having journeyed eight miles from Cardiff, we alight at a singularly picturesque station, Taff's Well, to visit one of the most remarkable of all the relics of old times to be found in the Principality. We are now in a great mining district; the hills above us produce the iron and coal that make the district "rich," and give its true power to Great Britain. The mountain before us is the GARTH MOUNTAIN; at its foot is an iron foundry of great extent, around which are collected the dwellings of labourers. The object to which we direct special attention is "the Well," on the left bank of the river; the hill and the cottages being on the other side. Taff's Well has long been famous for the cure of many diseases—rheumatism especially. It stands in a field, close to the water's edge—so close as to be frequently overflowed. Several springs are bubbling from the earth: they are tepid and have a slight mineral tinge; only one of them is enclosed, and that is encompassed with sheets of iron. At all hours of the day and night, there are ailing and decrepit persons, men, women, and children, waiting "a turn" to bathe. Women must bathe here as well as men, and when a bouncer is hung on the outside, it is a sign that the gentler sex have possession. As but two, or at most three, can find room in the bath inside, it is obvious that persons seeking relief must wait sometimes for hours before they obtain right of entrance. Yet it would be easy to procure larger accommodation; for, as we have observed, there are several other springs at hand, that might be, at little cost, fitted up for bathers. These bathers, however, are of the poorer classes, and although we believe a fee is paid by them to the farmer who owns the ground, there is little prospect of any better accommodation, until some practically benevolent person interferes to promote the comfort and restore the health of humble visitors to the Well. From our inquiries, we have reason to conclude that the waters do relieve, and, in some cases banish, chronic disorders. Our attention was directed to a lad who came there a cripple, and who was, after a fortnight's bathing, enabled to run about the green meadow and enjoy life.

There was another patient who seemed unable to move without the aid of crutches. In his own country—for a very few words told us to what country he belonged—he would have been called a "bocher" (lame man); in the neighbourhood of Taff's Well he was termed "the Irish rebel," whether from any political "talk" we cannot tell, but there was obviously an over-allowance of combativeness mingled with the national humour in his nature: his broad sonorous Kerry brogue echoed somewhat too frequently adjacent to "the well," and in the "Vale of the Taff" at a reasonable distance from its healing waters. We came upon him when he was in a state of high indignation with some schoolboys, whose satchels and slates bespoke the vicinity of an old-world school.

"Sure, honourable gentlemen, it's ashamed of meself I am, to be overtaken in the Principality by the quality, when thim boys have put me beside meself. They may call mee an 'Irish rebel' from sunrise to sunset, if it's any pleasure or satisfaction to them in life—I'll never gainsay it; but I won't be called an 'Irish beggar.' I never asked charity in meal or malt, silver or copper, since here I've been for the good of my health, like every other gentleman. I never even give the 'God save all here' when I enter a house, or bid 'God speed ye' to man, woman, or child on the high road, for fear they'd misunderstand my maning, and think it's charity I'm looking after."

"Sure you sleep in the barns, and pay for no lodging," said an aggravating urchin, out of reach of the crutch.

"Sleep in the barns! to be sure I do, to keep them aired: it's thankful the farmers should be for that saxe; it's dirty damp places they'd be, but for me."

"And though you don't ask nothing in our house, you sit down and take share of whatever we have," suggested a pale-faced, long-legged boy of very miserable aspect.

"Oh, then, is it the bit and the sup ye'd be throwin' in mee face! do ye call the food th' Almighty sends upon the earth for man and baste, charity? is that the way wid ye,

ye spalpeen! It's little good ye get out of your school, if that's all ye know, and the sooner yer father sends ye to another siminary the better."

"But how," we inquired, "how is it that with such a number of holy wells in your own country you leave them and come to St. Taff to be cured?"

"Because I'm for justice to ould Ireland. Does your honour think that when I had the misfortune to take up with the rhumatis in this country, I'd go bothering my own saints to give me the cure? I'd scorn it! hav'n't they enough to do with their own *blind* and *bochers*, without bein' put upon to do the work that belongs to St. Taff? It was down in his mines I got it, and it's his duty to see me righted; and so he will, with God's help, some day. If the *gorsoons* would



THE GARTH MOUNTAIN.

let me alone I'd be a dale heartier in meself; but after mee dip in the well, when I come down here to go over mee bades, and say 'God be with ould times,' and think of where mee heart lies bleedin',—of the pleasant places, the singing strames and singing birds, and one that is singing sweeter than either up there now!—why it's wonderful aggravatin' to a knight o' Kerry to be set upon by them Welsh *spalpeens*, that never had so much as a handle to their names; and to be called an 'Irish beggar,'—that never belonged to our seed, breed, or generation. Wait till the Lord restores me the use of my limbs, and I'll not lave a whole bone in their bodies!"

We are now deep in the VALE OF THE TAFF; high hills, green dells, and thickly wooded steeples all about us, while the river, too shallow for traffic, but usually rapid and brawling, adds much to the interest and beauty of the scene. It is frequently crossed by long wooden



TAFF'S WELL.

bridges and aqueducts, that convey water to the works. Occasionally, as the reader will suppose in such a district, the picturesque is impaired somewhat by smoke from huge chimneys, and *débris* from mines, while the ear is greeted by other sounds than those of nature. Yet the valley is breezing, in spite of all that has been done to mar its beauty; and there is health in all the breezes that come from hill-tops, for the air is not rendered impure by the iron here delved and smelted, nor is it much affected by the smoke from thousands of tons of coal burnt in the neighbouring factories.

It is indeed a beautiful valley—the vale of the Taff—and none the less beautiful because, here and there, you obtain glimpses of "pits" upon mountain sides, or suddenly alight upon some



dell in which vast heaps of coal are collected, to be consumed in furnaces to receive the brown ore of adjacent mines, that will come forth as iron, the mission of which is to guide and govern the destinies of the world.

Our next station is NEWBRIDGE (PONT-Y-PRIDD), now a town of some extent—created to supply the wants of the many labourers in adjacent iron works. It is situated in a dell, rising from the banks of the Taff, where the river is joined by one of the most lavish of its tributaries, the Rhondda. And the vale of the Rhondda is even more beautiful than that of the Taff, being, at all events, more wild and grand, and bearing a general resemblance to the Wye, in the cliffs, clothed with lichens and evergreen shrubs, between which it runs. Newbridge\* is, however, chiefly famous, and to be visited for, the Bridge, justly renowned, upwards of a century, as one of the most remarkable achievements of engineering skill. It adjoins the town at one extremity of it. "It consists of a single arch, which is the segment of a circle, said to be the largest in the world; 145 feet in span, and 35 feet high. It was finished by William Edwards, 'a common mason,' after three ineffectual efforts, occasioned by the savage impetuosity of the Taff, over which it stands. It appears he owed his success to a curious device of turning three circular tunnels through each abutment, which effectually prevented its weight from springing the light crown of the arch, which was the case in the former trials: this contrivance added also to the singular beauty of the bridge."† It looks like a fairy structure as it spans the brawling river, being "so narrow that there is barely room for a carriage, and so steep as to cause many to alight from their horses when crossing it." It has been not unjustly styled "the wonder of Wales," but within the last few years its beauty has been entirely sacrificed, for another bridge has been built so close to it, as entirely to destroy the graceful effect of Mr. Edwards's design. It is, therefore, now never used, for its ungainly rival has certainly the advantage of greater convenience. The sacrifice seems to have been wanton, for there are many other places that might have been selected for the new bridge that was destined to destroy the old bridge, and, moreover, places nearer to the town and therefore better for the inhabitants.‡ Edwards, and his son and successor, built many other bridges in South Wales, and on a similar plan, but this—PONT-Y-PRIDD—is undoubtedly the *chef-d'œuvre* of the self-taught architect.

A short distance farther up the river and we reach another bridge, the Berw (boiling) Bridge. It is an aqueduct across the Taff, to convey water to the Glamorganshire Canal. When the artist sketched it, a year ago, it was one of the most picturesque objects in the district; the venerable wooden piers and planks had been honoured with age, and time had given to it the interest that often stands in the stead of beauty. At the time of our visit, however, Gothic hands had been busy with it; it is now a very commonplace affair, but our sketch will enable the tourist to recall it as it was, and justify a sigh of regret that one of the adornments of the place has been removed from it. And this is not the only evil: the huge boulders that arrested the river in its progress, and formed a graceful waterfall, have been blasted and broken, and carried away to construct furnaces and tram roads.

On our way between the two bridges, keeping close to the water-side, we encountered one of the Wells of which many exist in the Principality, to which old superstition or long experience, or it may be both, has attached faith for the cure of some particular disease. This well is called in Welsh, *Ffynon Gelly-dawel*, "the Eye Well," and is said to have, in very many cases, restored sight to the blind, or at all events averted the progress of an afflicting ailment. It is a pleasant place—that quiet nook; removed far enough from unwholesome sounds of traffic,—the busy town and gigantic forges entirely out of sight.

It was evening when we ascended the hill that looks down on Newbridge. We passed over the canal bridge,—the Glamorganshire Canal,—and learned, with astonishment, that the water which conveys the boats is raised up by a regular series of locks to no less a height than 500 feet; it is literally carried over a mountain; and the number of its locks is no

\* In this immediate neighbourhood was the porcelain manufactory of Nantgarw, which gave employment to some of its best artists, when the renowned establishment at Chelsea was abandoned. "The porcelain manufactory at Nantgarw was conducted by the ingenious Mr. W. W. Young; and it is to be lamented that the proprietors did not find their interest compatible with its continuance; for the beauty of the ware was unequalled, and many of the articles manufactured were of great elegance." The few specimens produced here are highly estimated by collectors, and bear very large prices.

† Appended to the Swansea Guide (1892) we find a MS. note, stating that Mr. Edwards was on the eve of abandoning the work in despair, when an old soldier, accidentally passing, pointed out the cause of failure—too great a weight on the abutment. The hint was taken by the heaven-born architect, and Pont-y-Pridd was erected. The original name of the bridge is Pont-y-ty-Fridd, or the Bridge of the Mud Hut.

‡ The artist has wisely pictured the bridge, without the companionship of its distasteful neighbour.

less than thirty, within a distance of twenty-four miles; some of these locks have a rise of twenty feet, yet the water rushes on so rapidly, that a very few minutes are expended in passing through any one of them. An idea of the great cost of the canal may thus be obtained: yet it was a profitable undertaking from the first, and its profits have increased rather than lessened since the railway was placed side by side, to run the same distances, and to and from the same places. The canal is admirably kept, its banks are in the best possible order, and the traffic-boats are neat as well as convenient, although so often laden with coal.

The ascent of the hill begins immediately after we leave the canal. We soon reached the far-famed Logan Stone: it is strictly one of those that

"The slightest touch alone sets moving."

for the hand of a child can make it vibrate. Very near it, we were startled at the sight of a Druidic temple—a series of stones regularly placed, with an inner and an outer circle, and a place



TAFF VALE.

of sacrifice within. It was, however, easy to see that this was a modern creation: it is the work of an enthusiastic gentleman of the neighbourhood, but is by no means without plan or purpose; for ancient authorities have been scrupulously studied and followed, and we have no doubt of its being an accurate copy of that which was there two thousand years ago; for certainly, the Druids assembled on this height, and here held their solemn rites.\*



NEW BRIDGE.

From this elevated plain, we looked down upon the busy valley, following, first, the course of a brawling rivulet, that, rushing over stones of all shapes and sizes, carried its contribution to

\* Near to this Druidic circle stands a huge upright stone, to commemorate the "virtues and abilities" of some one whose name an envious hand has obliterated. He was, it appears, overseer of the adjacent works: to quote his epitaph, "after managing the chainwork on my right side for the space of 21 years, much to the benefit of all mankind, I died, and was buried herein, 1840, aged 69." The works are the chain-works to the right of the hill, on which this singular record stands. There is no doubt, however, that the plain on the summit of this hill was the burial-place of the ancient princes of Wales. Rudely formed coffins of stone slabs are found here, and there are several mounds which clearly indicate such graves underneath the sod.



the Taff—the Taff that here “wanders at its own sweet will;” but presently to be in a thousand ways distorted into all possible shapes that can aid the miner, the machinist, and the labourer, and lessen toil.

There are three large manufacturing in this valley: that of Messrs. Crawshaw, of tin and iron; that of Messrs. Fothergill, of iron rails; and that of Messrs. Brown, Lennox & Co., of chain cable. The iron-works of Messrs. Fothergill is introduced into the artist's sketch. The population of Newbridge has increased, within thirty years, from 1,000 to 10,000; while that of Aberdare, from which come so many loads of coal through this valley, is now 23,000; less than twenty years ago, it was but a few hundred. A branch railway from Newbridge leads through the Rhondda Valley to Cwmraebren, twelve miles. At the head of the Glamorganshire Canal and the Taff Vale Railway is the ancient, populous, and flourishing town of Merthyr Tydvil.

We look first to the right, beyond the town; the eye, refreshed, rests upon a tree-clad hill, that rises high and steep above the river and the dell we have so lately visited.

Turning to the left, how different is the scene! The evening is closing in, but the hours of labour are not yet over. The three busy mills, all at work, are within ken. The sights and sounds are not those of nature; very opposites are they to those the poet loves. The breeze comes laden with vapour you do not wish to breathe; no song of bird is there in wood or from heather; the sounds you hear are those of toil; but it is toil accumulative and remunerative, and, therefore, comforting and cheering.

From this record of a remote age, and of a vanished superstition, where the old Britons worshipped, and whence they looked down on their then altogether lovely valley, surrounded by hills through which runs the rapid Taff, we gaze over a scene that markedly illustrates the altered character of the kingdom. The dale is now full of habitations; the perpetual ding-dong of the hammer from enormous foundries—one of rails, the other of anchors, destined to aid millions in passing land and sea—reaches the ear; now and then, these ding-dongs are mingled with the shrill whistle of the railway, or the growl of the not distant train. The eye takes in the blazes of tall chimneys, pouring out fire, while the smoke rises above them, first in a narrow black line, then spreading out into a broad sheet, and literally and perceptibly mingling with the clouds above the mountain-top.

That line of dark moving masses, like a huge following of sepulchral hearse—that is the train of coal-waggons, with their contributions to recruit these flames; that puff of clear white vapour is the steam that guides them. How green are the meadows beneath us! for every now and then these fields are covered with water. Thickly jammed together seem the dwellings that house the artisans—of whom many thousands are busy here, giving to England her true jewels—iron and coal. That long and picturesque viaduct is for the Works alone; they convey the wrought produce to the adjacent canal. There is another sound—it is the blast from yonder quarry, hidden from view by intervening trees; there the iron king is yielding up his treasures, at the bidding of stalwart mountaineers.

We descend the hill by another and more rugged pathway, again cross the fairy bridge, and are made comfortable at one of the neatest and best ordered of hotels, having in prospect that always pleasant sight—a bookseller's shop.\* We may borrow a passage, peculiarly applicable to this district, from a writer to whom these singular localities are much indebted:—“The mountains and retreats of Glamorganshire are studded with tumuli, cairns, and other remains of another age and religion; and how much did our forefathers, true to their name—Celtiaid—love the wilds of the mountain, the recesses of their Cromydd, and the shades of their woods. It was from these circles the hoary Druid expounded the law, the bard, Cadeiwl, adjudicated, the judges dispensed justice, the saints worshipped, and the chieftain from the tombs of the ancient did here stimulate their descendants to acts of heroism in defence of their independence. The barrow served also the purposes of a tomb, of a *spectulum*, of a fortress, and of a temple. And how dreary, and melancholy, and contemplative are these ‘Carneddau’ of our wild slopes, and the dark, shady retreats of our valleys! The warrior or the bard fell, and the cairn arose upon his grave to point out his resting-place for ever. The mist enshrouds it, the wind plays its requiem over it, the unearthly roars, and moans, and music of the elements have noted like a charm upon the manes of the

Celtic dead, so as to rivet them to their mountains; and this will explain the theory of the ‘Tylwyth Teg,’ of the ‘Gwyllion Gellydd,’ and ‘the Naiades of the Streams.’”

This immediate neighbourhood, however, in which enormous wealth is gathered, is not to be taken as illustrative of the landscape beauty of Taff Valley; nor does the river, here applied to so many uses, at all example its rapid and turbulent, but clear and bountiful course. The valley, we repeat, is very charming, wherever intervening hills or woods act as screens to mines and factories; and this advantage is obtained frequently, even when but a short distance from busy Works. Hill and dale, rock and stream, are everywhere; green meadows, through which run musical rivelets, and sometimes grand and extensive falls: these are among the attractions, but only some of them, that give delight to the tourist in the VALE OF THE TAFF.



POST Y-TYDD.

It is not, however, as the tourist will readily imagine, while traversing a country by railroad, or, indeed, along broad highways, that its beauties and peculiarities can be seen and estimated. This is especially true of South Wales, where so many hills and dales are away from beaten tracks—where so many brawling rivers are comparatively hidden from the eye until they reach valleys or harbours where they may be made available for purposes of manufacture and commerce. So with many of the Norman castles, and nearly all the more ancient remains; they must be sought for to be found. Some of the most remarkable are in out-of-the-way places, where the “business traveller” never goes—among thick woods, upon high steeps, or on grass-covered plains; but the antiquary will be amply repaid for the toil of inquiry, and the lover of nature



THE BIERW (BOILING) BRIDGE.

be largely recompensed, any day, or even hour, that deviation from “a main road” procures acquaintance with the marvels or the beauties so abundantly scattered over all parts of the country. To some of these we may be able to accord justice, but it is apart from the limited plan of our book to do more than direct attention to them, with a view to induce tourists who have seen much of other parts of the kingdom to believe that in South Wales there is a vast fund of interest—a mine of instruction and delight hitherto comparatively unexplored.

The SOUTH WALES RAILWAY may convey us to a large proportion of them, but we must leave the train whenever we desire sources—such as we continually find—of intense enjoyment in this interesting country.

\* At Newbridge we especially noticed that nearly all the inhabitants had names varying little from one name. It was almost amusing to read the continual recurrence of Thomas Evans, Evan Thomas, John Thomas, Thomas John, and so forth. “It was a remarkable usage of the Welsh, derived from high antiquity, for the son to take the Christian name of his father for his own surname.”—ARCHDEACON COXE. Many heads of families took the names of their own houses, estates, or places; but the former mode was the most general. Thus, a man named John, whose father's name was William, would be John William, and his son William John.

“Silurian,” by David Lloyd Isaacs.



Let us close our day's excursion by revisiting "the Eye Well," to which we have briefly alluded as one of the peculiarities of the famous river in this immediate locality. The relation of an incident that chanced us here will not, we hope, weary the reader.

In Wales are to be found, particularly in the more remote districts, numbers of those wells which, in Ireland—where superstition has, perhaps, greater charms than in any other country—would be called "HOLY." The earnestness, the vivacity, the impulsive poetry of Irish nature creates mysteries; while veneration is ever active to elevate into the supernatural what it cannot comprehend. In the Scotch, and, perhaps, in the Welsh character, there is even now, despite all education, the same tendency—with a difference: they do not parade their belief in the holy water of holy wells, by public pilgrimages, at particular times, to the "blessed well" of a "St. Kevin," or a "St. Catherine," but go alone, or in small groups, to partake of the healing waters. However intense their belief, they do not parade, or even defend it. We visited in Wales several wells which, in Ireland, would be "holy," or "blessed," and, among others, some that are called "eye wells," as they are believed to cure all diseases of the eye, even blindness; and we have heard from persons, whose words may be relied on, that in certain affections of that delicate organ, the water of the "eye wells" has been of great benefit. How much the imagination may have to do with this, we do not pretend to say; but at all events these "eye wells" retain their popularity, and are likely to do so.

To the eye well, close to Pont-y-Pridd, we desire to conduct our readers. The artist has pictured it. In Welsh it is called Ffynon Gelly-dawel, "eye well." The vicinity is rich in the tangled beauty of uncared-for wood, and unguided water: nature did what seemed best and most beautiful to herself, and enveloped the "eye well" in the mysteries of silence and shadow. The path that led to it was tangled and intricate, every bush had its bird, and the soft black eyes of the rabbit, or the bristles of the retreating hedgehog, frequently beguiled us from the contemplation of the exquisite foliage, combining every degree of tint, from the tenderest green to the dark hues of the oak and fir. Some pious, believing people, of bygone years, had protected the source of the well by a rude fortification of stone, and it is also partially covered at the top, which preserves the water from falling leaves, that would certainly render it impure; but the water will have its way—not all the guardianship of slate and stone can restrain its will to outflow and overflow: thus keeping up its independence, and disdainful human care, it oozes forth in little trickling rills, and falls into musical eddies, murmuring its pretty perversity to grey standing-up stones, and twinkling in mimic cascades round a tuft of rushes, and over the twisted roots of a gnarled tree. The peasants seem to associate the idea of sunrise with its healing qualities, and the greater number of those who visit the "eye well," approach it during the grey mists of morning.

A pastoral people always attribute virtues to the dews of morning: thus "May dew" is considered a beautifier of the complexion; the dew shaken from off the flowers of a bed of camomile is said to cure consumption; Midsummer dew, shaken from the leaves of a shamrock, on the brow of a new-born babe, will make it brave; and the dew of a white June rose will endow a new-born girl with beauty, if sprinkled over her little face before sunrise.

We were—we almost shame to say it—unable to visit the "eye well" before sunrise: the "god of day" was much too early up for us. He was also too early for a little blind maiden, who was led to the well regularly by a young girl, moved to rise at dawn by pity for a calamity that was all but hopeless. The little sufferer was singularly delicate and graceful, with a wealth of pale golden hair, parted over a clear, fair brow. She had been brought to the neighbourhood by a charitable lady, who had as much faith in the "eye well" as if she had been born a peasant. When open, the child's eyes had a weak appearance, but her guide insisted that she should "shut them fast" when she neared the well, and open and close them rapidly while near the water. There was something very touching in the devotion of the elder to the younger girl: she was but a farm-servant in the cottage where the child was lodged, doing field-work more like a Bavarian than an English maid—herding cows, and sheep, and pigs, and children; and yet astir before the lark met the morning, in the hope of getting her little friend to the healing waters before sunrise.

One evening late we met her bending beneath the weight of a heavy bundle, and dragging a couple of poles much longer than herself. Where was she going?

She bobbed and curtsied, and, disengaging herself from her burden, still heaving and panting from its weight, she confessed that, finding Maddy's eyes were no better, and that she could not wake in the morning (she was such a dreadful sleeper) in time to get to the well before sunrise, she had

prevailed on "the mistress" to let her make a tent close to the well, "just at Midsummer, when the water was strongest;" and she would watch Maddy there all night, so that she should have the full strength of the water, while the first sunbeam was in it. Mistress thought it would be a great chance for Maddy, and, sitting up all night, she would "by certain be early, and get back to the farm in good time for the cows."

We asked her how she could do without sleep, after her hard day's work.

Her great round eyes deepened and darkened, and, doubting if she had heard our question correctly, she inquired—"What d'ye please to say?"

"How can you, who work so hard, do without sleep?"



THE EYE WELL.

"Eh, sure, it's for Maddy; I shan't feel the want. We shall be like two birds in a nest, down there. Maddy will sleep with her head on my lap, and my arms round her, all the night, as sweet as in a blanket bed; and the pale pink and yellow clouds that I can see over the scrub will tell me when the sun's coming. I'll get her head over the well all in good time, so that it and the first sunbeam will go in together. I must do it for three mornings running, and then stop three, and then do it three mornings again, if—" she paused, and great girl though she was, she put her fingers in her mouth, and a shade of pain and perplexity clouded her bright, homely face; at last she said, "I'd like to make up my mind she must get her sight,



TREForest IRON WORKS.

because if she don't she'll be sent to an asylum, and never hear the song of a bird, or smell a cowslip again. An' she's such a loving little thing, and can tell all the flowers, and a heap about them, by the touch. I'd have double strength to my work if mistress would let me tend her always. But I'm sure she'll get well."

"And you are not afraid, you two children, to stay all night by the eye well?"

"Afeerd," she replied, "what of? Sure God takes double care of the blind. Afeerd," she said again, while resuming her burden and her poles, "two little maids afeerd beside the eye well, an' God looking down on 'em!"



## OBITUARY.

MRS. ANNA JAMESON.

THERE are few female writers whose death, briefly referred to in our last number, is more to be deplored by the world of literature, and especially by that of Art, than that of Mrs. Anna Jameson, a lady whose works have for more than a quarter of a century, by their number and diversified character, claimed the attention of many varied classes of society, and gained for their author something more than respect from all; for if her genius was not of the highest order of intellect, any deficiency was supplied by her enthusiasm, her earnestness, diligence in research, refinement of feeling, and elegance of expression. Her literary career was altogether singular and chequered in its wanderings, as, indeed, was her life: now recalling from the past the beauties and virtues of those whose affections were the poets' guiding-star, and now employing her pen upon those unworthies, we must call them, who exiled prudent and high-souled women from the court of the second Charles. At one time roaming over Canada for book materials, and at another diving into the palaces and convents of Europe to investigate the works of the old masters of Art. The very diversity and antagonism of her labours are indications of the restlessness of her life. Work and action constituted the atmosphere which alone sustained her; without these, happiness, and existence almost, would have failed.

Mrs. Jameson, an Irish lady by descent, and by birth, was the daughter of Mr. Murphy, painter in ordinary to the Princess Charlotte, and an artist well-known, principally by his portraits, in the first quarter of the present century; hence, in all probability, was the source of those Art-predilections which manifested themselves, in a greater or less degree, throughout life. She married Mr. Jameson, a barrister, who successively filled the posts of Speaker of the House of Assembly of Upper Canada, and of Attorney-general of the colony; but the union was in every way unfortunate, and a separation soon after its completion took place. Mr. Jameson died about five or six years ago.

Her first appearance as an authoress was in 1826, when Mrs. Jameson published, anonymously, a work entitled the "Diary of an Ennuyée," a record of facts gleaned from her own personal observation, chiefly when travelling on the continent; but into which was woven much of a fictitious character, partly from a desire to avoid detection and personalities, and partly with the object of producing something like a connected story. The book was exceedingly well received, as it deserved to be, for it evidenced in the writer great powers of description whenever Art or Nature was referred to, and a shrewd insight into matters of social and moral interest. Three years afterwards appeared "The Loves of the Poets;" it offers many charming sketches of the "history of the heart," as exemplified in the influence exercised by women over the characters and writings of men of genius. This was followed, at intervals, by "The Lives of Female Sovereigns" and "Characteristics of Women," the latter a most clever and discriminating analysis of Shakspeare's heroines. Then came, in 1833, a series of biographical notices of the "Beauties of the Court of Charles II.," written for the purpose of illustrating the pictures, by Sir Peter Lely, at Hampton Court; copies of which had been made by the father of Mrs. Jameson, at the desire of the Princess Charlotte, and left to the artist at the decease of her Royal Highness. In 1834 appeared, under the title of "Visits and Sketches at Home and Abroad," a new edition of the "Diary of an Ennuyée," which the authoress, at the suggestion of numerous friends, largely amplified by the addition of several tales, essays, and criticisms; this work increased very considerably the reputation of the writer.

In 1838, Mrs. Jameson visited Canada, with a view, ineffectual in its results, of arranging her family affairs. The literary fruits of her journey appeared shortly after in the form of "Winter Studies and Summer Rambles in Canada," a record of a singular canoe voyage and a residence among a tribe of Indians, interspersed with observations on the state of politics and society among the civilized inhabitants of the country. "In that book," to quote a

passage from an admirable biographical notice, published in the *Daily News*, shortly after her death, "appeared, with painful distinctness, the blemishes which marred much of her writing and her conversation, as well as her views of life, from the date of that trip to Canada,—a tendency to confide her trouble to the public, or all from whom she could hope to win sympathy,—and a morbid construction of the facts and evidences of social life in England." These peculiar views never were entirely eradicated from the mind of this lady; for though, during the latter part of her life especially, they became much modified and were generally held in restraint, a remark would now and then break out to show that the "snake was scotch'd, not killed." There is another passage in the same notice, which gives so true an insight into Mrs. Jameson's temperament and qualities of mind, that we cannot forbear extracting it. Speaking of this American trip, and after referring to the world-wide reputation acquired by the authoress from the "Visits and Sketches," the biographer says:—"It secured her an enthusiastic reception in the United States, when she went there on her way to Canada. There could hardly be a more 'beautiful fit' than that of Mrs. Jameson and the literary society of the great American cities, where the characteristics of women are perpetually on all people's thoughts and on all people's tongues; where chivalric honour to women is a matter of national pride; and sentiment flourishes in all youthful societies. Mrs. Jameson—pouring out, with her Irish vehemence, a great accumulation of emotions and imaginations, about Ireland and O'Connell, about Shakspeare and the Kembles, about German sentiment and art, Italian paintings, the London stage, and all the ill-usage that women with hearts had received from men who had none—must have been in a state of high enjoyment, and the cause of high enjoyment to others."

The public picture-galleries of England next engaged the attention of Mrs. Jameson: her "Hand-book" to these collections was followed, not long afterwards, by the "Companion to the Private Galleries of Art in London;" both are really useful works; the critical remarks are sound, judicious, and in every way to the purpose of a popular guide. But of a far higher order of criticism, and of deeper research into the history and intent of early Art, are her "Sacred and Legendary Art," "Legends of the Monastic Orders," and the "Legends of the Madonna,"—books which have become standard works in Art-literature, and which have undoubtedly helped to turn the thoughts of some of our painters into, to them, a new channel; for these writings have a tendency to direct attention to the old masters and the peculiarities of their pictures.

At the time of her death, Mrs. Jameson was, we believe, engaged on the concluding volume of the "Sacred and Legendary Art," and had almost, if not quite, finished it. It will complete this valuable and important series of Art histories connected with the early ages of Christianity, and with the Romish church in the plenitude of its power and influence; when painting was regarded, by most of those who practised it, not so much as a profession followed for pecuniary advantages, but as a solemn dedication of the talents given by the Supreme Being to the honour and glory of his Church.

Another work, which comes under the same class of literature, is the "Early Italian Painters," first published about fifteen years ago, and of which a new edition appeared last year.

The last important literary production offered to the public by Mrs. Jameson is entitled "A commonplace-Book of Thoughts, Memories, and Fancies, Original and Selected." Its origin is thus described by the authoress:—"For many years I have been accustomed to make a memorandum of any thought which might come across me, or any passage in a book which excited either a sympathetic or an antagonistic feeling. The collection accumulated insensibly from day to day. The volumes on 'Shakspeare's Heroines,' on 'Sacred and Legendary Art,' and various other productions, sprung from seed thus lightly and casually sown, which, I hardly knew how, grew up and expanded into a regular readable form."

In allowing a portion of the fragments which remained to go forth to the world in their original form, I have been guided by the wishes of others, who deemed it not wholly uninteresting or profitless to trace the path of an inquiring spirit,

even by the little pebbles dropped as vestiges by the wayside." The "Commonplace-Book" is divided into two parts, one having reference to "Ethics and Character," the other to "Literature and Art." They describe the contemplations of her life, and offer thoughts and observations of great beauty and wisdom.

In the month of February, 1855, Mrs. Jameson delivered a lecture to a female audience on "Sisters of Charity Abroad and at Home." It was printed by the desire of her friends and hearers, and doubtless has had an influence on some of the great social questions discussed in our day.

The loss of a woman so zealous, enthusiastic, and accomplished,—of an authoress whose mind was so well stored with liberal, enlightened, and graceful thoughts, the result of long experience, shrewd observation, and a cultivated intelligence,—will not be easily replaced; for she was ever ready to communicate, either orally or by means of her pen, the knowledge she had acquired. It was often cause of regret to us that her frequent absence, and long continuance abroad, was an obstacle to our availing ourselves of her services, though occasionally her name has appeared among the contributors to the *Art-Journal*. Her love of travel—it may almost be said of adventure, too—and of society, gave a desultory tone to her literary occupations, and rendered her unfit for the close, secluded life indispensable to the highest order of such pursuits; but, on the other hand, she knew the full measurement of her powers, and never ventured on things too high for her. What she undertook, she accomplished, and well; hence the success that attended all her efforts. The "rights" of women—not their political, but their social, rights—was, perhaps, the one great day-dream of her life. Warm-hearted, generous, self-denying, and high-minded herself, Mrs. Jameson laboured to exhibit woman in the most favourable light, and to free the sex—"not from the high duties," to adopt her own words, "to which they were born, or the exercise of virtues on which the whole frame of social life may be said to depend, but from such trammels and disabilities, be they legal or conventional, as are manifestly injurious; shutting them out from the means of redress where they are oppressed, or from the means of honest subsistence where they are destitute."

In person Mrs. Jameson was small; her features were regular, their general expression most intelligent, and her complexion, considering how great a traveller she had been, singularly delicate. Her manner, which in earlier life was quick, lively, and impulsive, had toned down in later years to a demeanour rather grave and dignified, but yet most courteous and pleasing. It was impossible to be in her company without knowing that you were associating with a lady, in the true sense of the word: highly intellectual, without pedantry; independent in her views of the world, its works and doings; and courageous, but not offensively bold, in expressing her opinions. In truth, courage, both constitutionally and mentally, was a great feature of Mrs. Jameson's character.

J. D.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of "THE ART-JOURNAL."

CORAL ROCK PAVEMENTS.

SIR,—During a short residence in the West Indies (chiefly in Barbadoes) I used to be surprised at the rapidly with which the public roads dried up after the heaviest and most continuous showers. This peculiarity was attributable to the porous nature of the coralline formations. I collected several specimens of these coral rocks, the beautifully geometrical disposition of whose cellular structure, combining strength with lightness, seemed to point them out as admirably adapted for the paving of conservatories, bath-rooms, &c. Transverse sections of these rocks might, with great ease, be sawn into squares, &c., and shipped, at a comparatively trifling cost, to England. The effect of a pavement so constructed would assuredly be novel and elegant, while combining purity of colour and dryness with lightness and strength. Such a pavement on a large scale, as for instance at the Royal Conservatory at Kew, would be a great improvement, besides being appropriate to the tropical flowers which grow there.

J. H. LAWRENCE ARCHER.

### THE ARCHITECTURAL EXHIBITION.

WHILE we readily and with much satisfaction accord to the Architectural Exhibition a recognised position amongst the Fine-Art exhibitions of the metropolis, we are at the same time constrained to express a very decided disappointment at the *architectural character* which this exhibition has assumed, and which it appears to be its purpose to sustain. We hoped that it would have proved a really true and consistent exponent of the condition and progress of the architectural art of the present day, and that, as such, it would have comprehended in its yearly collections numerous pictures and drawings by our greatest and most eminent architects. Instead of this, however, it seems to aim at a very different object; or, at any rate, it submits to the assumption of a very different character. It brings together, with undoubted success, groups of specimens of architectural accessories: the producers of architectural metal-work make a good and an honourable display; the diversified productions of Cox's admirable wood and stone carving machinery take up a very strong position; and the same may also be said of both the inlaid and mosaic tiles of Minton and Ward, and of various other kindred Art-manufactures; but the great art itself, the actual and veritable Architecture, aspires no higher than to be represented by a miscellaneous assemblage of tolerably creditable specimens of second and third-rate interest and importance. Even in the department of architectural accessories, the present exhibition falls decidedly short of its predecessor. What it does contain is, for the most part, excellent; surely, however, something better than the mediævalish paper-hangings that appear in the "East Gallery" might be devised, with the view to harmonising with an era of Gothic architecture which is Victorian, and not mediæval. Nor do we see why Lavers and Barrard should be the only artists in glass who contribute to the exhibition. Architectural sculpture has been quietly set on one side; good designs for monumental memorials are altogether wanting; and the demand for public drinking-fountains has led the artists of this exhibition to attempt but little beyond a certain fanciful playing with the subject.

In conformity with our custom, we leave our thoroughly able architectural contemporaries to deal with this exhibition in detail, after their own fashion, and we shall be very glad to learn from them whether, in their estimation, it amounts to what they are disposed to accept as the Architectural Exhibition of England for this present year, 1860. If they are satisfied, we shall not hesitate to reconsider our own opinion.

It is to be most earnestly hoped that another year may witness a complete change in the character of the Architectural Exhibition, and that it may be calculated to reflect equal honour upon the profession and upon the patrons and lovers of architecture. We entertain for that noble art such profound admiration, that we cannot submit in silence to witness its ablest sons treating with indifference and neglect its yearly metropolitan exhibition.

### THE ACHROMATIC MIRROR STEREOSCOPE.

THE interesting character of this optical instrument, the beauty of the effects produced, the almost magical resolution of a picture on a plane surface into one of perfect solidity, giving us figures of varied dimensions with unerring accuracy, when the instrument is perfect, has led to many very great improvements in its adjustments and in its general arrangements. Amongst the most recent, and certainly by no means the least important of these, is to be found in the stereoscope constructed by Smith, Beck, and Beck. They have contrived two forms of the instrument, each one exceedingly well adapted for the purposes for which it is intended. One is for the exhibition of paper stereographs, either mounted in the ordinary way or as they appear as illustrations in books. The principal feature of this stereoscope is in the application of a mirror in such a position that when the instrument is held facing the

light, the picture receives reflected rays in addition to the direct ones, and in different directions. This double illumination imparts a proportionate brilliancy to the photographs, and adds greatly to the perfection of the resulting stereoscopic image.

The other stereoscope, in its more complete arrangements, is one of the most perfect we have seen. In both of these instruments we have all the advantages which are derived from the use of achromatic lenses. By these, of course, all tendency to the production of coloured fringes is removed, and a considerably increased purity in the details of a picture is secured. In the arrangements, care has been taken to obtain with facility the means for adjusting the focal distances to suit every sight. Instead of the ordinary mounting, the stereoscope is fixed upon a box, which is movable in any direction, and this is obviated all the inconvenience arising from the ordinary plan of mounting upon a pillar. An extra box also serves to hold the photographs, and preserve them free from the risk of injury, while it forms a stand for the instrument, and is always at hand. A method of holding the slides is also a great improvement, as they can be placed and removed easily and without any danger. There is in this, as in the other instrument, the same method of illuminating by the reflected, at the same time as with the transmitted rays. This enables the pictures to be seen with much perfection by an artificial light, which would be insufficient to develop the details of a photograph by the ordinary arrangement. The addition of a large reflector adds in a wonderful manner to the beauty of many of the transparent productions of the camera-obscure. Details which were imperfectly seen become brilliantly defined under its influence, and many objects—such, for example, as the photographs of the moon, obtained by Mr. Warren de la Rue, with his equatorial reflecting telescope—and many minute details could not be rendered intelligible without this addition.

In all such cases, value is to be prized by results; we have never examined by any instrument views which came out more clear, sharp, and satisfactory, than by this; distances are thus given with startling effect, and an extent of space is obtained that absolutely, for the moment, deceives the imagination into a belief that actual places are before the eye.

Messrs. Smith, Beck, and Beck, have certainly studied the stereoscope to good purpose, and by their improvements they have placed this very interesting optical instrument in a position, relative to others, equal to that enjoyed by their microscopes, which, for their perfections, received the council medal of the Great Exhibition of 1851, and the first-class medal of the French Exhibition.

### MINOR TOPICS OF THE MONTH.

THE EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.—The public may anticipate an exhibition this year of the very highest order; there will not, we understand, be many absentees, and there has been no object to divert into other channels the energies of the artists. We might convey ideas of many of the works "sent in;" but to do so would be to forestall, and so lessen, pleasure. The hangers are Messrs. Stanfield, Creswick, and Phillip.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY "REFORMS."—There is so much mystery as to the changes considered, contemplated, or intended, so little is really known of what the members have said and mean to do—if they mean to do anything—that perhaps, under present circumstances, the less we say on the subject the better. We shall treat it fully, when we are in a condition to do so with effect. Rumour may be right, or may be wrong, in assigning to the president the first place as a reformer; but we can know nothing, except what we may learn by a breach of confidence, and such breach has not been committed as regards us. We may, however, go so far as to record a debt of public gratitude to Mr. Cope, for the energy and generous zeal he has manifested in the cause of Art, and, indeed, that of the institution of which he is a member.

THE EXHIBITION OF 1862.—"The Trustees and Managers" of the Exhibition are the Earl of Granville, K.G.; the Marquis of Chandos; Thomas Baring, Esq., M.P.; C. Wentworth Dilke, Esq.; and

Thomas Fairbairn, Esq.; and a circular has been issued by the Society of Arts, calling for subscribers to "the guarantee fund." That fund already exceeds £150,000, but the trustees require £250,000; first, as a means of establishing confidence, and next that if there be a loss, such loss may be divided among a large number, and be small to each. But there will be no loss, if the affair be rightly managed; we believe it will be so; the noblemen and gentlemen named are not only beyond suspicion of undue motives, they are practical men of business, and we feel assured, will so direct the movement as to secure a large amount of benefit, without sacrifice on the part of those by whom that benefit is conferred. The Prince Consort has allowed his name to be placed for £10,000 to the "Guarantee Fund," whenever that sum is required to make up the specified amount.

THE MEMORIAL OF THE GREAT EXHIBITION, 1851.—His Royal Highness the Prince Consort has graciously approved of the design for the memorial, and has signified such approval by subscribing £250 to the fund. We are, therefore, in a condition to report that Mr. Durham is now occupied in preparing the work, and that it will be placed in the post of honour in the grounds of the Horticultural Society, at South Kensington,—within view of the site of the Great Exhibition building. His Royal Highness has examined, from time to time, Mr. Durham's design, and has given the artist many valuable suggestions—taking deep interest in its progress. The result will be, we are sure, a production eminently honourable to British Art; and in all respects worthy of the great event it will commemorate.

FEMALE SCHOOL OF ART, GOWER STREET.—We are much gratified to learn that the Council of the Royal Academy has liberally awarded the sum of £50 towards the fund now being raised in aid of this school. Mr. Hullah is, we hear, organizing a concert, to take place shortly at St. Martin's Hall, for its benefit. The sum required is about £2,000, and although subscriptions are coming in, the amount yet to be realized is very considerable.

SIR W. C. ROSS.—An exhibition of the works of this eminent miniature-painter will be opened in the rooms of the Society of Arts early in the present month. If there be a disposition on the part of those who possess miniatures to contribute liberally, a most interesting collection will be the result.

THE PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY will hereafter hold its meetings at Somerset House, the Council of King's College having granted them the use of suitable rooms for that purpose.

DR. DRESSER, Professor of Botany at the Kensington Museum, has recently been elected to the same office in the St. Mary's School of Medicine, Edgeware Road.

THE BRUNEL MONUMENT.—The subscriptions towards this memorial have reached nearly to £2,000; nothing, however, has been decided as to the character of the work, or the place which is to receive it. Some of the friends and subscribers are desirous of seeing a statue of the late engineer erected near the Houses of Parliament; others wish for a suitable monument in St. Paul's Cathedral.

MR. HOLMAN HUNT's marvellous picture of 'The Finding of the Saviour in the Temple,' on which he is said to have been occupied six years, is now exhibiting at 168, New Bond Street (the German Gallery). It is a work that can by no means be disposed of in a few sentences. The exhibition was opened too late in the month for us to give to it the requisite time and space, we are therefore reluctantly compelled to postpone criticism to "our next."

THE LIONS FOR THE NELSON MONUMENT.—Sir Edwin Landseer has, some time since, completed the designs for the Trafalgar Square lions; their execution in stone is, we believe, confided to Marochetti. The drawings were made from a lion that died in the Zoological Gardens. The animal had been, for some time, suffering from pulmonary disease, which eventually destroyed him, when he was removed to the stables of Sir E. Landseer, and there the drawings were made. In like manner a living picture, 'The Bloodhound,' was made from the animal after death.

VICTORIA CROSS GALLERY.—Mr. Desanges has again opened his gallery at the Egyptian Hall, and with a considerable addition to its previous contents, furnished, principally, by events that occurred during the Indian mutiny, and for which the Victoria



Cross was conferred on the heroic actors. The largest of the new pictures represents Col. H. Tombs, C.B., of the Bengal Artillery, rescuing his subaltern, Lieut. J. Hills, from the hands of the rebels. The latter officer, before Delhi, had charged single-handed the head of the enemy's column, cut the first man down, wounded the second, and was then himself ridden down, horse and all. On rising he was attacked by three mutineers: one he killed, wounded another, and having fallen in the struggle with the third, would have lost his life, but for the intervention of the colonel, who, seeing the position of his subaltern, crossed the path of the enemy's cavalry at great personal danger, and cut down the Sepoy. The latter part of this short narrative describes the subject of the picture, which is painted in a free, vigorous manner.

**THE NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY.**—Mr. Gladstone has been appointed the successor of Lord Macaulay in the vacant trusteeship of this institution.

**THE STATUE OF GOLDSMITH,** to be erected in Dublin, will be executed by Mr. Foley, R.A. Were Daniel O'Connell living, he would say,—"Quite right, too; Ireland for the Irish!"—we also say, "Quite right;" not, however, because Mr. Foley is an Irishman, but because no better artist can be found for the work. Ireland will have full justice done to her literary countryman by her native sculptor. The Queen and the Prince Consort have each subscribed 100 guineas towards the statue.

**THE SCULPTOR,** THORNYCROFT, has been commissioned to execute, for the House of Lords, statues of Charles I. and James II.

**THE "VICTORY AT THE TOMB,"** which has long been an object by no means agreeable in the grounds of the Duke of Wellington, bordering Hyde Park, has been removed from that locality; of its present quarters or ultimate destination we are ignorant.

**THE CRYSTAL PALACE SCHOOL OF ART, SCIENCE, AND LITERATURE.**—We have much pleasure in recording the steady advance of the plans that have been adopted by the directors, for the establishment of this most important addition to the Sydenham Institution. The care with which the whole project has been developed, coupled with the unrivalled capabilities of the Crystal Palace, cannot fail to ensure the most completely successful results. For full particulars we refer our readers to Mr. F. K. Shenton, the company's superintendent of the Literary Department of the Crystal Palace, who is prepared to afford such information as will clearly explain both the general nature of the project, and also the details of its operation. We anticipate great things from this "School of Art, Science, and Literature," and we shall not fail to do all in our power to advocate its claims for public support, in full confidence of its ability to confer upon the public the most signal advantages.

**ENGRAVING ON WOOD.**—We have been much pleased with an engraving on wood, of very remarkable size, executed by Messrs. Nicholls, from a large American print, published some few years ago, and which came under our notice at the time. The subject of the work is Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," and the composition or design, by the Rev. D. Wright, an American clergyman, exhibits the principal scenes in the allegory, so arranged as to constitute one picture. We have no doubt many of our readers are acquainted with the original engraving, which Messrs. Nicholls have reproduced, and published, on a smaller scale, with perfect success.

**THE ART-UNION OF LONDON.**—The distribution of prizes took place on April the 24th; too late in the month to enable us to give any report on the subject.

**THE COPYRIGHT QUESTION.**—The Society of Arts has issued a report on "Artistic Copyright." That legislation on this subject is needed there can be no doubt; but it is equally certain that great danger to Art and serious evil to artists may result from going too far. We repeat what we have so often, and at length, argued—there will be no buyers of pictures, if pictures when paid for are to be virtually, if not in fact, still the property of the painter; and there will be no engravings made if the publishers are prohibited from "touching" upon any plate, except by the hands of the original engraver. The evidence taken—or, at all events, that which is printed—is exclusively derived from artists, including one obsolete engraver. And it is limited almost entirely to the mischief arising from spurious

imitations or copies of pictures. To this wicked practice we have continually directed public attention during the last fifteen years; and we have a right to say we have very largely contributed to lessen the evil by exciting suspicion and placing buyers on their guard against spurious copies sold as original works. If the committee of the Society of Arts had obtained the opinions of picture-buyers, their report would have been infinitely more satisfactory and conclusive than it is; if they have sought for, they have not obtained the testimony of one. Again we say this matter is full of peril, and will, we trust, be so considered by the legislation as to obtain far better arguments and evidence than that supplied by the Society of Arts.

**JOHN BUNYAN.**—At length this marvellous man, whose name has been a household word in every home of England for more than two centuries, is to receive homage and honour from his country. A meeting has been held, the good Earl of Shaftesbury presiding, at which a resolution was agreed to unanimously, to the effect that a statue to the memory of Bunyan shall be erected by public subscription, in one of the leading and most public thoroughfares of the metropolis. We earnestly hope this project will be carried out. If every reader of his great book were to contribute a halfpenny, the amount collected would be greater than the sum needed.

**A RENAISSANCE ORGAN-SCREEN,** carved in wood, with extraordinary boldness of design and vigour of execution, by Vianino di Cremona, in 1582, having been removed from the Church of St. Luke, at Cremona, is now open for inspection, at the gallery of Mr. S. Clare, in Great Marlborough Street. This most characteristic example of the best Renaissance wood-carving is of very large dimensions, and it still continues in excellent preservation. Unfortunately the wood has been covered with a thick coating of white and yellow paint; but it appears that this coating may be easily removed, and thus the work of the disciple of Campi may be again restored almost to its original condition. In any Renaissance edifice of corresponding importance, this screen would appear to signal advantage. Mr. Clare's gallery contains a varied collection of productions of early Art and Art-manufacture, which will amply repay visitors for inspecting them. The whole are under the superintendence of Mr. H. Pratt.

**COLLARDS' WEST-END PIANOFORTE DEPOT.**—The obvious want of some establishment, of the highest order, for the display and sale of pianofortes at the west-end of the metropolis, has at length been most satisfactorily met by the Messrs. Collard. Under the able direction of Mr. Owen Jones, two spacious houses in Grosvenor Street, Bond Street (one of them until lately the *habitat* of the Royal Institute of British Architects), have been thrown into one, and the whole of the truly noble apartments have been fitted up with excellent taste for the reception of such a collection of instruments as never before invited the attention of the music-loving public. Mr. Owen Jones is doing good service in effecting real improvements in London; and it is altogether a matter for congratulation to find his services are appreciated no less by such men as our Oslers and Collards, than by the public at large.

**HERR CARL WERNER,** in accordance with his habit during the last few years, has returned to his studio, 49, Pall Mall, where he has resumed the direction of his classes for the study and practice of drawing in water colours. In consequence of his recent election into the New Society of Painters in Water Colours, Herr Werner will, in future, exhibit his pictures in the gallery of the Society, and they will form components of the regular yearly exhibition of that institution, instead of being open to the public in the studio of the artist himself.

**THE ARTISTS' GENERAL BENEVOLENT INSTITUTION.**—The forty-fifth anniversary dinner of this society was held at the Freemasons' Tavern on Saturday, March 31st. The Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, M.P., in the chair. Among the company present were—Earl Stanhope, Sir Charles Eastlake, P.R.A., Sir Roderick Murchison, Sir Charles Barry, R.A., Messrs. Duff, M.P., D. Roberts, R.A., W. P. Frith, R.A., Charles Landseer, R.A., F. W. Pickersgill, R.A., G. Godwin, F.R.S., &c., the company numbering about two hundred. The chairman, in proposing the health of her Majesty, announced as a continued proof of the interest felt by the Queen in the

prosperity of the institution, a further subscription of 100 guineas to the funds of the charity. The usual loyal toasts having been responded to with expressions of respect and patriotism, the chairman, in proposing "Prosperity to the Institution," spoke at length of the interest he felt in the welfare of Art, and of his respect and admiration for the character of its professors. The health of the chairman was proposed by Earl Stanhope. Among the remaining toasts were "Sir Charles Eastlake and the Royal Academy," with others wherein none of the societies for the encouragement of Art were forgotten; the respondents to these good wishes being Sir Charles Eastlake, Mr. Hurlstone, Mr. Godwin, &c. The subscriptions and donations amounted to between £700 and £800, including 20 guineas from the chairman, and a nineteenth gift of £20 from Lady Chantrey.

**AN EXHIBITION** of "Pre-Raphaelite" pictures was held in March, in the rooms of the society, in Waterloo Place, with admission by cards, to the admirers only of this kind of Art. In Piccadilly, last season, cards were issued, and every preparation made for a similarly private exposition; but, for some reason, the room was suddenly closed. Now, however, that the association have rooms of their own, their exhibitions will follow periodically; the second of this season is appointed to be held in September. Neither Millais nor Hunt contributed. Ruskin, however, sent a minutely-finished study, as did Wallis (the painter of 'The Dead Stonemaker'). Some of the exhibited pictures are qualified with the best points of the manner, while others are carried up to its utmost extravagance.

**THE SIEGE OF LUCKNOW.**—A picture of very deep interest is about to be exhibited by Messrs. Agnew, of Manchester, at the gallery in Waterloo Place. It describes the meeting of Havelock, Clyde, and Outram at Lucknow, when the garrison of that long-beleaguered place was "relieved." The history of this terrible scene is among the leading glories of our country; every man who defended Lucknow was a hero, and the women were the equals of the men in unwearied fortitude and indomitable courage. The theme is one that ought to be perpetuated by Art—as a stimulus and a reward. The sketches and portraits were made by a Swiss artist, expressly commissioned by Messrs Agnew; he travelled in the suite of Lord Clyde, and had every possible advantage placed at his disposal. The picture, which is of very large size, is by Mr. Barber, painted from the sketches—of which an enormous number was furnished to him, and he has, of course, wrought in conjunction with the artist.

**FRAUDS OF PORCELAIN.**—There are now imported into this country, almost every week, hundreds of articles, made at Tournay and in Paris, in imitation of old Sevres Porcelain. These articles bear the special marks which are most in favour on the genuine porcelain, and, being intended to deceive, are generally good, though somewhat vulgar, imitations. These goods are bought at very low prices by the dealers in London and in the provinces; but if they asked for them prices proportionably low, they could not sell them at all; the deception would be at once apparent; the dealer, therefore, demands a sum that would be low for the genuine article, but which is enormously high for the article he really sells. For example: a dealer pays £5 for a vase which, if genuine, would be worth £100; were he to require but £10 for it, it would be rejected—it would be dear as an avowed imitation; he therefore boldly asks £50 for it; the "connoisseur" thinks he has got a bargain, and the dealer leaves him to find out his mistake. This is no supposititious case; it is one that occurs daily in the Metropolis. The effect of this—deceit on the one hand, and folly on the other—is, that the French manufacturer is "doing a large business" in England, while our trade in artistic porcelain is nearly at a standstill. We know an instance, very lately, of one of our great leading Art-producers, whose works are of infinitely higher merit than these Tournaise imitations, being told by one of his customers, "Sir, if your goods were foreign, with the foreign mark, I could sell any number of them." The evil is great, is increasing, and will increase, now that England has so directly and emphatically encouraged the importation of French manufactures; we shall do our utmost to arrest, by exposing 'this nefarious trade.



## REVIEWS.

MEMOIR OF THE LIFE OF ARY SCHEFFER. By Mrs. GROTE. Published by J. MURRAY, London.

This book differs in everything from the common class of Art biographies. It is not an eventful sequence of dates, with a dry record of the commencement and the finish of pictures; but Mrs. Grote knew Scheffer thirty years ago, they met as visitors at La Grange, the house of Lafayette, where the fate of Charles X. was sealed, and whence the crown of France was held forth to the Duke of Orleans. Thiers and Scheffer were the ambassadors to the duke from that memorable council. It was then that this accomplished lady's study of Scheffer and his works began; and since then has her knowledge of both been increasing—fruitful in a charming tissue of Art-criticism and contemporary history, fresh, unflinching, and skilfully related, inso that the reader lays down the volume with a feeling that the narrative is far too brief.

We have known Ary Scheffer as a citizen of the world of Art, rather than as a member of any school. Although there were among his adopted countrymen those who affected to misunderstand him, yet throughout Europe his works by means of engraving were everywhere welcomed, and he was acknowledged a star among the few living masters of expression. The career, however, of this eminent man, as set forth here, illustrates the truth that sound reputation in Art is achieved only by slow degrees. Scheffer was well advanced in life before he did anything to distinguish himself from the struggling masses around him. "We will take up the artistic thread," says Mrs. Grote, "at the point of time when the greatest of the products of Scheffer's poetic pencil burst upon the world of Art—the 'Francesca di Rimini,' as it is called, though 'Paolo' is almost as important a figure in the group as herself. When first exhibited in 1835, in the Salon du Louvre, it excited universal curiosity and attention." The appearance of this work, and of those that followed it, signified their author as an extraordinary man, less perhaps in the production of such works, than in escaping them, to all else, inevitable infection of French manner. But this distinction is explained by his singleness of purpose. Scheffer was the eldest of three sons of H. Scheffer, an artist settled at Dordrecht, who died about the year 1809, leaving his sons to the care of their mother, an excellent woman, who to the end of her life lived on the most affectionate terms with her children. In 1811, with the view of advancing the education of Ary as a painter, Madame Scheffer removed to Paris, and her son was placed under the tuition of Guérin. If he distinguished himself at all while under M. Guérin, it was by painting as unlike his master as he could—for like Gerard Douw the pupil, and Rembrandt the master, their feeling respectively diverged at an obtuse angle of very many degrees. In obedience, however, to precept, and in compliance with the orthodoxy of the time, we find young Scheffer painting in the first year of his pupilship, 'The Death of Phry the Elder,' and in the year following, 'Pyrrhus attempting to intimidate Fabricius,' after which he forsook the classic, and the followers of David, and fell off into the heresy of simple and domestic narrative, or what Fuseli called *negative Art*.

The two painters mentioned by Mrs. Grote as having probably influenced Scheffer, are Greuze and Ingres. In his early works there is much coincident with the manner and feeling of the examples of Greuze in the Louvre; and this he maintained more or less until he became acquainted with the severe essays of Ingres, who, before Scheffer became the disciple of Guérin, was in Rome, supporting himself by making exceedingly sharp portraits in chalk—carried away by the enthusiasm of that revolted section of students from the school of Vienna, with whom were associated Cornelius, Hess, Overbeck, and others, who styled themselves *Vor-Raffaellisch* thirty years before the partial Pre-Raffaellite movement took place among ourselves. Ingres is a subtle mannerist, and his manner is no more than a learned, but dry and passionless, appeal to artist intelligence; but Scheffer was an originator; his mechanical refinements pointed perhaps to Ingres, yet his expression was entirely his own, and the course of his narrative he made for himself.

But it is not only in his professional relations that this eminent painter is shown to us. Mrs. Grote has been afforded access to papers and documents of the most interesting kind, wherein we read Scheffer's estimate of himself, and, having exhausted the means of Art-expression, his ardent aspirations after an ideal beyond the compass of painting. The life of an artist is generally of an even and monotonous tenor; but it was not so with Scheffer. He took an active part in the political convulsions that shook France in 1830. As the friend of Lafayette,

and of the other leaders of the movement against Charles X., he it was, in company with Thiers, who proceeded to Neuilly to offer the crown of France to the Duke of Orleans, in whose family circle also he had long been regarded as a friend. "Let me halt a space here," says the writer, "to invite attention to the singular fate of Scheffer in reference to his connexion with the family of Orleans. We have seen that he was the first to open up a prospect of the crown of France to his royal patron, in 1830: eighteen years later it is again Scheffer, as we shall find, who, by pure accident, hands the king into the 'ronde,' which bears him away from his capital, never more to return, a dethroned monarch and a fugitive."

Scheffer died, in 1858, of disease of the heart. His death was accelerated by a visit he paid to England to attend the funeral of the Duchess of Orleans. The natural goodness of his heart is amply attested by his correspondence. This memoir speaks in its author a perfect acquaintance with Scheffer in all relations; and the estimate of his artistic power is just and discriminating, as resulting from a mature study of his works: it is one of the most interesting pieces of artist biography we have ever read.

MIRANDA AND DOROTHEA. Engraved by W. HOLL, from the Picture by J. FAED, R.S.A. Published by FORBES & CO., London.

Unless we are mistaken, the subject of the picture from which this engraving is taken was suggested by an old Scottish border song, entitled "The Sisters of Binriorie," and was suggested under the name, Mr. Faed must have painted two pictures of the same subject, for we have seen another like this, which belongs to the Marquis of Lansdowne, in the gallery of a gentleman in Lancashire. The title of 'Miranda and Dorothea' is, however, a mere name, signifying nothing; the 'Rival Sisters' would have expressed the subject under the composition shows a young cavalier walking between two fair maidens, one of whom absorbs his attentions and receives them with due propriety, while the other, who appears to be her senior, eyes them with an unmistakable look of displeasure. The story is told by the painter as forcibly as words could express it; and it is beautifully told too in its conception and treatment—only, for the sake of "gentle womanhood," we could desire that the face of the rejected lady showed something less of malicious revenge than Miranda's exhibits. There is a "Lady Macbeth" expression in it which is fearful; but the old ballad is a sufficient warranty for this—

"The youngest stude upon a stane,  
Binriorie, O Binriorie!  
The eldest came and rushed her in,  
By the bonny mill dams of Binriorie."

Mr. Holl has put forth his best talents on this plate, and has worked upon it with the most scrupulous regard to delicacy of execution; a more brilliant example of engraving has rarely of late years come before us.

A HISTORY OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE IN INDIA. By E. H. NOLAN, Ph.D. Part XL. Published by J. S. VINTAGE, London.

This part completes Dr. Nolan's comprehensive history of the British territories in India, beginning at the earliest period of our taking possession, and terminating with the suppression of the great Sepoy mutiny in 1859. The author has handled the vast subject with very considerable ability, and with an earnest desire to treat it impartially. The government of the country has, for more than a century, afforded ample materials for public discussion, and has called forth many conflicting opinions. Dr. Nolan makes little attempt to reconcile them, his object being principally to collect and narrate facts, and to show from their results what effect they have had on the prosperity, or otherwise, of the empire. India is a mighty trust committed to the hands of the British nation, a territory which an Alexander or a Caesar would have rejected to subdue, but which neither could, or would, have civilized, still less have brought within those humanizing and hallowed influences which England has the power to shed over the scattered tribes of Hindostan. Now the last ember of rebellion has been trodden under foot, let us hope such a wise and conciliatory spirit of government may be exercised by the conquerors over the vanquished, and, indeed, over the whole country, that the future of India may prove her to be the brightest, as she is the most costly and the largest, jewel in the crown of England.

The two thick volumes constituting this work are embellished with a large number of well-executed engravings: as a popular history it is by far the best we know of.

"GOD SAVE THE QUEEN." Engraved by W. H. SIMMONS, from the Picture by Mrs. E. M. WARD. Published by LLOYD BROTHERS, London.

This print is certain of finding a home in the midst of many domestic circles, for the reason that the subject is of "home" interest. The picture will be remembered as seen in the Royal Academy two or three years ago: it represents a lady seated at the piano, and leading a juvenile choir in the national anthem, as we learn from the music open before her. It can scarcely be called a professional lesson, for the children appear as if the sounds of the instrument had suddenly called them from their play into the drawing-room; one has her doll in her hands; and a fine young boy is evidently preparing himself for military service—a sword hangs by his side, and a helmet lies at his feet. The figures are well grouped, and the incident is unmistakably and agreeably wrought out. The engraving, in mezzotint, though excellent in parts, is not so effective as a whole as it might have been: the lights are too scattered, and the shadowed hues of the draperies too hard to be natural or pleasing to the eye: still the subject is sufficiently popular in its character to bring success to the print.

GOOD NIGHT AND GOOD MORNING. Words by R. M. MITCHELL, Esq., M.P.; with Illuminations and Etchings by W. ALTHAM, Esq. Published by DAX & SON, London.

This is a pretty book: the etchings are "nice,"—a stronger word can scarcely be applied to them; the illuminated side-slips are gracefully introduced; and, as a specimen of the printer's art, the volume is unexceptionable. The poem illustrated is of a good order, touching, and very sweet; the "words" are those which nature says, night and morning, to "a fair little girl." There is no pretence of anything fine; half a dozen verses, simple as the young child's mind, and pure as her unsoiled heart, give the whole story. The merit of the little volume consists in its modest aim.

EVANGELINE. Engraved by F. HOLL, from the Picture by T. FAED. Published by LLOYD BROTHERS, London.

There is a poetical feeling in this figure in perfect harmony with Longfellow's verse, and which, we are certain, the poet would himself admit. The subject is suggested by these lines, which refer to the wanderings of Evangeline after her lover has been ex-patriated from their native village: she

"Sometimes in churchyards strayed, and gazed on the  
crosses and tombstones;  
Sat by some nameless grave, and thought that perhaps  
In its bosom  
He was already at rest."

Evangeline is seated on a low tomb, situated in a wild district overlooking the sea: her face is very beautiful—more so from the expression of deep melancholy which saddens it. She has not yet arrived at that period of her desolate life when beauty is utterly lost; so that, full of grief as she feels her heart to be, the destroyer has not as yet dimmed the lustre of her eye, nor engraved a wrinkle on her face.

This is one of the most charming prints we have seen for a long time: Mr. Holl has engraved the subject in line and stipple with great success.

THREE STUDIES FROM DRAWINGS FROM THE LIFE, IN BLACK AND RED CHALK. By W. MULREADY, R.A. Published by CHAPMAN & HALL, London.

These studies have been lithographed and printed by Mr. Vincent Brooks, for the use of the schools of the Department of Science and Art. Mr. Mulready's academical drawings from the nude are among the finest works of his class, by whatever hand, which could be placed before the student of the human figure, and these three examples are among his best. Mr. Brooks's reproductions are admirable; it would be difficult to distinguish them from the originals, so accurately has every line and touch been imitated. Two are of the male figure, the other is a female; and all are sitting: the drawings are large in size.

"THE HEAVENS ARE TELLING THE GLORY OF GOD." Engraved by F. HOLL, from the Picture by MARCKNET GILLIES. Published by FORBES & CO., London.

It was a mistake to engrave this subject on so large a scale: a print two-thirds the size of this would have been better suited to a single figure circumscribed as this maiden is, in the act of contemplating the starry firmament. It is a noble, statueque figure, of Greek type and costume, standing on a low terrace above the sea; her eyes uplifted, and her mind holding converse with the skies. As a composition and as an engraving, it is a fine work of its class.



## THE ART-JOURNAL.



LONDON, JUNE 1, 1860.

THE  
ROYAL ACADEMY EXHIBITION.  
THE NINETY-SECOND, 1860.

It was expected that this would be an *annus mirabilis* in the history of Academy exhibitions—expected long before it was known that this or that popular painter was treating a certain ambitious subject, and that the result, in each case, would undoubtedly be one of those eminent examples of which Reynolds says, no artist can produce more than two or three in a lifetime. Such a unanimity of effort has never occurred since the foundation of the institution. Thus has the rumoured increase of the associateship operated on extramural contributors—the “outsiders,” as they significantly call themselves; thus has it obliquely moved those of the conscript body to render comparisons as little odious as possible. And it is from the walls of the Academy that names whilom so gloriously written should be at once transferred to that privileged list—a distinction for which long and weary yearning has broken of hearts not a few. But there are men in the Academy of acknowledged power, who have nothing to vindicate or to respond to, who may not feel themselves called upon to assert their *status* now. To them be all honour, for it is they who have given what interest soever attached to many very dull exhibitions. In Art we have lived inconceivably fast during the last twenty-five years; in that brief period have we not been now Giotteschi, now Cinquecentists? We began life lisping the now forgotten names of Phidias, Praxiteles, and others, and were taught to believe in one Michael Angelo; but in flagrant idolatry we betake ourselves to strange and unknown gods. We can point, on the walls of the Academy, to instances of every eccentricity that can make painting difficult, yet scarcely to one example of the kind of painting that was taught thirty years ago in this same school. Some of the elder members of the body now and then exhibit something allusive to their own early schooling; but it looks like an antique curiosity—a fossil among the newest *bijouterie*. Not only are their works, but the men themselves, out of place; they cannot paint into wet white, and they know nothing of copal—we are living inversely, as far from the period of their verdure as did Rembrandt from the time of Van Eyck.

The reformers in the Academy are energetic, but they are out-voted by the large majority of the advocates of the *status quo*. The plea of opposition to the extension of the Academic privilege, is the limited fund at the disposal of the body for the relief of its less fortunate

members and their widows. This fund does not amount to more than six hundred per annum; that is, perhaps, the appropriation after payment of the numerous expenses of the institution. And in order that the present recipients may continue to receive their small annuity—that neither they, nor any one who may succeed them, should be driven to appeal to the public, all extension of the privileges of the institution is steadily resisted. The outer circle were electrified by the announcement of the boldness of Mr. Cope's propositions; and when the intensity of the surprise was past, it was succeeded by admiration and gratitude. Their plaudits had not yet ceased, when Sir Charles Eastlake propounded a yet more comprehensive measure, and Mr. Cope yielded place to the President. It cannot be believed that either Mr. Cope or Sir Charles Eastlake would bring forward any measure injurious to their order or their institution; indeed, there are among the Academicians some who protest that neither scheme was sufficiently liberal. Inasmuch, therefore, as these measures might in nowise affect the position and circumstances of actual members, it cannot be shown that the ground of opposition was reasonable. We hear no more of Academic reform; the question is in suspense. But from the Academy itself, with its reformers thus in minority, nothing can be expected. It is only by the exertion of exterior influences that any concessions can be exacted. Had the grievance amounted to anything political, it had long since been remedied; but in the “city's eye” the affair is regarded simply as a family quarrel.

We cannot concur in the worthiness of all the elections that have of late years been made to the associateship. The Academy does not show infallibility in its selections; the public voice is more faithfully oracular. Nor are the elections made until the power of the elect is confirmed; indeed, frequently the middle term of life is past before a painter is admitted within the citadel of Art. And thus the Academy votes censure on itself in refusing to receive all its associates to the full privileges of the institution. Every artist eligible by the quality of his art to the associateship, ought to be also eligible to the membership—his nomination, without further question, ought to be a necessary result by senior accession. But it is not so, and the body thus convicts itself of one of two charges, either of error in judgment, or unjust preference. If it be a purely parental motive that influences the majority of the body to withhold an addition to their numbers, the feeling does not move them far enough. The addition, to any extent, might be accomplished without prejudice to either present or prospective recipients of the bounty of the institution. Artists eligible to the associateship are always rising men, from whose incomes a premium of insurance would be but an insignificant deduction. Were it, therefore, made a condition in all future elections that each associate shall insure his life for a sum that, being invested, would return such an annuity as the Academy would allow to the widow in case of death, or to the artist in case of misfortune, the great objection of the bulk of the members is obviated, and the funds of the institution relieved of those charges which now press upon them. The payment of these insurances should not be left to the artists themselves, but the entire management should be in the hands of the Academy, to be conducted according to a few judicious rules.

The limitation of the number of the Academicians does not, unhappily, prevent appeals to the public; nor does a career of prosperity secure them or their families, in case of their decease, against the necessity of an appeal to

the resources of the institution. If any such measure were proposed, it might at once be opposed on the assumption that it was inexpedient and unbecoming that the Academy should constitute itself an insurance agency. But that is beside the question, which is one of the simplest common sense, and thus it stands.—Are there, or are there not, members, or the relatives of members, of the Academy receiving relief from its funds? If there are, those gratuities, construe them as you will, are unquestionably eleemosynary allowances. Would it not be, therefore, more worthy of the Academy that its members should in any and every fortuity be entirely self-supporting, and would the prospect not be more grateful to the less prosperous members? In case of an annuity being required before death, the Academy will advance the money for its purchase, and hold the policy until the assured amount falls due. The results of such an arrangement would be—the power of augmenting the number of the Academicians, without any probability of call upon the funds of the institution; the saving eventually of at least, as a commencement, six or seven hundred pounds a year; a security against the humiliation of appeals to the public; a sense of honest independence on the part of any members to whom Art may not have been a *cornucopia*; and increased dignity of position in the Academy itself. We throw out these observations simply with a view to show that, so far from being a difficulty, the increase of the numbers of the Academy would bring to it increase of wealth.

A comparison of the Catalogues of this and the last year, shows the present exhibition as containing two hundred and eighty-six works less than last season—an arrangement that, of course, has augmented the number of rejected works, which amount to upwards of two thousand pictures—perhaps five hundred more. The accepted works still hang high in the great room, though there may be two tiers less than usual. The upper part of the walls is covered with red baize, which is very trying to some landscapes, but that could not be avoided. We have already alluded to the excellence of the exhibition. It shows—taken at a certain standard—more thought, and more of the learning of Art, than that of any antecedent year. Among the non-exhibitors whom the public delights to honour, are the President, Maclean, Ward, Mulready, Lewis, and F. R. Pickersgill; and among those who are multiplying their great achievements, are Phillip, Sir Edwin Landseer, Stanfield, Roberts, Herbert, Dyce, Elmore, Webster, Frith, Millais, Creswick, F. Goodall, Poole, Danby, Cooke, and others; and the works of all of those even where there is no advance, are equal to their best essays. On the part of contributors non-Academic, the works are often of rare merit, and generally highly creditable. Miniature is *in extremis*: the quondam miniature-room is become the architectural room, and a few examples of miniature are shown on a desk in the centre. The “hanging” is not only just but liberal. Many artists, who are neither members nor associates, are on “the line;” while, in consequence of the arrangement by which few works are placed out of sight, all good pictures are reasonably well seen. This innovation is certainly an improvement, notwithstanding that it has caused disappointment to many. It would have been wise, we humbly think, to have excluded architectural drawings altogether: the architects have now their Institute and their large Exhibition rooms, and do not need the space at the Academy which so many painters do require. All who are interested in this branch of Art have abundant opportunities of examining designs for churches and mansions, or pictures of such

as have been erected, under auspices more favourable than can be supplied to them here. Few would miss the drawings from these walls; their absence would be evil to none, while the places they now occupy might be filled more agreeably to the public, and more beneficially for artists and Art.

But now proceed we to examine more particularly the quality of the collection.

No. 4. 'Gleaners Returning,' W. F. WITHERINGTON, R.A. The title is not so much the subject as is the small nook outside the garden wall, shut in by trees and watered by a pellucid brooklet. This painter defines his trees very intelligibly, each being different in character, a result that could not be attained save by industrious painting on the spot.

No. 5. 'Parade at Potsdam in honour of Queen Victoria, August 17, 1858,' painted by command, G. H. THOMAS. These parades and reviews are very much alike: the royal party is on this occasion placed at a distance (we are looking across the Paradeplatz), apparently in front of Sans Souci. The interval is thronged with troops, the Prussian guards, cavalry and infantry, marching past in review order in columns of companies. The picture is, we presume, the property of the Queen. The subject is one of considerable difficulty from its very formality, but the artist understands that this can only be subdued by softness and judicious chiaroscuro.

No. 8. 'St. John leading his adopted Mother,' W. DYCE, R.A. This, we are told, was painted in 1844 and revised in 1851; it is certainly different from Mr. Dyce's works of the present time. His adjustments are generally severe, but that severity is now less felt from the very observant manner in which the accessory is filled in. The two figures rise in an open scene above a low horizon, being very forcibly brought forward by dark drapery, that of John (the tunic) being a warm green, while the mantle of Mary is of a colder hue. In both faces Mr. Dyce eschews all tendency to prettiness, he inclines indeed somewhat to the opposite extreme, and John is rather loquacious than profoundly sorrowful. The draperies look new, and the lower part of the disciple's dress may be original, but it is, nevertheless, objectionable. The picture, however, is of rare interest, fully sustaining the accomplished artist in the prominent position he holds among the artists not of England only, but of Europe.

No. 9. 'Curie Gills, Isle of Arran, Scotland,' J. W. BOTTOMLEY. A piece of verdant coast scenery, with sheep and black cattle. The subject is not a tempting one, nor is it rendered agreeable by the manner in which it is painted.

No. 11. 'Sir John Bowring,' H. W. PICKERSGILL, R.A. An admirable likeness; full of life and character, and justly entitled to rank among the many excellent works of the now veteran artist. A very large proportion of the eminent men and women of the age have been "preserved" for posterity by this always good and true portrait painter. He has occupied a foremost place in Art for—we care not to say how long; but our memory goes back to the time when Hannah More was his sitter! We rejoice to find his works on these walls "holding their own," side by side with the productions of younger and fresher Art-workers.

No. 12. 'The First Note in Covert, portrait of Henry Villebois, Esq.,' F. GRANT, R.A. The landscape in this large picture is portrait-landscape, but as such, of admirable quality. The story of the title is told by the dogs, they hear the note, but the sportsman on horseback, cap in hand, is engaged with the spectator—and there obtrudes the necessity for likeness, reducing the composition from a picture to a portrait. The horse is a most successful study.

No. 17. 'Archdeacon Musgrave, D.D.,

Vicar of Halifax,' G. RICHMOND, A. We have followed Mr. Richmond in the course of his transition from the perfection of water-colour to maturity in oil. In the substance and firmness of this portrait there is no indication that his hand had ever been guilty of water-colour. The accompaniments to the figure are chosen with good taste and well disposed. The head looks long, but perhaps it is so in nature.

No. 18. 'The Maid of Llangollen,' C. LANDSEER, R.A. This is not the embodiment of a romantic ballad; the maid of this instance is a water-peri, and she is filling her cruse at a wayside fountain. But it is the roadside nook that has in reality engaged the attention of the painter; there is in its rendering a serious classicity, diverse in everything from what would be the inspirations of the rising landscape school under like conditions.

No. 19. 'Huy on the Meuse,' G. C. STANFIELD. Once more Huy, but on this occasion opposite to the citadel, and with a good view of the cathedral, and the never ending bridge. The virtues of the place are its venerable and quaint houses, and the amphitheatrical arrangement of the subject. Nothing can tempt Mr. Stanfield from his unctuous touch and the even spread of his light; it is these, with his probable green-greys and grey-greens, that give such solidity to his productions.

No. 22. 'Whose Bread is on the Waters,' J. C. HOOK, R.A., *Elect*. Here we assist at a haul of pilchards, and but for this the title would have been sentimental. A man and boy in a small boat are hauling in their net—beyond that, there is no story to tell. The whole is freely, solidly painted; but this line of subject is incomparably less promotive of reputation than that which first raised him (Mr. Hook) to fame.

No. 23. 'Angers, on the Maine and Loire,' C. STANFIELD, R.A. The principal object, or rather the entire subject, is an ancient edifice in the river, seeming rather to have grown out of the water than to have been placed in it; moulded and mildewed, in colour sacred to the palette, and in rust and rags the quaintness of the picturesque. The experience of Mr. Stanfield has taught him just how much to suppress. There is nothing in the picture that does not assist the principal quantity.

No. 26. 'By the Brook Side,' N. O. LUTTON. This artist, though the Turner-medallist, is all but out of ken, for there must yet be some works hung high. The painter's only consolation is, that he knows his picture will be honourably acquitted under any close inspection.

No. 27. 'Portrait of a Lady,' P. WESTCOTT. The pose of this figure is easy but not graceful; the skill with which the draperies are painted is not sufficiently supported by the painting of the head.

No. 28. 'Robert Alexander Gray, Esq., Chairman of the City of London Gas Light and Coke Company,' J. P. KNIGHT, R.A. An erect figure, half length standing, relieved by a plain background. The face is expressive, and is painted with the life-like warmth that animates all the heads of the artist.

No. 29. 'The Black Brunswickers,' J. E. MILLAIS, A. By pluralising his title Mr. Millais wishes to carry the imagination beyond his picture; it becomes, therefore, the frontispiece of a history. It is painted professedly as a pendant to 'the Huguenot,' in which case the title was not pluralised, and the mind did not therefore pass at once to the St. Bartholomew. When the first of a couplet of Art-pendants, so called, has been popular, we remember no instance wherein the second has been equally so; to the second, public criticism is ever less tolerant than to the first. The subject here is a parting between a young officer of the Brunswick Hussars and his wife or fiancée, it may be in 1815, when the Brunswick

troops marched to join the British army, burning to avenge the death of their late Duke, but doomed yet to lose another at Quatre Bras. Their black uniform, faced sparingly with light blue, was a mourning habit which they bound themselves to wear until they had avenged him. We find accordingly this young officer and his young wife, each looking fixedly into the face of the other: the farewell can be but very brief, for their hearts are bursting; he with his left hand gently opens the door, she with her right unconsciously resists the stealthy effort. They restrain themselves each for the sake of the other; and when we pass from the picture, it is then that we see and feel the ensuing burst of agony. Mr. Millais is certainly great in painting allusively these wild and crushing orgasms of passion. But to the superficial: if ever there was painting of satin, it is here; yet the lady is dressed too much like a bride to take leave of him she loves more than self; here the parade of effect triumphs over sentiment. The head and hand of the youth are unexceptionable, and if the artist would have condescended to have given the lady a passable set of features, even the execrable colour of her neck and general complexion might have been passed over. The two figures are not placed happily together, and the pose of the man is extremely ungraceful, while the hand of the lady is unpleasantly "twisted." With respect to the relief of the group it stands flat against the wall, where is hung the well and deservedly abused engraving of 'Napoleon crossing the Alps,' in order to keep the oath of vengeance warm. The picture is powerful, but it had been much more so had Mr. Millais not ignored relief: it has many faults, yet its beauties are much greater in comparison.

No. 30. 'Echo of Italy,' R. ZAHNER. We have seen this work somewhere before; it is a hybrid between the French and modern Italian schools.

No. 31. 'On the Beach, Hastings,' E. C. WILLIAMS. A small section of beach and rock, painted with an agreeable simplicity.

No. 33. 'The Strayed Flock,' R. REDGRAVE, R.A. The scene is one of the close wood compositions which this artist delights to paint; but the trees, being all pines or firs, are extremely deficient in picturesque character. The interest lies in the foreground, and its well-conditioned flock. Nothing can excel the nicety of execution in the fleeces, and the weeds and grasses.

No. 34. 'Zuyder Zee—Fishing Craft in a Calm,' E. W. COOKE, A. A small group of these dainty barge-like, but very salt-looking, fishing doggers. This is indeed a holiday for the ubiquitous skipper, Van Kook, who may pull off his North-sea boots, and leave his rudder to the caresses of these shabby ripples. The work is much softer than Mr. Cooke has been painting lately—preferable in everything to the tawdry craft of the lagunes. A bright and lustrous picture.

No. 36. 'The Honourable Arthur Chichester,' HON. H. GRAVES. A figure of a little boy, of which the head is well drawn, and full of character.

No. 40. 'The Escape of Glaucus and Ione, with the Blind Girl Nydia, from Pompeii,' P. F. POOLE, A. We find the trio in the boat, with a man in the bows on the look-out. It is of little import to this artist what material he selects—he is generally successful in working out a telling effect. Although he places before us his *persona* in a boat, yet there is no perfect form in the composition to countervail their importance. The moon (not in the picture) sheds a dazzling sheen on the water, and in opposition to this is placed Nydia with her harp, while Glaucus and his companion, seated together, are partly listening to the blind girl, and partly occupied with thoughts of each



other. It is in every respect more careful than recent works of the artist.

No. 42. 'L'Abondance de l'Italie,' POSTMA. This abundance is represented by a single and a very meagre bunch of grapes, that a girl, lying on a bank, is conveying to her mouth. The execution is indifferent, and, in idea, it is similar to an antique in the Museo Borbonico.

No. 48. 'A Fisherman's Hut, Cornwall,' W. HEMSLEY. A small interior, with figures executed with great neatness.

No. 49. 'Venice—the Piazza San Marco,' D. ROBERTS, R.A. Mr. Roberts has here exerted his utmost powers, but the colour is not that of Venice; if it were so, with all its subtleties of light and shade, which tell in the picture, but which do not in anywise importune the eye, it would be one of his finest works. The subject is among the most difficult in the entire round of European specialities. We are placed in front of the principal entrance, and become spectators of the ceremonies of a *festa*, the piazza being full of Austrian soldiery, kneeling in columns of companies at the elevation of the Host. The object of the artist is breadth, mellowness, and harmony of effect, to produce which he excludes all penetrating passages of shade, and all salient points of light. He does not leave the eye to dwell on his curiosities of execution—here the very definite and precise ruling, there some convenient exaggeration, and elsewhere the simple painting whereby his object is at once attained; but we mingle with a throng of holiday-makers, many of whom, like ourselves, come from distances, and are never seen there, save in pictures. The Piazza San Marco is a place that will bear to be rendered stone for stone, in a certain way. Turner, we humbly submit, has failed; for the piazza is a known and accessible place, but Turner speaks of it not as a place of this world. With Roberts we still find the well-worn pavement beneath our feet; he does not yield to the weakness of painting the light and shade of nature, but offers us a less arbitrary prescription: study is necessary to detect the exquisite cunning. This is turning subject-matter to account, not by bringing it forward, but by keeping it backward. Mr. Roberts has long contemplated this picture; but either he was not ready for it, or the piazza was not ready for him.

No. 54. 'Grass Hall Farm, Finchley,' F. H. HUNTINGTON. This is less domestic than the usual class of farm homesteads, and looks like composition. It is conscientiously worked out, but the verdure is too locally green.

No. 58. 'The Marriage of the Princess Royal with the Prince Frederick William of Prussia, January 25, 1858,' J. PHILLIPS, R.A. We have long heard of this work in its progress, and the difficulties encountered by the artist in its execution; now that it is placed before the public, it amply justifies the good report that has preceded it. Compositions of this class are among the most hazardous of treatment. It is but portrait painting rendered more intractable than historical art, by the reduplication of difficulty by every figure in the circle, after the foreground principals. The archbishop is on the left, and before him kneel the prince and princess. Immediately behind the latter kneel the bridesmaids, and towards the right stand the Queen, Prince of Wales, Prince Alfred, Princess Alice, with the younger branches of the royal family, and behind them the Prince Consort, the Duchess of Kent, the Duke of Cambridge, Lord Palmerston, and a numerous attendance. On the left are the members of the Prussian court, and, in order to bring out the principal groups, there is, as a background, a crowd of persons thrown into shade. Some of the likenesses might be more faithful; but the impersonations are all at once determinable. The draperies are painted up

to their utmost brilliancy, insomuch that the whole is especially bright and effective. A subject of this class has very rarely been treated better.

No. 59. 'The Lost Shepherd,' R. ANSDALL. This composition strikes the eye as being almost too methodically pyramidal; but, in the sad narrative, that is soon forgotten. A highland shepherd has been out upon the hill in search of his stray sheep, during a snow-storm. He loses his way in the drift, and, with his dog, is frozen to death. He is discovered by his wife, with the faithful collie stretched dead upon him, and this is the moment represented by the artist. The poor wife is bent in an agony of grief over the body, and the dog she has brought with her expresses his sorrow in language of his own. The incident, as here described, has many times occurred—the lone wife being the first to discover her lost husband. The snow is not deep where the body is found, the spot being exposed to the blast, which yet blackens the sky with heavy clouds. The body lies so straight, as to seem to have been adjusted after death; this communicates an appearance of stiffness to the figure, which ought to have afforded a diversity of line. Again, the subject is better suited for smaller treatment; however, take it all in all, it is a production of touching interest.

No. 62. 'On the Teme, near Ludlow, Shropshire,' A. J. STARR. A small picture, apparently very careful in finish, but too high for examination.

No. 63. 'Sir Henry Holland, Bart., M.D., F.R.S., D.C.L., &c., Physician in Ordinary to H. M. the Queen and the Prince Consort,' T. BRISTOCK. The head is full of impressive character, and the whole impersonation a speaking identity.

No. 64. 'Reading a Story,' D. MACNEE. The reader is a girl, seated in a high-backed chair, and by her is her younger brother listening. The figures must be portraits—a very pictorial method of treatment; but, as a picture, the quality had been enhanced by the absence of the secondary figure.

No. 65. 'Daniel Thomas Evans, Esq., F.G.S., Barrister-at-Law,' H. W. PICKERSGILL, R.A. The features are animated, and bright in colour.

No. 67. 'Moonrise,' L. C. MILES. A small picture, artificial in effect, inasmuch as the moon is placed side by side with the leading dark in the composition.

No. 71. 'Vesuvius, and part of the Bay of Naples, from the Mole,' C. STANFIELD, R.A. Mr. Stanfield is most felicitous in excluding from his subject straight lines, cubes, and angles, and in filling up his spaces with scales of tints, and repetitions of forms, so constituting an arrangement that is based upon the beautiful; but the principle is a mystery to the uneducated eye. We are on the Mole, at the extremity, and looking towards Vesuvius. On the right lie Torre del Greco and Castelmare. The charm of the work is its breadth, the principal points of light and colour being focussed together on the Mole. But was there this diverse population on the spot when the sketch was made—Turks, Greeks, Campagnoles, all varieties of *pescatori* and amphibious *lazzaroni*? was that proud English frigate lying there quietly at anchor? No, truly; all this movement is the artist's, and this masterly adjustment is the result of thirty years of study.

No. 72. 'The Right Honourable J. W. Henley, M.P.,' F. GRANT, R.A. A life-sized figure, seated. The allusions are to a life of business: a strong individuality.

No. 73. 'Mrs. Herbert Barnard,' J. SANT. A lady, introduced at three-quarter length, in a garden composition, which, by the way, reduces the importance of the figure. Mr. Sant has arranged the picture, but the lady has dic-

tated the dressing of her own hair, the most objectionable passage in the work.

No. 74. 'Archbishop Langton, after a Mass in the Cathedral of Old St. Paul's, in London, on the 25th of August, 1214, conjuring the Earl of Pembroke and the Barons to extort from King John the ratification of the conditions contained in the Charter of King Henry I., &c.,' S. A. HART, R.A. This is an excellent subject to British hearts, second only in interest to the signing of Magna Charta itself. On the left of the composition are the barons in mail and surcoat, with drawn swords, and earnest gesture, pronouncing to the archbishop the oath which they kept so well. On the right is the archbishop, with his attendants, one of them holding the discovered charter. The expression and action of the barons are full of appropriate significance.

No. 75. 'The Blackberry Bush,' W. T. RICHARDS. An odd conceit: a most careful portraiture of the least forgiving of all the ragged denizens of the hedgerows. Cleanly and clearly drawn and painted, and well supported by a dense population of the leafy children of the forest.

No. 77. 'In the Churchyard, Sheen, Surrey,' F. W. HOLME. But for a solemn plantation of tombstones, the grove-like foreground, with the peep of the country church, would constitute a charming passage of landscape; but then it must be a churchyard, and it cannot be so without these stones to mark where

"The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep."

No. 78. 'Fungus,' Miss MUTRIE. An assemblage of mosses, fungi, grasses, &c.; but the arrangement is prim and stiff: a passage of ragged road-side growth had made a better picture.

No. 79. 'Mrs. John Leslie,' J. LESLIE. A lady in a walking dress, a small full-length; but the figure is eleven heads high.

No. 80. 'The Guard,' A. COOPER, R.A. There are two horses here, which are, of course—especially the brown one—well drawn; but the figures have been painted without models, and they, their dress, and all their surroundings, look raw and uselessly new.

No. 81. 'Die Heimkehr,' W. C. T. DONSON, A. The small domestic figures of this painter are beyond rusticity: there beams from their eyes a sanctification that places them among the cherubim. This 'Heimkehr,' looking very Bavarian, is the return of an elder and a younger sister from the hayfield; the former laden with a creel of grass at her back, the latter leading a little black goat, the only animal of the three which does not walk—it seems to have been painted from a well-conditioned stuffed specimen. The little girl would alone have been a characteristic example of the artist's powers.

No. 82. 'A Merry Mood,' C. BAXTER. A brilliant, joyous face—that of a girl: she holds a kerchief on her head, and with her twain laughing, stary eyes, challenges all comers.

No. 86. 'Mrs. C. Bentinck and her Children,' G. F. WATTS. The ordinary draperies and upholstery of portrait painting are made of no account here; it presents simply a lady seated, and surrounded by her children. The suppression of the colours and textures of Lyons and Spitalfields will not popularise Mr. Watts as a portrait painter. Artists, however, will pronounce this a learned performance. In composition and general feeling it is different from antecedent works, having less of the hardware of the early Florentine school; indeed, the taste of the work is by no means Pre-Raphaelite, but reminds us rather of one of the Andrea del Sartos, in the Pitti at Florence.

No. 87. 'Showing a Preference,' J. C. HORSLEY, A. The preference is thus shown: a

gentleman is walking with two ladies in a corn-field, and with one of them he is engaged in exclusive conversation, heedless of the other, whose veil, or lace shawl, has been caught by a thorn. The title is very pointedly supported, and the work is carefully and admirably painted.

No. 88. 'A Moorland Queen,' A. MAC CALUM. In tree painting there may be as much labour bestowed on a single bole as on any most intricate surface. This moorland queen is an ancient and gnarled beech, standing alone in an open plain; the distance is a sordid waste, divided by a river; and for a story of life, a poor hunted deer is passing beneath the tree. In sunshine and shade we may say that months must have been passed in realizing this work: the tree presents a pattern of the most assiduous study.

No. 92. \* \* \* \* A. E. CHALON, R.A.

"See, fierce Belinda on the baron flies,  
With more than usual lightning in her eyes."

The march of manner has utterly outdistanced the style of this sketch. The quotation is from the "Rape of the Lock," and the confusion of the scene is consonant with the spirit of the lines. To the figures there is no relief, and they are drawn without models, and cannot, consequently, sustain any comparison with those that are painted from costumed figures. The spirit of the thing is much like that of the drawings made at the sittings of the Sketching Club, of which Mr. Chalon is a member. Sketching meetings promote facility of a certain kind, but it is not that kind of art which can sustain itself by the side of the reality of labour that must now qualify even passable pictures.

No. 93. 'Portraits of three Children,' R. THORBURN, A. Between the merits of the miniatures we have been accustomed to see from the hand of Mr. Thorburn and the properties of these oil portraits there is a marked difference. These children are three in number, two little boys and a girl: the features are happy in innocent expression, but there are infirmities, both of drawing and execution, that show the artist is not yet at home in oil painting.

No. 94. 'Amy,' J. R. DICKSEE. A study of a child's head, animated and agreeable in expression.

No. 100. 'St. Paul's, from Southwark Bridge,' H. DAWSON. This is a better, but a much more difficult, subject than the Houses of Parliament, recently painted by the same artist. In that view all the forms were imposing, but here the only available object is St. Paul's, and that is supported by a line of buildings practicable only by atmospheric reduction. The view is taken from immediately above the bridge, placing the dome of the church over the right centre of the composition, the wharves and warehouses running from the right into the picture. The time is afternoon: the sun is obscured by a cloud, which is carried obliquely down to the right, forming a line by no means contributive to the beauty of the sky. The skilful treatment of the houses on the right is beyond all praise, but in colour they are too red. The water, and the boats of various kinds upon it, are disposed and painted with admirable tact, but the colour of the water is not that of the current of the Thames; the blue reflection, however, that is cast upon it, may be justified by the sky overhead. The subject is one presenting difficulties at every step: we know no artist who could deal with the individualities of the place so successfully.

No. 101. 'Mrs. Langley,' J. P. KNIGHT, R.A. The head of this figure, that of an aged lady, is, perhaps, the happiest essay of Mr. Knight in female portraiture.

No. 102. 'Bella Venezia,' E. W. COOKE, A. The whole line of quay, from the Riva to the

Salute, is comprehended in this view: but it is all superseded by a lugger-rigged coaster, grounded near that part of the Lido from which the view is taken. The vessel is painted with faultless accuracy, and equally so are the buildings. We have every faith in the pure atmosphere of the place, but a little less of definition would, we submit, have benefited the picture. *Bella—Bella Venezia! Addio, non possum dirti*—so oft each year do we saunter on thy quays from Danieli's to the Grand Canal, and from the Grand Canal to Danieli's.

No. 105. 'Glen Voirlock, Dumbartonshire,' J. PEEL. An example of the executive principles of the rising school of landscape art.

No. 106. 'Flood in the Highlands,' Sir E. LANDSEER, R.A. The incident here described, occurred, we believe, in Morayshire,—a quasi-deluge, which drove the cottiers in the lower lands to seek shelter on the roofs of their dwellings. The sentiment of the subject, according to its treatment, is not of the refined nature that points the most moving of Sir E. Landseer's *historiettes*. There is not a single shade of romance; the narrative is a newspaper report. It is a large composition—the largest Sir E. Landseer has ever exhibited; it is not a recently painted work, having been in his studio nearly seven years unfinished. The details of the story are sufficiently afflicting, and upon these, to a minute degree, he has dwelt, forgetting that the spectator, as well as Alick Gordon (the proprietor, by the way, of the bottle), is ready to be harrowed by the "red an' jawin' spact." There are a couple of ducks swimming under the thatch; it is to them a holiday—a red letter day in their calendar; they are perfectly happy, and wonder why everybody else cannot be so. These ducks are the *farceurs* of the drama; we sympathize profoundly with the poor collie and her puppies, we even shed tears with Mrs. Gordon in her utter desolation, but we return to the ducks, and see in their happiness an antidote to every painful sympathy. And wherefore are we not at once penetrated with anguish at the distress of these poor people? Simply that the cause of the wreck is not shown: the roof of the cottage occupies the entire canvas, and the composition must be well examined before it becomes apparent that the ruin is occasioned by a flood. The principal figures are the wife of Alick Gordon, who, we learn from a legend over the door, has also a mile east an "upputting stance," that is, we presume, a place for penning or housing cattle. Mrs. Gordon, the impersonation of despair, sits rocking her infant in her lap; while her, or her husband's, aged father sits near her, his understanding so overshadowed in the twilight of a lengthened tale of years, as not to comprehend justly the cause of the movement. As much of their poor property as could be secured, has been moved to the thatch, and Gordon is in the act of attempting to save a grey horse, which is still harnessed to a cart. When it is understood that it is a deluge episode, we read very distinctly the whole narrative; but we are not satisfied that we are not moved to awe as well as compassion. The arrangements are all most skilful, and much of the painting has all the solidity of Sir Edwin Landseer's best manner. In going down the Saone during a flood any time the last fifty years, you may see the dread current pouring in at the first floor windows of the river-side houses, just under the legend, "Ici on donne à manger à cheval et à pied." The circumstances are grave enough, but the announcement, nevertheless, excites a smile: to this the ducks are a parallel—they should be painted out.

No. 107. \* \* \* \* T. M. JOY. A study of a child, costumed as of the last century, when it was fashionable for ladies to wear an imitation of the *trepanti*—that three cocked-hat called the Egham, Staines, and Windsor. The draperies are, perhaps, too much cut up, but it is a very piquant study and a charming picture.

No. 109. 'Sir Alexander Gordon Cumming, Bart., of Altyre,' Sir J. W. GORDON, R.A. A full-length figure of the size of life, grave and argumentative, is in most cases a portrait; this work is of the category we mean, and is accordingly a portrait: but if it were a small figure, it would be a picture—a conception of some fiery chieftain of the '15 or the '45, for he stands erect, his left hand resting on his claymore, looking over his right shoulder—a pose the very spirit of a challenge. He wears the kilt as if it not only belonged to him, but he to it; and we should give him at once a clanish name, one of those *quorum omnia ineunt in Mac*.

No. 110. 'The Moss Rose,' T. M. JOY. A companion to No. 107, more brilliant in character, and of even higher merit. The "pair" are graceful and beautiful, and may be coveted by all who love to look upon youth in its loveliness, when there is little dread of taint to the daisy, or canker to the rose.

No. 115. 'Street of Torre dell' Annunziata, near Naples, Evening,' O. ACHENBACH. The painter bears a name distinguished in the German school of Art; but this work does not remind us of the well-balanced and forcible landscapes he has been accustomed to exhibit. The heat of the place is overpowering, and the dust—foh! it comes in clouds off the canvas. If this is all the painter aspired to, he may shout "Erviva!" with his hat in the stifling air; but he does it at the expense of many of the best qualities of Art.

No. 116. 'Outward Bound,' C. STANFIELD, R.A. We are here on the shore of the Zuyder Zee, perhaps at Monnikendam, or some other curious old wooden Dutch settlement on that heaving gulf. The outward bound is nothing less than a dogger putting to sea; but as is usual with the compositions of this painter, there are craft of various rig within hail.

No. 118. 'A Peep through the Forest,' W. D. KENNEDY. What forest? This is a composition with a very foreign look, a study of colour more mellifluous than if it had been virtuously painted from an actuality. The painter sketches with incredible facility; he would have been a giant in the days of Richard Wilson, whose best pupil, by the way, the genius of his art entitles him to be. He would have startled George Morland into momentary sobriety, and Gainsborough even would have patted him on the back. It is now a mockery to append "painted on the spot" to a title; everything is painted on the spot. Thus it is a pregnant and heart-stirring accident to meet with a really worthy performance that is not painted from nature.

No. 121. 'Autumn,' T. WEBSTER, R.A. In this work there is less than usual of the studious Dutch brilliancy, whereby Mr. Webster achieved his distinguished reputation. The scene is a hop-garden, with two or three quiet but busy figures. If, however, the faces are examined, they will be found to be worked up to that exquisite softness and tenderness of line and marking, which forms such a charming feature in his best works.

No. 122. 'The Man of Sorrows,' W. DYCE, R.A.

"As when upon His drooping head,  
His Father's light was poured from heaven,  
What time, unsheltered and unfed,  
Far in the wild His steps were driven,  
High thoughts were with him in that hour,  
Unfold, unspeakable on earth."

KEBLE.

It will be understood that the Saviour is here represented in the wilderness. A due examination of the work inspires emotions of envy of the exhaustless patience which, day after day,



has been exerted on this composition till its final accomplishment. It is of small size: our Lord is placed towards the left, seated on a rock, with his head bent forward in a pose profoundly contemplative. There is no effort at brilliancy; the robes of the figure are blue and red, and the rest of the scene is broad and sober. The conditions of the figure having been determined, the painting of it, with all its energy of finish, was a trifle, in comparison with the landscape in which it is circumstanced, every visible blade of herbage, and every idle pebble, being duly registered. But the wilderness is not a wilderness of the Holy Land; it is a Scottish waste, such as there are many at the bases of the "slopes" in the shires of Inverness and Aberdeen. Mr. Dyce paints locality with a truth that is loud in pronouncing the whereabouts.

No. 123. 'James Spedding, Esq.,' S. LAWRENCE. An essay in the taste of some apocryphal persons called "old masters;" a facetious departure from identity of colour, and therefore an artist's *con amore* study.

No. 126. 'View near Brixton, Sussex—Turnbridge Wells in the distance,' E. NIEMANN. The dispositions are skilful and the manipulation resolute—the picture is too high to enable us to see more.

No. 127. 'The Corn-Field,' J. SANT. Personal incident gives pictorial importance to portraiture, this is at once felt in this groupment, which contains a triad of children whose attention is attracted by a butterfly that has settled on an ear of wheat. The youngest of the three wishes to catch the insect, but she is restrained by her elder sister. The features and their excited and earnest expression are in Mr. Sant's best vein, but too much is made of the wheat, it reduces the importance of the group.

No. 128. \*\*\*\*\* J. R. HERBERT, R.A. "And Mary, rising up in those days, went into the mountainous country with haste." Again, "Among the lilies moveth in haste the lily of Israel, to make known to others the word which is conceived within her." Such are the texts whereon Mr. Herbert builds his theme, the former from Luke i. 39. The picture is small, and has been executed by command of the Queen. It shows the Virgin Mary journeying alone to visit Elizabeth; she is presented at full length. The scene is an open landscape closed by distant hills: it is painted in the feeling of the best period of Italian Art, and intended, according to the spirit of the men of that time, not to represent an actual locality, but to be received as a conception appropriate to the subject. The draperies of the figure are rather classic than mediæval, admirable in the studious arrangement of lines and quantities. But the absorbing point of the work is the superlative beauty of the face. Mary did not die early, but the celestial mould of these features is as that of one living already a spiritual life on earth. It was to Hebron that Mary journeyed to Elizabeth, a distance of more than a hundred miles, and the whole of the country through which she passed was at this time covered with flowers. Near her there is a lamb, a type of the Lamb of God, and for the rest no part of the canvas is without allusion to Scripture.

No. 129. \*\*\*\*\* J. JURY.

"Sleep on, and dream of heaven awhile:  
Thou' shut so close thy loving eyes,  
Thy rosy lips still seem to smile,  
And more and breathe delicious sighs."

These lines from Rogers stand in the place of a title to a well painted study of a woman watching her sleeping child whom she holds on her lap. The manner is that of a foreign school, as the figure represents perhaps a Bavarian. She is humbly circumstanced, therefore the sensitive exclusion of commonplace accessory is an undue refinement.

No. 130. 'Sunshine in October—a study on the Thames, near Medmenham,' W. J. FERGUSON. The season is unmistakably described in this study, but beyond this there is little.

No. 131. 'The Terrace,' C. BAXTER. A half-length study of a girl shading her head with a fan: the face is extremely sweet in colour and expression.

No. 132. 'Rest,' C. W. COPE, R.A. A small picture showing a mother holding her sleeping child in her lap; everything is kept down to assist the brilliancy of the heads. No. 149. 'Evening Prayer,' by the same artist, is a larger study. Here we see a mother clasping her child, who kneels on her lap repeating her prayers. The expression of the former is that of a thoughtful listener.

No. 133. 'Winter,' T. WEBSTER, R.A. It is not the season that affects the sense here—it is the blind man who is led into church by the little girl; he comes to the step, hesitates, and feels his way with his stick. This is the leading incident, but there are others of the villagers coming to the house of God, and from them the eye passes to the infinite finish of the trees, the church-porch, the pathway; all indeed is exemplary, of singular patience and tact. But we trust withal that Mr. Webster does not forget his *eclecta pueritia*; if he does, it is an instance of the blackest ingratitude.

No. 134. 'Major-General Skippin's troop of horse attacking and capturing the King's guns, baggage, &c., at the Battle of Naseby,' A. COOPER, R.A. Mr. Cooper has in his time painted some carefully studied works, in remembrance of which lovers of Art will look with a certain indulgence on his present essays. We cannot, however, help thinking that he might even now draw his figures more accurately.

No. 135. 'Age and Youth,' A. H. BURN. There is no story or allusive incident here; but the properties of the art are unexceptionable. An old man, reading the Bible, and a boy sitting by him, make up the composition; but it is an agreeable picture:—not, however, faultless, for the old man's face is too much broken up.

No. 136. 'James Napier, Esq.,' J. J. NAPIER. A skylight—abuse it as you will—is, for men's heads, a superb medium of power. The eyes here melt into depth, and the dark Rembrandt-like shade under the nose rounds the feature, and brings it out with admirable palpability. But the complexion is too red, even suspiciously so.

No. 140. 'Mrs. Godfrey Bosanquet and Son,' J. SANT. The boy's head is the picture; it is curious to feel the diminution of the interest, as the eye recedes from that point. The propriety of the rest is above question, but not up to the boy's head.

No. 141. 'Pegwell Bay, Kent—October 5th, 1858,' W. DYCE, R.A. Verily the mere name of the place brings with it a savour of shrimp sauce, and it is here storied in a picture of heart-breaking elaboration. It is about the last subject of which we should have accused the chronicler of King Arthur in the Queen's robing room. The time is evening, deepening twilight, with a sky of singular clearness, but cold withal. The last comet is in the sky, and in the horizon is marked with glowing red the point of the sun's descent. It is most difficult to paint chalk cliffs. They are here brought before us in a low grey tone, which is not cut off at the beach, but continued on the shingle; the whole of the foreground being painted with a truth equal to that of photography.

No. 142. 'View of the Tiber, near Rome,' R. ZÄNNER. The Tiber in the environs of Rome is so little attractive, that it is very rarely painted. Thus here is set forth a winding stream, with banks bald and barren, flowing through a meadow-flat.

No. 148. 'A Roughish Road,' T. CRESWICK,

R.A. This is the class of picture whereby Mr. Creswick achieved his reputation. A screen of trees, a summer brooklet stealthily feeling its way among the stones that encumber its course, a piece of green upland, and a peep of a village spire. These quiet greens and sober browns all signify substance. The sky is a valuable passage in the effect.

No. 153. 'The Tuileries, 20th June, 1792,' A. ELMORE, R.A. In the first paragraph of a quotation accompanying the title, it is written: "They brought the queen's children to her, in order that their presence, by softening the mob, might serve as a buckler to their mother. They placed them in the depth of the window. They wheeled in front of this the council table. Preserving a noble and becoming demeanour in this dreadful situation, she held the dauphina before her, seated upon the table. Madame was at her side." And thus stands Marie Antoinette, with the king's sister, the dauphin, and the dauphine, confronting the crowd of demons, who have forced themselves into the council chamber. The head of the queen seems to have been verified from Mr. Monckton Milnes' portrait. The painting and lighting of the queen and her party are unobjectionable; but in the brawling *canaille* on the left there is no dominating character, and this part of the composition is somewhat enfeebled by an attempt at too much. The work, however, is, in all respects, masterly—one of the greatest achievements of our school; yet it is a picture that must give intense agony to all who look upon it. Why artists will persist in producing such a sensation we are at a loss to guess; the world without gives us sorrow enough; why should we bring it wantonly to be the fire-side guest?

No. 155. 'Doorway at Bradenstoke Abbey, Wilts,' A. PROVIS. In departing from his rude and quaint interiors, this artist loses that originality by which he became distinguished.

No. 156. 'Under the Hedge,' A. GOODWIN. When first this mechanical kind of art made its appearance, everybody was enchanted with it. Being an inevitable result of steady labour, those who do not become weary of the dry monotony of leaves and microscopic grasses, are certain of producing this close imitation of any given section of wayside waste.

No. 158. 'A Street in Antwerp,' D. ROBERTS, R.A. A very skilful disposition of intermittent lights and shades, beautiful in tint, but not the colour of Antwerp.

No. 160. 'Choristers feeding the Poets of the Air at the Tomb of Walter Von der Vogelweide. In an old chronicle is recorded this Minnesinger's wish to be entombed where the birds (from which he had learnt so much of the mystery of his art) might sing over his resting-place,' W. FIELD. There is, generally, in the selection of subject, so little of the exercise of thought, that we note with pleasure a theme which must have cost the artist both reading and thinking. If a thoughtful work were even not well executed, it is due to the painter of originalities that his efforts should be recognised. This picture appears to be treated in good taste; it is, however, too high for satisfactory examination.

No. 162. 'Claude Duval,' W. P. FRITH, R.A. Judging from the turn Mr. Frith's genius had so felicitously taken in his 'Epsom Downs' and 'Margate Sands,' we imagined he had parted from the dramatic and the romantic—that he had resolved himself into a sage and moralist, to hold the mirror up to the great and little vanities of life. But, "once more, ye laurels," has he been seized with the dramatic rage, and rushes into the story of Claude Duval, as told by Macaulay—"How, at the head of his troop, he stopped a lady's coach, in which there was a booty of four hundred pounds; how he took only one hundred, and



suffered the fair owner to ransom the rest by dancing a coranto with him on the heath." We have, accordingly, Claude dancing, with his right hand raised, and the lady opposite to him looking, very properly, all but dead with fear. Another lady lies in a swoon in the coach; one of the robbers protests on his honour to a duenna-looking dame in the rickety vehicle; and others of the gang are variously busied in the thrift of their vocation. All the robbers are masked—it would have been well to have removed the mask from one or two of the faces. Above all, the chivalrous and gallant Claude, in dancing with the lady, ought, according to the rules of every court of dames and cavaliers, to have removed his; the action of the right hand holding the mask would have been a *coup* to elicit ceaseless plaudits. Again, Claude was a tolerable performer on the flageolet, and would he have been content with the sorry music that fellow in the corner is discoursing with his penny whistle? No; we know Duval better; long, long ago we made his acquaintance in Johnson's *Lives of Highwaymen*, and in other chronicles, and know him for a thief, who affected tastes, if he had them not. The old coach is a veritable relic; it exists at Cobham, and is the property of Lord Darnley.

No. 163. 'Aber Valley, near Bangor,' J. MOGFORD. A small picture of unqualified sweetness.

No. 165. 'On the River Llugwy, North Wales,' F. W. HULME. In sunshine often has the scene been painted; but now it is shown to us under a rain cloud—the river black and sullen, the trees sad and drooping, and the hill at the back blue and cold.

No. 166. 'Off to School,' E. HUGHES. The title describes the picture; it savours of a humble hearth, and the younger members of the family preparing for departure. By the same hand there is No. 188, 'Timely Help,' a sad paragraph of how a young lady was thrown from her horse in the hunting-field, and was borne to the house of a small farmer, where she was received by the inmates, and found by her friends. The painting and drawing of the figures in both works are faultless, and the narrative is circumstantial and complete.

No. 168. 'Prayer,' J. PHILLIPS, R.A. This is the artist's diploma work—that deposited in the Academy on his election as an Academician. Apart from the earnest utterance of all the woman's features, the substance and oneness of the figure are very striking. She is a Spanish fruit-seller, who sits within a church in fervent prayer. There is near her, but in shade, some Dona Juanilla, who shades her face with a fan; she declares she has nothing to confess, but this fruit-woman is a penitent. God forgive her, she has been a thriftless sinner. Has Mr. Phillips been thinking of Diego Velasquez and his solid simplicity in sad browns and greens? But that Velasquez never painted in copal, or what may it be?—some unctuous compound warranted to dry within the sixty seconds in the best dog's ear textures. Excellent device for a ragged surface! The piece of white under the woman's chin is beyond all price; nothing else could generate such power, only it is too clean to be assented with rags.

No. 174. 'The Prop of the Family,' T. F. MARSHALL. The scene is a harvest-field, and "the prop of the family" a boy, the eldest son of his poor mother—a widow, with other children graduating downwards to infancy. The earnest substance of certain parts of the landscape is, perhaps, better than the working of the figures.

No. 175. 'Dean Swift at St. James's Coffee House, 1710,' E. CROWE. Swift, in the quiet box that he occupies here, is entirely superseded by an exquisite, in a sky-blue silk brocade coat, who flirts with the barmaid. In a

composition of a few figures, describing a notable passage of a given man's life, he ought not only to be the hero, but the lion of the party. The picture is elaborately worked, and, in the subject, shows reading and thought—the real sources of originality.

No. 177. 'Mrs. Aubrey de Vere Beauclerk,' R. BUCKNER. The head of this lady is painted with infinite delicacy; but really the attention of every beholder must be attracted to the ponderous frame. The admission of such frames as this will, in future, by a new bye-law, be impossible.

#### MIDDLE ROOM.

No. 189. 'Geoffroi Rudel,' D. W. WINFIELD. The point of this story is difficult to set forth on canvas; there is too much to be understood beforehand; it is, nevertheless, a daring essay, that speaks emphatically for the self-discipline of the artist. We are to suppose Geoffroi Rudel, an early French troubadour, to be in love with the Countess of Tripoli, whom he has never seen, but whose beauty common report wanted words to describe. He goes to visit her, and dies at her feet! The picture is large, and crowded with figures, apparently well-drawn and carefully painted.

No. 193. 'An Intrusion,' E. DAVIS. An old man holds an apple before a child, seated on its mother's lap. The title must have been given in error, for it applies in nowise to the composition. There is something in a title; but, in glancing over our catalogues, and comparing titles with pictures, a great proportion of the names given to figure compositions are worse than puerile.

No. 196. 'The Villa d'Este,' — POSTMA. A brown poplar rises in the centre of this small sketch. We are fastidious about the colour of foliage, because everybody now paints from nature, and nothing in the way of leaves, either mummy or mouse-coloured, is ever met with in nature, since Constable refused to call green brown, much to the astonishment of Sir George Beaumont.

No. 197. 'The Wandering Musician,' J. MORGAN. There is much creditable quality here, but the eye is distracted by the endless multiplicity of objects. The musician is playing a clarionet, while a happy father dances his child to the tune. The confusion of the composition is accounted for by the fact that the incidents occur in the shop of a village saddler.

No. 199. 'Wheat,' J. LINNELL, Sen. It is not the harvest-field, nor the figures, nor the healthy blue sky, with its white clouds, that at once challenges the eye in this composition, but a tree on the right, brown in the trunk, and brown in the branches. It might have been felt that an expression of warm brown was wanted here, but the skeleton-like form in which it is imparted is not an agreeable one. This is one of the simplest works that Mr. Linnell has recently exhibited, the materials being only a harvest-field, with figures enclosed by a belt of plantation—well-grown trees. Stubble and corn-sheaves have been frequently exhibited of late under this far-famed name. In his title the artist is as trite as may be.

No. 200. 'Madame Catherine Hayes,' A. BACCANI. An elegant and simple portrait of the accomplished and popular *cantatrice*—full-length, of the size of life, presenting the lady, dressed in black, before a plain green background.

No. 201. 'The Plains of Nineveh, from Tanners' Ferry, near Mosul, from the sketches taken by the artist on the spot,' F. C. COOPER. "And Babylon shall become heaps,"—and so also we find Nineveh. Looking across the Tigris into the far distance, we see those heaps which, at the appointed time, reveal their contents. The view, if it be correct, is interesting as a topographical and historical record.

No. 204. 'Lady Jane Grey, a prisoner in the Tower of London, refusing to accede to the solicitations of Fakenham, Queen Mary's Confessor, to abandon the Protestant faith,' S. A. HART, R.A. A well-chosen subject, treated with becoming simplicity: Lady Jane Grey is seated, and the priest—a figure forward and importunate—is threatening her, but her action is that of "Get thee behind me."

No. 206. 'Juliet,' A. M. MADOT. If the artist declined making his Juliet better favoured, he ought, at least, to have made her more delicate. She leans at a window in a kind of green dress, relieved by a drapery similar in colour; a daring essay, and therefore the more creditable in its success. The situation suggests Romeo below—

"It is my lady; O, it is my love," &c.

No. 207. 'A Scene on the Sands at Port Madoe, North Wales,' H. B. WILLIS. Never have we seen anything so light and broad from the brush of this excellent painter. The wide expanse of sand is dotted with herds of cattle, the eye being led from point to point till it is met by the mountains in their mantle of mist.

No. 211. 'The Sanctuary,' J. BOSTOCK. As bearing reference to the title, the lady here represented can only be supposed to have retired to the sacred precinct of her room to contemplate the miniature she holds before her. It is a well drawn and agreeably painted study.

No. 212. 'Interior of the Cathedral of Pisa,' D. ROBERTS, R.A. From the extremity of the nave we look up to the high altar; but the space described is greater than the reality, perspectively increased as it is by the lines upon the floor. Yet it is a grand and imposing interior, with its marble columns—works of John of Pisa, Andrea del Sarto, and other memorable men. Uncommonly and uniformly tall Mr. Roberts propounds all his figures—this is contrary to his principle of space at any price.

No. 214. 'Sunny Moments,' J. C. HORSLEY, A. *Lucas à non lucendo*—the moments are sunny in a shady place. In this sketch we read a love tale, whereof the hero and heroine are the gardener and some Mistress Lilian of the Hall. So dense is the shade of the trees, that the few points of light that penetrate the leafage to the gravel walk glitter like diamonds of the most precious water.

No. 215. \* \* \* \* J. HAYLLAR.

"And as the sweet voice of a bird,  
Heard by the lander in a lonely isle,  
Moves him to think what kind of bird it is," &c.

The subject is, in short, Geraint listening to the voice of Enid, a situation from Tennyson's "Idylls of the King." The pliant figure and the motive of the features are indications of pleasurable listening: the face is vivacious, the parted lips seem just to have said "Hush!" and to be about to repeat the deprecation. But why has Geraint the pert, angular face of a shrewish waiting-woman? Her style is ingenious, and the figure is, on the whole, a pithy but not a refined conception.

No. 216. 'The Countess of Stradbroke,' R. BUCKNER. The head is a study of much grace; but it is a dress portrait, and a dress portrait never can have pictorial quality.

No. 218. 'The Countess of Airlie,' H. WEIGALL. This is also a full-length figure: the lady is dressed in black—a presence of much elegance.

No. 219. 'Phœbus rising from the sea, by the lustre of his first vivifying rays through the drifting foam of a rolling wave, calls into worldly existence "The Queen of Beauty,"' F. DANBY, A. In short, the reception of Venus by the Seasons in the Island of Cythera, for Mr. Danby seems to have worked from Hesiod and Cicero. The sky is a passage of



the most delicate painting; it is refined, aerial, spacious, poetic—its atmosphere is fresh and respirable: but in the sea we are keenly sensible of paint. Mr. Danby, with a license greater than that of any Paleologus, monopolizes for his Venus the parentage of two of Cicero's Venuses, one of whom was a daughter of the light, the other a child of the foam of the sea. He hits upon a pretty idea, which that prosy old Boetian, Hesiod, would have worked into a telling *historiette* in his family notes in the Theogony—Venus, the daughter of Phœbus and the Sea! The goddess is standing in the car in which she has been waited to the shore, where she is received by the daughters of Jupiter; Phœbus rises in the remotest sky, erect in his chariot, the horses of which are not yet above the horizon—a charming conception, new on canvas, but not in marble. The picture is, in parts, extremely soft in execution, but the crests of the waves are hard, cutting, and formal, and very much would be gained by softening these lines. In the upper part there is atmosphere, but the sea denies the fact; near and far, wave and ripple all protest there is no air.

No. 220. 'Study of Scotch Firs, Blade Park, Iver Heath,' J. SANT. Again and again we examine this picture, again and again turn to the name, but it stands the same, J. Sant. The anomaly is this, that the same hand which micrographed this picture should knock us with that licentious freedom of painting that we sometimes see in the little dirty pinafores and mufflers wherewith Mr. Sant dresses his cherubim, much to the distress of mothers and nurses, who turn from such abuses as the mere drsallary of Art. But one word of these Scotch firs: it is likely that a microscopic exploration of the trunk would show the insect life that has its being in the caverns of the bark.

No. 221. 'A Quiet Afternoon,' E. OPIE. The arrangement and effect evidence power and knowledge; it shows an old woman knitting, and a girl reading the Bible.

No. 223. 'A Volunteer,' H. O'NEIL, A. The circumstances of this episode are extremely difficult of a striking adjustment. The subject is a suggestion from the wreck of the *Royal Charter*, the volunteer being the brave man who risks his life to convey the rope through the breakers to the shore. The captain, with his glass under his arm, prays God speed him; and the eyes of a group of poor creatures huddled together on the deck are fixed in blank despair on the preparation for what they conceive must be a fruitless effort. The artist describes a sea that must heave the ship on her beam ends every time she is struck by a wave; yet the captain and "the Volunteer" stand on the deck with as little inconvenience as if the vessel were at her harbour moorings. An every-day Channel breeze destroys your perpendicular, but a deck heeling up to never less than forty-five degrees is not a base on which you may stand with your hands in your pockets. The work is neither agreeable in character nor well painted. We do not envy its possessor.

No. 225. 'The Expectant,' E. J. COBBETT. A study of a girl seated on the sea-shore, looking for the coming of her lover's boat. Bright and firm in execution.

No. 227. 'Crossing Newbiggin Moor in a Snow-drift, East Cumberland,' T. S. COOPER, A. Even a snow scene is a relief to the uniformity of composition that the artist has observed for so many years. The canvas is larger than necessary for the subject. The scene is a wild expanse of the Cumberland hills covered with snow, whence a large flock of sheep is being driven home. The desire of the painter has been to show the mountains, but a better effect would have been produced by giving greater violence to the snow blast. The work is, how-

ever, one of rare excellence; of late years the artist has produced nothing so good.

No. 229. 'Lord Saye and Sele arraigned before Jack Cade and his Mob, A.D. 1451,' C. LUCY. If a historical subject be treated in Art, though it has been dramatized, it would be better to keep the drama out of the question if the theme be brought forward as a serious passage of history. Cade's whimsical summing up of the offences of the prisoner always brings us back to the boards: "Thou hast most traitorously corrupted the youth of the realm in erecting a grammar school. Thou hast caused printing to be used; and, contrary to the king, his crown, and dignity, thou hast built a paper-mill." The lord of the hour is seated on the right of the composition; and Lord Saye, a peaceable man, is unnecessarily strangled before his time by two ruffians who have charge of him. Cade's satellites are coarse in person, but dainty in their dress. The situation is assuredly most opportune for showing something of—

"The scum that rises when a nation boils;"

but, after all, your painter of real miscreants, body and soul, must be a man of superlative genius.

No. 232. 'Mrs. Merry and Mrs. Cunningham,' R. THORBURN, A. Two small full-length portraits, bright in general tone. The draperies are extremely well painted.

No. 233. 'Seeking the Bridle Road,' R. REDGRAVE, R.A. A piece of close wood scenery—a subject always conscientiously worked out by this artist.

No. 234. 'The Plough,' W. C. T. DOBSON, A. The text here is "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it." This training is a ploughing lesson; a boy is driving under the guidance of his father. The two figures come clear against the sky—always a prominent situation, and the more so when the horizon is low; the only forcible quantity is the group. Like all the works of this charming painter, it is full of feeling, taste, and knowledge.

No. 235. 'The Children in the Wood—the Evening,' R. REDGRAVE, R.A. The emulation in painting what are called "bits of nature" seems to grow year by year. This is not so much the story of the Babes in the Wood, as a study from the wood itself—two boles and roots of ancient beeches, mosses, lichens, grasses, and all the wild and waste of a piece of forest bottom. We see the children on an upper path; and the evening is indicated by the chaste allusion of a spot of sunny light on one of the trees. No. 235 opens a second chapter under the same title, but the time is morning. The children have passed the night in the forest, and are lying on the ground. This is equal to the other in its "cunning" accomplishment.

No. 240. 'The Nile Raft,' F. DILLON. The desire of the artist is not so much to make the raft the point of his description, as to show the banks of the river, and the desert beyond. There is no freshness; everywhere a brazen sky and burning sand: at least, so it looks here.

No. 241. 'Bethlehem,' W. C. T. DOBSON, A. The figures of this artist sometimes look short; Joseph here seems so; and in the face of the Virgin there is a certain Bavarian breadth and roundness not befitting the face of the mother of our Saviour. There is more of the dulness of the flesh than the exaltation of the spirit. She is nursing the infant on her lap; Joseph stands by her; a man kneels in prayer before the child; a lamb lies bound on the floor—this is, of course, a type of the Saviour; and if this be a type, a man at the door dragging in a dog that advances unwillingly must also have a significance, but that is obscure. The composition has many merits, but it will not bear

comparison with some others that have preceded it.

No. 242. 'Captain Sir F. Leopold McClintock, R.N., LL.B., &c. &c., late commanding Lady Franklin's arctic discovery yacht the *Fox*,' S. PEARCE. A well-finished work, but Captain McClintock is presented as in a region of ice and snow with his hat off; the artist cannot have overlooked this. Be that as it may, there is no artistic sophistry that can justify the anomaly.

No. 245. 'The Little Florist,' T. F. DICKESE. The expression and character of this figure are eminently sweet; it is a little girl seated on a bank with a lapfull of flowers. The head in lighting and childish grace is admirable.

No. 247. 'Maurice—a favourite St. Bernard dog, the property of her Majesty,' J. W. BORTOMLEY. An animal of noble presence, with a face of striking intelligence and incorruptible honesty. He is left in charge of a small basket in Windsor Home Park.

No. 248. \* \* \* \* E. W. COOKE, A. "H.M.S. *Terror* in the ice of Frozen Strait, April, 1837, when under command of Captain, now Rear-Admiral Sir George Back (from whose sketch the vessel was painted). The *Terror* was abandoned, with Sir John Franklin's ship the *Erebus*, in 1845, to the westward of King William's Island." Looking at the poor bark, which Mr. Cooke must have painted in trembling, the question is not so much how she is to clear out of this wilderness of ice, for that seems impossible, but how she got there. The situation is the reverse of that of the Ancient Mariner, for there is not a drop of water anywhere. "Broken points," says Back's narrative, "at every angle, from the perpendicular to the nearly horizontal—hummocks, mounds, jagged and warted masses, splinters, walls and ramparts, with here and there, at far intervals, the remains of some floe not yet entirely broken up." The picture has, we presume, been painted under authority, and as such its artistic merits are out of the question. It must be regarded as presenting to the sense a more reprehensible idea of the awful perils of arctic navigation than any written description can convey. In conception, arrangement, and execution, it is certainly the *chef-d'œuvre* of the accomplished painter, and is surpassed in merit by no work in the exhibition.

No. 249. 'A page from the History of the Civil War,' W. J. GRANT. The first conception arising from this composition is, that in the distance a battle is being fought, and that the group of ladies hiding under the bank are the wives of the combatants waiting in agonies of apprehension the result of the battle. But it is intended to represent Henrietta Maria, who having been to Holland to raise money for the support of the royal cause is, on her return, fired on by the troops of the parliament. The subject has the merit of originality, but the dispositions are not effective.

No. 251. 'The Sword of the Lord and of Gideon,' M. STONE. With reference to the titles of works of Art, they may be appropriate or otherwise, but they should at least serve as a key to the story. Here is a composition of much merit, wherein we find a young man in the act of grinding his sword, to whom an old man, a cripple, offers a Bible, which the other seems indisposed to receive. There is an old woman and a fourth figure, and in the background a ruined house. To the title are appended three lines from Byron:—

"For freedom's battle once begun,  
Bequeath'd from bleeding sire to son,  
Though baffled oft, is ever won."

But these lines do not assist the querist.

No. 254. 'Early Morning in the Pontine Marshes,' R. LEHMANN. The manner of clearing the canals in the Pontine Marshes by swimming a herd of bullocks in the water has



been already often shown on canvas. In this case a large full of harvest labourers meet a herd in the canal near Terracina. The incident seems to be described in its genuine spirit, and the work is painted with much exactness.

No. 256. 'Italy,' MADAME E. JERICHAU. Much embarrassment would it have cost any *dilettante* to solve the proposition on this canvas; and hopeless would it be for any poetic enthusiast to divine the type of Italy as here set before us. Painted by a lady, it must be a nymph with bright and flowing hair beset with all the sunny sweets of that luscious land? No. Then a glorious landscape, the essence of Byron and Turner,—a visionary Hesperia, the golden promise of the gods? No. Madame Jerichau is perilously political; this is a picture which can only hang with impunity in a free atmosphere. Italy is represented by a young man, on whose brow the sufferings of his prostrate country have settled the darkest cloud of despair.

No. 257. 'His only Pair,' T. FAED.

'The mother, wif her needle an' her shears,  
Gars auld claes look anaisht as weel's the new.'

According to the spirit of these lines from Burns, we find the mother of the family mending the trowsers of her boy, "his only pair," while he sits on the table patiently waiting that consummation which Burns ascribes to her ingenuity. But the painter has put into her hands a garment so hopelessly ragged that it is much to be feared her efforts will terminate as did those of the busy devil to whom was assigned the task of spinning ropes of sand. The figures are embodied with the same beautiful properties of colour, roundness, and firmness that distinguish all Mr. Faed's works. There is a jovial frankness of manner in his draperies that is not often met with: he luxuriates in his medium whatever it is, and never leaves it till he has provided in it for others objects of pleasurable contemplation. His faces appear to us to be elaborated into their beaming brightness by the most careful manipulation. In his extreme anxiety for minute circumstance in the cottage he gives the absent *pater* a very ill name. Everything is in a state of sheer dilapidation; the walls are broken, the doors of the press are off their hinges, the furniture is in ruins, in short the man must be for ever at Meg Dods's. This is affluence of detail, but it diminishes the importance of the figures.

No. 258. 'The Temple of Gertasse, Nubia,' F. DILLON. Another view of the Nile, and far away into the desert: doubtless very true, and certainly admirably painted.

No. 262. 'A Relic of Old Times,' T. CRESWICK, R.A. A ruin as a principal feature of composition is a new style of subject for this artist. The left of the picture shows a massive pile on an eminence, brought into opposition with a clear evening sky. A river, crossed by a bridge, occupies the centre of the view. It is not a kind of subject favourable to the exercise of Mr. Creswick's powers.

No. 263. 'The Symphony of the Summer. Flowers and Fruit,' T. GRÖNLAND. This artist is not to be seduced by the charm of minute execution; his luxuries are dazzling colour, and to rife the lap of summer of all her sweets. M. Grönlund, in his manner of composition, follows the *abandon* of the great tulip painters of the Dutch school. It is a large work—too large for a flower picture.

No. 267. 'A Summer Storm,' W. H. PATON. As to effect very successful, but too high to show its other merits; we may presume that it is a good work, for the artist has earned repute.

No. 269. 'Peg Woffington's Visit to Triplet,' Miss R. SOLOMON. This is really a picture of great power, and in execution so firm and masculine that it would scarcely be pronounced the work of a lady. The subject is from Charles

Reade's "Peg Woffington." The heroine visits Triplet and his family, in the words of Triplet himself, "Coming like sunshine into poor men's houses, and turning drooping hearts to daylight and hope." It is gratifying, encouraging, and full of hope, to find a picture so admirably painted by a lady; it is, moreover, the offspring of thought and intelligence, as well as study and labour. The artist was not content to seek a theme on trodden ways, but sought, and found it, where she might obtain evidence of originality as well as power. She adds another name to the many who receive honour as great women of the age.

No. 270. 'Camoglia Riviere di Levante,' G. E. HERING. The sunny, tender, and tranquil sentiment that characterizes this view exerts a sweet and soothing influence on the mind. It is an expansive coast scene, wherein the eye is seduced from point to point until the vast distance be compassed. This is truly the aspect of Italy, we see the light and feel the warmth without being sensible of a painted surface.

No. 271. 'Listening to the Mermaid's Song,' J. H. S. MAXN. The figures here—principally a mother holding a shell to the ear of her child—are painted with that tenderness of colour, and delicacy of manipulation, which characterize all the productions brought forward under this name.

No. 275. 'Scene from "Taming of the Shrew," Katherine and Petruchio,' A. EGG, A. Colour and execution are so absorbing, so exclusive, that in works especially signalized by these properties, others not less important, and perhaps more strictly natural, are often forgotten. So essentially different is this from 'The Night before Naseby,' and other works of like substance, that we should not have recognised here the hand of Mr. Egg. It is the scene in which Petruchio distributes the meats about the stage:—

"'Tis burnt; and so is all the meat!  
What dogs are these? Where is the rascal cook?  
How durst you, villains, bring it from the dresser,  
And serve it thus to one that loves it not?  
There, take it to you, trenchers, cup, and all!"

He holds the mutton up on a fork, and grasps in his right hand a knife; the attitude is grotesque, and the expression of the features coincident with the posture. But Shakspeare intended Petruchio for a gentleman, and this cannot be lost sight of in any version of the character. Throughout the play Petruchio is a man of action and broad expression, and this must be reduced to consistency with gentlemanly bearing. Among other things that are made to yield to the legerdemain of execution, are presence and roundness in the figures; nothing could be more favourable for relief than the background, but the figures do not come out. In the qualities which Mr. Egg seeks to vindicate he succeeds fully, but he is not exempt from those infirmities into which others have fallen in the same path.

No. 276. 'Fresh Sea Breezes,' C. P. KNIGHT. An example of the young England school, but aerial perspective has not been overlooked in the determination with which form, colour, and surface, have been made out according to the atomic theory. It is but a section of sea cliff; the sea looks too dark, but in the painting we are not reminded of vehicles so much as in ordinary instances of the school.

No. 277. 'Emma, daughter of W. Acton, Esq.,' C. BAXTER. A little brunette with large and earnest eyes, hugging an affectionate Skye terrier. The dog's head, with its solicitous look, is an admirable study.

No. 284. 'Emilie aus Görwitz,' W. C. T. DOBSON, A. But Emilie has long been sung and celebrated by Mr. Dobson; this then is the type whereon he has based so many of his rustic figures, with their pale, thoughtful faces. No

thing can be more simple than Emilie's *personel*, but it is her impressive simplicity that gives interest to the figure. The background by which she is relieved is black and opaque; it does not sort with this class of subject.

No. 286. 'Rome—the Coliseum—Evening,' D. ROBERTS, R.A. More of a sketch than the pictures already noticed. Mr. Roberts exhibits five works this season, more than we remember for years past. He is a voluptuary in his Roman sunshine; there is not densely enough in the air to cast so red a sheen on the ruin as we see here.

No. 287. 'An Old Sand-pit,' J. W. OAKES. On the appearance of his first essays this artist won, a few years ago, the unqualified suffrages of the profession and the public, by his admirable illustration of the atomic principle of painting. His present works, in comparison with those, fall manifestly short. Yet, had he never painted otherwise than in the finished style of this, he would still achieve a high reputation. It is a section of rough bottom so true, that it must have been diligently worked out upon the spot.

No. 288. 'The Horse-race at Rome—first barrier for the large picture of "Il Corso,"' T. J. BARKER. The sketch for a large picture, executed two years ago.

No. 295. 'Early Morning in the Wilderness of Shur,' F. GOODALL, A. The following description of the composition is given in the catalogue: "An Arab sheikh addressing his tribe on breaking up their encampment at the 'Wells of Moses' (Ayoun Mousa), on the eastern shore of the Red Sea. The headland of Djebel Attaka, on the opposite coast, is the point from which (in local tradition) the Israelites are said to have crossed." These, then, are the springs from which the Israelites are supposed to have drawn water. This is a magnificent version of the place and the denizens of the desert by whom it is mostly frequented. The picture is large, but it becomes small when we contemplate the space it describes. The site is towards the northern extremity of the Red Sea, on its eastern shore. The view is therefore bounded by the Djebel Attaka, a lofty mountain chain on the west of the Red Sea, stretching northward towards Suez. We approach the work with a conviction of its unimpeachable truth in every item of its principal and accessory features. The sheikh is on the right, and, with his hand uplifted, stands haranguing his followers, of whom some sit quietly smoking on the sand, others stand respectfully listening, others are already mounted on their camels, ready for departure; from the wells some are yet filling the zemzemias, and among the women are also signs of preparation. But the character of the people, as given here, is more accurate, more faithful, than has ever before been represented in Art. The figures are numerous—they amount to a crowd; but we believe that every one is a study from the life, and in them we see the costume of the days of Abraham, for the raiment of the Arabs has changed but little since the time of Ishmael their father.

No. 300. 'Mrs. William Vernon Harcourt,' H. WEIGALL. A portrait painted in good taste; the impersonation is that of a gentlewoman.

No. 309. 'Edward Henry Steward, Lord Clifton,' J. SANT. This is a Lawrence-like portrait, but the head is much more spirited than any Sir Thomas ever painted. It looks as if it had been executed as a pendant to a portrait by Lawrence.

No. 311. 'Mrs. Dobson,' S. B. GODBOLD. An instance of a full-dress portrait; the lady wears the colour called, in the *Courrier des Dames*, maize or Esterhazy. It is extremely well and carefully painted, very graceful in arrangement, and highly effective.



No. 313. 'Trust,' C. LANDSEER, R.A. A most painful position for a dog. He is upon a chair, with a piece of sugar near his mouth; his eyes are riveted on it, and he is impatiently waiting the signal to snap it up. Correctly drawn, but not painted with that playful brush wherewith we have seen other dogs swept on to the canvas, having the name of Landseer affixed.

No. 316. 'Hesperus,' J. N. PATON. If it be intended here only to chronicle Hesperus his responsibilities, we submit that an easy poetic *mise* had left us with an impression deeper, more tender, than the courtly apparel of the fifteenth century. If Mr. Paton have a definite subject in view, which prescribes the costume—a subject in which he alone rejoices *in petto*, the thing is justified. There are two figures, a pair of lovers, and the situation seems to announce a first declaration of love on the one part, and a tacit reciprocation on the other. They are seated on a bank, the youth holds in his both the maiden's hands. She looks down, and he timidly advances his head to kiss her. The hearts of both cannot but beat under the endurance of that moment; but we have heard their discourse, and seen the colour in the cheeks of each coming and going, and the sentiment is pure. Two such heads, so written all over with the free outpourings of hearts, we rarely see. On each side of them grows a tree, which, of course, diminishes the importance of the group. The picture is the work of an artist of high and rare genius, refined in conception, and admirable in finish. It is, beyond doubt, one of the best productions of our school—of any school.

No. 317. 'Full Ripe,' G. LANCE. The expression of luscious ripeness has never been more perfectly given than in this heap of fruit, which has in its form much of the accident and facility of the Dutch painters. Mr. Lance has kept his renown undiminished during many years. He has never painted a better picture than this.

No. 319. 'The Duenna's Return,' J. C. HORSLEY, A. This looks like a sketch for a larger picture. In the absence of the duenna, her giddy charge is flirting in the bay window with a gallant, whose head only is seen outside. The duenna returns, and sees this fearful state of things from behind a screen. The dispositions, and light and shade, are all that can be desired.

No. 320. 'In the Month of March,' T. S. COOPER, A. It will, perhaps, not be received as a compliment, if it be said there is a freshness in this small picture that has not been seen in any of this artist's recent works. The representation is a meadow, with sheep and their lambs; but the feeling and tone of the work are really admirable.

No. 322. 'Capri—Sunrise,' F. LEIGHTON. This is a *divertissement*, a relief from the practice of the figure. It is not the island, but the town,—an interior view, without a glimpse of the sea,—that forms the subject. It is but a local memento, without any attractive feature.

No. 323. 'What we still see in Chelsea Gardens,' Mrs. M. ROBINSON. The allusion here is touching, poetic—nay, historic—an old man, in the rough old red coat of Chelsea Hospital; he wears the Peninsular medal, with a crowd of clasps—Vittoria, Salamanca, Nive, Neville, Orthes—nay, a calendar of honours, terminating with Waterloo. He sits in the garden, aged, infirm, and stiff with old wounds, for he says he has been riddled by French lead, but was never touched by French steel. This is not all; the epic splendour of the situation is this: the old man occupies a seat, of which heroes may be proud—he is clasped in the exultant arms of a laurel bush—a charming idea. The title should have been, "A glorious Anniversary."

No. 325. 'Home and its Treasures,' R. CARRICK. We should not have attributed this work to the painter of 'Weary Life'; it is different in everything. It describes the return home of a seaman from a long voyage, and we see him in the act of embracing his children. The painting has been much more rapid than that of preceding compositions, but is yet distinguished by skilful arrangement.

No. 326. 'Herr Carl Deichmann,' E. G. GIRARDOT. Admirable as a likeness of one whose face is familiar to us, though we cannot praise the portrait as an example of good painting.

No. 331. 'At Sens, Burgundy,' J. D. BARNETT. A small picture, but sufficiently good in effect to have been painted larger. The immediate representation is the Marché, with a peep into the Rue Dauphine, and a distant view of the cathedral. The shading is somewhat opaque, but it is otherwise careful.

No. 334. 'The First Step in Life,' Mrs. E. M. WARD. This is the *premier pas* of "a gentleman" under the conduct of his nurse. He is watched by a delighted mamma, who, in her ecstacy, calls papa out of the garden to witness baby's progression. The picture is powerful in colour, and painted with the firmness that distinguishes the works of this accomplished lady. It is full of feeling, nature, and truth, and will gratify all who desire to see evidence of female supremacy in Art.

## WEST ROOM.

No. 310. \* \* \* \* F. DANBY, A.

"When even on the brink of wild despair,  
The fanciful mariner still firmly looks to thee,  
And piles with fainting hand the broken oar;  
While o'er the shatter'd ship thy arc is spann'd,  
Though all, alas! seem lost, still there is Hope."

It will be understood from these lines, that the theme is a shipwreck. Mr. Danby leaves the title to the taste of the visitor, who, rather than resolve it into "a shipwreck," will determine it as "Hope;" for, amid the turmoil of the elements, a rainbow appears in the sky. A large vessel is cast upon the rocks, and, by means of a rope communicating with the shore, the crew are escaping. It is full of knowledge—that knowledge which can be acquired only by intense and continual study. We know of no other painter who could have so boldly and so well grappled with such a subject.

No. 342. 'Dimanche,' G. H. THOMAS. True—nationally so—it is what we see on all fête days in the Champs Elysées—soldiers of the garrison of Paris walking with their wives or *fiancées*. Mademoiselle walks with a very jaunty air, and carries her parasol with the grace of a duchess. The style of both is unexceptionably French. The lady is not a beauty—so says Michel, who wears the Crimean and the Italian medals. *Elle n'est pas belle*, he admits, but adds, *mais qu'elle est bonne!*

No. 344. 'Evening—North Wales,' B. W. LEADER. Every passage of the subject is rendered with a truth that can only be attained by the closest application to nature.

No. 346. 'Moses,' S. SOLOMON. There is an oppressive influence in this work that sinks the spirits; there is no ray of hope to point to a glorious future for the infant, whom his mother is about to commit to the thin basket held by his sister. The heads are rather Egyptian than Jewish; they seem to have been painted from the same model. Being mother and daughter, a certain degree of likeness is allowable, but they are too distinctly identical. Jochebed is too poorly clad; every credit, however, is due to the artist for the style of the apparel of both figures.

No. 347. 'His Grace the Duke of Argyll,' G. F. WATTS. The head is painted with infinite nicety; the resemblance is a living identity.

No. 352. 'Esmeralda,' A. PRO. Never was

there a character more popular among French and other continental artists, professors of dramatic circumstance. Her tambourine, her goat, and her scenic situations, have rendered her a standard resource with those who care not to think for themselves. We find her here a woman, personally heavy with the complexion of the north of Europe, whereas Esmeralda had features moulded by the dominion of passion—flashing eyes, and a mouth of firmest purpose, whether in utterance or in silence.

No. 355. 'The approach of Twilight,' F. SMALLFIELD. Nothing can be more simple than the material of this composition. A meadow, with a line of pollards, or stunted trees, running transversely into it. The entire site is low in tone, without a sign of life; but it is canopied by a sky of singular sweetness of colour; herein, and in the tranquillity of the place, lies the charm.

No. 360. 'The Hedger,' J. BRETT. How attractive soever may be beauty in works of Art, there is, nevertheless, also much that is attractive in masculine severity. The 'Hedger' is a title that, in a catalogue, would be passed without a thought, but for the most unassuming incident there is a dignified interpretation. The hedger, then, in canvas frock and most rustic continuations, is mending or making a fence in a copse; it is eventide, and the sunlight brightens the leaves that have just burst rejoicing from the buds; it is, therefore, also spring. The spot is chosen with a sore solicitude that the artist should be entirely exempt from all suspicion of a weakness in favour of beautiful, romantic, or even picturesque form; indeed, the asceticism of the picture is so utterly virtuous, that we feel reproved by it for any amiable connivance at light and colour, into which we may have been seduced. But this "hedger" exemplifies certain of the grandest principles of Art. He is working in a breadth of low-toned shade, wherein the shapes are painted with the finest mechanical feeling, and it is the light and shade of which we would speak. Near the man falls a gleam of light, having the effect of rendering the figure more shadowy than it is. The vulgar resource of lighting the figure, even by reflection, is contemptuously rejected; but this cunning administration of light is less to be forgiven than would have been a mere suspicion on the outline of the figure. But no more; we have already said too much. The most fragrant incense that can be offered is to say, that it is a memorable production.

No. 361. 'Duty,' J. B. BURGESS. Thus curtly is the argument unfolded. A certain lady, the wife of an imprisoned Cavalier, kneels at the feet of the sentinel, a buff-coated trooper of the parliamentary army, supplicating admission to her husband. She offers the man her jewels, but he is deaf to her entreaties. The story has the great merit of being perspicuous throughout. The figures are well drawn, and substantially brought forward.

No. 364. 'Early Effort—Art in Australia,' R. DOWLING. We find here a youthful painter, painting a group of natives, before the door of a well-thatched and comfortable-looking farmhouse. The whole of the composition appears genuine in character—landscape, natives, and settlers.

No. 365. 'Little Mischief,' A. DEVER. It is not mischief, but exuberant happiness, that possesses this child. She is hidden among trees, swinging her feet in a pool; and, having no companion, engages us at once in converse. In colour, roundness, and presence, it is an excellent figure; and, as far as can be seen, the trees and all circumstances are painted with a decided and masterly feeling.

No. 366. 'Mother's Delight,' E. JERICHAU. For a work so large, the subject is too domestic—an Italian woman caressing her infant, as it



lies on its bed. It would have been more interesting as a small picture.

No. 367. 'The General Post-Office—one minute to Six,' G. E. HICKS. In everyday life there is an inexhaustible fund of paintable incident; but simply because it is of the thread-bare drama of our work-day cares, it is more difficult to paint than less immediate matter. We have never been at the Post-Office one minute before six, but we take the artist's word for it, that what we see in this dissertation is based upon truth. The episodes may not all have been of simultaneous occurrence; but yet each may, at some time, have had its event at St. Martin's-le-Grand. The picture describes the rush to save the post; newspapers by sackfuls are thrown in at the window, and, singly, they are thrown in by those who reasonably despair of reaching the box. Women and children, with letters in their hands, look imploringly for aid in their trying difficulty, the field being entirely possessed by the interests of the press. There are some characteristic figures in the foreground, who congratulate themselves that they have sped their missives, and so creditably acquitted themselves. This artist has already produced a picture from material somewhat similar, but this work is in everything superior to it.

No. 369. 'Going to Market, Antwerp,' Miss C. DAVIES. A small study, that of a single figure, a Dutch girl, of course, painted with neatness and precision: the colour is brilliant, and composition in good taste. It is a work of good promise; we shall look for greater and better works from this fair hand.

No. 373. 'Spring Time,' G. SMITH. Different from everything that has yet appeared under this name, as showing two children, girls, decking each other's hair with spring flowers. They are seated in the shade, and from beneath the trees there is an agreeable peep of verdant distance—a meadow landscape. The two heads are engaging in character, and tender and transparent in colour. So specially are they worked out, and so daintily are the other parts of the figures "caressed" into form, that they compel in their accompaniments the utmost delicacy of finish—and such, indeed, is the quality of the entire surface. Truly, it is a production of infinite sweetness.

No. 375. 'Fall of the River Llugwy, Bettws-y-Coed, North Wales,' E. GILL Small, but earnestly translated: the materials are employed to good purpose.

No. 376. 'Fruit, with Pyefinch's Nest,' W. H. WARD. The fruit is painted with limited liability—three raspberries: there are grapes, but they are out of the question. The nest of the pyefinch the poor bird itself might seek to house in, as it is accomplished hair for hair: but *à propos* of bird-nesting, we recommend to the reading of the artist Cowper's "Task."

No. 377. 'The Daughters of Hesperus,' W. E. FROST, A.

"His daughters three,  
That sing about the golden tree."

Amid the rage for textures, and what Barry stigmatized as megilphs, we are not without occasional flashes of Greek fire: here are three figures, as beautiful as any conceptions of the Rhodian art—a union of antique sculpture and Venetian painting, for Mr. Frost seems to have subsidised Paolo Veronese.

No. 378. 'A Drop too Much,' M. J. LAWLESS. A small study of a drunken elector in the days of three-cornered hats; but No. 382, by the same hand, 'The King's Quarters at Woodstock,' is of a more healthy and conversible character. A cavalier booted and cloaked, standing with his drawn rapier; a very minutely finished study.

No. 379. 'The Madeleine,' T. DYCKMANS. This is a picture by the painter of that exquisite work 'The Blind Beggar,' in the National

Gallery. It has so much the appearance of enamel that it requires a close inspection to divest oneself of the impression that it is oil painting. It is a simple representation of the Madeleine lying at the foot of the cross, against which her head is supported. The delicacy and refinement in both the figures in 'The Blind Beggar' would lead an observer to expect similar conception and feeling in this work, but it is not so. The beggar is like a Belisarius in ruins, with features subdued by suffering from the grim cast of war to the humility of helplessness, and the girl looks like a child of gentle descent. But the Madeleine does not possess corresponding points of person; she is heavy in limb and body, the neck and bust are sensual. If this be intended, it is a kind of refresher that should, under the circumstances, have been omitted, at least as thus described. It is a dark picture; in this as well as in its other manifestations the old masters have been consulted. In finish it cannot be excelled.

No. 380. 'The Syrens,' W. E. FROST, A. Another small composition of three figures, worthy of being painted in a larger form.

No. 383. 'The Coliseum, Rome,' F. L. BRIDELL.

"The gladiator's bloody circus stands  
A noble wreck in ruinous perfection,  
While Caesar's chambers, and the Augustan halls,  
Grovel on earth in indistinct decay."

A felicitous conception, that of the Coliseum by moonlight; grand as the ruin is, it looks comparatively tame by day. It is presented here in its imposing magnitude, all detail lost, and telling against the moonlight sky. The faithful shade betrays no other masses, shrinking as they do by daylight into mean proportion in this imposing presence. But in the light as in the shade there is poetry; the sky is conceived in a spirit well fitted to accompany such a monument.

No. 388. 'The Countess de Grey and Ripon,' H. W. PHILLIPS. The softness and delicacy of the features and complexion qualify this as the best work that has been exhibited under this name.

No. 389. 'Mass being performed for the Reapers during Harvest Time in the Campagna, near Rome,' P. WILLIAMS. You cannot stand three minutes by this picture without hearing the silk and satin bravery of these Italian women pronounced an impertinence in a harvest field. But the description has, nevertheless, truth on its side. The women of the Campagna do not work in the harvest field as with us; harvest labour is done by the men, and when they are at a distance from their homes they sleep in tents on the spot. On Sunday, as they cannot attend mass, the priest comes to them and performs mass in a caravan as here shown, and on these occasions the wives and female relations in their *festa* attire visit the harvest men on the scene of their labours; and this accounts for the apparent inconsistency, the women in their Sunday best and the men in their every-day gear. It is the most important picture we have seen by this painter. The surrounding scenery is so truly that of the Campagna that the subject at once declares itself. The work is in all respects admirable.

No. 390. 'A Kentish Pastoral,' J. J. WILSON. A domestic not a romantic pastoral, being a farmyard with outbuildings and trees; a kind of subject which this painter realises with substantial truth.

No. 391. 'The Mother,' J. W. HAYNES. These cottage interiors are often much slighted, but this, on the contrary, is somewhat too precise. The "mother" is tending her child in its cradle; in colour the little picture is very sweet.

No. 393. 'The Court in 1640,' J. D. WINGFIELD. We are here introduced to Charles and Henrietta Maria and their happy party at Hampton Court, before the commencement of

their troubles. The costumes and locality are so accurate that there is no need of a title.

No. 394. 'Roadside at Bonchurch, Isle of Wight,' J. F. CROPER. The effect of sunshine is given in this little picture with felicitous truth.

No. 396. 'The Prophet Isaiah,' G. PATTEN, A. In a sketch depth of character may at times be attained, but a sketch of a head assumed to be a finished picture can afford no type of the exaltation of Isaiah the son of Amoz.

No. 397. 'Buy a Dog, Ma'am?' R. ANSELL. It is not usual to see setters and pointers offered for sale under the County Fire Office, but looking at the pointer and setter as they are it must be said that the personal points of the animals are given to a hair. The pointer especially looks as well-bred as any dog that ever ran before a tail, but the Cuba that the man offers to the lady is an impostor.

No. 405. 'The Governess,' E. OSBORN.

"Fair was she and young; but alas! before her extended  
Dreary and vast, and silent, the desert of life, with its  
pathway  
Marked by the graves of those who had sorrowed an  
d suffered before her," &c.

The narrative here is pointed, but it is true. Those who in their own experience may not have skimmed this page of woman's life have learnt it from the daily journals. This governess is presented according to the first terms of these lines, and her pathway seems to be as sad as that indicated in the continuation. She stands before the *materfamilias*—an impersonation wherein the artist has concentrated all the vulgarities—manifestly for a scolding. It is the triumph of the ill-bred brats, who, sanctioned by their worse bred parent, utter with assured impunity their insulting taunts. Miss Osborn is bitter in her dissertation, but there is no exaggeration in her bitterness. The work is one of rare power, the production of a comprehensive mind manifesting a thorough knowledge of the capabilities of Art. She has made Art to exercise its highest privilege, that of a teacher. A lesson in humanity—in *consideration*, that humblest yet most elevated of all the virtues—may surely be taught by this admirable work.\*

No. 406. 'Nice, with Antibes; the Island of St. Marguerite and the Esterelles—a Winter Study,' J. M. CARRICK. The distances in this work are painted with much delicacy.

No. 409. \* \* \* \* The late F. STONE, A.

"A merry heart goes all the day,  
Your sad tires in a mile-a."

These lines, standing in the place of a title, illustrate the diverse temperament of two French fish-girls, each of whom trudges along under a heavy load of herring-nets—the one the merry heart, the other the sad looking, very tired. It is the kind of subject that the late Frank Stone would paint, but the execution has not the precision and sharpness observable in others of his sea-side subjects.

No. 414. 'The Morning of the Duel,' W. J. GRANT. Without any title, it might be determined that a duel was in contemplation. And there is a parting, but the leave-taking does not move us as we wish to be moved. A gentleman, richly dressed in the costume of the middle of the last century, is seated on a sofa with his wife, whose anguish at the prospect of his fighting a duel has bent her sobbing and speechless at his side. Behind the sofa his second, with a couple of rapiers under his arm, tells him it is time to be at the rendezvous. There is a great deal of excellent painting here, but to the upholstery too much attention has been given, and the figures should have been standing.

\* We rejoice to learn that the Queen is the purchaser of this picture: it has been selected with her Majesty's usual judgment and kind feeling.



## No. 421. \* \* \* \* M. ANTHONY.

"O Hesperus, thou bringest all good things;  
Home to the weary, to the hungry cheer;  
To the young birds the parent's brooding wings,  
The welcome stall to the o'er-laboured sower," &c.

Evening, and a return home, in short, is the theme. In the spirit of these lines a charming theme it is; difficult, however, to work out with the depth and tenderness of Byron's verse. The o'er-laboured oxen are here drawing a waggon, wherein are those to whom no less than the cattle will home be rest. The ground plot is an expanse of common, like nature in colour and weedy texture.

No. 422. 'The Piazzetta of St. Mark, Venice,' E. W. COOKE, A. An identity of the locality; but we tremble for the suavity of Mr. Cooke's execution in painting near buildings with so many lines as he has had to deal with here.

No. 423. 'The Day is done,' A. RANKLEY. The effort to make every passage of a composition contribute its page to the story is not always successful. This work is, however, a facile lesson throughout. It shows the home of a country clergyman: it is evening, and he sits down to the enjoyment of affectionate converse with his family.

No. 424. 'Llyn Gwynant,' T. DANBY. The poetry of these Welsh lakes brings a welcome to the stranger, but the broken sublimities of the Highland lochs hills look like the rugged features of the giants whom Scott describes as the guardians of the land. In this picture the llyn is accompanied by mountain enough to do honour to both. The natural colour is closely followed, and nothing is felt as wanting.

No. 426. 'A Rustic Path—Winter,' (figures by G. E. HICKS), A. MACCALLUM. We have before felt called upon to eulogise Mr. MacCallum's works, but we must now express surprise at finding such an equality of that extraordinary finish that distinguishes all his productions. Winter and early spring trees are of all things in the world the most tedious to paint, but here we find the leafless boughs and twigs worked out to their minutest ramification.

No. 432. 'The Convent Dole,' R. LEHMANN. Of the "dole" nothing is seen, it has passed at once from the visible possession of those to whom it was given—three houseless wanderers, a woman and two children. But the former should have been younger, we might then have concluded without a scruple that she was their mother, but she is a withered beldame, and you take part with the children against her. It is a work of great power, of the French aromatic class, very low in tone, and rigidly abhorrent of colour; there is not a touch of colour anywhere. The composition is simple and effective; nothing disturbs your converse with the beggars.

No. 440. 'Where the Bee Sucks,' A. F. MUTRIE. Who in the days of Richard Wilson, nay, in those of John Constable, would have believed that such a brilliant effusion of the palette could come of a piece of mossy limestone with its crown of gorse gemmed with even its brightest flowers? It is a piece of nature's own composition, without the formalities of the conservatory.

No. 443. 'Miss Durant,' Mrs. CARPENTER. The portrait is too high for close inspection, but it nevertheless shows Mrs. Carpenter's firm execution and mellow colour.

No. 446. 'Faith,' T. BROOKS. There is a certain wininess in the outline of these figures that has not been apparent in antecedent works of this artist. The story is of a maiden far gone in consumption, to whom her sister is reading of that faith which can now be her only consolation. The story is read at once, and perspicuity in painting is one of its most popular charms.

No. 448. 'Sheep and Lambs,' J. THORPE. A small work with various families in different

stages of immaturity. No. 450. 'Cattle on the Brow of a Hill' is by the same hand. The animals are well drawn, but the presentation is altogether too silvery—almost pretty.

No. 451. 'Atop of the hill,' J. T. LINNELL.

"A gaily chequered heart-expanding view,  
Far as the circling eye can shoot around,  
Unbounded tossing in a flood of corn."

These lines of Thomson serve well as a motto to this elaborate work, which describes a vast expanse of cultivated country such as may be seen in Surrey or Sussex. The view, as from an eminence, carries the eye into a remote distance, over a country abounding especially in corn-fields. The picture may pronounce a truth, but according to the usual term of farm leases the proportion here of land cropped with corn is in excess. It may have been thus painted for a breadth of colour; if so, it is a grave error, which is at once patent to an agriculturist. The yellow and yellow greens are solid and atmospheric. Colour in retiring passages ought to be more subdued by greys. It is a powerful work, but inasmuch as it is deficient in atmosphere the colour is raw and opaque.

No. 455. 'Never More,' P. H. CALDERON. The title is not sufficiently explanatory of the circumstances under which this young lady, the only figure on the canvas, is brought forward. She stands looking from a casement with an expression indicative of some heavy grief; but the source of her sorrow is not clear. An object lies near her like a packet of letters—it may be such, to be returned to one on whom her heart is fixed, but this might, without the charge of vulgar parade, have been rendered less doubtful. The sentiment of the figure is, under any circumstances, touching.

No. 460. 'Heather,' Miss MUTRIE. Like No. 440, this is a study from wild nature—the summer heather in company with others of the bright-eyed flowrets of the mountain side.

No. 461. 'Serpentine and Porphyritic Rocks, and white shell sand bar, Kynance Cove, the Lizard, Cornwall,' J. G. NAISH. There is no picturesque beauty in the representation; the pictorial quantity is a large detached mass of porphyry, looking as hard and real as the rock itself.

No. 469. 'The Sea Shell,' J. A. HOUSTON. This is a bright sea-side composition, with a party of children, one of whom places a "roarin' buckie" to the ear of an infant. The figures are careful in drawing, and the composition generally brilliant in colour.

No. 477. 'Hyacinths,' Miss A. F. MUTRIE. A rich and brilliant assortment; a telling picture at any distance.

No. 478. 'Drowned! Drowned!' A. SOLOMON.

"The gods are just, and of our pleasant vices  
Make instruments to scourge us."

Here are at once enlisted our remembrances of "poor Ophelia" and the victim of Hood's "Bridge of Sighs," being called upon to assist at the denouement of a Waterloo Bridge tragedy. The story is this:—At the extremity of the bridge the body of a young woman has been drawn from the water; it is placed on the pavement at the top of the steps by a bargeman and others, while a policeman turns the light of his bull's-eye on her face. At that moment a party of revellers passing that way, on their return from a bal masqué, are attracted by the incident; and one of them, on seeing the face, recognises the features as those of one whom he himself had been instrumental in deluding from the path of virtue. This, at least, is the interpretation suggested by the lines from King Lear. Mr. Solomon is very precise in his narrative; the history is therefore very pointedly written. The time may be towards dawn; thus there is a prevalence of strong shade, the policeman's lantern yielding the highest light on the woman's face. The shaded

passages look heavy; we cannot help thinking that had they been painted with thin colour, and glazed into depth and transparency, the result would have given greater value not only to the shades, but also to the lights. The picture has been worked out with a view enthusiastically moral, but we doubt very much the utility of the mirror thus held up.

No. 482. 'Mischief,' C. ROSSITER. At the end of a long passage, and at the garden door, there is a *l'été-à-l'été*—of course an affair of the heart, and in the immediate section of the picture two girls are watching the lovers. The manner of the picture is firm and effective.

## NORTH ROOM.

No. 488. 'Morning on the Lago di Lugano,' G. E. HERING. There is more atmosphere here than is usually found in Mr. Hering's works. Such treatment gives an additional charm and truth to the distances, keeping the remote contingents in their places. Italy is ever described by this painter as a land of sunshine and unbroken tranquillity.

No. 505. 'Flood and Wind at the Head of a Welsh Pass,' A. W. HUNT. There is one marked result too frequently arising from atomic execution—a necessity for a refined equality that is prejudicial to effect. It is impossible to meet with any paint—surface more vigilantly elaborated than is this, but it is flat; the sole purpose and view of the artist having been superficial detail. The scene is a rugged mountain side with a raging stream rushing over the rocks. Again the flatness of the subject is further promoted by the sky, which in tone is a continuation of the rocks; thus, at a short distance from the picture, the minor details are lost, and there are no major definitions to declare the nature of the subject. It is impossible too highly to laud the constancy with which the picture has been worked out.

No. 510. 'Henry Wentworth Monk,' W. H. HUNT. In one condition this is an example of "pre-Raphaelite" art, but the wiry crudity is modified. The condition to which we allude is that eccentricity which with this school is the proposition for originality, and this is the disqualification that will at all times attract attention to it. The head is colossal, and it is only a head. Immediately before the face is held up a folded copy of the *Times*. But the background is the most remarkable passage of the picture; it is a window, every pane of which is green knotted glass. Of the scrupulously minute painting of the work it is not necessary to speak.

No. 528. 'The Widow,' H. J. STANLEY. The distractions of Italy have supplied excitement both to the pen and brush. Austria is here triumphant; the allusion is, therefore, to the convulsions of 1849. A party of Austrian soldiers are carousing in a monastery, at the door of which the widow of an Italian who has been slain in fighting for the freedom of his country presents herself singing for bread for her child. On the wall are scratched, "*Viva l'Italia!*" "*Dio salvi l'Italia!*" and more distinctly, "*Es lebe unser Kaiser!*" A page of current history graphically written. The Austrian soldiers seem to be veritable studies.

No. 529. 'An English Cottage Home,' H. JUTSUM. By every roadside are seen rustic abodes to which the terms of the title could not be denied, but a special example to meet the prompt ideal of the title is not presentable without research and study. The artist, therefore, sets before us a humble edifice of quaint characteristics, and with a feeling abhorrent of lines and angles. Here is the "home," with its fence and forecourt, and trees; and beyond we see England typified in a garden-like landscape of infinite beauty.

No. 536. 'A Fairy Tale,' F. WYBURN. The scheme of the dispositions in this work is so



skilfully made out, that although there is an embarrassment of accessory the proper importance of the figures is not reduced. The subject is a mother reading to her children the fairy tale; but the picture is hung too high for inspection.

No. 537, 'Voices from the Sea,' P. R. MORRIS. The material does not fulfil the promise of the title. The fishermen's children and fishing-boats, as here set forth, are not elements sufficiently poetic.

No. 542, 'He cometh not, she said,' A. JOHNSTONE, is a life-sized study deriving much interest from the manner in which the movement and expression of the figure are made to respond to the feeling of the quotation. Other noticeable works are No. 550, 'The huge oak that o'er shadows the Mill,' M. ANTHONY; No. 552, 'The Red Riding Hood,' J. SANT; No. 553, 'Fetiching Meg Home,' F. W. KEYL; No. 554, 'Sweet Summer Time,' F. W. HULME; No. 555, 'Aurora Leigh,' W. M. EGLEY; No. 560, 'The Mourner,' F. TOPHAM, jun.; No. 588, 'Meditation,' J. D. LESLIE; No. 596, 'Our Philharmonic Society at its first Rehearsal,' J. E. HODGSON; No. 603, 'The Sexton's Sermon,' H. S. MARKS.

No. 612, 'The Signal,' J. THOMPSON. This is a work of great interest; charming in composition, and admirably painted. The artist has obtained foremost rank, and here sustains it; it is certainly his best production, and may be classed among the most valuable contributions to the Academy. Our space is filled, or we should devote a larger portion of it to this most excellent picture.

The South Room is divided between architecture and miscellaneous water-colour works, of which may be noted No. 721, 'Landscape with Figures,' T. DALZIEL; No. 735, 'Christ and the Twelve Apostles,' a design for a fresco, E. ARMITAGE; No. 739, 'The Lady Constance Villiers as bridesmaid to the Princess Frederick William of Prussia,' J. HAYTER; No. 750, 'The Right Rev. Dr. Cotton,' F. GRANT, R.A.; No. 764, 'Cape Town, from Table Bay,' T. W. BOWLER. No. 776, 'Trust,' Miss M. GILLIES; No. 781, 'Wild Fowers and Bird's Nest,' R. P. BURCHAM; No. 783, 'Solicitude,' Miss A. BURGESS. Among the miniatures and enamels there is No. 869, by T. BOTT, 'The Holy Family,' after Raphael, a white enamel of admirable quality; and by H. T. WELLS, E. MOIRA, Miss A. DIXON, W. EGLEY, A. WEIGALL, &c., there are very brilliant examples of miniature painting.

#### THE SCULPTURE.

Never has the sculpture chamber been less attractive than this season. A look round the room conveys an impression that all the sculptors have been exhausted by some great simultaneous effort, from which they have not recovered sufficiently to do more than give an indication that life is not departed. Bust-making has been such a resource to our school of sculpture, that little has been done in poetic enterprise; therefore, when those artists to whom we have been accustomed to look for something beyond busts signalise themselves by their absence, the hiatus is sensibly felt. But more than this, by common accord the sculpture forms an exhibition interesting in an inverse ratio to that of the painting. In the place of honour there is a colossal bust of 'His Royal Highness the Prince Consort' in marble, executed by J. THOMAS for the Midland Institute, Birmingham. By J. S. WESTMACOTT, there is (948) a cabinet statue of much beauty, a girl stooping to dip her pitcher in a fountain. It is semi-nude; the attitude, that of bending forward, one arm stretched forward with the pitcher, the other resting on a stone. The taste of the work is half modern, half antique. No. 949, by BARON MAROCHETTI, is a 'Portrait marble statue' of a little girl semi-nude, supporting her-

self by both her arms thrown behind—a very spirited performance; the features are round and full, but the hair is formal. 'Paolo and Francesca' (No. 952), H. S. LEIFCHILD, recalls at once Scheffer's picture—there are differences, but not sufficient to rescue the work from an unfavourable comparison. Signor Monti has travelled far for his 'Town and Country, a gossip on the borders of the Senegal' (No. 954), two African women, one of whom, the impersonation of the country, has a head of the best African mould, and also a figure of fine proportions. 'Achilles and Lycaon,' S. F. LYNN, is one of the sculptural essays that was last year sent in competition for the gold medal; the lines of the composition have been studied with great care. 'Piacere e Dolore,' swift and slow hours, by R. MONTI (No. 958), a result of an incalculable amount of modelling and carving, is a group of two figures, embodying Pleasure and Pain; the former is floating away in ecstatic enjoyment, while the other lies on the ground in the prostration of despair. The floating figure is that which challenges the eye; the face is veiled, and the person partially draped. The proportions of the torso are of the most delicate cast, but the figure would have been better supported, and the lines would have run more flowingly, if more of the lower limbs were seen. For the pose of the figure, the word 'Piacere' is insufficient. It is sculptured in Sicilian marble. (No. 960), 'The Elder Brother in Comus,' the diploma work deposited in the Academy by Mr. Foley on his election as an academician, is a study of the most beautiful proportions. It is a statue of the highest order of Art. (No. 1034), 'Chastity,' J. DURHAM, is a conception in another vein, but also a work of rare quality. It was engraved in our April number, as will, doubtless, be remembered. By the same sculptor, 'A Head of a Boy,' (No. 989), is a portrait of striking individuality; the features are quite in repose, but the expression is earnest and engaging. The statuette, 'Erin,' (No. 1001), W. J. DOHERTY, a semi-nude female figure, standing with the right hand resting on a harp, is an extremely graceful conception, pronouncing at once the source of inspiration. In a pair of bas-reliefs, composed by J. S. WESTMACOTT, from the passage in the 85th Psalm, 'Mercy and truth are met together; righteousness and peace have kissed each other,' the text is expounded with fine feeling; and by W. THEED, (No. 965), there are a couple of careful and effective alto-relievos, illustrative of Christian acts of mercy, forming part of a monument recently erected in the south aisle of the Chapel Royal at Windsor, in memory of the Duchess of Gloucester. 'Miranda,' (No. 980), J. LAWLER, is a statue of much merit. Of busts there are many of great excellence, but our space is too limited to do more than direct attention to them.

And thus of the sculpture we take our leave, shaking off the gypsum dust, but not without a valedictory expression of hope that so unworthy a collection of Art may never again be received within these walls. Never was less taught by an exhibition of sculpture than by this; the little good the gods have this year provided us, shines out by comparison with increased lustre.

Not long ago an impression obtained, that the Exhibition of 1860 would be the last we should see within these walls; but the future whereabouts of the Academy not being determined, the body may yet celebrate their centenary in Trafalgar Square. Of the pictorial exhibition, one word in conclusion—it is the most equally meritorious that has been seen for many years.

#### THE ROYAL PICTURES.

##### THE LADY DIGBY.

Van Dyck, Painter. A. J. Annedouche, Engraver.  
Size of the picture, 7 ft. 8½ in. by 6 ft. 2½ in.

ONE of the most famous of all Van Dyck's celebrated portraits. The history of the fair lady is wrapped in a mystery which time has not yet developed; but Lord Clarendon speaks of her as one possessing "extraordinary beauty, and as extraordinary fame"—the latter alluding, in all probability, to reports in circulation having reference to her private character: whether these were true or false is not now likely to be ascertained, but it is evident from the artist's treatment of his subject that he gave no credit to them. Anastasia Venetia, Lady Digby, was the daughter of Sir Edward Stanley and Lady Lucy Percy, and wife of Sir Kenelm Digby, a noted personage at the court of Charles I., and who was the means, as it is supposed, of bringing Van Dyck to England, in 1632, and introducing him to the monarch. Lady Digby was found dead on her couch one morning in the year 1635, and is thus represented in a ghastly picture in the gallery at Althorp. "Her husband, who loved her to madness, and who prided himself on being an adept in medical and occult sciences, was presumed at the time to have hastened her death by certain potions he had administered to her for the purpose of heightening her charms." There is a half-length portrait of Digby, by Van Dyck, in the same room in which that of his wife hangs. The head is full of power, but the features are coarse: the figure is seated, having on the right a celestial globe, in allusion to his studies in astrology, which, says Mrs. Jameson, "together with love and vanity, seem to have troubled the intellect of this strange, but gifted man." Digby was altogether an extraordinary character.

Hazlitt has recorded some striking and true remarks on the portrait of Lady Digby; he speaks of it "as among the most delightful and interesting pictures" in the Van Dyck rooms:—"It is an allegorical composition; but what truth, what purity, what delicacy in the execution! You are introduced into the presence of a beautiful woman of quality of a former age, and it would be next to impossible to perform an unbecoming action with that portrait hanging in the room. It has an air of nobility about it, a spirit of humanity within it. There is a dove-like innocence and softness about the eyes; in the clear and delicate complexion, health and sorrow contend for the mastery; the mouth is sweetness itself, the nose highly intelligent, and the forehead is one of 'clear spirited thought.' But misfortune has touched all this grace and beauty, and left it cankered there. This is shown no less by the air that pervades it than by the accompanying emblems." These emblems are all significant of unblemished reputation, and may be regarded as opposing themselves to the attacks of calumny. Cherubs are lovingly descending upon her from the clouds, to crown her with the garland of triumph; a pair of doves are under her left hand; cupids with arrows broken and torches extinguished, are beneath her foot, and a huge figure representing Slander defeated, with his mask off and hands bound, lies prostrate and humiliated. The picture is thus made to tell, touchingly and beautifully, a tale of contest and victory, and therefore must be regarded as something more than a mere portrait;—it is historical so far as the individual represented is concerned. One has only to compare this work with Lely's portraits of the "beauties" of Charles II.'s court, to see the triumph of virtue over vice, as expressed by the pencil of the painter.

Independent of the interest which accrues from the subject, the portrait of Lady Digby, viewed as a composition only, bears a high character: all the figures are admirably drawn, and their various attitudes are striking and graceful; the colour is exceedingly rich, except in the face of the lady, where it is thin and whitish,—whether this peculiarity was intended to express extreme delicacy, or is the result of "time's effacing fingers," we cannot determine; but it must account for the apparently unfinished appearance which the features present in the engraving.

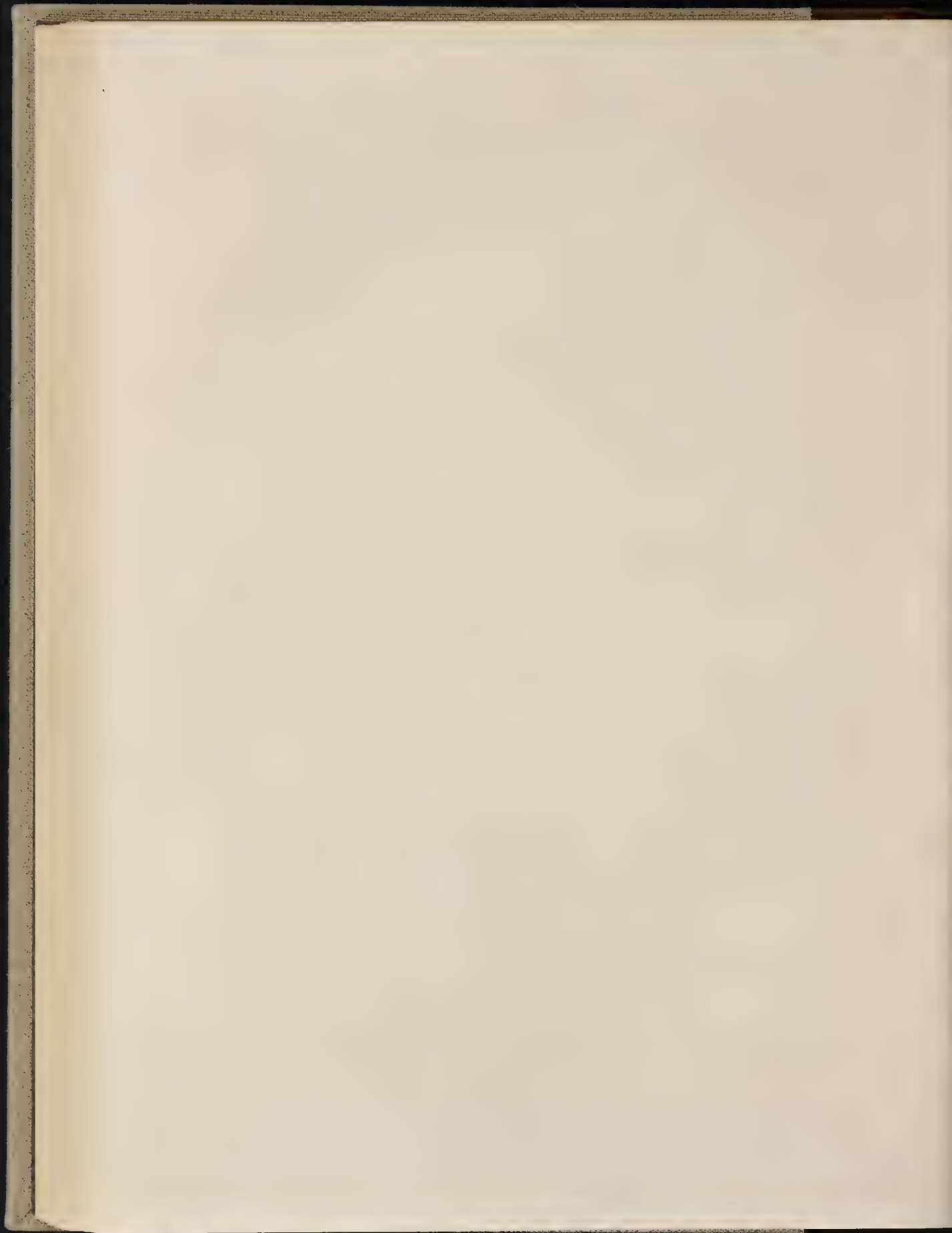
The picture is in the Royal Collection at Windsor Castle.





THE LADY OF THE LAKES

1792





THE SOCIETY OF PAINTERS  
IN WATER-COLOURS.

THE senior society opened its doors as usual a week before the Academy, with about the same number of works as in the last and preceding years, indeed we scarcely see how they could hang more. We know not whether they themselves feel the want of space, but it is certain there are works placed low and high that are well worthy of the line. The rejected candidates of last year, Birket Foster and Frederick Smallfield, do ample honour to their election. Gilbert contributes largely, shining rather with low-toned brilliancy than the rare gemmy quality of his Shakspeare subjects of last year. Duncan exhibits another of his shipwrecks, in which he is second only to Turner. Hunt has sent a variety of studies—curiosities all, comprehending even a Dutch red herring; and other able contributors are Harding, Richardson, Carl Haag, &c.; in short, the exhibition, as our notes will testify, is most excursive in its range of subjects.

No. 7. 'Christmas Revels at Haddon—bringing in the Yule Log,' GEORGE DODGSON. Enter Merry Christmas, borne on the shoulders of the riotous hinds, and accompanied by all kinds of monstrous shapes: very original in manner, and one of the most noisy compositions we have ever seen.

No. 8. 'Corn-field,' C. DAVIDSON. Not simply a corn-field, but an extensive prospect over a country of various aspect. On the left there is a group of trees, the foliage of which is unusually rich and massive for water-colour painting.

No. 10. 'View in the Valley of Licenza, the site of Horace's Sabine Farm—Evening—Mount Lucretia on the left,' ARTHUR GLENNIE. As a subject the site of Horace's farm is not the most picturesque. This view is possibly faithful, but that very fidelity destroys the breadth.

No. 14. 'The Last Man from the Wreck,' E. DUNCAN. By the pictures that Mr. Duncan has exhibited the last three or four seasons he originates a new interest in wrecks. His stories are simple, but we enter into them at once, because there is nothing in them that does not every year occur upon our coasts. We see here a ship cast ashore, the sea making a clean breach over her, and the last of her crew coming on shore by means of a rope attached to the rigging, and he can be no "green hand" to hold on to a hawser tied to the shrouds of a ship stricken on her beam ends by every wave. The full and driving masses of cloud form a passage of extraordinary energy.

No. 21. 'The King's Trumpets and Kettle Drums,' J. GILBERT. Two prominent figures, with a flank view of a regiment in the background. In the manes of the horses, in the carriage and feathering of the hats, even in the wrinkling of the boots, is shown a fine feeling for the picturesque; but the horses are cut short below the knees, a liberty entirely unpardonable in a drawing like this.

No. 23. 'The River Llugwy, under Moel Siabod,' C. BRANWHITE. In this drawing the foliage is rounder and less sketchy than in preceding works, the colour is also more natural. The river and its stony bed constitute a passage which in the picture shows much power.

No. 24. 'Commonwealth Troops in possession of the Chapel of the Dukes of Norfolk, attached to Arundel Church, Sussex,' JOSEPH NASH. The chapel here appears larger than the reality, but yet we know nobody who could have made a drawing of the place whereby the conditions of precision could be so entirely satisfied. Drawing for the stone has made Mr. Nash fastidious: his lines are of utter and hopeless rectitude, and his figures all of exemplary

discretion. As a contrast to the faultlessness of the chapel there ought to have been more movement among the Roundheads.

No. 25. 'At Whitby, Yorkshire,' C. DAVIDSON. A study of rocks with a section of coast; broad with middle tint, and wanting a stirring light or dark, perhaps both.

No. 30. 'Feeding the Ducks,' BIRKET FOSTER. We have observed that if drawing upon wood leads to any power in painting at all, that power is generally characterized by originality. This drawing is very beautiful in its minute manipulation; every leaf of the willows is given, and every blade of grass at the brink of the pool has its place and asserts its individuality, but effect is forgotten: when the drawing is removed from immediately before the eye we feel that it wants force.

No. 34. 'Pass of Nant Francon, on the Road from Bangor to Capel Curig, North Wales,' GEORGE A. FRIPP. A very large drawing, showing the pass as a valley between hills, the distance also being closed by mountains. The fore and middle grounds lie in a breadth of shade, but the portions of the hill-sides that rise into sunlight are fretted into lines which disturb the eye. The proposition is repose, and it is fully realized in the lower parts of the view.

No. 41. 'Running down Channel,' J. CALLOW. A brig is the principal object here; she looks like a light collier, but it is most common to find light colliers sailing up channel. We have a peep of Dover, and a royal ship at anchor.

No. 42. 'Interior of the Cathedral of Liège, Antwerp,' E. A. GOODALL. This famous cathedral is presented here just as it is, and without any licences for the sake of effect. The view is that of the nave, with the screen, and a peep beyond.

No. 44. 'At Ecclesbourne Glen, Hastings,' C. DAVIDSON. The forms of the trees strike the eye as peculiar; they have an aged and worn look, like those growing round a haunted ruin. Everybody knows this place, and everybody paints it, but we do not remember it according to this interpretation.

No. 47. 'Fowey Harbour, Cornwall,' S. P. JACKSON. Not the kind of subject that this artist treats successfully. There is natural truth, but not pictorial quality, in those long, formal waves; the eye wants a point to rest on between the tones of the sea and the ship; there is not sufficient difference.

No. 49. 'Entrance to the Library, Rouen Cathedral,' J. BURGESS. A study of Gothic remains, very imposing from the view here given of them—nothing detracts from their importance as a subject.

No. 50. 'In the Vallée des Moulins, with ruins of Pontoni in the distance,' P. J. NAFTEL. At a short distance it is impossible to appreciate the finish of this little picture, which seems as if worked from a lithograph. In colour there is too much of the *terre cuite* in it, and it impresses the spectator as a place which never had been, and never could be, inhabited.

No. 54. 'Piazza and Duomo of Novara, Piedmont,' GEORGE A. FRIPP. In this subject there is nothing very attractive. A spacious piazza, with a proportion of the ordinary colonnading, with a duomo as of a third class city, the whole enlivened by a throng of market people in the piazza.

No. 55. 'Supplying Stores to the Island Lighthouse,' E. DUNCAN. In the centre of the composition lies a ridge of rocks, swept by the tail of a tempest, lashed by the heaviest breakers of the Channel or the Atlantic (the island looks like one of the Scillies); and now, after the gale, boats are come out with supplies to the two men of the lighthouse. It is evening, the sky is now in repose, draped with light vermilion clouds. The incident is trifling, but

in the sea and the sky is written the story of a recent storm.

No. 56. 'An Ayr Girl Herding,' MARGARET GILLIES. A small study of a head and bust, shawled and hooded with the grey mountain plaid. The features are animated by the happiest expression.

No. 57. 'Fountain in the Goose-market, Nuremberg,' S. READ. This, the famous Gänsemännchen, is in the fruit market at Nuremberg, and here he stands with a goose under each arm—an excellent authority for the easy costume of the sixteenth century. This figure is attributed to one Labenwolf, but it is extraordinary that the author of a work of European celebrity should not be positively known.

No. 59. 'The First of May in the 16th century,' JOSEPH NASH. The scene is the village green, and the games are patronized by the ancient squire and his lady, with the best gentle blood of the neighbourhood. The May-pole is the grand centre of attraction, but in other parts of the green there are various sports. Mr. Nash has studied attentively our cinque-cento pastimes and costumes, and we doubt not there is much truth in the spirit of this scene.

No. 60. 'The Fountain and Red House Hotel, Market-place, Trèves, on the Moselle,' J. BURGESS, Jun. Thus writes she of herself, venerable Trèves—nothing less than *ante Romam*—"Trevis stetit annis mille trecentis." We are in the market-place, before the famous fountain, and the no less celebrated Red House, which could never be mistaken for any other building throughout Europe.

No. 61. 'On the Coast, near Criccieth Castle, North Wales,' S. P. JACKSON. A schooner on shore, with her masts gone; an expanse of wet sand and shingle; an ebb tide retiring with modest wavelets, of the stillest and smallest voice, mocking, with their insidious humility, the tempest of yesterday; a line of coast, airy but somewhat hard: these are materials and conditions which this painter disposes with credit to himself.

No. 62. 'Sunset on the Lago Maggiore, from the Isola Bella,' W. C. SMITH. The buildings on the Isola Bella remind us always of stage scenery; here are the terraces, poplars, orange groves, and ever-living myrtles, all dominated by a palace like that of some invisible princess. The feeling conveyed by the representation is absurdly true. We are dazzled by a sunset too red to be over the Alps, which, it appears to us, are seen too distinctly.

No. 65. 'Tomb of Rubens, in the Church of St. Jacques, Antwerp,' S. READ. Simply the tomb, with the famous picture in which Rubens painted himself and his family at the throne of the Virgin. The representation is not more highly tinted here than in the reality; but how mellow it looks! this kind of Art will revive.

No. 66. 'Falstaff's Disgust at his Ragged Soldiers,' JOHN GILBERT. The prince professes that he never saw such pitiful rascals; could he see those of Gilbert's recruiting, he would be reconciled to Falstaff's tatterdemajons. Mr. Gilbert does not suffer us to see the shirt and half which Falstaff boasts as the linen of the company. If "plump Jack" misused the king's press, Gilbert has much more outraged the royal commission. Falstaff was not ashamed of a little, but he was ashamed of his own recruits, and he would not have survived Mr. Gilbert's levy.

No. 69. 'Mountain Gloom—the Pass of Glencoe,' A. P. NEWTON. This is a very large drawing, treated for breadth and force; the quantities are, therefore, few and important. The season is winter, and the time of the day twilight; the animal life of the scene is limited to a half-frozen sheep, by which watches a faithful dog, vigilant in guarding the wanderer against

the attack of a threatening eagle. The immediate site is a section of snow-covered turf that edges on the glen, and opposite rises the snow-covered mountain side, catching upwards the light reflected from the sky. Never was a surface in water-colour art so skilfully manipulated as is the whole of this magnificent drawing; it is full of the most minute detail, yet worked into the most imposing breadth. Three or four months' daily work on the spot would scarcely suffice for such a work. We doubt not that the colour of the snow on the mountain side is as the artist saw it, but it does not strike the observer at once as snow. The sky is the only weak part of the picture: it is a small conception. The materials are all commonplace, but they are described in the most sublime expressions of the art.

No. 72. 'Brunswick,' W. CALLOW. A study of old decorated houses, rendered interesting by the importance given to them.

No. 73. 'Ancient Pistol brings Falstaff tidings from the Court,' JOHN GILBERT. This is the announcement brought to Falstaff while enjoying Shallow's wine in the garden. The head of Falstaff is very near the spirit of Shakspeare: it looks a sketch, but it is a study; there is wit in the eye, and sensuality in the lip; the whole face is eloquent in King Cophetua's vein.

No. 76. 'The Forest,' J. D. HARDING. A composition resembling a fragment of highland scenery, of which a group of aged and gnarled forest trees occupies the left. It is a large drawing, with treatment effectively liberal, evidencing everywhere great power and unflinching resource, inasmuch that no passage of the work shows any degree of infirmity.

No. 80. 'The merry days when we were young,' MARGARET GILLIES.

"My eyes are dim with childish tears,  
My heart is fully still'd,  
For the same sound is in my ears  
Which in those days I heard."

In this composition there are three figures, of whom two are young; the third is a matron, who expresses the feeling of Wordsworth's lines. A young lady is seated at a piano, and a youth is about to accompany her on the violoncello. The features of the young people are animated and happy, but those of the elderly lady, and her entire *pose*, are expressive of the sigh which may have accompanied the sentiment. The costumes and the composition are ingenious and elegant.

No. 83. 'Miss Flite introduces the wards in Jarndyce to the "Lord Chancellor,"' J. GILBERT. It would be refreshing to abuse Mr. Gilbert a little, for we are weary of the praise he compels from us. It is enough to say that there is no other living artist who could thus outdo Dickens in a rag and bottle narrative.

No. 84. 'Near Pizzuoli, Bay of Naples,' T. M. RICHARDSON. This view is not in the direction of Naples, but it carries the eye along the coast towards Gaeta. It is a work to which has been given much labour with the best results.

No. 91. 'Venice from the Rialto—Morning,' W. CALLOW. We are so much accustomed to see Venice presented under every phase of sunshine, that we scarcely recognise these buildings in opaque shadow. We turn our back upon the bridge, and so look up the canal.

No. 93. 'North Transept, Canterbury Cathedral,' JOSEPH NASH. Very conscientious: especially true in colour.

No. 94. 'Fishing Craft—Morning,' G. H. ANDREWS. The subject is commonplace, but it is proposed that the boats should be important: the effect is agreeable, but the water forms are not satisfactory.

No. 95. 'Court of Linnithgow Palace,' S. READ. The principal object in this court is

the ancient fountain, which is composed of different pieces of stone-carving fitted together: this unique object at once identifies the place.

No. 99. 'Cutting the Haystack,' C. DAVINSON. The subject is the suburb of a farm-yard, with a view over the outlying country; but the haystack is the principal object. The season is distinctly registered as early spring. The material is of very ordinary character, but by an able management of the gradations it is worked into an interesting picture.

No. 103. 'Barnard Castle, Durham,' H. GASTINEAU. The moonlight sky in this drawing is very true; it is a view of a portion of the town dominated by the castle, and looking up the Tees to the bridge.

No. 105. 'Ruins of the Temple of the Sun, Palmyra (the ancient Tadmor) in the Wilderness,' painted on the spot, 1859, CARL HAAG. The centre of the drawing presents masses of ruins, and the site seems larger than that simply of one temple; the view, however, of the place is most favourable. The composition is large, and the prospect leads the eye far into the distance beyond the principal site, to the left, where appears a continuation of ruins of temples, giving an exalted idea of the magnificence of the city of Zenobia. The scene is animated by the arrival of a caravan, that is about to camp for the night in front of us, for the sun is just dipping behind the temple. The figures are admirably drawn; the whole picture is warm, without being foxy, and full of detail, without loss of breadth.

No. 106. 'Fern Gathering, Northumberland,' FREDERICK TAYLER. The gatherers are two girls, who are charged with a cart, drawn by a grey mare, whose foal is at her side. A bright and airy drawing; the animals are especially well sketched.

No. 107. 'Amongst the Heather,' G. ROSENBERG. Many weeks of earnest labour must have been devoted to the painting of this heather, and never was sunshine more successfully described.

No. 109. 'Donne Moi!' J. J. JENKINS. A composition of three French rustic figures, two of whom, a girl and a child, are on the left, the latter being solicited to share the apple which she is munching with the third,—also a girl, who holds forth her hand, suing in *forma pauperis*; but the little one does not listen to the suppliant accents. A very bright and characteristic drawing.

No. 111. 'On the River Mackno, above the Falls,' D. COX. The effect of this drawing is destroyed by a piece of white background cliff, that will claim precedence to the foreground, and all its kith and kin.

No. 112. 'The Ballad,' S. PALMER. There is an immense power of colour, but the various items of the composition do not come happily together; a frequent occurrence when the mind of the painter is bent upon one result. The sky is a charming study, but its sentiment is destroyed by the busy, noisy foreground with which it is associated. The near section is a harvest field, and the evening solace of one of the hinds is this ballad, which he reads aloud for the amusement of his fellow-labourers.

No. 115. 'Expectation,' FREDERICK TAYLER. The feeling is expressed by a leash of dogs, two pointers and a setter, that are in waiting on the mountain side in a grouse country. The heads of the animals, gazing with pricked up ears and all their eyes, are as expressive of excitement as ever were the features of human kind.

No. 119. 'City of Durham, from the north-west,' T. M. RICHARDSON. We have met with many views of Durham, but this is the most imposing we have ever seen. The view is taken from the high ground on the right of the road to Newcastle. The cathedral and

the castle rise opposite to the spectator: nothing is seen of the suburb of Framwellgate, but the bridge spans the Wear some distance up to the right. The main features are, therefore, the cathedral and the castle, without deduction by any of the miserable houses by which they are surrounded. It is, perhaps, the best drawing the artist has ever executed.

No. 121. 'A Welsh Fern Gatherer,' F. W. TOPHAM. The largest figure study that Mr. Topham has ever exhibited; it is characteristic and natural: a girl with a calf by her side, the head of the latter painted to the life.

No. 128. 'At Bradford, Isle of Skye, a refreshing stream for tired droves.' The Croulin Isle, Pabba, and part of Skye, in the middle distance; Bein Bhain, and other mountains of Applecross, Loch Kishorn, Loch Carran, Loch Duich, and Loch Alsh, more distant, W. TURNER. This title, with this catalogue of lochs and bens, is but a view from the coast of Skye to the coast and inland of Ross-shire. We notice the drawing, not for its distances, but because of the novelty of the distribution of a herd of Highland kyles on the sea-shore—on account of the dispositions of which, and the breadth of daylight, we consider this one of the best works that have ever been exhibited under this name.

No. 130. 'The Farmhouse Porch,' WALTER GOODALL. The porch is the least item here: the interest centres in the boy on the grey pony, and the farmer's dame—all are drawn with unsurpassable neatness.

No. 133. 'The Rialto—Moonlight; Landing the Fruit at the Market, Venice,' E. A. GOODALL. The view has been taken from a gondola in the middle of the canal; we have, therefore, the bridge directly in front of us, with the boats at the quay on the right. The effect is a faithful version of moonlight.

No. 137. 'Chestnut Trees, Hurstmonceaux,' D. COX. This is the grove at the left angle of the front of the castle, but looking towards the ruin, and with it composing a subject of much interest. The whole of the objects, especially the trees, are painted with more substance than those we usually see in the works of this artist; in short, this drawing excels in worthy qualities, perhaps, all that have gone before it from the hand of its author.

No. 149. 'Harvest, Moonlight,' F. SMALLFIELD.

"In nights far gone, aye, far away and dead,  
Before ere fretted with a lidless eye,  
I was thy woe on my little bed,  
Letting the early hours of rest go by  
To see thee flood the heaven with milky light,  
And feed thy snow-white swans before I slept," &c.

A very simple, yet original conception, carried out with inexpressible delicacy and beauty. The story is of a boy who has risen in his bed to contemplate the moon. He leans against the casement, whence is seen outwards a most charming and perfect effect of moonlight, while within the light breaks on the figure, heightened by masses of delicate, broad, transparent shade. It is a work strikingly original, and infinitely beautiful in execution.

No. 152. 'King Charles's Chamber, Catele, Cornwall,' W. COLLINGWOOD. A small room full of ancient furniture, with a representation of the king seated writing: apparently finished in haste.

No. 155. 'Interior, Evening,' GEORGE DODGSON. The *con amore* sketches of this artist are snatches of the most refined and graceful narrative. This is a cathedral interior seen by a dim and fading light. Pillar after pillar and arch after arch retire into distance and gloom, impressing the mind with an apprehension of an all but endless vista.

No. 160. 'The Church and the three Yew Trees, Bettws-y-Coed,' a study on the spot, J. BURGESS. A most faithful representation;



the portfolio of no water-colour painter is without some memento of Bettws.

No. 164. 'A Hard Frost,' C. BRANWHITE. This was years ago the class of subject wherein Mr. Branwhite distinguished himself; the drawing is made out with all the neatness of execution that attracted notice to his earlier works.

No. 177. 'The Thunder Cloud,' C. DAVIDSON. There is a quality of power in this little drawing which might very well have been enlarged into an important picture; the quantities are few and broad, but the thunder cloud is too formally pyramidal, and wants volume within volume.

No. 180. 'Imogene after the Departure of Posthumus,' MARGARET GILLIES. Imogene is here presented seated and in profile, the face slightly turned up, sweetly eloquent in utterance of the patient sentiment embodied in the verse. It is altogether a chaste and elegant composition—the drapery is admirable for its classic taste.

The screens, as usual, contain many gems by members of the society, whose principal works are noticed above.

## THE NEW SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS.

THE general character of this exhibition is progressive, especially in smaller works. Having seen here, from time to time, a considerable number of figure pictures of admirable quality, the absence of a fair proportion of such works is felt on this occasion. The 'Saul at Endor' of Mr. Corbould, and the 'Queen Mab' of Mr. Tidey, are ambitious, powerful, and well calculated to show the utmost capabilities of water-colour Art. We instance them as works of exemplary effort, worked out rather *con amore* than with a view to render them attractive to purchasers. These, with Haghe's 'Murder of Rizzio,' and some others less important, figure in the catalogue, as, what may be properly called, personal themes. Among the landscapes there is a great deal of home subject-matter—and, after all, there is nothing so fresh, and nothing so difficult, as English landscape; and thus we often observe that excellence in the translation of home scenes is much less readily attainable, than a certain power of depicting continental, especially southern, countries. But almost every class of subject is represented in the gallery, as the following notes will show.

No. 6. 'Glen Nevis, Invernesshire,' WILLIAM BENNETT. The base of the composition is filled by the broken course of the stream, which flows at the foot of the mountains that close the left of the view. The treatment is broad and simple. The strong tones of the near trees clear up the whole, and keep the different parts in their respective places.

No. 10. 'Shrimpers Hauling in—Scene in the Swim, mouth of the Thames,' THOMAS S. ROBINSON. The boat is on the edge of the sand-bank at low water, and the men are lifting in their net. The view is taken from a point off the Essex shore—the most dangerous passage in the intricate navigation of the estuary. In the picture we see here at once the process of deep-water shrimping.

No. 14. \* \* \* \* \* HENRY TIDEY. The theme here proposed is the refrain of an old Scottish song—

"My wife she's but a wee thing,  
Just come frae her mammy."

We find accordingly the "wee thing," a well-grown girl, leaning on a fragment of rock in an open landscape, in a very *far niente* humour.

She wears a yellow gown, tucked up at the side, giving a sight of the petticoat, by way of a *variorum*. The face is pretty, and the venture of the yellow gown is skilfully brought into harmony with the rest of the composition.

No. 28. 'An Improvisatore—in the Forum, Rome,' L. HAGHE. It is not the improvisatore and his Romagnole audience that here arrest the eye, or occupy the thought. We have in front of us the Colosseum, or Coliseum, for custom

"Spells the classic syllables both ways,"

and the student of Art will at once recognise his whereabouts near the Academy of St. Luke, and the student of history the sites of the Arc of Septimius Severus, the Temples of Vesta and of Antoninus and Faustina, amid a wilderness of ruin, curiously engrafted with the ill-assorted edifices of to-day. Well done, patient and thoughtful painter! thy work is a historical commentary, mocking Ronulus, and Tacitus, and all their successors. The whole of the ruins are lighted by a declining sun, and the modern buildings are as little obtruded as possible.

No. 29. 'Morning at Eastbourne, Sussex,' J. H. MOLE. A bit of the coast beyond the Sea-Houses, and looking towards St. Leonard's: sweet in colour.

No. 34. 'Punta di Quintavalle—Fishing Craft on the Lagune, Venice,' J. H. D'EGVILLE. These boats are always picturesque, and generally rich in colour; but the uniform smoothness of these lagoons is not favourable to marine effect.

No. 35. 'Bodiam Castle, Sussex,' W. BENNETT. An effective view of this interesting ruin, giving the causeway across the moat, and the gateway tower, with the near intervening trees. This stout old castle was built by a soldier of the French wars of Edward III., and presents one of the most beautiful moated ruins that we know.

No. 41. 'Eskneals, Cumberland—Scawfell, Hardknot, &c., in the distance,' J. FAHEY. The Esk is not visible here, but it has its course somewhere towards the low spurs of the hills that close the view. We are clearly in Cumberland, the features of the Welsh and Highland hills are distinct from what we see. The drawing is perfectly harmonious in colour, and is most happy in its expression of space.

No. 42. 'On the Terrace at Haddon,' JOHN CHASE. This artist has taken many subjects from Haddon, all of which he treats with perfect conscientiousness. The hall itself, the terrace, and the trees, are too frequently unduly exaggerated; but such is not the case here.

No. 47. 'Nuremberg,' T. S. BOYS. As the buildings here are like those of no other city in Europe, it is easy to recognise Nuremberg, the city of palatial *magazines*. We seem to be placed with our back to the Königsbrücke, looking towards the Lorenzkirche. Every street in this place is a picture.

No. 51. 'Room in a Moorish House, Algiers,' CHARLES VACHER. This, in the residence of a wealthy Mohammedan, would be an apartment in the harem; it contains three women, all sufficiently listless and *ennuyées*.

No. 58. 'The First Step in Life,' W. LEE. The infant essayist is the child of a French fisherman, and, encouraged by her little brother, she is tottering towards the outstretched arms of her mother. The drawing is distinguished by the most delicate and beautiful finish.

No. 61. 'A Peep at Naworth Castle, Cumberland,' D. H. M'KEWAN. Independently of its association with Belted Will, Naworth has a story of its own to tell, and its site and surroundings will always make it dear to the painter. Shaded by the dense foliage that overhangs the rivulet, we obtain a spare glimpse of the angle of one of the towers. There is but little of the edifice seen, but we know of

no other building to which that little could belong but Naworth.

No. 78. 'The Murder of Rizzio,' L. HAGHE. In Jerome's 'Assassination of Caesar,' exhibited last season in the Champs Elysées, he leaves his victim on the floor of the senate-house, whence his murderers are hastening forth. In Delaroche's 'Murder of the Duke of Guise,' the body also lies apart, and this Jerome seems to have remembered in his composition. Mr. Haghe approaches his subject more boldly, and we find the wretched Rizzio struggling in the hands of the conspirators, Ruthven, Morton, and Lindsay, the first of whom is in the act of stabbing him. The room in which the queen was at supper is not more than twelve feet square, and the place in which the murder took place is not so large as the apartment here represented. The subject is, however, at once declared in the composition.

No. 89. 'Parish Church at Eckernförde, in Holstein,' CARL WERNER. A Protestant church, fitted up with pews, like our own places of worship. A principal object is a large bell-shaped metal font with relief figures round it. The whole of the detailed drawing is extremely minute, yet the breadth of the picture is, withal, admirably maintained.

No. 94. 'The Good Samaritan,' HENRY WARREN. The scriptural incident is secondary to a very poetical description of twilight, not on the road between Jerusalem and Jericho, but on the rugged banks of the Red Sea, the tranquil surface of which reflects the subdued light, that yet lingers in the sky. The Samaritan ministers to the wounded man, in the centre of the picture—the priest and the Levite appear wending their way to the left, and our wonder is that they have been able to pass at all, as the place is strewn with fragments, wildly disposed, like the ruins of a former nature. The whole is presided over by the dew-distilling stars, which re-appear in the lustrous mirror of the water. The scene is one of the most impressive solemnity.

No. 95. 'Loch Awe, with Ben Cruachan, from Cladich, Argyleshire,' AARON PENLEY. This is a large drawing, in which the loch occupies the centre of the composition, with the mountain rising on the left. The view is presented under the effect of rain. The foreground is opaque, and deficient in gradation.

No. 100. 'A Summer's Morning in the Woods,' EDMUND G. WARREN. A close study of trees, whereof the artist, with much success, essays a definition of the varieties of his arborescence. The leafage, in its massing and fullness, is unusually rich for water-colour.

No. 102. 'Haddon Hall,' JOHN CHASE. A large drawing, giving a portion of the house, with the steps leading to the terrace.

No. 109. 'Berncastel, Moselle,' G. SIMONAU. The subject is one of the streets of the town, the houses being constructed with the wooden frame-work common to this neighbourhood. The drawing is rendered heavy by the blackness of the stronger tones.

No. 113. 'Coast of Cornwall—Evening,' the late S. COOK. The scenery of this coast seems to have admirably suited the genius of the artist. This drawing is deficient in the clearness of antecedent works, but it is yet a production of much beauty.

No. 114. 'Place Pucelle, Rouen,' G. HOWSE. This is one of the abiding features of the ancient city of Rouen, of which so much has been swept away by the spirit of improvement. No artist visits Rouen without sketching the Place Pucelle. It is here very faithfully delineated.

No. 119. 'Fishing Vessels off Wicklow Head, Dublin Bay,' EDWIN HAYES. The movement and volume of the water in this drawing are very successfully rendered.

No. 123. 'An Idle Afternoon,' J. W. WHYM-

PER. A close wood scene on a river bank; the masses of the foliage are distinct and definite, the whole having been apparently studied from the *locale* represented; as for the *idlesse*, there are two figures, but how they are bestowing their tediousness does not clearly appear.

No. 128. 'Venice as it was—A Patrician Family going out in a Gondola, Palazzo Cadore,' CARL WERNER. This is a scene near the entrance of the grand canal—a restoration of the state of the sixteenth century, wherein we see one of the Venetian nobles in his state robes, about to embark in his gondola, on some mission of national ceremony. But a more impressive picture than this, and a pendant to it, is No. 169, 'Venice as it is, Palazzo Delfini,' showing the water gate of the palace, with a population of domestic fowls—a severe commentary on the most romantic page of European history. It is an admirable drawing, amply realizing the proposition of the title.

No. 135. 'Garden Entrance, Roslyn Chapel,' JOHN CHASE. A very accurate representation—very true in colour and texture.

No. 143. 'L'Italia,' J. M. JOPLING. A head and bust of, perhaps, a Contadina, small life-size, worked out with infinite exactitude. The right hand is raised to the neck, but the angle formed by the hand and arm is too abrupt.

No. 147. 'British Troops forcing the passage of a river under heavy fire,' G. B. CAMPION. This is a large drawing, necessarily full of movement; but the "heavy fire" has not yet taken effect. The river divides the composition, and through the stream a battery of guns is with difficulty passing, a battalion of Highlanders having just preceded them. The scene has about it an air of *traisemblance*, but the rust on the wheels of the gun-carriages is an impossibility.

No. 148. 'The Port of Genoa,' T. L. ROWBOTHAM. The view along the line of quay and coast, comprehending Pier d'Arena and terminating with the lofty ridges in the distance, is a subject so tempting that no artistic visitor to the city of palaces can resist painting it. The place is here pronounced distinctly enough.

No. 152. \* \* \* \* HENRY TIDEY.

"Death should come  
Gently to one of gentle mould like thee.  
As light winds wandering through groves of bloom,  
Detach the delicate blossoms from the tree."

Such are the lines standing in the place of a title to this drawing, the subject of which is a group of an old man and a girl—his granddaughter, it may be, who seems in an advanced stage of pulmonary disease. The subject is rendered painful from its very truthfulness of description.

No. 153. 'Short Horns and Alderneys,' G. H. LAPORTE. These animals are as well drawn and characterized as any cattle of this class we have ever seen: they show the very highest breeding.

No. 156. 'A Recollection of Dieppe,' G. HOWSE. A rather large drawing, showing only the chateau and the heights, with a section of the beach, on which are boats and figures.

No. 160. 'The Wounded Deer,' CHARLES H. WEIGALL. The title suggests at once the theme—

"To-day my lord of Amlens and myself  
Did steal behind him as he lay along  
Under an oak, whose antique root peeps out  
Upon the brook that brawls along the wood," &c.

We see, accordingly, the "melancholy man" lying as described, contemplating the stag at the brook. But the deer is the picture; he is in the immediate foreground, a very accurate study of a buck of the ordinary park breed.

No. 166. 'Llyn Idwall, North Wales,' THOMAS LINDSAY. The impression which it

is proposed to convey, is that given by Roscoe's description of the lake "infamous for the murder of the young Prince Idwall, by the hands of his treacherous guardian;" and it is here a dread solitude, looking as if "the place were cursed."

No. 177. 'Sennen Beach, Cornwall,' JAMES G. PHILP. This drawing is harmonious in colour, and the iron-bound character of the coast is fittingly described.

No. 182. 'The Vale of Esk, Cumberland, from Muncester Terrace; Scawfell, Hardknot, and other mountains in the distance,' JAMES FAHEY. The flat of the near and remoter distances is here a verdant basin, of which the sides are an amphitheatre of mountains, rising in successive ridges. The Esk makes no figure in the view, but so well are the sites described that an intelligent spectator says at once, "A watercourse lies there." The entire landscape is rich in summertime verdure, and its character is purely Cumbrian.

No. 187. 'Ouvre la bouche petite!' W. LEE. These words are addressed by a little French cottage girl to her doll, which she is feeding with a large wooden spoon. The drawing is happy in colour, and most careful in manipulation.

No. 190. 'Snowdon from Trath Mawr,' H. C. PRIDGON. The most important work we have ever seen under this name, and it may be said the most successful. It is a large drawing, consisting of two well contrasted parts.—the flat expanse of the lake and its bed, and the mountains by which it is on all sides enclosed, with Snowdon enthroned in the centre. The whole is presented under a dripping rain-cloud.

No. 191. 'Canale San Pietro, Venice,' J. H. D'EGVILLE. This is an oil picture, presenting a view of a portion of the outskirts of the city, bright with an effect of afternoon sun.

No. 204. 'View from Heaven's Gate, Longleat, Wilts, where Bishop Ken composed the Morning and Evening Hymns,' W. BENNETT. Heaven's Gate is the name given to the crest of an eminence in the park of the Marquis of Bath, commanding a most extensive view over the counties of Wilts and Somerset. This seems to be the view over a part of Wiltshire, leaving on the left the White Horse of Westbury. The effect is that of a sunny summer day, with the light breaking on the tops of the trees; but the distance is veiled by the misty light. It is surprising that the subject has not before been painted.

No. 207. 'Hide and Seek,' J. H. MOLE. Two rustic children hiding behind a tree from their father and brother. A piece of sylvan material very agreeable in colour.

No. 210. 'A Drinking Fountain at Albano,' L. HAGHE. A drawing of much excellence, but not so interesting as Mr. Haghe's historic interiors. It is full of movement, the figures being numerous—all water-carriers in the Italian peasant costume.

No. 216. 'Leith Hill from Haslemere,' J. W. WHYMPER. The subject is of that class of landscape that we see nowhere else but in England—an expanse densely planted with trees, yet more like a garden than a forest: sketchy, but forcible in effect.

No. 217. 'Windsor, from a sketch taken in 1842,' EDWARD RICHARDSON. The view is taken from a point above the bridge on the Eton side—the best view of the lower part of Windsor, though not of the castle; the latter, however, towers commandingly above the houses. The drawing has much sweetness of colour, with a well-adjusted balance of lights and darks.

No. 224. 'Queen Mab,' HENRY TIDEY. The scene in which the fairy queen calls forth the soul of the sleeping Ianthe. In this large drawing we are perhaps more struck

with the technical subtlety of the art than with the imaginative power shown by the artist, though that is limited to no mean ratio. Ianthe lies on the couch, but the soul, in her personal image, sits in shade beyond her, looking at the fairy queen, who has risen in her chariot, and is in the act of waving her wand. The queen is a nude figure, very filmy it is true; but this condition, even in a fairy queen, is a derogation from regal state. We feel that Ianthe is made of this earth, and contrasts forcibly with all her shadowy surroundings: perhaps the artist intended that it should be so. The visionary part of the composition shows boundless conceptive resource.

No. 234. 'Sorrento, Monte Sant' Angelo, Vesuvius, &c., from the road to Massa, Bay of Naples,' CHARLES VACHER. A large drawing, wherein is traced the bay on this side in a vast circuit, looking towards Naples beyond Vesuvius. It is sunset, and the tranquillity of the scene is such that we seem to hear the peasants discoursing. It looks a very faithful representation of the place.

No. 240. 'The Bower of Roses,' HENRY WARREN.

"There's a bower of roses by Bendemeer's stream,  
And the nightingale sings round it all the day long;  
In the time of my childhood 'twas like a sweet dream  
To sit in the roses and hear the bird's song."

The maiden who thus sang to Azim is represented, according to her own description, listening to the nightingale; but she is introduced as a nude study, which, to a majority of tastes, may be an unpalatable rendering.

No. 241. 'Wimpton on the Neckar,' EDWARD RICHARDSON. A very romantic subject, drawn and coloured with masterly feeling.

No. 245. 'Hall of the Emperors at Goslar, in Germany. Paintings on the walls representing the old Saxon Emperors and the Sibiys, painted by Michael Wohlgemuth, master of Albrecht Dürer,' CARL WERNER. This place, which is very little known to artists and ordinary travellers, is in the kingdom of Hanover, and the once splendid interior of which Herr Werner here presents the remnant, was a portion of the palace of the emperors of Germany. Michael Wohlgemuth was a leading star of the Art-galaxy that shone out from Nuremberg in the fifteenth century. The quaint character of the painting, as interpreted here, bespeaks the school.

No. 250. 'Saul at Endor,' EDWARD HENRY CORBOULD. We have again to signalize the beautiful *finesse* of water-colour art in skillful hands; the effects are more striking than the manner of the narrative. Samuel is the principal figure, but as a spirit he is too material: this is felt from the substantial prominence of the figure, Saul and the woman being less than secondary. The picture is, however, an excellent production, but a remedy to the objections instanced, would make it yet better.

No. 261. 'Annie Leslie, *vide* Mrs. S. C. Hall's Irish Tales,' CHARLES H. WEIGALL. A very carefully studied figure; she stands just within the gate of a well-ordered garden. We have had frequent occasion to eulogize this artist as a bird and animal painter, but the quality of his figures is equal to that of the best of his other subjects.

No. 266. 'View on the Swale, Richmond, Yorkshire,' W. TELBIN. This is the nearest approach to "Pre-Raphaelite" art in the gallery. The view seems to have been taken from the ridge on which the castle stands, commanding the course of the Swale in the direction of Northallerton: a careful study, and an identity as to locality.

On the screens there are some pleasing drawings by EMILY FARMER, MRS. MARGETS, HARRISON WEIR, MRS. OLIVER, E. H. WERNER, and others.



## WILLIAM VON KAULBACH.

It is always a subject of astonishment to see totally opposite qualities, be they what they may, united in one and the same person: but when these qualities are in themselves of a lofty nature, and exhibit in their development the proofs of

transcendent power, mere astonishment then gives place to wonder, and we bow down with respect before a nature which we instinctively feel to be not of the common order. It is a prerogative of genius to possess the faculty of accommodating itself to the field of action that may chance to lie before it, whereon to exercise its power. It is rare, however, to behold it grappling with almost equal

success any of the difficulties which the emanations of the human intellect may present. But this rarity arises from the fact that great genius is also rare; for such multifarious power implies a genius that is supreme. There is something approaching god-like power in such minds as Shakspeare's and Goethe's—finding equal delight in the stern and the lovely, the grand and the child-like; now de-



voting all their energies with firm and resolute will to penetrate some hitherto unfathomed depth, now giving full play to the most capricious fancy, and letting it rove to the farthest zones, or build, at its own pleasure, fantastic worlds peopled with fantastic inhabitants. And we delight the more at

such playful disporting, when we find one giving way to it who, like Atlas, could carry a world upon his shoulders; a Titan who, did he choose, might rend and hurl mountains asunder, but who finds sweet pastime in sitting beside a brook, and from a reed, cut on its margin, enticing the gentlest

pipings. "A Midsummer Night's Dream" delights us as a most exquisite production, but it grows into a great marvel when we remember that the same mind which dictated it, had also in its recesses the thoughts out of which were moulded "King Lear" and "Macbeth."





come; they are calm and earnest like their imposing leader, whose beard is streaming in the wind. "Re-animation," observes Leigh Hunt, "is perhaps the most ghastly of all ghastly things, uniting as it does an appearance of natural interdiction from the next world with a supernatural experience of it. Our human consciousness is jarred out of its self-possession." Yet here is re-animation without the "jarring." The figures retain their mortal shape, and so excite our sympathy; while there is yet in them enough of the world beyond the grave for us to connect with them a sense of spiritual wonder. Admirably managed is the gradation of the resuscitated state: the more etherealized being still connected—we are made to feel this—with the cold sleep of death. The picture is full of beautiful episodes, such as we are sure to find in Kaulbach's greater works.

Let us now turn to a work which has afforded us, and assuredly every one who has seen it, exquisite enjoyment; for while we admire the beautiful in Art, our best and gentlest feelings are touched, and genial sympathies are awakened, by companionship with sweet, gladdening, ever-lovable childhood. If it were only that we here see the gracefully rounded forms of children in all their winning beauty, this work would have for us an irresistible charm. But it affords an additional pleasurable emotion. When we watch a group of little ones acting with judge-like gravity their pre-arranged parts, how exquisite is the pleasure felt as we listen to their mock-heroic speeches, and catch the movements of offended majesty. The very heart overflows and yearns to these embryo men, with their simple thoughts, fresh cheeks and voices, and still fresh untainted souls. There is the pleasure which the sight of such innocence affords, as well as the grace of form. Besides this, a playful humour—harmless withal—is inseparable from the achievements of such little actors. But when they become the representatives of historical characters, and we see the chubby form emerging from a toga, or sitting frowning as Cæsar in the triumphal car, with grave face and matronly robes acting the Pythoness, or with coy maidenly dignity turning away from an infant satyr-lover, then such drama does indeed become in the highest degree delectable.

And it is just such drama that we have here. In the frieze for the new Museum at Berlin is thus represented the course of Universal History; and on the stage, which is here the world, little men and women are the players.

Now that we set seriously to work to attempt a description of the composition, we are first aware of the difficulty of the task we have undertaken. However, the trial must be made.

We must premise that, being a frieze, the representation in question runs round the building, as the so-called Elgin marbles did round the buildings of the Acropolis. On this field meanders, in a waving line, a continuous branch of foliage; and in and among this, or entwined with it, are the childish figures or groups; while here and there such leafy stem forms the lower part of some tiny actor, who thus, merman-like, is disporting among verdure and blossoms. At intervals this meandering, wave-like line is interrupted, and two figures in an erect posture will mark an epoch in history, and show where a new era begins.

But in order that our readers may obtain a clearer notion of the composition than a description only,—even the most graphic could give,—two fragments of the frieze are here presented to their view; and the plan of the composition being now made familiar to them, they will more easily be able to follow the account of the other parts.\*

\* These woodcuts have been copied, by the kind permission of Mr. Alexander Duncker, of Berlin, from the large copper-plate engravings forming part of the magnificent work of which he is the publisher. It will consist of six very large engravings, besides eighteen smaller ones—small, however, only when compared to the others—and these will give the single figures which ornament the different compartments of the walls, as well as the whole frieze. Besides the pictures named in the text, the work will contain Moses, Solon, History, Venus, Homer, and the Greeks, Painting and Architecture. The execution of these noble engravings leaves nothing to be desired, for they have been entrusted to men whose artistic reputation ranks the highest in Germany. The work has been proceeded with slowly, and with the utmost care, that it might, in every way, prove a worthy monument of German art: and it is so truly. Unfortunately, it is, as yet, but

In this first part, here given, is depicted the origin and infancy of the human race, over which hangs somewhat of obscurity, as denoted by the bat struggling in the grasp of the first figure. We see the human form to which a soul is being



given. The groups that follow are charming in

little known in England, and we should rejoice if this notice directed attention to a work which cannot fail to delight any man of taste, and which, to the English artist, must prove of inestimable value.

composition, and nothing can be prettier than the way in which the nursery tale of the stork that brings the babies is made a reality. The serpent offers the apple of temptation as soon as existence begins; then comes the she-wolf of Rome, and the discord which, as soon the young colony has gained a little strength, breaks out in strife and violence. A succession of groups follow, full of animation, representing the period when man, leading a nomadic life, waged constant war with the wild animals of the forest: two young hunters attacking a lion, and in the centre a panther bounding away with her prey in her jaws, pursued by a youthful Nimrod and his dogs. The stag, and the wild boar that haunts the sedgy banks of the Nile, are also here; all serving to mark, as well as the last figure of the group, a difference of country, and thus to typify the migration of the nations. A new division is marked by a bridal train sacrificing to Isis. The goddess, in the embrace of her brother, rises out of the chalice of a lotus flower, on each side of which the two figures are presenting their gifts. Among the foliage, on one side, is the ibis, picking up a snake; and, coming immediately after, is represented a childish freak which, however, serves to denote the land of Egypt, already marked very clearly by the ibis, and in the features and head-gear of the two lovers. A boy, with an ugly mask before his face, through the mouth of which he stretches his arm, holding a flaming torch, frightens his companion, who, in all his round infantine nakedness, tumbles backwards, with his feet in the air, scared and overcome. Thus is personified the wicked Typhon who killed his brother Osiris; and the firebrand not only denotes the sedition raised by Typhon throughout the land, during the absence of his brother, but also the hot blasting air of the desert that comes but to destroy. A recumbent figure is beneath, resting on an over-turned water-jar, into which a frog is peeping; out of it, however, the refreshing element drops but sparingly.

Connected with these figures comes the second engraving which we have been enabled to give. We leave Egypt and turn now to Greece. The division, as will be seen, is marked by two priests offering a libation to the gods. In the forms of the Egyptian worshippers all was precise, hard, stiff, and angular. They bore the impress of that sphynx-like calm which marks so characteristically all the temples of that wondrous land. A tremendous secret, that dare not be divulged, makes itself felt everywhere; it rests on the closed lips of the idols; it lies hidden in the shadows which the stupendous columns cast around. All is the very reverse of Christianity, which tells of "life even in death." Egyptian worship impresses with an awful dread, for we see before us life spell-bound and dumb—"death in life." How different the elastic forms of these Grecian worshippers! With natural motion, in no prescribed attitude, each performs, as he will, his part in the ceremony; the mouths of both these are not closed, but open, to pour forth a song of praise, to express, not conceal, the emotions of the soul. The busy groups here speak for themselves, and surely never was the origin of the Arts so attractively set forth. The sweet honey colours have even allured the dog that licks the palette. The architect-beaver, coming with plan and mason's rule stuck in his girdle, to instruct the workman, is thoroughly in accordance with the playfulness of Kaulbach's nature. Nor less so is the satire conveyed in the next group, of which Orpheus is the centre; the tones of his lyre are so inspiring that the ass cannot refrain from offering, with a look of worshipping stupidity, a wreath to the wonderful musician. It is of thistles, however, the plant the asinine nature loves best. The elephant, comfortably seated, the fore-legs crossed over his well-filled paunch, with an air of self-satisfied dilettantism, stretches out his trunk to crown the singer with a branch of laurel. Those to whom the animals in "Reynard the Fox" are familiar will be able to imagine how comic this episode, in such hands, must be. Then we have the Platonic philosophy; and next comes a graceful little figure, winding off the fine thread which a silkworm is spinning; while above, on the opposite side, two spiders, from whom the textile art was learnt, are weaving their web. Suspended by some threads we often see an unfortunate fly, reserved by the spider for future consumption, entwined by the fatal meshes, like a malefactor hanging in chains. Here, also, are two such victims in the web; but,



on looking nearer, we find, instead of flies, they are democratic-looking socialists, or red republicans, or whatever the men of the revolutionary party of 1848 were termed. It is impossible to repress a laugh on seeing these mustached, bandit-like personages, with heads falling on one side, thus gibbeted. But, to make the irony complete, each spider has on its round body two cross-lines, denoting the white species called the cross-spider, which is not more implacable and blood-thirsty in pursuit of its prey than was the well-known Prussian journal, the *Kreutz* (cross) *Zeitung*, in persecuting political offenders. A child, seated among the foliage, now follows, playing on a pipe before a nest of birds, while a satyr leans listening at his ease, holding the while pandean pipes idly in his hand.

The ideal and realistic philosophy is admirably represented by two infantine professors: the one, Plato, with severe, but enthusiastic, mien, setting forth his views, while with uplifted finger he points on high; and the other, Aristotle, a volume closed under his arm, demonstrates on his fingers how one proposition is deduced from, and must necessarily follow, the other. Between the disputants stands Atlas on a pedestal, a celestial globe upon his shoulders. The story of Pandora's box follows; and a Roman standard, with the eagle and SPQR, forms, again, a land-mark, and denotes that here is a new division, and that the history of another people begins. Chained to this upraised trophy are two little weeping prisoners, each different in character, subjugated by the might of imperial Rome. The groups which now succeed are doubly amusing, for here all the lilliputian actors are playing the parts of heroes and conquerors, and with frowning mien, and triumphant imperial air, are receiving the homage of the vanquished; with stoical imperturbability looking on, while Mutius Scaevola thrusts his brand into the flame, or, Cæsar-like, in triumphal car, holds the sceptre, while subjugated monarchs follow in the train. Then appears an infant Varus, stabbing himself in his despair. Later we see two little urchins fighting with right good will, tearing from each other's head the laurel which adorns it; while one tries, during the scuffle, to reach the crown, and sword, and sceptre of authority, suspended above him. And now again comes a new era. The cross is raised, and round its top a crown of thorns. Staggering before the dazzling light, which emanates from it, are two Roman soldiers; while above, a female figure, a crown on her head, and with upraised hands, falls back powerless at the sight. Here the old world ends.

Although the cartoon itself is finished, no more than what we have described has yet been engraved; and we must therefore finish our account here, not venturing to trust, for the rest, to memory alone.

The single figure which is here engraved, is 'Die Saga,' or Tradition, and the place of its destination is that compartment of the wall immediately under the birth of the first mortals, as represented in the frieze. So grandly conceived a figure loses much when reduced to a smaller size. In the large proportions of the cartoon there is something awe-inspiring in the prophetic gaze of the seer, staring into a future, and remembering, too, all the tremendous events of the present and the past. The whole figure, the drapery, the druidical stones on which she sits, the fallen crown with which she is playing, and the urns of mouldering bones beneath her feet—all is admirably imagined, and impresses us with the very feelings such a figure should excite. How entirely different is this from the undulating scenes, where groups of children were playing their busy parts! There are other single figures in the several compartments,—Moses, Solon, &c.,—grand, stern, and imposing; but we have chosen 'Tradition,' to contrast with the serenity and loveliness of the frieze, as doing so most strikingly.

The sly blow above alluded to, aimed at that political party which, in the recent important struggle, played so abject a part—and now, had it not been rendered innocuous, would do so again—is not the only satirical allusion in the composition of the frieze. But there is a vast difference between the introduction of such here, and those certain representations of personal satire on the walls of the New Pinakothek. In the latter, the satirical element predominates—in, indeed, the special characteristic; moreover, as regards size, these frescoes are on a grand scale, and they are, too, on the

outer walls of a public building, under the open sky, exposed to the view of every passer, and have thus a distinctly monumental character. The allusions in the frieze are entirely subordinate, and are flung completely in the background: they in no wise form a part of the story, or are mixed up with it, but are so kept back that, unless sought for, they might be passed by unnoticed. We wish it were so with the first frescoes of the series to which we have adverted; and, still more, that they had never been painted.

In the illustrations to "Reynard the Fox," Kaulbach has proved that he is able to wield with annihilating power, the very weapons which men most dread; before which they shrink and tremble from the ranking wounds that such always leave behind them. The very care with which all is done, and sycophancy, cunning, dulness, affectation, cringing meanness, and incompetency, are laid bare, makes him the more formidable, and, consequently, the more feared. Now we do not love those whom we fear. And in truth not few in number are they who have an unkind or malicious remark ever ready when Kaulbach's name is mentioned. But a man to whom things present themselves in a true light, and in their real proportions, and who from naturally sharp observation and much experience can see into the hidden sources of men's acts, undecieved by the false surface purposely laid on to hide what is beneath; who, knowing the ignorance of dilettantism, the shallowness of popular judgment, and the blandishments by which praise is courted and obtained, estimates these accordingly—one too who has been the object of many an impotent attack and many an insidious detraction—such an one, we dare say, at times may have in his manner somewhat of superciliousness, and his remarks too may be unsparringly severe.

With regard to character we have a faith of our own. No one, for example, will ever make us believe that the man to whom every child is at once willing to go, trusting in and drawn towards him instinctively, can be a thoroughly bad man. Let others say what they will, the instinct of the child weighs more with us than the judgment of riper age. And as little do we believe that the poet or painter who feels a joy in depicting infancy, and who can give it all its unconscious grace, and that divine impress which makes it so holy a state, is one in whom envy and uncharitableness can find a home.

There may be sarcastic bitterness in such a man's words, and it may be possible to cite acts of his which denote the egotist; but with the like fair evidences of his inner being before us—and such works are emanations of the inner man as he really is—we should say that this discrepancy or discordance was a superinduced state, a later graft, modifying the original more uniform amenity: a barrier raised perhaps in self-defence, a weapon of defiance hurled back in return for many a dart received from envious foes.

Kaulbach's works exercise a supremacy of their own; they permanently take possession of us. We return to them again and again with undiminished pleasure; and though an exquisite sense of beauty of form characterizes them all, and ever discloses itself, we never feel that this pulls upon us, for it never degenerates into weakness. Nor let us forget that his is a healthy sense of beauty; sober, chaste, and full of dignity. We do not find the morbid, the eccentric, or the abnormal here; all such are utterly discarded. And in the most exquisitely beautiful female form—and these creations of Kaulbach are the perfection of womanly loveliness—there is not the slightest deviation from a high ideal, not the merest approach even to anything like sensual voluptuousness; perfect refinement reigns throughout.

It is not our wish to claim precedence for Kaulbach, to the exclusion of another; or, in speaking with decision of his particular qualities, to be thought to undervalue the achievements of such men as Cornelius, Veit, and Schnorr, who have raised German Art to so lofty an eminence; but this we must say, that Kaulbach stands apart from all the rest.

The fine work published in Berlin by Mr. Duncker, will not only enable those who have not yet done so to study Kaulbach's compositions—a study which we earnestly recommend—but it also affords an opportunity of testing the truth of our criticism, of deciding whether it is sanctioned by calm judgment, or whether partiality has interfered to guide our pen; and, with much confidence, we abide the proof.

C. B.

## THE TURNER GALLERY.

## DIDO BUILDING CARTHAGE.

Engraved by E. Goodall.

WITH this engraving is commenced that series of illustrations from the pictures by Turner, which we announced some time since as preparing for publication in the *Art-Journal*, and which will appear at intervals of no long date, as the prints can be got ready for insertion. The value of these engravings to our work requires no comment; we are sure our subscribers will recognise in their introduction a desire on the part of the conductors of the Journal to vary, as well as to enhance, its interest by making it the medium of whatever is good and beautiful in Art.

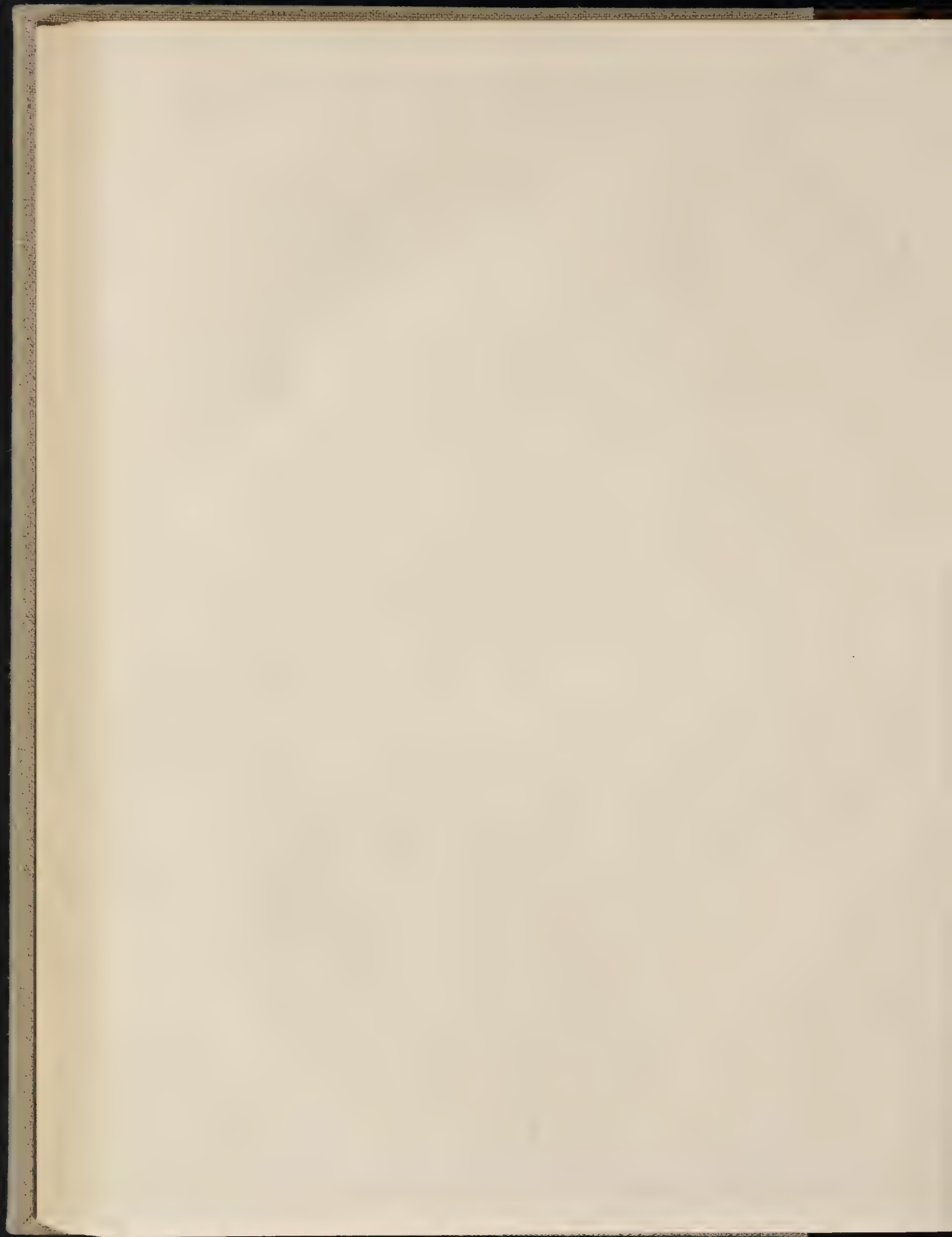
It was the fashion with some, not very many years ago, to speak disparagingly of the works of Turner; this arose either from ignorance or misrepresentation: men took no pains to understand him, and therefore his pictures were as a sealed book to them. Now, however, a "change comes o'er the spirit of their dreams;" the Turner bequest has opened the eyes of the blind, and enlightened the minds of the ignorant; and if all which he did cannot be clearly understood, there is, at least, almost a universal recognition of a something that pleases and astonishes, though it may not always be comprehended and felt. This is especially the case with his latest works, where he almost entirely abjured form and depended on colour, employing this as the interpreter of his poetical compositions, and in such a manner that the mind became bewildered in the attempt to discover his meaning. It may possibly be urged, that Art developed in such a way is not genuine, for Art is only the expression or representation of Nature, whose characters all may decipher. But, then, every man looks at Nature, and reads her, after his own fashion, and oftentimes in a manner very unlike that of others; and Turner, who saw Nature as none else saw her, presented her in a manner quite distinct from that of any other artist who ever lived;—a great poet-painter, he revealed her beauties with a mind untrammelled by the dogmas of schools and traditions, and unmindful of the sneers of those who either could not, or would not, understand him. He had, doubtless, a well-grounded conviction that the time would come—and a very few years have sufficed to establish the claim—when, by almost universal consent, he would be pronounced the greatest landscape-painter the world has seen.

But whatever exceptions may be taken to his works as paintings, all difficulties vanish when we see them as engravings. Turner owes his celebrity among thousands to the operations of the burin, which, in the hands of the skilled engraver, gives, if we may so employ the quotation, to his "airy nothings a local habitation and a name;" or, in other words, the engraver shows us, legibly and emphatically, what the artist meant to show. Here we lose sight of the colour which often only glittered to dazzle, and we have the mind of the painter expressed in mere black and white; and now it is that his vast genius is comprehended as well as seen, his mysteries are all cleared away, and he stands forth unrivalled in the annals of Art.

The picture of 'Dido building Carthage' belongs to the painter's second period,—most of our readers are doubtless aware that his works may be classified under, or divided into, three epochs or styles. This was painted in 1815, and is one of the last executed in the manner of Claude, but with far more of poetical feeling in the composition than the latter ever attained to, and of less than Turner would have thrown into it, if he had given the rein to his imagination, instead of working, as it were, after a model. Still it is in every way a grand picture: a magnificent combination of fine architecture, noble landscape, and gorgeous sky, illuminated by a flood of sunlight warm and glowing. The late Sir George Beaumont was of opinion that no painter equal Claude. Turner determined to show that he, at least, was able to enter the arena with the great Italian artist,—or rather, French, for Claude was born in France. This picture was one of those painted, as it may be said, in competition; and, that the world might form its judgment by comparison, Turner stipulated, when he bequeathed his works to the country, that it should be placed in juxtaposition with the two most famous Claudes in the National Gallery. It is now in the gallery at Kensington.









## PICTURE SALES.

BEFORE noticing the paintings which have been sold by auction since our last report, we would direct attention to the sale, by Messrs. Sotheby and Wilkinson, on the 18th of April, of a valuable collection of engravings, made by the late Mr. M. J. Johnson, Radcliffe Observer in the University of Oxford. The attendance of amateurs and dealers was very large, owing to the high character and rarity of the prints offered for disposal; the prices realized by the latter were commensurate with their importance; indeed, the sums at which they were, generally, knocked down, seemed to astound those in the room. We can only find space to enumerate a few of the highest. 'Descent from the Cross,' Claessens, after Rubens, first proof before letters, very rare, 25*l.*; 'Bolton Abbey,' S. Consins, after Sir E. Landseer, first proof before any letters, fine and very rare, 21*l.*; 'La Belle Jardinière,' Desnoyers, after Raffaele, first proof before the letters, with all its margin, rare and valuable, 29*l.*; 'La Vierge au Linge,' Desnoyers, after Raffaele, proof in the first state, before the drapery on the infant Saviour, and before all letters, most rare and fine, 25*l.*; 'La Vierge aux Rochers,' Desnoyers, after Leonardo da Vinci, first proof before all letters, with all its margin, 20*l.*; 'Adam and Eve,' Albert Durer, very fine and rare, 46*l.*; 'St. Hubert,' Albert Durer, 42*l.*; 'Ecce Homo,' Lucas van Leyden, 20*l.*; the 'Spasalizio,' Longhi, after Raffaele, a most brilliant and rare proof before any letters, very rare, 74*l.*; 'The Last Supper,' Morghein, after Leonardo da Vinci, a most splendid impression, before the letters, and with the white plate, an engraving of the greatest rarity, 316*l.*; 'The Transfiguration,' Morghein, after Raffaele, 24*l.*; 'Aurora,' Morghein, after Guido, a fine and brilliant proof, 50*l.*; 'The Penitent Magdalen,' Morghein, after Murillo, a very rare and brilliant early proof, 35*l.*; 'Parce Somnum Rumpere,' Morghein, after Titian, proof before letters, but with the artist's name, fine, and very scarce, 26*l.*; 'Portrait of Raffaele,' Morghein, proof before letters, but with the artist's name, fine and rare, 17*l.* 10*s.*; 'The Madonna di San Sisto,' F. Müller, after Raffaele, fine and most brilliant proof before any letters, in splendid condition, 120*l.*; the 'Five Saints,' Marc Antonio Raimondi, after Raffaele, fine and rare, 66*l.*; 'Parnassus,' M. A. Raimondi, after Raffaele, 35*l.*; 'St. Paul Preaching at Athens,' M. A. Raimondi, after Raffaele, 36*l.*; 'The Judgment of Paris,' M. A. Raimondi, after Raffaele, one of the finest impressions known of a print of the greatest rarity, 320*l.*; 'Massacre of the Innocents,' M. A. Raimondi, after Raffaele, with the 'Chicot,' a most brilliant impression, but with one of the corners restored, 61*l.* The number of lots in this sale exceeded 180; the whole realized £3,359 *ls.* 6*d.*

The number of English pictures brought into the auction-rooms this season is unusually great; it can only be accounted for, we presume, by the high prices which purchasers are contented to give for them.

On the 21st of April Messrs. Christie, Manson, and Woods, disposed of the pictures belonging to the late Mr. I. K. Brunel, of which we record the following:—'Rustic Landscape,' Sir A. W. Calcott, 118 *gs.*; 'Landscape,' with six Breton oxen at pasture, Rosa Bonheur, painted, in 1848, for the Provisional Government of France, and bought in the following year, by Mr. Brunel, in Paris, for 160*l.*; it was knocked down, after a severe competition, to Mr. Webb, for the enormous sum of 1,472 *l.* 10*s.*; 'A Scene in Holland,' Calcott, 260 *gs.* (Wallis); 'View on the Rhine, at Cologne,' Calcott, 125 *gs.* (Agnew). The following eight pictures were painted for Mr. Brunel to decorate his 'Shakspeare Room':—'Launce offering his Dog to Silvia,' A. L. Egg, A.R.A., 636 *gs.* (Wallis); 'Launce and his Dog,' Calcott, 370 *gs.* (Agnew); 'Jacques and the Stag,' F. R. Lee, R.A., 135 *gs.* (Mitchell); 'Henry VIII. discovering himself to Cardinal Wolsey at the Ball,' C. R. Leslie, one of the finest works of this artist, 960 *gs.* (Agnew); 'Queen Catherine and Griffith,' C. R. Leslie, 810 *gs.* (Wallis); for these two pictures Mr. Brunel paid 800*l.*, they now realized more than double that sum; 'The Death of King Lear,' C. W. Cope, R.A., 310 *gs.* (Wallis); 'Landscape,' scene from Macbeth, C. Stanfield, R.A.,

535*l.* 10*s.* (Agnew); 'Titania,' Landseer's well-known engraved picture, for which Mr. Brunel paid the artist 500 *gs.*: it was put up by the officiating auctioneer at 2,000 *gs.*, and was finally adjudged to Lord Robert Clinton for the large sum of 2,940*l.* Mr. Brunel's collection realized 9,050*l.*

On the 25th of April, a collection of pictures, some of them painted by, and others the property of, the late Mr. Leslie, R.A., was sold by Messrs. Foster and Sons. The most important lots were disposed of as follows:—'Juliet in the Balcony,' Leslie, 110 *gs.* (Wallis); 'Heloise,' Leslie, 100 *gs.* (Gambart); 'A Negro in Greek Costume,' Leslie, 65 *gs.* (Anthony); 'Portrait of J. E. Millais, A.R.A., Leslie, 80 *gs.* (Gambart); 'Portrait of Washington Irving, Leslie, 50 *gs.* (Colnaghi); 'The Queen receiving the Sacrament at the Coronation,' Leslie, unfinished, painted on the etching proof, 270 *gs.* (Rought); 'Christening of the Princess Royal,' Leslie, in the same state as the former, 205 *gs.* (Rought); 'The First Lesson,' Leslie, the composition from a design by Raffaele, painted on the engraving, 205 *gs.* (Agnew); 'A Running Brook,' Constable, 71 *gs.*; 'The Glebe Farm,' Constable, 121 *gs.* (Holloway); 'Hamstead Heath,' Constable, 171 *gs.* (Rhodes); 'Study of a White Horse,' Sir E. Landseer: this sketch was given to Leslie by his brother-artist, as a hint for Rosinante in Leslie's picture of 'Don Quixote,' in the possession of Lord Essex, 44 *gs.* (Colnaghi); 'A Goat's Head,' Landseer, also a present, 240 *gs.* (Gambart); 'Interior of a Dutch Kitchen,' Maas, 126 *gs.*; 'The Bride of the Village,' 105 *gs.*

A collection of upwards of ninety pictures of the English school, part of them forming a portion of the gallery of the late Mr. Wells, of Redleaf, and part gathered from other sources, was sold by Messrs. Christie and Co. on the 27th of April. Some of the finest specimens of the respective artists were recognisable in the rooms of the auctioneers, and the prices given for them were correspondingly large. We may instance the following:—'Entrance to Calais Harbour,' E. W. Cooke, A.R.A., 350 *gs.* (Flatow); 'Landscape,' C. Stanfield, R.A., 310 *gs.* (Gambart); 'The Stonebreaker's Daughter,' the celebrated picture by Sir E. Landseer, R.A., 1,090 *gs.* (Waller); 'Shylock,' G. S. Newton, A.R.A., 169 *gs.* (Rought); 'Jessica,' G. S. Newton, A.R.A., the companion picture, 310 *gs.* (White); 'Unloading of a Fishing Smack,' E. W. Cooke, A.R.A., 315 *gs.* (Walters); 'Scene in Holland,' E. W. Cooke, A.R.A., cabinet size, 125 *gs.* (Agnew); 'Scene in the Downs,' Copley Fielding, 157 *gs.* (Grundy); 'The Bohemian Gipsies,' generally considered the *chef-d'œuvre* of D. MacIse, R.A., was bought in, we believe, by the owner at the sum of 1,030 *gs.*; 'View on the Medway,' C. Stanfield, R.A., small, 150 *gs.* (Graves); 'The Hop Garden,' T. Webster, R.A., small, 130 *gs.* (Johnson); 'Solomon Eagle,' P. F. Poole, A.R.A., engraved in the *Art-Journal*, 780 *gs.* (Jones); 'Perdita,' C. R. Leslie, a small oval picture, 243 *gs.* (Bourne); 'The Alms-Deeds of Dorcas,' W. C. T. Dobson, A.R.A., engraved in the *Art-Journal*, 570 *gs.* (James); 'Landscape, with Cows and Sheep,' T. S. Cooper, A.R.A., 181 *gs.* (Graham); 'The Passing Cloud,' J. C. Hook, R.A., 270 *gs.* (Gambart); 'Hamstead Heath,' J. Linnell, cabinet size, 235 *gs.* (Jones); 'Bed-Time,' W. P. Frith, R.A., the finished study for the engraved picture, 129 *gs.* (Gambart); 'South Downs,' landscape by T. Creswick, R.A., sheep by R. Andsell, 125 *gs.* (Graham); 'Broken Vows,' P. Calderon, engraved, 150 *gs.* (Gambart); 'David Slaying the Lion,' J. Linnell, 770 *gs.* (Graham); 'Household Gods in Danger,' T. Faed, cabinet size, 140 *gs.* (Broderip); 'Summer Evening,' T. S. Cooper, A.R.A., 100 *gs.* (Graves); a series of eight water-colour drawings by D. Cox, 246 *gs.*; 'An Interior,' F. Goodall, A.R.A., 100 *gs.* (Gambart); a small 'Landscape,' and 'An Interior,' W. Müller, 175 *gs.* (Pennell); 'The Child's Grave,' W. H. Mann, 80 *gs.* (Gray); 'The Storm,' J. Linnell, 400 *gs.* (Agnew); 'The Toilet,' T. Faed, 145 *gs.* (Rought); 'Disarming of Cupid,' W. E. Frost, A.R.A., small and circular, 250 *gs.* (Grundy); 'Gathering the Offering in a Scotch Kirk,' J. Phillip, R.A., 360 *gs.* (Gambart); 'Lord Alexander Russell on a Highland Pony,' the well-known engraved picture by Sir E. Landseer, 825 *gs.* The total of the sales reached nearly £14,700.

The collection of pictures and water-colour draw-

ings, the property of Mr. John Heugh, of Manchester, was brought to the hammer by Messrs. Christie and Co. on the 28th of April. Among them were, 'The Trumpeter,' J. Gilbert, 75 *gs.*; 'Junction of the Severn and Wye,' and 'The Hayfield,' two magnificent drawings by D. Cox, the former sold for 158*l.* 16*s.*, the latter for 162*l.* 15*s.*; 'Chartres Cathedral,' a fine drawing by S. Prout, 110*l.* 5*s.*; 'Bamborough Castle,' the celebrated drawing by J. M. W. Turner, 525*l.*; 'Lyme Regis,' J. M. W. Turner, small, 190*l.* 1*s.*; 'St. Jean de Luz, Western Pyrenees,' C. Stanfield, R.A., 74*l.* 11*s.*; 'The Slave-Market,' W. Müller, small, 129*l.* 3*s.*; 'Millpond and Mill,' Sir A. W. Calcott, R.A., from the Northwick Collection, 159*l.* 12*s.*; 'Alms on the Lagoon,' F. Goodall, A.R.A., 278*l.* 5*s.*; 'The Ford,' T. Creswick, R.A., the figures by W. P. Frith, R.A., 238*l.* 15*s.*; 'On the Canal,' J. Linnell, 181*l.* 5*s.*; 'Cattle in a Landscape,' T. S. Cooper, A.R.A., 80 *gs.*; 'Tivoli,' W. Müller, 388*l.* 10*s.*; 'Landscape,' W. Müller, 378*l.*; 'The Scotch Baptism,' J. Phillip, R.A., 288*l.* 15*s.*; 'The Harvest Cradle, Nootide,' J. Linnell, painted at the end of last year, 394*l.* 16*s.*; 'The Bath River, and Mendip Hills,' W. Müller, 131*l.* 5*s.*

After this sale was concluded a very large number of the beautiful sketches made by Mr. D. Roberts, R.A., from Spanish scenery, during the years 1832 and 1833, were offered for sale. The average price at which they were disposed of was about £50.

On the 12th of May Messrs. Christie, Manson, and Woods, sold a collection of pictures and drawings from several small private cabinets; among these works were some of a high character, which sold well, for example:—'The Vale of Clwyd,' a magnificent drawing, by the late David Cox, 265 *gs.* (Timmens); 'Landscape, with Cattle,' Calame, of Geneva, 160 *gs.* (Holmes); 'Mecenas's Villa, Tivoli,' W. Müller, 190 *gs.* (Pennell); 'The Duel Scene, from "Twelfth Night,"' W. P. Frith, R.A., 420 *gs.* (Gambart); three pictures by T. S. Cooper, A.R.A., a landscape with sheep and goats, a landscape with cattle—morning, and a view on the banks of the Thames—evening, 567 *gs.* (Holmes and Rought); 'Landscape, with Cottage—a frost scene,' W. Müller, 132 *gs.* (Agnew); 'The Squire relating his London adventures,' from the Vicar of Wakefield, cabinet size, W. P. Frith, 965 *gs.* (Norton); 'Castle of Ischia,' C. Stanfield, R.A., 530 *gs.* (Wallis); 'Citara, in the Gulf of Salerno,' C. Stanfield, R.A., 460 *gs.* (Gambart); 'The Bay of Baie, from Lake Avernus,' C. Stanfield, R.A., 630 *gs.* (Wallis). The whole of these pictures, with others of less note, altogether forty in number, were the property of Mr. George Briscoe, of Wolverhampton.

Of the other works sold on the same day we may point out 'St. Vincent Rocks, Clifton,' P. Nasmyth, 141 *gs.* (Wallis); 'View in Surrey,' P. Nasmyth, 560 *gs.* (Pennell); 'Scene from "Peveril of the Peak,"' E. M. Ward, R.A., 143 *gs.* (Agnew); 'Landscape, with Cattle and Figures,' T. S. Cooper, A.R.A., 115 *gs.* (Leathes); 'Milking-Time,' T. S. Cooper, A.R.A., 230 *gs.* (Gambart); 'An Italian Osteleira,' C. W. Cope, R.A., 125 *gs.* (Flatow).

On the following Monday Messrs. Christie & Co. resumed the sale by offering several fine and well-known pictures, which found ready purchasers; among them were:—'Clifton and Leigh Woods—Bristol in the Distance,' P. Nasmyth, 550 *gs.* (Carlisle); 'The Hazel Copse—Cuning Summer,' James T. Linnell, 315 *gs.* (Flatow); 'The Skirts of the Forest of Fontainebleau,' W. Müller, the figure by P. F. Poole, A.R.A., 125 *gs.* (Flatow); 'Garrick and his Wife,' seated, in a landscape, Sir J. Reynolds, 350 *gs.*; 'Children feeding Rabbits,' W. Collins, R.A., 500 *gs.* (Agnew); 'Boats on the Zuyder Zee,' E. W. Cooke, A.R.A., 245 *gs.* (Chaplin); 'Bull and Cows at Pasture,' a small early work of Rosa Bonheur, 110 *gs.* (Gambart); 'Andromeda,' W. E. Frost, A.R.A., 380 *gs.* (Upham); 'Landsfoot Castle, Bay of Portland,' E. W. Cooke, A.R.A., 240 *gs.* (Wallis); 'Landscape,' T. Creswick, R.A., 166 *gs.* (Gambart); 'The Breakfast,' E. Frère, 200 *gs.* (Rought); 'A Market-place in Brittany,' Trayer, 100 *gs.* (Robertson); 'Children shelling Peas,' E. Frère, 120 *gs.* (Gambart); 'Quoit Players,' in a landscape, J. Linnell, senior, 460 *gs.*; 'The Wedding,' G. B. O'Neill, 160 *gs.*; 'Reading the Scriptures,' W. Müller, 170 *gs.* (Robertson); 'Under the Old Bridge,' T. Creswick, R.A., 110 *gs.* (Robertson).



## PICTURE EXHIBITIONS.

## THE FINDING OF THE SAVIOUR IN THE TEMPLE.

MANY who interest themselves in pictures have been long expecting an extraordinary production from the easel of Mr. Holman Hunt, one of the most noted of our Pre-Raphaelite painters. It is now several years since that gentleman exhibited any important work in public. His very remarkable picture of the 'Scapgoat,' chiefly painted on the shore of the Dead Sea, under circumstances of the utmost difficulty, having disappointed even his warmest admirers, the artist, it is said, resolved, with his characteristic energy of purpose, to redeem himself by an extraordinary effort; and the result of his prolonged seclusion is the picture now on view in Bond Street, which is said to have chiefly employed him during the last four or five years. It is probably the most elaborate picture of its size ever painted; and is at the present time especially interesting, as extending our prospects with regard to the future of that movement in Art, of which Mr. Hunt is one of the ablest leaders. The very peculiar aspect of this highly picturesque picture, too, is something in itself, well worth dwelling on; and bearing in mind that the subject is 'The Finding of our Saviour in the Temple, whilst disputing with the Doctors,' we presume there are but few who will not, in the first instance, regard it with lively wonder and curiosity. It looks, at first, like some scene of modern oriental life, reminding one most, in tone, character, and workmanship, of those wonderfully minute large water-colour drawings by J. F. Lewis, in which harem lattices, twinkling illuminations of strange architecture that seems like the work of insects, shawls, curious turbans, and fringes, greatly predominate. An air of newness and modernism strikes you as prevailing everywhere. The figures look like Jews of the present age and fashion, and Arab sheikhs and dervises, perhaps, and in some instances, from their ordinary aspect, like merchants or tradesmen, such as sell stuffs and knick-knacks, in the shade of the narrow, kiosked, latticed lanes in the Eastern cities of our own days. It is difficult, indeed, to accept some of these as personages of a period before the Christian era. In most marvelously elaborated curiosities of costume, they sit on the left, in a semicircle; and in the middle stands a strange, amiable-looking, blue-eyed boy, with his ruddy brown hair thrown singularly back, and in a pink and purple striped frock, the gorgeous colour of which may, without exaggeration, be styled the principal object of the whole picture. He looks with an almost fearful tenderness on the air, in his benign reverie; whilst a woman, whose numerous singularities of costume likewise one can scarcely escape from, presses her brow against his with an acute painful expression of anxiety and sorrow; and whilst he hesitates in that gentle, seraphic, blue-eyed, visionary gazing, pressing her hand round his shoulder, would fain draw him away. A middle-aged man in a crimson turban, and handsomely braided new dress, which gives him much the air of a modern Turkish gentleman, stands behind them, in some slight degree sharing their emotions. Of course, the two former figures are the Saviour and the Virgin; the latter is verily purposed for Joseph!

But now, having not without difficulty concentrated our minds on the particular incident intended to be depicted, we revert to the group on the left to which we first alluded; and there we see seated the high priest, blind with extreme age, holding the rolls of the Law, with their sumptuous flagreez rods and coverings, and listening feebly to the repetition of the unanswerable question by a brother elder, who is consulting his phylactery, and whose head is truly of a grand, thoroughly Israelitish type; and beyond him sits a third doctor, much younger, and with a handsome dark-glowing countenance. He is holding the roll of the prophet who has been referred to, and whose words, as we imagine, have only aggravated his perplexity; and now he looks at that astonishing youth with a grave earnestness. These heads, and others in the shade behind them, full of force and character, are incomparably the finest part of the picture; and their portrait-like truthfulness would have been altogether valuable and satisfactory in a picture of some ceremonial scene of the Jerusalem of the present day; but we doubt

whether some of them can ever establish themselves firmly in the imagination as characters of holy writ. The young minstrels of the temple stand ranged behind the synod of elders, with their instruments; and a little child, most gorgeously attired, kneels with a frank simplicity in the corner of the picture, holding up the fan, or palm switch, with which he has to disperse the flies from certain holy things. He makes a happy contrast to the *significantly* blind old high priest beside him, such as Paul Veronese would have much liked. The wrinkles and white hairs, the fallen pinky lips, and pale blue filmy eyes of that ancient *living* Tradition—that still *slowly-breathing* Relic of several past generations, out-Denier Denner in the minuteness with which they have been elaborated.

As something more than a means of giving mere ordinary interest to his work, Mr. Hunt, like his admirer Mr. Ruskin, manifestly takes much pleasure in exercising his ingenuity in symbolical incidents, or mystical allusions. Thus, in the open court down on the right, they are preparing the corner stone of a new building, the architecture of which is Corinthian, to signify, as we suppose, the admission of the Gentiles into the new dispensation; and in the middle background they are taking a lamb to be sacrificed, past the delicate open silvery mosaic trellises and gilded pillars, and the roof all twinkling with variegated lights like coloured glass, or gems. The circumstance is, of course, typical of our Lord's sacrifice. The doves are represented as flying in there; but a young person waves them back with a scarf. This pretty incident may be easily associated with that gentle spiritual entrance and presence, which were so speedily repelled. In all the accessory objects, too, the gilded and text-engraved door of the Temple, its ruddy-clouded marble floor, in all the minute learned and mystical paraphernalia, the painter has shown the most curious diligence in antiquarian research and manual labour. In the costume of the Holy Family there are, we will assume, similar grounds of matter-of-fact probability; but we believe that something might have been chosen, equally probable, and at the same time, more simple, less painfully obtrusive, less calculated to disturb those purely moral and imaginative impressions which are surely, so far as that group is concerned, alone desirable. With regard to the higher requisites of expression, the conceptions appear to us here too wild, and weird, and painful, too Pre-Raphaelite; there is not enough of the genuine stamp of sound humanity upon them. Nor in the Virgin do we recognise aught of the "blessed amongst women." And we long for that mere painful knitting of the brow, and parting of the lips, to be relaxed for something more distinctive of her—something more soothing to the maternal heart. There is, as we must have already indicated, much feeling in the intention of the young Saviour's countenance. Something of a world-wide tenderness shines in the open gaze of his large blue eyes; but all is nearly marred by bad drawing, and by those hard mannerisms in the rendering of the features which, as we here see, are fatal to everything that is lovely and tender, however compatible with the harsher expressions of such men as the lawyers and pharisees. Their heads are admirable, and have, incontestably, the best of it, in this pictorial argument.

With regard to the execution of this picture, the difference from Mr. Hunt's former productions lies chiefly, we think, in the more minute fineness and delicacy in the workmanship, which now approximates remarkably to the wonderful minute pencil-mosaic of J. F. Lewis. The whole is so thin and light in tone as to look far more a water-colour drawing than an oil-picture; it is too pale and cold for the glowing East, and the gorgeous hues, interspersed in abruptly-opposed and unmodulated masses, overpower, in their want of keeping, the objects nearer. Mr. Hunt's flesh-colouring, we are sorry to see, is still, like that of all the other Pre-Raphaelites, coarse and morbid. It continues to be made up too much of stippings of various most unflattering hues, and in a manner of execution hardly, perhaps, to be avoided in water-colours, but by no means properly allowable in oils. A prismatic light, chiefly lilac, plays about the edges and shadows of the features; but the Virgin's throat, it will be perceived, is quite green. That curious anti-brunism, which is one of the phenomena of the painting of the

present fleeting hour, is a principal cause of this most unnatural tinting. The Pre-Raphaelite, in his dislike of brown, (a colour which has, indeed, been actually, of late, written down as a thing unholy,) seeks to enrich his shadows with hues the most extravagantly artificial; a lilac, which is about the worst tone possible, being the favourite tinge in such cases. How different is this from the simple transparent colour of such of the real ancient Pre-Raphaelites as Van Eyck and Mabuse, which is so conformable to nature in breadth and purity—so satisfactory up to that close examination which minute painting invites and indeed requires! Our Pre-Raphaelites have no perception of the truth and beauty of transparency and repose of colour, nor have they of that most agreeable quality, *crispness*. They too commonly define their forms in a thick, heavy, rosy, manner, and are sadly wanting in sharpness, and in light, feeling grace of handling. How much better would a plain layer of colour, with a sharp true edge to it, often be than all these life-wasting days and days of niggling! Neither do they, for the most part, truly represent the neutralization of colour by shadow. These plain deviations from elementary truths are partly the cause of that unnatural, fantastical strangeness which strikes every one at first; but the mere strong assertion and brilliancy of parts blind the observer to falseness elsewhere. That this manner of painting should have passed for pre-eminent truth and natural, and been authoritatively trumpeted as such, in spite of the sense of utter oddity and strangeness sustaining itself in the observer all the time, is one of the facts which will surely amuse our posterity.

With regard to this new mode of representing Scripture events, that is to say, an attempt to display them as they actually occurred, by dint of minute local and antiquarian researches, we consider it open to the most grave objections. It is but a specious endeavour to tie down and subject our imagination, in an arbitrary manner, to conceptions which, after all, are in every likelihood, widely different from the reality, and, very probably, even of a contrary character. The imagination, the *faith*, ought not to be deeply entangled in pictures of sacred subjects; and so far from our attempting, as Mr. Ruskin wishes, to render such subjects with the seeming verisimilitude which might have that result, we think it much better the representation should be so far free and arbitrary as not to occasion a risk of its being received like a verity. A conception necessarily imaginary had better *look* imaginary. That which is, after all, conjectural, is but rendered subtly beguiling when it puts on the specious aspect and pretensions of actual truthfulness. In the present instance, we feel that the obtrusion of all the accessories to which we have referred, is but a dreary load on our memory. It is the very reverse of the scriptural simplicity. We feel it as a misfortune that we shall now probably never more think of our Saviour disputing with the Doctors without being haunted by that strange and gaudy scene. Our conceptions of a sacred event have here been taken to Jerusalem but to be smothered in turbans, shawls, fringes, and phylacteries, and there buried in mere picturesqueness.

The present picture is unique, and we wish it to remain so, and yet, in justice to the high merits of the painter, *preciously* unique; there is wonderful painting of costumes; much of the grouping is excellent; and some of the heads of those doctors of the law are truly admirable, displaying very high powers of expression in the painter. We should lament were he to paint other such pictures, but we trust, nevertheless, that this one will remain an honoured and highly-valued monument of his skill, his patience, and untiring zeal.

## AMATEUR EXHIBITION.

An exhibition of pictures, drawings, and sketches by amateur artists has been opened at 120, Pall Mall, in the rooms above the French Gallery, with a view to aid "The Home for Day Workers," an institution established in 1855, by Lady Hobart and the Countess de Grey and Ripon, for the benefit of young women employed in milliners' and dress-makers' shops during the day—to afford them at a cheap rate a home and home-resources during the time not occupied in their daily employments. The purpose is most worthy, and it is to be hoped that



the means will answer the best wishes of its promoters. The works are principally in water-colour, and there are about three hundred and eighty, of which about one hundred and fifty are contributed only for exhibition; the others are, we believe, presented for the benefit of the "Home." The Queen went to a private view of the exhibition and made some purchases, an example which will undoubtedly be followed to some extent; but yet there will remain a large proportion of the works unsold, which, if they can be disposed of at anything approaching the registered prices, will largely assist the funds of the charity. In the lighter manners of Art-practice there are some admirable essays; works of this class we were prepared to see even in greater number than they appear. We remember some years ago an exhibition of amateur art containing drawings of a character more ambitious than we find here. Art is the most jealous and exacting of all studies; the productions of amateurs are not, therefore, to be judged by the same standard which is applied to those of the profession. We had hoped to see a greater taste for figure study, and composition; effort in this direction is extremely limited, the feature of the exhibition being landscape in water-colour. To appeal to a few examples—No. 13, 'Great Hall of Carnac,' the Rev. S. C. Malan, is a bold and firmly drawn perspective of columns, satisfactory to the eye generally, except in the foreground. No. 53, 'Study of a Head,' W. C. Hope, Esq., a girl's head with a quilted bonnet: well drawn, fully coloured, and ably stippled. No. 63, 'Near Cairo, on the road to Suez,' Mrs. Robertson Blaine—an oil picture, showing much knowledge and great manipulative power. No. 67, 'On the Neva,' J. Savile Lumley, Esq. A small oil picture, an effect of moonrise, in the feeling of the Dutch masters. No. 74, 'A Peep into the House of Lords,' Carl Werner, may be mentioned as equal to his best works. No. 87, 'Golden Weather,' Mrs. Sturch: a girl in a corn-field, well drawn and rich in colour. No. 93, 'Temple of Castor and Pollux, Girgenti, Sicily,' Mrs. Bridgman Simpson—a large drawing, in which the remains of the temple come substantially forward. The composition had been better without the view of the town. No. 104, 'Chapel in the Palazzo Riccardi, Florence,' painted by Benozzo Gozzoli, 1459, Mrs. Higford Burr. In this beautiful drawing the peculiarities of the style of the Florentine school of the fifteenth century are most perfectly preserved. No. 122, 'Assos,' Earl Somers. This is a large view, painted, we presume, with the medium described in Eagles' "Sketcher": the subject is rendered powerfully, and with much Turnerian feeling. No. 130, 'The Gleaner,' Miss Blake—a careful study of a country girl. No. 163, 'Convent of St. Dionysius, Mount Athos,' Sir Coutts Lindsay, Bart. An effective sketch, worked apparently in the starch medium. No. 168, 'Church of the Holy Sepulchre,' Rev. S. C. Malan. No. 172, 'Hex Grove, Albano,' Earl Somers. A pen etching, Hon. Mrs. Richard Boyle, A.A. Subjects from the "Idylls of the King," Miss Fraser, a set of charming etchings; and near them three anonymous pen drawings of much artistic power, 'Château at Zell,' 'Cochem,' and 'Ediger,' with other works by Mr. Chevalier, Miss Boddington, Lord Hobart, Miss Severn, &c., which we have not space to mention.

## THE SIEGE OF LUCKNOW.

Second to no incident in the military annals of the world, as a subject for an historical picture, is the ever-memorable meeting of the three heroes, Havelock, Outram, and Campbell, with their no less heroic comrades at Lucknow, on the 17th of November, 1857. From first to last, indeed, day by day, events took place in India, from the outbreak of the mutiny, which might worthily have afforded materials for English artists to produce pictures of surpassing interest. But the relief of Lucknow stands pre-eminently by itself. It is an epic of real life such as can occur but once in a great war—such as may not occur even once in twenty great wars. And being such as it is, this all-glorious relief of Lucknow has not been left to be chronicled only in the pages of the historian. Art has also vindicated her claim to take a part in the proud duty of commemoration, and the "Relief of Lucknow" has become the subject of a grand historical picture. The fortunate artist is Mr. T. Jones Barker, who painted the

"Evacuation of Kars," and "The Allied Generals before Sebastopol;" and the equally fortunate proprietors of this national work are the Messrs. Agnew, of Manchester and Liverpool, for whom the picture has been painted, for the express purpose of its being engraved.

As we have designated this picture a "national work," we will at once, before we proceed to give some description of it, plainly declare our very decided opinion that it ought to be ultimately secured for the National Gallery. Impressions from the engraving, without doubt, will find their way to places of honour not only throughout the length and breadth of England, but over the entire broad surface of the British empire. And for the picture itself a similar place should be reserved amidst the national collections. Those collections are destitute of pictures of the most impressive and engaging interest, so long as they comprise no British historical department. The "Relief of Lucknow" will inaugurate the establishment of such a department most nobly.

Mr. Barker has not visited India himself, but he has been advised and assisted by many friends who are familiar with that country, and, above all, he has had placed at his disposal a series of between four hundred and five hundred portraits and sketches taken in India, expressly with the view to the production of this picture, by Mr. Eggon Lundgren, a most talented artist, who was sent to the East with a very liberal commission from the Messrs. Agnew, and also under the special patronage of her Majesty the Queen. The result is a work which looks as if it must have been painted, photograph-fashion, on the spot, at the very moment that Sir Colin was grasping the hand of Havelock, and before Outram, Inglis, and Mansfield had yet replaced their uplifted head-coverings. They stand well in the centre of the picture, that "dauntless three," soil-stained, hot, and toil-worn, but invincible as the glorious cause for which they fought so faithfully and well. The fiery old chief looks still strong and vigorous, Outram is the very impersonation of vigour and strength, but Havelock—Havelock, the intrepid soldier and the Christian gentleman, shows but too plainly in his spare frame and bleached countenance, that his grand career had then been brought almost to its close: he was buried within a single week of that 17th of November. Close to Havelock is the brave Inglis, now a general and colonel-in-chief of the 32nd, his own Lucknow regiment. Next to him are Metcalf and Baird; Kavanagh appears behind the central group; and, passing on to the right of the picture, some dismounted and others in the saddle, the staff of the commander-in-chief may be seen, with Greathed, Hope Grant, Anson, Russell, Norman, Mansfield, William Peel, Adrian Hope, and Sir R. Napier; and to them succeed Little and Hope Johnstone, with Probyn and Watson of the Native Horse. Elephants with the siege-train, on one side of the picture, are grouped with some seamen of the Shannon and Sikh suppers; while, in front of them, lies a man of the 93rd, sun-struck, carefully tended by an English soldier of another regiment and a native *bheestie*, who is pouring some cold water from his *musack* upon the sufferer. Passing on towards the left of the composition, amidst a group of characteristic arms and trappings, a dark skinned native sits with all the listless apathy of the true Oriental. Near him stands Sir Colin's *syce*, in green *merzai* and crimson *cumbarbund*, holding by the rein his master's white Arab charger. Further on is Havelock's aide-de-camp, Hargood, with some guns in action; and then, to the extreme left, there appear Sikh cavaliers in their picturesque costumes, and native soldiers shouting a welcome to their deliverers; while more to the front other natives are quarrelling over *loot*, regardless of the wounded men beside them, and of the poor camel which also has been hit. Above the smoke of the contest, which is still raging fiercely in the background, there rise the principal edifices of the city—the Motec Mahul, with its gateway towers; the Kal Khana (or engine-house); the Chuter Munzil Palace, showing the effect produced by a round shot upon the crest of its principal cupola; the Residency Tower; and the Tombs of the King and Queen, occupied by the enemy.

It is really delightful to stand in the gallery at 5, Waterloo Place, in front of this picture, and to hear the remarks made upon it by the numerous visitors

who know well every inch of the ground, and who are familiar with the band of heroes. They are unanimous in their admiration, and in their tribute to the fidelity as well as to the impressiveness of the scene. We accept their testimony in corroboration of our own high opinion of Mr. Barker's great work.

With excellent taste, a numerous series of Mr. Lundgren's drawings and sketches are displayed by the Messrs. Agnew, and may be seen by visitors to the Lucknow picture. They are productions of singular merit, being equally excellent as works of Art and as truthful and characteristic representations of Indian scenery and of life in India. We hope on a future occasion to place before our readers some specimens of these most artistic and graphic sketches.

It is scarcely necessary for us to add that the enterprising proprietors of this picture of the 'Relief of Lucknow' can receive a substantial recognition of their judicious and patriotic liberality only through a very general subscription to their forthcoming engraving. Accordingly, when we strongly advise visits to the picture and the drawings, we suggest at the same time fresh additions to the subscription-book for the engraving.

## THE WORKS OF THE LATE SIR W. ROSS.

A collection of the miniatures of the late Sir W. C. Ross is now exhibited in the great room of the Society of Arts in the Adelphi. Very many of these, which have been painted during the last twenty years, we recognise as having shone out, on the occasions of their exhibition, from among the mass of less brilliant works by which they were surrounded; for as a colourist Ross has not been equalled by any other miniaturist antecedent or contemporary. A little longer and we shall have outlived the art of miniature painting—the *ars longa* yields to the *ars brevis* of photography. Nothing can exceed the beauty of the children's heads in some of these works, they remind us of the chastest efforts of Vandyke and Reynolds, with more of the transparency of flesh than either. We are not so much struck by the likeness of the late Duke of Portland and Lord John Bentinck, painted when the artist was ten years old, as at the splendid productions of his latter years, when miniatures assumed the dimensions of microscopically finished cabinet pictures. Although among these works there are many of Sir W. Ross's best productions, yet there are others which we had hoped to have seen here, as the portrait of the Princess Frederick William (Princess Royal) in an Eastern costume, with some others, the property of the Queen; those of the Duchess of Somerset, the Duke of Argyll, Lord Hervey, &c., which we cannot think have not been applied for—they have perhaps been withheld from fear of injury. The Queen has graciously contributed not less than forty miniatures to the exhibition, from that invaluable collection which Her Majesty has been now for many years forming. The numbers of the catalogue reach two hundred and twelve: some of the most important are—Lady Gordon and Children; the late Duchess of Marlborough, Lord Almeric Churchill, and Lady Spencer; the Duc de Brabant, and the Comte de Flandres; Mrs. Robertson and Children; the Duchess d'Anmale, the Prince de Condé, and the Duc de Guise; the King of the Belgians; the Queen of the Belgians; the Emperor of the French when President; Queen Victoria; King Louis Philippe; Queen Marie Amelie; the late Duke of Cambridge; the Empress Eugenie; the Marchioness of Abercorn, Countess Lichfield, and Countess Valletort; Sir F. Burdett; Miss Burdett Coutts; the Children of E. M. Ward, Esq., R.A., &c. We find among the early works some, of which the colour has flown—the result of the employment of colours embodied upon arsenic, iron, and other destructive bases; but since Sir W. Ross's exclusion from his palette of everything save the simplest pigments, some twenty-five years ago, or perhaps before, all his miniatures maintain their primitive brightness. The red he principally used was pink madder; with this he employed lamp black, raw sienna, and ultramarine; of vermilion he used none, but with these simple colours he effected marvellous results. We have inspected these works very closely, and find them with few exceptions in perfect condition. No. 154,



a full-length miniature of the Countess of Abingdon, is much spotted with mildew, being apparently destroyed. It is, however, as to the paint surface yet uninjured, the germ of the fungus having been conveyed to the gum-surface only in the gum passed over the work; the mildew may therefore be removed by acetic acid, and had a small portion of this been employed in the gum, no mildew could have appeared. When miniature painting is an art of the past, there may be other exhibitions in this department, but none ever can present such a collection as this.

#### FRENCH EXHIBITION.—ADDITIONAL PICTURES.

In accordance with a system which has become habitual with the directors of the French Exhibition, the gallery at 120 Pall Mall has recently received several additions to the collection which has already been noticed in our pages. The fresh pictures are nine in number, and they constitute by far the most important features of the exhibition. Taking these works in the order in which they appear in the new edition of the catalogue, we find that they comprise a picture by Auguste Bonheur, 'Cattle Drinking,' and a 'Landscape' by Bouquet, both of them excellent examples of the artists' styles. Next succeeds Henrietta Browne's 'Sisters of Mercy,' a truly noble work, original in conception, and painted with masterly power. There are three figures in the composition, the two "sisters" and a sick child who is gently tended by one of these kindly ministrants, while the other prepares some medicines. Dubasté has added to his five other contributions a very characteristic 'Naturalist,' who is seated, life-like, in his study, where he is surrounded by the objects of his solicitude, some preserved in cases, and others walking about in the full enjoyment of life and liberty. A very different, but no less characteristic work, is Gerome's 'Gladiators,'—a most original and a first-rate picture.

Our attention is next directed to No. 126, a picture to which our eyes turned involuntarily as soon as we had entered the gallery. It is the 'Christening Festival,' by Knaus, a German artist, and one of whom the Art-loving Germans may be proud. Never was an incident more happily rendered. Every figure is excellent in itself, and it exactly realizes its own becoming part in the scene. The artist's great skill in composition is apparent throughout this delightful work; and the same may be said both of his power of rendering diversified yet consistent expression, and of his most effective colouring.

Lambinet's 'Harvest Time,' and Schlesinger's 'Morning Prayer,' are very pleasing pictures. They leave for our notice Müller's great work, 'The Scene at the Conciergerie Prison, during the Roll-call of the last victims of the Reign of Terror, 9th Thermidor, 1793.' The artist has represented the Recorder of the Revolutionary Tribunal as in the act of reading his fatal list. It is a singular coincidence that this picture should be exhibited in London at the same time with the appearance of Elmore's 'The Tulleries,' at the Academy.

#### SCENES IN SCOTLAND, SPAIN, AND FRANCE, BY ROSA BONHEUR.

Whenever we find ourselves in the presence of one of Rosa Bonheur's best-known pictures, the sure result of a repeated examination is the conviction that we never before were able to form an adequate estimate of its rare excellence—it is certain to rise still higher in our esteem, the more frequently and the more thoroughly we are enabled to examine it. And then, on the other hand, a fresh work of the same great artist at once challenges a species of admiration peculiarly its own. It comes before us as if for the special purpose of demonstrating that her wonderful successes continually stimulate her to even nobler efforts, by which she is enabled to surpass the most brilliant of her own previous achievements. Such is the impression involuntarily produced by the 'Scottish Raid,' Rosa Bonheur's last picture (it is not quite finished in some of its minor details), now to be seen at the German Gallery, in Bond Street, under the same roof with Holman Hunt's remarkable work, and associated with four other pictures, all of them also from the pencil of Rosa Bonheur. This "raid" is a threatening excursion, not of kilt-wearing and claymore-armed Highland men, but of those other no less wild

mountaineers of the bovine race that the artist delights to place (and their native hills and heather with them) upon her life-like canvas. There is no mistake about either these animals or their intentions. It is a genuine Highland raid of the year 1860, and the leader of the band, a light-coloured bull, who has become the property of the French emperor, is a Mac Ivor of his race.

Of the other four pictures two are old and valued friends—the 'Denizens of the Highlands,' and the 'Spanish Bouricaños,' with their picturesque drove of mules streaming down the pass of the Pyrenees. Both pictures reappear with a fresh welcome, and they fully sustain the opinion that Rosa Bonheur's works not only will endure, but that they actually require repeated examination in order to their being really understood, so rich they are in varied excellences. One of the other pictures is a French 'Huntsman, taking his Hounds to Cover,' in a vehicle drawn by two white horses, and attended by a mounted groom. The fourth, like the 'Raid,' a picture of the present year, is rather small in size, and it comprises a flock of Highland sheep led towards you by their shepherd. It is in the artist's most perfect manner—a masterpiece both of composition and execution. The sheep descend the hill and approach the front of the picture with a vivid truthfulness that is absolutely marvellous, and the artistic treatment of the work is equally admirable.

The Rosa Bonheur engravings already constitute a most important class of works, and the pictures now exhibited will contribute fresh accessions to the group of the utmost importance. The engravings themselves are all of the highest order of merit, and while faithful translations of the pictures, they claim a distinct recognition for their own admirable qualities as productions of the burin.

#### VIEWS OF JERUSALEM.

The two pictures of Jerusalem, painted by Mr. Selons, and exhibited by Messrs. Leggatt and Hayward, in Cornhill, offer a historical study of surpassing interest at this time; they present Jerusalem in her grandeur, with Christ's triumphant entry, A.D. 33, and Jerusalem in her fallen state, as now seen from the Mount of Olives. The re-construction of Jerusalem as it stood in the days of Herod would seem to be the labour of a life. The verification of the sites alone, now hidden, as they are, by the sordid dwellings of the Moslem, could only be effected after years of research and study. And this accomplished, there were yet the forms and proportions of the edifices. But Mr. Selons has resorted to every available source of information, being much indebted to the Ordnance Survey, and the best written authorities of our time. Both pictures are large—sufficiently so to show every object of interest. In the foreground there are about one hundred and fifty figures. Besides the Saviour, the disciples, and the crowd following them, there are prominently—a party of Roman cavalry; scribes and doctors of the law seeking the condemnation of Christ; a mother with her dying child imploring the compassion of the Redeemer; Judas contemplating his treachery, &c.; and from the movement in the nearest sites the eye passes beyond to all the memorable edifices of the city—as the Temple with its courts and gates, the Holy of Holies, the Triple Cloisters of Herod, the Palace of Herod, the Brook Gihon, the Holy Sepulchre, the Keep of Antonia, the Mount of Olives, the towers of Marianne, of Hippicus, and Phasaelus, the Sepulchre of David, and every spot mentioned in the histories of the city. In comparison with this magnificence, Jerusalem, even in its best days under Mohammedan rule, must have looked a desolation; and so it looks in the second picture, which describes the city as it now stands. In the foreground, as a contrast to the other scene, we see about sixty figures, in modern Oriental and European costume; some of the striking points being—the Mosque of Omar, Mosque of El-Aksa, the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, the Jews' Walling-place, &c. Each of these pictures gives value and interest to the other, and to them attaches a paramount interest as the best existing auxiliary to the study of the Scriptures.

The paintings are the result of a commission given to the artist by Mr. Beecroft, of Scarborough, whose property, we understand, they are, and who proposes to place them in the hands of Mr. Mottram for engraving on a large scale.

#### THE ROYAL PICTURES.

##### THE PENNY WEDDING.

Sir D. Wilkie, Painter. W. Greatbach, Engraver.

THIS picture, painted in 1818, is the last of those executed by Wilkie in that especial style of subject which gained for him so high a reputation; and, like the picture of 'Blindman's Buff,' engraved in our April number, it was a commission from the Prince Regent.

We have heard Wilkie compared with Teniers and Hogarth, but could never find any sufficient grounds for such comparisons; each of these three great painters rests his claim on his own individual merits, which are altogether distinct from those of the others. It is quite true that all of them painted subjects that may be classified together, they are illustrations of the incidents of humble life; but Teniers can scarcely be called a humourist; Wilkie is; and Hogarth was that and something more, for he added to that qualification those of being a satirist and a moralist as well. Teniers painted 'Village Festivals,' and similar scenes—so did Wilkie; but neither in conception, feeling, nor colour, can the least resemblance be discovered in their works: there is too often a vulgarity in the compositions of the former, of which the latter was never guilty; while true, genuine humour, or what may, perhaps, be more properly designated as *fun*, to use an ordinary expression, characteristic of the scenes represented, is nowhere to be found in the works of the Dutch painter; there is merriment, but this is not always humour, which has its rise in natural dispositions of the mind, not, generally, in circumstances—though these may, and do, frequently, call it into outward demonstration. Many of Wilkie's pictures show both, and so skillfully and delicately united, that they become almost one; it is impossible, sometimes, to tell where the one quality ends, and the other begins.

Hogarth's humour is of a totally distinct kind; his pictures are teachers, conveying their lessons, indeed, under a guise that raises a smile, but with a stern, uncompromising determination to enforce truths, to which you cannot turn a deaf ear. Social and political immoralities he held up to public obloquy; and while we laugh at the manner in which he displayed them, we detect under it, may be, the coarse veil of humour that covers the delinquencies, their enormity and their miserable tendencies, and acknowledge the power, which offers such wholesome lessons of good in so attractive a form. Many a man, we believe, would accept of reproach from such silent teachers, whom no eloquence of words would turn from the error of his ways.

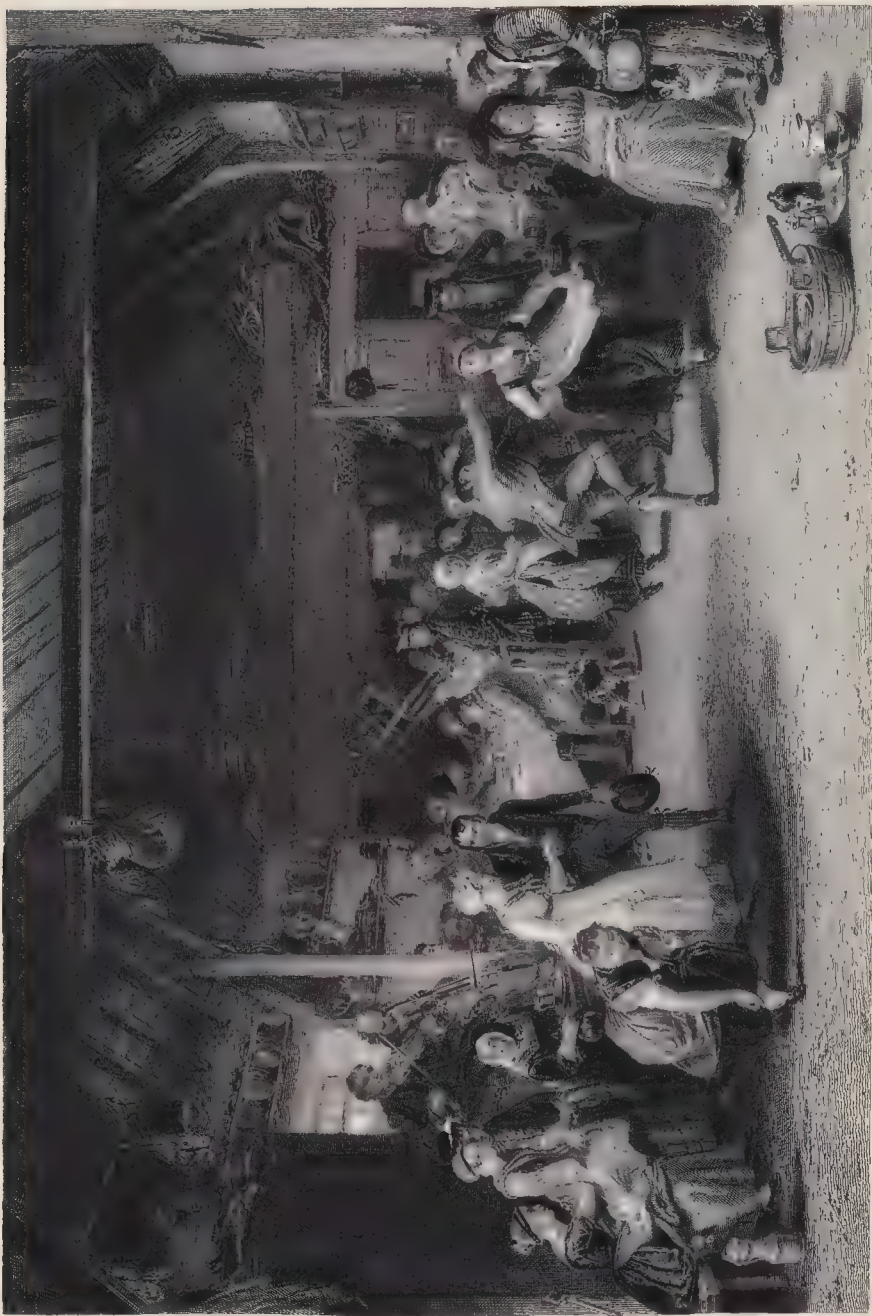
Wilkie's picture of 'The Penny Wedding' has nothing in common with such compositions as Hogarth produced. It is simply a representation of a scene in ordinary Scottish life among the more humble classes—a merry-making on an occasion to call forth the joyous feelings of human nature. It was originally called the 'Scottish Wedding,' but the title was afterwards altered to that which it now bears. Our friend, Mr. John Burnet, who is as learned in the customs of his native country, as he is in the characteristics of Wilkie's art, informs us that a "Scottish Penny Wedding," means a wedding where each visitor pays a small sum of money for admission; the sum thus collected goes towards furnishing the house of the young couple: formerly the price of admission may have been limited to a penny, when that coin was of greater value than it now is; but "penny siller" is a term used in the north for almost any amount. An old ballad says—

"Be she white, or be she black,  
If she hae the penny siller,  
Sit her upon Tipton tap,  
And that will drae the laddies till her."

The celebration generally was held in a barn, or large room, such as that in the picture; of course eating, drinking, and dancing constituted the employment of the evening. After the newly-married pair had retired for the night, one of the bride's stockings was brought in, and flung about; whomsoever it first hit was, as they said, to be the next married. The dance Wilkie has here represented is what is called a "foursome reel," peculiar to Scotland.

The picture sufficiently explains itself after these few remarks: it is in the Royal Collection at Buckingham Palace.









## THE COMPANION-GUIDE

(BY RAILWAY)

## IN SOUTH WALES.

BY MR. AND MRS. S. C. HALL.

## PART VI.



OUR return to Cardiff from New-bridge is by another route, and, if we please, by another railway, to visit the old CASTLE OF CAERPHILLY. "Caerphilly is by very much the most extensive castle in Wales, and is reputed to cover with its outworks and earthworks about 30 acres." It may not boast the architectural decorations of Caernarvon, the commanding position of Conway, nor the picturesque beauty of Raglan: "it is simply a ruin of great extent, and possessing that sort of rugged sublimity which is inseparable from an assemblage of lofty walls and massive and partially overthrown towers, neither bosomed in woods nor mantled to any extent with ivy."\* It was the great border fortress, standing on the debatable ground between England and Wales, which was so long contested by both nations, under the title of the Marches.† "Huge Caerphilly" is situate in a wide-spreading vale, "bounded by mountains of very moderate height and gentle ascent;" it is, according to Leland, "sette among marshes, wher be ruinous waulles of a wonderful thickness;" and Camden, speaking of it, says, "it is probably the noblest ruin of ancient architecture in Britain."

\* The mellow tints  
That Time's slow pencil lays from year to year  
Upon the ancient towers, spread o'er the wreck  
A grateful gloom."

It was dismantled in 1219 by Rhys Vychan, rebuilt by John de Broese in 1221, and enlarged and strengthened by Ralph Mortimer and Hugh Spencer the younger, "whose immense wealth was adequate to the undertaking." But there is little doubt that the Britons occupied the site; that a Norman fortalice was here earlier than the time of De Broese; and that a monastery here existed, dedicated to St. Cenydd (whence its original name, Senghenith), which was burnt by the Saxons, A. D. 831. The Spencers—the favourites of Edward II.—maintained it for a long time against Roger Mortimer; and, on its fall, King Edward II. is said to have escaped in the disguise of a peasant, and to have hired himself as a cowherd at a farm about twenty miles distant, "still known by that event."‡

The history of Caerphilly has been ably written by the accomplished antiquary, George T. Clark, Esq. It is, however, less interesting than that of many other Welsh fortresses, its "battles, sieges, fortunes," having been neither many nor remarkable. The most striking feature of the grand and extensive ruin is "the leaning tower," which the artist has pictured in his sketch.§ There can be little doubt

\* "The castle is placed in the midst of a valley, open on the east towards the Rhymny, and divided from the valley of the Taff by the mountain ridge of Mynydd Mayo." A small river, the Nant Gledr, flows underneath the castle walls.

† These Lords Marches were sovereigns in their districts. They had their parliaments, their courts of justice, and their other offices executive and jurisdictional, in which they, and not the King of England, were supreme. They exercised jura regalia, and did not hold of the crown, but per pladium, as their term was. They were generally for the greater safety, in close alliance with the King of England, but were not his subjects.—Archdeacon Coxe. With respect to their baronies and estates in Wales they were, however, to all intents and purposes subjects.

‡ Malkin states that the King thus escaped, and thus disguised obtained employment from the farmer, who "finding him but an awkward and ignorant fellow, soon dismissed him." "It seems to have been a place where its rapacious lords, the Spencers, amassed everything they could possibly get by plundering their vassals, or tenants, and its inhabitants in general. From this circumstance arose the Welsh proverb, "It is gone to Caerphilly"—signifying that a thing is irrecoverably lost.

§ The south-east tower, which "leans" eleven feet from its perpendicular, has retained this singular position during several centuries; "the evident strength of the cement is the means of keeping it together." The breach is thus accounted for by Malkin:—During one of its sieges, when the castle was in possession of the Spencers, and the besiegers were commanded by Roger Mortimer, "in one of the towers every apartment was crammed full of salt; under this tower was a furnace for smelting iron, hot masses of which had been thrown by engines on the besiegers, who, when they had got possession of the castle, let out the fused iron from the furnace, and threw water on it; this occasioned a most dreadful explosion, that rent the tower in two, and destroyed the salt." "It is more probable," according to another authority, "that the besiegers, after the capture, undermined the tower, placing under it supports of timber, which

that it is the ruin which the Laureate pictures in his "Idylls of the King;" for, as we have elsewhere observed, he was some time a resident in the vicinity, and in this immediate neighbourhood the scene of his poem is laid:—

"All was ruinous:  
Here stood a shattered archway, plumed with fern;  
And here has fallen a great part of a tower,  
Whole, like a crag that tumbles from the cliff,  
And, like a crag, was gay with wilding flowers."

It was a most deeply interesting day that which we spent among these enormous ruins, guided by one to whom every stone was familiar, and who loves the old place as a dear and long-cherished friend;\* from him we heard some of its legends—that of the Green Lady, who is seen now



CAERPHILLY: DISTANT VIEW.

and then flitting among the broken ramparts—a kind of banshee, whose mournful wail is heard occasionally above the stream that still runs over the foundations of the inner moat.

Very beautiful are the views from any of the adjacent heights—that from "Thornhill" especially so: a rich valley immediately underneath, through which winds the bounding Taff; Cardiff fully displayed; and, in the distance, the famous islands, the Holms, and the dim outlines of the coast of Devonshire. Few drives in the kingdom are, indeed, more productive of scenic beauty; while here we are entirely free from the smoke that defaces both the hills and valleys now behind us, and further to the right. Thanks to the "mountain ridge of Mynydd Mayo," the old castle of Caerphilly also is open to the pure air of heaven.

We are again at Cardiff, and again in the carriage of the South Wales Railway. We pass the stations at Ely, St. Fagan's, Peterston, Lantrissant, and Pencoeed, and alight at Bridgeend,



CAERPHILLY: THE KEEF AND LEANING TOWER.

in order to make an excursion to a district that yields to no other of the Principality in the grand and beautiful of scenery, or in singular and interesting relics of the olden time.

they set on fire. In the act of falling, a huge mass of stone was thrown upon the base of the tower, which thereby was kept standing. The corresponding tower is totally destroyed."

\* At Wauwaeled, not far from Caerphilly, was born the Rev. David Williams, the founder of the Literary Fund.



when it became the property of the Tyrwhits, from whom it descended to the Drakes of Amersham, by whom it is underlet—*a somewhat sarcastic comment on the motto of the Stradlings—*

"Duw, a Digon."  
"God, and enough?"\*

Within the Park, on the west side of the Castle, stands a picturesque quadrangular tower. It is placed on an elevated site, and commands extensive views. It is an ancient watch-tower, which commanded the coast.†

Ruins of religious houses may be traced in the neighbourhood; where also several cromlechs are found. Nay, the very cottages have an air of "hoar antiquitie:‡ and all about give indication of a long past age.

The gates of the old church are not closed; or at all events were opened by a silver key. It is small, but very picturesque both in character and situation; occupying a little dell beside the castle walls, and nestling as it were under the protection of the fortress of its feudal lords. Here are the ashes of many of the name: the last is here, and so, perhaps, is the first—seven centuries having passed between the two interments, with probably thirty generations of men. The churchyard contains a singularly beautiful cross, in a good state of preservation.§

Our purpose is—and it has been our main purpose—to visit the very ancient and venerable church at Llantwit, and the singular ruins of many epochs assembled in a district out of the way of ordinary travelling. It is a visit that will largely repay the tourist, even taking no account of the interesting objects we have described, and the wild and beautiful scenery through which he passes.

Between St. Donat's and Llantwit, however, he will do well to diverge half a mile from the main road, to examine a remarkable cave, one of the "lions" of a coast, perhaps even richer in sea-rocks than that which encloses the peninsula upon which stands the Castle of Dunraven. Mr. Wimperis has pictured this cave. It is one to which a peculiar superstition is attached: persons throw pebbles over a gigantic arch of stone, which hangs like a bridge across its opening—not an easy task; the number of failures before the feat is accomplished denotes the number of years that are to pass before the party is married; or, if married previously, when a second marriage will take place.

\* The history of the division of the Stradling property is romantic, but still true. The last of the Stradlings was at college, with a young man of the name of Tyrwhit, and after the completion of their college career these two young men resolved to make the grand tour together. Before starting (as was afterwards shown in evidence) they each wrote a letter to the other to the effect that if either of them should die whilst abroad, the survivor should inherit the deceased's property. After being absent some time from England, news came to St. Donat's that Stradling was dead, having been run through the body in a duel (it was said with his own friend Tyrwhit), at Montpellier, in France, on the 27th of September, 1738. His body was brought to St. Donat's to be buried, on the 19th of March following. Several rumours were then afloat that he had come to his end unfairly, and it was much doubted that it was his body that was sent over; and his old nurse, who sat up with the coffin when it was lying in state, secretly opened it, and thrust her hand in, to feel whether all the fingers were on the left hand, as she knew that Sir Thomas had, when a child, lost one of his fingers, it having been bitten off by a donkey; and she declared to the father of the writer of this note, that the two hands of the body sent over were perfect, and, therefore, that the body was not the body of Sir Thomas Stradling. Hence, for many years, there was an expectation of his making his appearance. After more than half a century spent in litigation, and during which time Tyrwhit himself died, the estates were settled by act of parliament, the largest portion being sold to pay the lawyers, and the only part which was allotted to the heirs of "Tyrwhit, the original claimant," was the castle, and about £1200 a year, out of an estate which, at that time, was the Chatsworth of the period. Various claimants got small portions, but the baronetage became vested in the issue of Jane, daughter of Sir Edward Stradling, and wife of Thomas Carne, of Nash; and, though still in abeyance, will ultimately be claimed by her direct descendant, Edward Stradling Carne, at present a minor. From the Tyrwhits the property has descended to the Drakes.

† Sir Harry Stradling—in the reign of King Edward the Fourth—Journeyed to Jerusalem, where he was made a knight of the Holy Sepulchre. He died in the Island of Cyprus on his way homeward. Of him an interesting story is recorded. Retiring once by sea to St. Donat's Castle from his house in Somersetshire, he was taken by that notorious sea-thief, Colyn Dolphyn, a native of Brittany; and for his release was obliged to pay 2,200 marks; to raise which he was compelled to sell several of his fair manors. After this event, he caused to be erected the watch-tower, in the new Park of St. Donat's, in which arms were placed, and men to watch at night for the sea-thief Colyn Dolphyn, who too frequently cruised along the Severn sea, "on ship-robbing intent." The light placed in this tower proved the ruin of the sea-thief; for, mistaking it for that at Dunraven, he ran in, and struck on the Nash sands: his ship went to pieces, and he and his men were taken and hanged; "being buried under hillocks on the brink of the sea."

‡ The antiquity of the cottages is a strongly marked feature in the appearance of this country. There is little doubt that many of them are as ancient as the castles to which they are attached. —ARCHÆOLOGICAL CORNER.

§ It is said to be the most perfect and unutilized cross in the kingdom. It is probable that either the privacy of its locality, or its contiguity to the castle, protected it from destruction. To the lovers of antiquarian lore the little poem, entitled the "Dream of Colyn Dolphyn," by Taliesin Williams, the son of the old bard, Edward Williams, published in 1837, will prove very interesting; also "The Stradling Correspondence," edited by the late Rev. John M. Talbot, F.R.S., in 1833.

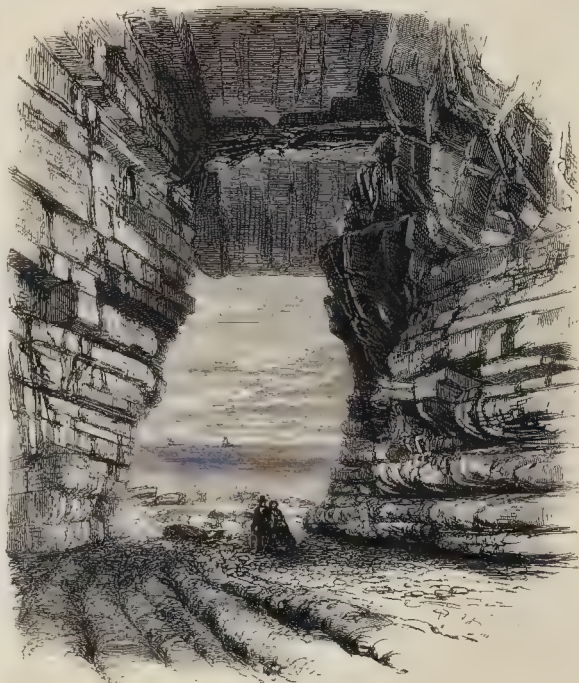
The CAVE AT TRESILIAN is, therefore, not only grand and peculiar, it has a privilege of which we may suppose the young and fair eagerly avail themselves; and as there is a fine strand here for bathers, we imagine many are they who take counsel of fate in this charming locality. There are few places in South Wales so tempting to residents during the summer months, with pure air, open sea, health-giving downs, and invigorating breezes; while the curious or



ST. DONAT'S CASTLE AND WATCH-TOWER.

inquiring can always find in the neighbourhood objects of gratification or instruction, in the glorious remains—British, Roman, and Norman—everywhere about them.

On the north side of the road from St. Donat's to Llantwit we pass by the spot where formerly stood the fortress of Jestyn-ap-Gwrgant, lord of Glamorgan: the fields still pass by the name of "Caer Wrgan, or Wrganstown." Here, at present, stands Dimlad Castle, the seat of John



CAVE AT TRESILIAN.

Nicholl Carne, D.C.L., who traces an unbroken descent from that chieftain, and whose family have remained located in this immediate neighbourhood for more than 800 years.

\* In this cave the father and mother of the great General Sir Thomas Picton were united in the bonds of holy matrimony. This was, of course, before the act of Parliament which prohibited marriages in unlicensed places.



## THE ART-UNION OF LONDON.

THE annual meeting of this society, to receive the yearly report, and to distribute the prizes, was held, on the 24th of April, at the Adelphi Theatre, by permission of Mr. Webster, the lessee. Lord Montagu, president of the institution, occupied the chair, as is his custom.

The report, which is rather of a voluminous character, was read by Mr. George Godwin, F.S.A., one of the honorary secretaries; it briefly reviews the operations of the society since its commencement; during this period, twenty-four years, the large sum of £138,662 has been expended on works of Art of various kinds, distributed as prizes. The following is a condensed statement of the receipts and disbursements for the year 1859-60:—

Subscriptions received . . .	£14,138 15 6
Printing, advertising, salaries, and other expenses, including reserve of 2½ per cent. . .	3,393 16 0
Amount set apart for print and volume of wood engravings . .	4,489 19 6
Amount allotted for prizes . .	6,285 0 0

The reserve fund now amounts to the sum of £9,383.

The distribution of the sum allotted for prizes to be selected by the subscribers themselves, was as follows:—

36 works at . . . . .	£10 each.
26 " . . . . .	15 "
25 " . . . . .	20 "
20 " . . . . .	25 "
18 " . . . . .	30 "
8 " . . . . .	40 "
6 " . . . . .	60 "
5 " . . . . .	75 "
3 " . . . . .	100 "
1 " . . . . .	150 "
2 " . . . . .	200 "

and one Oil Painting, selected by the council, 'Sardis,' by Mr. Johnstone, £120.

To these were added:—

30 Porcelain Groups of 'Venus and Cupid.'
30 Silver Medals of Lawrence.
500 Chromolithographs.
300 Sets of Photographs.

Making in all, 1,012 prizes.

The prizeholders of last year purchased from the various exhibitions of the season 105 works of Art, to the following amounts, viz:—

From the Royal Academy . . .	£248 10 0
The Institution of Fine Arts . .	688 0 0
Society of British Artists . . .	780 5 0
British Institution . . . . .	243 5 0
Royal Scottish Academy . . .	20 0 0
Water-colour Society . . . . .	103 5 0
New Water-colour Society . . .	307 18 0

The subscriptions for the year just closed are less by upwards of £1000 than those of the preceding year; the falling away is, however, no proof of any unfavourable public opinion towards the society, but rather to the fact that the issue of the large engraving from Mr. Frith's picture, 'Life at the Sea-side,' attracted an unusual list of subscribers. This year there was no such allurements, and yet the sum subscribed exceeded, by more than £2,500, that of the year 1857-58, quite enough to indicate that the Art-Union of London has not lost its interest with the public; moreover, the amount allotted for prizes for pictures this year was greater, by upwards of £1,500, than that of last year, with its increased subscriptions. We think the council have acted wisely by so adjudicating, for, after all, the pictures are the great attractions; every subscriber hopes for something out of 'Fortune's Wheel.'

Since the last annual meeting several changes have taken place in the council, in consequence of vacancies created by the death of Mr. Jacob Bell, and the retirement of Dr. Mortimer, Mr. Alderman Salomons, and Mr. Alderman Wire, whose places have been filled by the election of the Dean of St. Paul's, Mr. Monckton Milnes, M.P., Mr. J. B. Bunning, and Mr. Joshua Butterworth.

With respect to the future, we learn that Mr. Willmore's engraving, after Turner's picture of 'Childe Harold's Pilgrimage,' is being printed for the next year's subscribers; that the council has offered a premium of 100 guineas for a series of outlines, or outline slightly shaded, illustrative of Tennyson's 'Idylls of the King,' the drawings to be sent in by the 30th of the present month—June; these are to be engraved for distribution, if of sufficient merit; that a premium of 70 guineas has also been offered for a group, or statuette, in plaster,

representing some subject from English history, to be subsequently executed in bronze or Parian; and a premium of 30 guineas for the work adjudged to be second in merit; that it is proposed hereafter to invite designs for a vase, a tazza, or other similar Art-work. Arrangements have also been made with Mr. Foley, R.A., to make a reduced copy of his fine statue of 'Caractacus,' with which our readers are well-acquainted, for execution in bronze; and with Mr. Delpech, for a reduction of the bust of the Apollo Belvidere, to be reproduced in Parian.

The series of medals issued by the society continues to find favour with the subscribers. The 'Lawrence' medal, by Mr. G. G. Adams, just distributed, is a beautiful example of numismatic works, though very simple in design. The next will be the 'Wilkie' medal, which Mr. Leonard Wyon is engaged on.

The principal prizes drawn at the meeting were adjudged as follows:—those of £200 each to Commodore Hopkins, Merthyr Tydvil, and T. Yallop, Albert Road; that of £150 to Mrs. Elphinstone, Regent Street; the picture of 'Sardis' to W. Purdie, Old Broad Street; and those of £100 each, to Miss E. Dunn, Thoraby, J. Finn, Ramsey, and C. Wright, Barnsley.

We may remark, as one recent example of the benefit conferred upon artists by this society, that a prizeholder of £20 only, Mr. Strugnell, of the Edgeware Road, has purchased, from the gallery of the Water-Colour Society, Mr. A. P. Newton's large and fine picture, entitled 'Mountain Gloom: the Pass of Glencoe,' for the sum of 250 gs., Mr. Strugnell, of course, paying the difference. Now it is probable that this gentleman would not have bought any picture, especially one of so high a price, had he not been tempted by his prize of £20.

## THE CRYSTAL PALACE ART-UNION.

It is not often that such a project as the Crystal Palace Art-Union attains to a complete success in the very first year of its existence. Such was the result in the instance of this institution. And now we have the satisfaction to record that the success of last year has led the Council to the adoption of a system of action, which has very considerably strengthened the position, and added at once to the value and the attractiveness of their Art-Union.

To be really worthy of its title, and also at the same time to be consistent with its own professed character, the Crystal Palace Art-Union must exercise a beneficial influence as well upon artists and artist-manufacturers as upon the taste of the public. It must combine encouragement for producers with gratification for its subscribers; and, while cultivating and extending a healthy and liberal spirit of patronage, it must lead to the improvement of Art-manufactures. Such is precisely the position at the present time occupied by this Art-Union. It offers to its subscribers a numerous series of beautiful productions, from which they may select their own presentation works; it provides prizes of real value and worthiness; and it seeks to lead on our ablest artist-manufacturers to still higher efforts.

The sum that may ultimately be appropriated by the council to the purchase of the prizes for the present year must, necessarily, be determined by the amount of the subscriptions when the time for the drawing shall have become near at hand; but meanwhile no less than £2,000 have already been expended upon prizes. Before these lines are in the hands of our readers the Council will have selected from the Crystal Palace Picture Gallery such pictures as they may consider it desirable to purchase. The sum of £1,200 has been assigned to pictures and sculpture. In sculpture the following works have been decided on:—Calder Marshall's group in marble, entitled 'Maternal Affection'; Durham's statue in marble, 'Sunshine'; a marble group of children, by Munro; and a life-size bust, also in marble, of 'Evangeline,' by F. M. Miller; together with several fine casts from works of great merit by various artists. In ceramic art, the prizes contain noble specimens of Minotto's large Majolica, and equally admirable examples of porcelain and Parian vases from the same

establishment. The exquisite enamels of Kerr and Bins of Worcester, and the bolder productions of the same class by Alderman Copeland, are also strongly represented. Nor have the excellent reproductions of Græco-Etruscan vases and tazze, by Messrs. Battam, been overlooked. Elkington has supplied a variety of beautiful objects in silver, embossed, chased, and richly electro-gilt and parcel-gilt; and a variety of works in glass have been produced by Mr. Apsley Pellatt, which certainly constitute an era in English glass-making.

The present demands upon our space render it impossible to enter into any more full details upon the subject of this Art-Union: we trust, however, that what we have said will be accepted as the most cordial mode of advising our readers at once to add their names to the list of subscribers. The Council and Officers of the institution have all shown that they deserve a most decided expression of our admiration, for the manner in which their several duties are discharged by them. To Mr. Bicknell and Mr. Ionides, directors of the Crystal Palace, to Mr. E. W. Cooke, A.R.A., and to the able and indefatigable Art-superintendent, Mr. T. Battam, junior, F.S.A., the Art-Union is especially indebted; good service has also been rendered, in their respective departments, by Mr. T. Wilkinson, the secretary, and by Mr. Ball, the financial officer.

## ART IN IRELAND, AND THE PROVINCES.

DUBLIN.—By the will of the late George Archibald Taylor, Esq., of Dublin, a sum of money was placed at the disposal of his executors for the promotion of Art in Ireland; and it has been resolved, in pursuance of his enlightened designs, to institute Prizes and Scholarships, which shall be open to students who shall have attended, for two years at least, a School of Art in Ireland or elsewhere, provided that in the latter case they be of Irish birth. The Royal Dublin Society has agreed to undertake the management of the trust, in conjunction with the executors; and the judges who shall award the Prizes will be selected by the Council of the Royal Dublin Society, the Council of the Royal Hibernian Academy, and the Governors and Guardians of the National Gallery of Ireland.

For the year 1860, the following Prizes are offered for competition, to be awarded at an exhibition to be held on the 23rd October, 1860, at the house of the Royal Dublin Society:—

1. For the best Picture in Oil Colours, the subject historical or familiar . . . £10
2. For the best Landscape in Oil Colours . . £10
3. For the best Composition in Sculpture . . £10
4. For the best Water-Colour Drawing (Subject, or Landscape) . . . . . £10
5. For the best Architectural Drawing (elevation in perspective of some known building or a Design) . . . £7

Besides obtaining one of these Prizes, a student may be awarded a Taylor Scholarship of £20 or more, if high artistic talent be manifested, which scholarship may be continued for a second and third year, provided a work of sufficient merit be produced in each year. The Trustees reserve the right of altering the amount of the Prizes, or wholly withholding them, according to merit. All works must be delivered at the house of the Royal Dublin Society, Kildare Street, Dublin, before Two o'clock on Saturday, 13th October, 1860. Further information respecting the conditions to be observed, and other particulars, will be afforded on application to Ralph B. Brunner, Esq., solicitor to the executors, 31, York Street, Dublin, or to the Secretary of the Royal Dublin Society.

NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE.—At the last annual meeting of the supporters of the School of Art in this place, the secretary stated in his report that 412 pupils had been instructed by the masters during the past year—an increase of 112 in the number attending the classes in the preceding year. Three national, and twelve local medals, besides numerous other prizes, were distributed to the students at the meeting. Unfortunately, the Newcastle School, like some others of a similar nature, is not free from pecuniary obligations, and an appeal on its behalf was made, with some degree of success, to those present on the occasion referred to; the chairman, Mr. W. Murray, M.P., contributing 20 gs., Mr. J. E. Heathcote, 12 gs., &c. &c.

WOLVERHAMPTON.—The School of Art in this town is in danger of being closed, owing to the want of funds. A public meeting of the inhabitants



was lately held, to determine whether or not this alternative should be adopted; but so little interest was felt in the matter, that only thirteen persons could be induced to attend, and the meeting was adjourned without entering upon the business. Well might the mayor, who was present, say that it was disgraceful, in a large town like Wolverhampton, supported as it was by manufactures, to allow such an institution to fall to the ground for want of support. It was proposed to canvas the town for funds to enable the committee to carry on the school. There must be something wrong somewhere in these schools of Art, when we hear of so many of them either languishing in weakly condition, or absolutely dying out. One thing is quite certain, the inhabitants of the town in which they exist, generally show but little interest in them.

MANCHESTER.—A "bird's eye" view of Manchester, Salford, and the surrounding country, painted, in water-colours, by Mr. J. R. Isaacs, of Liverpool, has been recently exhibited in the former place. The local papers speak very highly of the work, but as we shall probably have an opportunity hereafter of seeing it ourselves, we postpone any observations we may have to make till it is before us, either in its original form, or as a chromo-lithographic print. Mr. Isaacs proposes to publish it in this style of Art as a companion to his large view of Liverpool, noticed in our columns last year.

LEEDS.—At an examination for medals recently held by H. M. Inspector for Art, R. G. Wyde, Esq., in the Leeds School of Art, twenty medals were awarded to successful works. Last year the school received eleven medals only. Since the last examination, Mr. Walter Smith has been appointed master of the advanced classes in the school, in conjunction with Mr. Ryan.

#### ART IN CONTINENTAL STATES.

PARIS.—The picture in the Louvre, of St. Michael overcoming Satan, painted by Raffaele for Francis I., about 1518, has just undergone another "restoration," making the fifth or sixth since its existence. No touching or restoration of the surface has been permitted—nothing beyond stopping the cracks—while all traces of previous amendments have been entirely removed.—The Exhibition of Paintings, on the Boulevard, now closed, has had great success; the pictures were partially changed during the time it remained open: we hope for a continuation of exhibitions equally well chosen.—Although nothing official has transpired about a Salon in 1861, the artists of Paris are hard at work in the hope that it will take place: a witty writer remarks:—"Our ateliers smell of gunpowder, military subjects being, alas! the order of the day. When will the French know and feel that war is a calamity, and not an honour? The Magentas and Solferinos we shall see, frighten us in mere expectation."—M. Chaplin has received orders to decorate the new gallery in the Tuilleries, and M. Amaury Duval the walls of the church at Biarritz.

M. Dideri has inaugurated an extensive atelier on the Boulevard des Italiens for the execution of photography: it is richly ornamented.—A painter of the "David School," M. Barbier Waibonne, died recently at the ripe age of ninety-one years, forgotten by almost all the present generation; he executed some excellent works in his earlier years, portraits of the Marshals de Moncey, Moreau, and Ragusa, for the Tuilleries; also several clever historical pictures: he was, in his old age, pensioned by government.—Public sales of works of Art are drawing towards a close: some recent sales of objects of *virtu* show that they still keep up their prices. At the sale of the collection of Madame de la Sayette, a specimen of Limoges enamel, the work of Leonard Limousin—purchased nineteen years ago for 250 francs, subsequently sold to M. Fould for 600 francs, after passing through the hands of Prince Soltykoff and other persons—has lately been sold for 17,200 francs; a candlestick, named "Service de Henri II.," similar to one now in London, the property of M. A. de Rothschild, who paid for it 5,000 francs, brought 18,300 francs; a triptych, attributed to Martin Schongauer, 10,800 francs. The sale of the collection of the Vicomte Comval, consisting of fire-arms, has brought good prices; an Italian sword, 3,750 francs; a Saxon sword of the sixteenth century, 4,000 francs; an arquebus, presented by the town of Laon to Henry IV., 2,500 francs; antique tables, chairs, &c., sold at very high sums, the whole producing 74,000 francs.—At a sale of presumed ancient paintings, under the title of the "Collection of the Duke de C.," a single picture by Sebastian del Piombo, put up at 2000 francs, brought 40,000 francs; it was no doubt genuine, but much restored.

BRUSSELS.—Advertisements have appeared in the *Indépendance Belge* for designs for the new Palais de Justice to be erected in Brussels. Foreign artists are invited to compete, and as the premiums offered are liberal—10,000 francs for the first selected design, 6,000 for the second, and 3,000 for the third—no doubt there will be many candidates. The designs are to be sent in by the 6th of August.

NICE.—A statue of the Emperor of the French is about to be erected in this town. The sculptor engaged to execute the work is M. Clesinger, son-in-law of Madame Sand. The emperor, it is said, will appear in the costume of a Roman. Is this the shadowing forth of a coming event?

#### THE HEMANS MEMORIAL WINDOW.

ALWAYS equally beautiful and appropriate for the purpose of monumental commemoration, a window of painted glass appears in a pre-eminent degree to be a becoming memorial for a poet. If worthy of its aim and purpose, such a monument preserves and transmits its commemorative record in the true poetry of Art; and, poet-like, in the very act of fulfilling its mission it imparts a fresh beauty to every surrounding object. Happily, a better and a purer taste has of late led to the frequent adoption of "memorial windows," in place of the ponderous masses of unmeaning and incongruous marble which so long were permitted to intrude themselves into our churches: and it is equally satisfactory to know that, as works of Art, these memorials have generally attained to such excellence as to insure for them a deservedly high popularity. Amongst the best and most gratifying productions of this class that have attracted our attention, is the very beautiful window that has just been completed by the Messrs. Warrington, as the memorial of Felicia Hemans, to be erected by subscription in the church of St. Ann, Dublin. The remains of Mrs. Hemans rest in this church, which thus will incorporate into its structure the tribute offered by affectionate admiration to her memory.

With judicious discrimination the artists have produced a window of Renaissance glass, to be placed in an edifice of Renaissance architecture. Accordingly, the design has been studied upon the principles of the most perfect Renaissance art of Venice. The success of the artists is complete. The composition is thoroughly effective and characteristic of the style, while it combines a lustrous richness of colouring with a becoming breadth and a charming simplicity of treatment. The architectural features of the window comprehend two principal lights, with a bold circle and two curved spandrels above them. In each light, two groups of figures in panels appear, as many as smaller medallions. The subjects of the four groups (selected by the committee of subscribers) are Miriam singing—her Song of Triumph, the Presentation of the Youthful Samuel by his Mother, Deborah judging Israel seated beneath her Palm-tree, and the Salutation of the Virgin Mary by Elizabeth. The upper circle contains a fifth group, representing another Mary seated at the Saviour's feet, and receiving from his lips the happy assurance that she had chosen the good part which should not be taken away from her. These figures are all carefully drawn, and they produce exactly the right pictures to be painted on glass. Architectural borders, designed after the manner of Raffaellian decorative work, complete the window, and bind together its various component parts into one harmonious whole.

It is with no ordinary pleasure that we congratulate both the subscribers to this memorial and the artists upon the result of their conjoint efforts. In this window the Messrs. Warrington have added fresh honour to their long-sustained reputation, and the friends of Mrs. Hemans may refer to it as worthy alike of the duty to which it is devoted, and of the motives which led them to seek its production. The cost has been defrayed by a subscription. We hope it has been responded to by authors, for there can be no one of the many by whom our age is made famous who will not gladly place on record his or her grateful memory of this great and good woman, whose precepts and example were alike incentives to virtue, and whose "immortal verse" ever keeps actively alive the brightest and happiest affections, the loftiest aims and the holiest aspirations.

#### MINOR TOPICS OF THE MONTH.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY BANQUET took place, as usual, on the Saturday preceding the public opening of the exhibition; and also, as usual, the distinguished guests, on whom devolved the duty of proposing or responding to the toasts, paid due compliments to the Academy and its doings, as well as to the collection of pictures which hung around them. The President, in returning thanks for the toast of "Prosperity to the Royal Academy," proposed by Viscount Palmerston, said, "I must do the members of the Royal Academy the justice to say that some of their own works have been this year withdrawn to make room for others; and it is satisfactory, amid the disappointments which, under the circumstances, are unavoidable, to see works by contributors occupying those prominent places which, by a fair and acknowledged privilege, are usually assigned to members. From the experience of the present exhibition alone it is plain that the additional space which the Academy so much wants would be a boon to the contributors, and it is, on this account, the more earnestly desired. The members of the Royal Academy are sincerely anxious to render this institution as useful as possible in conformity with the objects of its foundation. They, too, are prepared to set their house in order; but before they can do so it is essential that they should know without a figure where and what their house is to be." We do not find that any member of the government offered the least intimation of a proposed change in the *locale* of the Academy, or of an extension of the edifice it now occupies; so that, for the present, at least, it may be presumed that matters will be allowed to remain as they are.

"COURTESY" OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.—The word will surprise many; nevertheless, it is a good sign when courtesy to other than the high-born and wealthy is exercised by that body. We learn from the *Critic* that this year circulars of a consolatory character have been addressed to artists whose works were rejected. This is a novelty, but surely a step in the right direction.

SIR CHARLES BARRY, R.A.—The world has sustained a loss by the death of this accomplished gentleman and renowned architect. The sad event took place on the 12th of May, somewhat suddenly.

THE NATIONAL GALLERY.—The *Critic* informs us "there is a report that Captain Poukes' plan for altering the National Gallery is likely to be adopted." That plan is to make the present structure, by raising and enlarging, capacious enough to contain the national pictures, and also to accommodate the Royal Academy. Those who desire "full particulars" may obtain them by reference to the *Corr-hill Magazine*. This project would, no doubt, supply sufficient space for a few years to come; possibly until the public is in a mood to receive with approval the plans for erecting a true palace of Art at South Kensington.

THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.—The cost of the fresco pictures in the Houses of Parliament up to March in the present year has been £10,828 18s. 6d., and of the sculptures £22,010. The portraits, twenty-eight in number, which are in the Prince's Chamber, have cost £1,960.

ARTISTS' BENEVOLENT FUND.—The annual festival of this institution was celebrated on Saturday, the 12th of May, at the Freemasons' Tavern, when the Right Hon. Lord Stanley occupied the chair, and advocated the claims of the society to public support. During the past year its income amounted to £1,120, of which £630 were derived from property invested; the sum granted in relief was £560, or nearly 80 per cent of the whole revenue. Subscriptions to the amount of £500 were announced, during the evening, by the secretary. The chairman paid a well-merited compliment to the excellent and economical manner in which the affairs of this society are conducted.

THE FEMALE SCHOOL OF ART, GOWER STREET.—If an argument were needed to evidence the utility of this institution, and to prevent the dissolution with which it is threatened by the Government, and which it must undergo unless the public appeal on its behalf be adequately met, such an argument would be found in the recent exhibition of the drawings, &c., executed by the pupils during the last session, and which are as creditable to the



students as they are to the lady, Miss Gann, who presides over the school. The number of drawings submitted in competition for medals was ninety-two, the number awarded by the Government inspector was twenty-six, of which seventeen were selected to be sent in for competition with the other schools throughout the country. We would particularize, among so many deserving of attention, those executed by Miss H. Blandford, Miss A. Bartlett, Miss E. H. Bryant, Miss I. Piggott, Miss T. Smith, Miss F. Von Stürmer, and Miss A. Wells. But the entire exhibition affords ample proof of the practical value of the school. A *Conversazione*, under the patronage of the Queen, will be held on the 21st of the present month, at the South Kensington Museum, in aid of the fund now being raised for the purchase, or erection, of a building for the use of this institution, whose present uncertain position has been lately referred to in our columns.

THE GREAT EXHIBITION, 1862.—It is more than probable,—indeed, it may be regarded as certain,—that the required guarantee of £250,000 will have been entered into before our Journal is before the public; consequently, arrangements will be immediately commenced, although it is not likely that the "first stone" of the building will be laid before the middle of the year 1861. We again remind manufacturers of their duty to make preparations early—to consider at once how honours and more substantial advantages can be best secured.

THE LAST CONVERSAZIONE of the Artists and Amateurs' Society, held on the 3rd of May, in Willis's Rooms, was certainly one of the most brilliant meetings which the members have held, and it brought their season to a close with well-merited éclat. The collection of oil-paintings and framed drawings exhibited on the occasion was large and varied, including in it works by many of our most distinguished artists. Several portfolios of sketches, among which may be especially pointed out those contributed by Messrs. W. Calow, T. M. Richardson, and H. B. Willis, were points of attraction to groups of visitors during the whole evening. To enumerate the other works that attracted notice would far exceed our present limits.

THE NEW BRONZE COIN is spoken highly of as a work of numismatic art. Her Majesty having honoured Mr. Leonard Wyon, the medallist, with several sittings, the portrait will, doubtless, afford an admirable likeness of our "Sovereign Lady." The reverse presents some points of difference equally beautiful and appropriate, over the pieces now in circulation: Britannia is seated on a rock in the sea; in the distance, to the right, is a ship under full canvas, and, to the left, a lighthouse; the triplet thus personifying England's marine throne, and her unrivalled maritime commercial power.

MR. WATTS, the painter of the large fresco in Lincoln's Inn Hall, has received from the benchers of that society an expression of their estimate of his labours, which is both honourable to the artist and to the learned body for whom the work was gratuitously executed. Mr. Watts was invited to dine with the members on the 25th of April, and was then presented with a splendid silver-gilt cup, of the value of £150, and a purse containing the sum of £500; the testimonials, as was stated on the occasion, were not given "in the character of a compensation, but as a testimony of the friendly feeling of the society for the man who had selected it as the recipient of so valued a gift, and of its appreciation of his genius as an artist." Hogarth is said to have been the last painter who had partaken of the hospitality of the members of Lincoln's Inn; he dined with them in 1750.

THE STEPHENSON MONUMENT.—We described, it may be remembered, the model for this monument when it was finished by Mr. Lough. The principal figure, that of the great engineer, is raised on a pedestal, at the base of which are four figures, a pitman, an engineer, a blacksmith, and a navy. The engineer is now in plaster, and the pitman is finished in the clay, ready for the plaster. When both of these figures are ready for casting in bronze, they will be sent to the foundry, and the others will follow in succession. It will be yet some time before the monument can be completed.

ST. MARTIN'S SCHOOL OF DESIGN.—The drawings in the exhibition of this school, which opened at the end of March, were in number sixty-three; of which ten were from the life; of the rest some

were coloured, and others in outline, or shaded. The outline subjects were drawings from leaves, flowers, and plaster casts; and those shaded were highly creditable examples of chalk drawing. For the best of these drawings twenty-four medals have been awarded, and nine have been selected for "national competition." The manner of the work, and the general advancement of the pupils, bespeak the industry and proficiency of the instructor, Mr. Casey.

MR. BURFORD'S PANORAMIC VIEW OF ROME, the last new picture opened to the public in Leicester Square, is remarkable for its truth as well as for the artistic execution everywhere manifested. The view is taken from the tower of the Capitol, a point which conveys the eye over the whole city—the site of the ruins of departed greatness, the mouldering palaces of the Cæsars on the one side, and modern Rome, the city reared by the genius of Bramante, Michel Angelo, and Raffaele, on the other side. It is a beautiful picture to contemplate, yet a sad one; calling up vast and wonderful memories of events with which the name of "Rome" has been associated for thousands of years—events that, at various epochs of her history, have shaken the world by their mighty influences for good or evil. A more interesting panorama than this, either as a subject or a work of Art, can scarcely be conceived; it forms a curious contrast to the gay view of Venice, still to be seen in the same building.

STUDYING FROM THE NUDE MODEL.—With all respect for Lord Haddo's motives, we yet think it a great pity he should obtrude this question on public notice through his place in parliament. It is quite evident, from what he stated last month, when he again attempted to influence the House of Commons to withdraw the grant to schools of Art where the living female model is engaged, that his lordship knows nothing of the manner in which these studies are conducted, and cannot understand how they can be otherwise than demoralizing. Lord Haddo's moral perceptions are very oblique, or he would never have made the comparisons which the reports of the daily journals attribute to him. Of course the house rejected his motion by a large majority, yet there were not fewer than thirty-two members who supported it; this surprises us. We shall, in our next number, discuss the subject further, though we can scarcely expect to make converts where prejudice, misapprehension, or a false sense of propriety, oppose themselves to conviction.

FOLEY'S EQUESTRIAN STATUE OF LORD HARDINGE.—We cordially invite attention to the effort which is being made to obtain a duplicate of this noble work, to be erected in London, as a tribute to the artistic genius of the nation, and to the national respect for the memory of England's most worthy sows. Lord Hardinge was always a popular man; and his military career is identified with a long and a proud series of chapters of recent English history. Hardinge occupied a place in the front rank amongst the heroes of the Peninsular: Hardinge lost a right arm at Waterloo; Hardinge stemmed the torrent of the Sikh war in India; and Hardinge died Commander-in-chief. An equestrian statue of this good soldier cannot fail to be an honour to the British metropolis. And then, again, the particular equestrian statue that has been executed in bronze by Mr. Foley, for Calcutta, is universally held to be a masterpiece of commemorative sculpture. London is not very fortunate in its public statues, and here is a work that will go far to elevate the reputation of its class. Mr. Foley, for every reason, ought to receive a second commission for his *chef-d'œuvre*, and we shall rejoice to be instrumental in bringing a proposition to such an effect to a successful issue.

BAILY'S MONUMENT OF ADMIRAL ROBERT BLAKE, to be placed in the beautiful church of St. Mary, at Taunton, has been exhibited in the studio of Mr. E. Papworth, in Milton Street, Dorset Square, where it has attracted no ordinary amount of both attention and admiration. It is an historical monument in sculpture of the highest order, and judiciously adapted for its ultimate erection within the walls of a Church. The figure of the famous Admiral of the Commonwealth is a truly noble, and also a thoroughly characteristic composition. This memorial removes another great English worthy of the olden time from the list of those, whose memory has not been associated with any work of Art devoted to the express purpose of monumental commemoration.

THE HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY has issued a detailed plan of their proposed Geometric Gardens, at South Kensington, which promises well for the successful realization of their project. Mr. Nesfield has studied his design with evident thoughtfulness and care, and he has arranged his architecture, walks, and groups of natural objects with skill and taste. The actual garden-work we believe to be quite safe under the direction of Mr. Eyles, lately the able chief in the gardens of the Crystal Palace. Exclusive of the several terraces, the new South Kensington Gardens, with the great conservatory, and the corridors, will be upon three levels; and to these three levels the whole of the arrangements will be adjusted. Small tazze and seats will be dispersed in every direction, and works in sculpture will occupy the more important positions, the place of honour being reserved for Mr. Durham's memorial of the Great Exhibition of 1851. The plans include buildings for the society's floral exhibitions, aviaries, also basins with jets, a maze, and various other appropriate objects.

MR. F. P. STEPHANOFF.—We have received intelligence of the death, on May 15, of this artist, whose works were better known a few years since than they have been of late. We shall, probably, be able to give some particulars of his life in our next number.

FREE ART-GALLERY AND MUSEUM FOR MANCHESTER.—Mr. Fairbairn's gigantic project is in a fair way to be realized; the "first" list of subscriptions contains the names of fifteen gentlemen, subscribers of £1,000 each, twenty of £500 each, and about fifty of sums between £25 and £250. Nearly half the required sum is, therefore, secured. Truly these are "merchant princes." Those who imagined Mr. Fairbairn's scheme to be visionary, will now see that he did not reckon without his host.

THE POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION.—A public meeting has been held, at which Lord Shaftesbury presided, the object of which is to reconstitute this valuable institution. Considerable aid has been tendered, as subscriptions and as loans, but it is not yet sufficient. Whether with regard to the past or the future of this most useful establishment, we heartily wish the project success. It has done much good, and may do much more; its death would be a public calamity, for the Metropolis supplies no other means so effectual for combining instruction with amusement.

HOSPITAL FOR CONSUMPTION, BROMPTON.—A special festival—three years having elapsed since the last took place—was held on the 16th of May, at the Albion Tavern, for the express purpose of forming a fund for lessening, if not totally extinguishing, a mortgage debt of upwards of £8,000, which had for some time past tended to impede the operations of this most useful and admirable institution. The chair was occupied by the Right Hon. Sir John Pakington, who strongly advocated its claims to public support. It may not be generally known, that patients suffering from pulmonary diseases are generally excluded from the ordinary hospitals of London, and in very many instances, from those also in the country; hence the greater necessity for giving to this institution the power of extending its benefits as far as possible. The income of the hospital derived from annual subscriptions had increased during the past year, but the donations had decreased so much as to leave a deficit of £900 in the total income; while the applications for out-door relief and for admittance into the wards were more numerous than at any preceding time. The reliable income of the hospital at present is £8,000 only, while the annual expenditure is £8,000; it is, therefore, evident that assistance is greatly needed by the committee. A sum of about £1,700 was collected after dinner in the room. We have always felt especial interest in the success of this charity, and hope by this notice to enlist the sympathies of some of our readers in its behalf.

BAXTER'S PATENT OIL PICTURES.—Mr. George Baxter, the inventor and proprietor of these popular productions, during the last month has retired from his artistic labours, and his large collections of patent oil pictures have been dispersed through the instrumentality of Southgate and Barrett. It is satisfactory to be able to record the success that has attended Mr. Baxter's own career, and which it is to be hoped will be sustained by whomsoever comes after him.



## REVIEWS.

CROSSING THE HIGHLAND LOCH. Engraved by C. MOTTRAM, from the Picture by JACOB THOMPSON. Published by DROSTEN, ALLAN & Co., London.

Mr. Thompson's pictures are not so well known in London, as, we think, they deserve to be. This artist, living a quiet, almost a secluded, life amid the beautiful scenery of the Cumberland lakes, rarely exhibits his works to the public. Now and then he sends a picture to London, where it finds a place on the walls of the Royal Academy; but such an event is an exception to the general rule. Yet his works find their way readily from the easel into the galleries of many aristocratic collectors; nor are we surprised at this, for they are always of a most pleasing character, evidencing some of the best qualities of Art, and especially of those qualities of subject and treatment which the public like to see. This print now before us is an example of a most favourable kind. In the foreground of the picture is a large ferry-boat close-hauled to the shore, on which a number of figures, sportsmen with their dogs and game, market-women with baskets of fowls, a young gleaner with her wheatsheaf, and others, are waiting till a white pony, on whose back lies a dead stag, is conveyed safely into the boat,—not a very easy task. The arrangement of these figures is most picturesque and effective; the pony, in the centre, forms the principal point of light and of attraction, both to the spectator of the picture and to the groups around the animal. Several of the individuals who are thus made to appear are portraits. The background is composed of a range of lofty hills, sketched in the vicinity of the painter's residence, near Penrith. There is a certain kind of joyous air about the whole scene that is very attractive, to which, possibly, the fancied strains of the Highland piper standing in the bow of the ferry-boat, and "discussing most eloquent music"—to those who can find a charm in it—give additional zest. The subject is treated with animation as well as picturesque feeling, every figure is occupied, so to speak, and appears to have an object, apart from that of the artist in filling up a space.

The print is large, and carefully engraved, in the *chalk* style, by Mr. Mottram, who has succeeded in translating the picture in a very brilliant manner.

JOHNSON, BOSWELL, AND GOLDSMITH. Engraved by R. B. PARKES from the Picture by E. CROWE. Published by H. GRAVES & Co., London.

The room of the old "Mitre" in Fleet Street, where these three worthies are seated, must have been at such a time a coveted and enjoyable place of resort. Here is the giant of literature, looking sagely and seriously, and, doubtless, giving wise counsel to the poet and dramatist, whose comedy of the "Good Natured Man" is presumed to have been performed that evening for the first time; the trio having met after the performance to discuss the subject. Goldsmith, as usual, is in full courtly costume, laced coat, silk hose, ruffles, and all the paraphernalia of the costume of the period; Boswell is scarcely less splendidly arrayed. Then there is a paragon of a maiden who enters with the necessary ingredients for a brew of punch.

The picture, exhibited at the Academy about three years since, if we remember rightly, is well put together, and is pleasing both in subject and treatment; its chief value, however, depends on the portraits of the distinguished three. It is forcibly engraved in mezzotint.

THE FIELDS OF CRESSY AND AGINCOURT. Engraved by —ROBINSON, from the Pictures by J. ABOLTON. Published by H. GRAVES & Co., London.

Cressy and Agincourt were in time past names to "conjure with"; now they have been almost obliterated from memory by others of later date; still they are landmarks in the annals of English valour, upon which it is pleasant to look back. Centuries have passed since the chivalry of England and France met on those well-fought fields, and rich harvests have been gathered from soil where the noblest blood of Christendom sank deeply down to fertilize the ground. Mr. Abolton's pictures show the scenes of combat yellow with ripened corn, which peasants, male and female, are binding into sheaves, or preparing to carry away. On one of the old battle-grounds the artist has introduced himself (we presume), offering his "pipe of peace," that a young rustic labourer may light his cigar at it, and in the other, the good care of the neighbouring village seems to be describing the scene of action to the painter, while a brother-artist sketches the locality.

The prints are interesting from their picturesque qualities as well as from the glorious historical associations connected with the "Fields of Cressy and Agincourt."

NEWTON AT THE AGE OF TWELVE. Engraved by T. L. ATKINSON, from the Picture by F. NEWENHAM. Published by H. GRAVES & Co., London.

Allowing for a little excess of sentiment this is a very beautiful and expressive ideal portrait of the youthful Newton. He is seated with his elbow resting on a mass of rock, in contemplation of the "sparkled heavens," as Addison designates the sky at midnight when the stars are shining in full lustre. The face has none of the precocity of the man of vast genius; it is that of a boy, intelligent, thoughtful, and well-favoured by nature, and his attitude is easy and unconstrained, but he is "dressed" to sit for the artist. We should have preferred him less extensively "got up," yet are willing to accept him as a painter's poetical rendering of the subject, and gracefully rendered too. The engraving is by Mr. Atkinson, which is all that need be said in warranty of its excellence.

A SKETCH OF THE NATURAL HISTORY OF BRIGHTON AND ITS VICINITY. By MRS. MERRIFIELD. Published by W. PEARCE, Brighton.

Of the many thousands who reside in, or annually visit, this most fashionable watering-place, how few are there who concern themselves about its natural history. Brighton is almost the last town from which one would expect to see a party of geologists go forth, armed with tiny pickaxe and hammer, or of botanists with light spade and garden-trowel; it is not the place usually selected for scientific study, but for promenades, rides, and fashionable gaieties. Yet Mrs. Merrifield's little volume informs us that the land all around, barren as it looks, is rich in materials valued by the geologist, rich also in such objects of animal and vegetable life as frequent a chalky soil; while the coast offers to the collectors of sea-weeds an abundant harvest, no less choice in quality than prolific in specimens. We recommend all those who visit Brighton during the ensuing season, and who are desirous of gaining instruction as well as health, to get this book, a comprehensive and well-arranged guide to its natural history: it will, at least, aid in passing profitably and agreeably many an hour otherwise devoted, perhaps, to frivolous pursuits, or dragging its slow length along in the weariness of *ennui*.

THE MAY EXHIBITION. A Guide to Pictures in the Royal Academy. By WALTER THORNBURY, Author of "Art and Nature at Home and Abroad." Published by J. S. VINTUR, London.

This work, of some seventy pages, from the pen of our esteemed contributor Mr. Thornbury, reached us only as we were preparing our last sheet for press; we can, therefore, do little more than briefly refer to it. *Quod homines, id opinio*, is an axiom which applies to Art-critics no less than to critics of every other kind; rarely do two men see either Art or Nature with the same eyes, and, consequently, we are not surprised to find Mr. Thornbury's opinion of many pictures in the Academy differing from our own. His remarks are made with the dash, spirit, and brilliancy, which characterise his writing generally, but there is sometimes, at least in our judgment, a sarcastic tone adopted which might well have been spared; it may wound, but not convince. We think that even the author, upon mature consideration, would qualify some of his comments. Mr. Thornbury is a man of strong convictions, as all his writings show, and he uses "great plainness of speech," which may account for his occasional severity of phrase. He is an honest critic, if not an indulgent one; neither is he insensible to the charge that may be brought against him, for he says,—"I only hope my friends may believe that where I have been sarcastic or severe it has arisen from no base personal dislike, or the mean motives with which critics are always, and will be always, charged; but from a bold love of good Painting, and a fervent desire that England may become in Art the Greece of modern Europe."

FIRST TRACES OF LIFE ON THE EARTH; OR, THE FOSSILS OF THE BOTTOM ROCKS. By S. J. MACKIE, F.G.S., F.S.A., &c. Published by GROOMBRIDGE & Sons, London.

This old world of ours! how philosophers and men of science have descended into its depths in the hope of discovering the great secrets of its birth and infancy; how have they investigated its mysteries to

prove that it was not formed simply by the breath of the Almighty's voice, but that age after age rolled on, through thousands of years, ere it "stood fast" in all its primeval beauty and majesty, when its Creator pronounced his work "very good." And yet how little, comparatively, have all their researches brought to light; what indefinite teachers at the best are those fragments of the long-buried past which have been brought to the surface of the earth, to speak of the wisdom and power that made a world out of nothing, and arranged the chaotic mass of material into shape, and order, and loveliness. The knowledge acquired by man serves only to show him, as Newton said, of how much he is ignorant; and he must ever remain so to a vast extent till the secrets of all things are revealed.

Mr. Mackie has written a most instructive little book on the old life-forms now existing as organic remains, and which geologists speak of as "Fossils of the Bottom Rocks." It is, as he states, a work intended rather for the inquirer than the professor, one of admitted and reliable data rather than of speculation. The subject is deeply interesting to an intelligent mind, and is made yet more so by the pleasing manner in which it is here treated.

THE WILD FLOWERS OF ENGLAND; OR, FAVOURITE FIELD FLOWERS POPULARLY DESCRIBED. By the REV. J. M. M. M.A., F.R.B.S. Published by HOULSTON & WRIGHT, London.

We noticed this work last year when it first made its appearance. A new edition being called for, the author has availed himself of the opportunity to revise and correct his former observations, and to offer some additional matter. The coloured illustrations, by Mr. James Andrews, F.R.S., are also increased in number, so that the book may be now accepted as a profitable guide and pleasant companion through the meadows and green lanes at this present time, when the wild flowers are breaking forth into beauty, and enlivening the landscape with their many-coloured hues.

MONKSTOWN. Lithographed by T. PICKEN, from a Drawing by R. L. STORFORD. Published by DAY & SON, London.

A picturesque view of a locality situated a few miles from Cork, and which has undergone great alterations since we first knew it, though still retaining some of its old features. Monkstown has now the appearance of a fashionable watering-place recently sprung into existence: the banks of the river are lined with numerous attractive-looking villas, and the rising ground behind them is well-wooded and verdant, while steamers and pleasure-boats glide over the surface of the waters. The view has been judiciously selected, and is carefully drawn.

A HOUSE FOR THE SUBURBS; Socially and Architecturally Sketched. By THOMAS MORRIS, M.R.I.B.A. Published by SIMPKIN & Co., London.

Taking, as the basis of his remarks, the facilities which steam, both by land and by water, offers for suburban residence, and the custom now so generally adopted by those who have the means to pitch their own tents under a clear blue sky and in a pure atmosphere, Mr. Morris undertakes to show how these things may be most advantageously accomplished. Though an architect, the author does not treat his subject professionally only; he enters into many matters bearing indirectly upon it—locality, cost of land, suburban society, housewifery, &c. &c.; and concludes with a detailed description, accompanied with an elevation and ground plans, of a pretty villa residence. We must protest against the use of the word *Mansionette*, and a few other Gallic affectations. Any of our readers porposing to build for themselves or others, would do well to look over this book before commencing operations.

GOLDEN RULES FOR SKETCHERS FROM NATURE IN PENCIL AND COLOUR. Illustrated with Diagrams and Coloured Plates. By WALTER CRAYON. Published at the Office of the *National Drawing Master*, Aldine Chambers, London.

The title of this work would almost induce the belief that it is a book of large pretensions; such, however, is not the case. It is simply a little manual published at the charge of sixpence, but which certainly contains the money's worth in the shape of some useful hints for sketchers, and of numerous examples of objects the latter rather to be looked at than copied; for woodcuts, which these are, do not furnish the best practical lessons for learners, who may learn from them *form* and *proportion*, but little else. The book is a safe theoretical guide, as far as it assumes to go.



## THE ART-JOURNAL.



LONDON JULY 1, 1890.

MEN OF PROMISE.  
PROCTER AND DEARE.BY WALTER THORNBURY.  
AUTHOR OF "LIFE IN SPAIN."

HE grave of a man of promise!"—what a text for the moralist!

Shall our poets shed stage-tears in homed verse at seeing frost kill the March violets, or the rough wind of the month with the lion's breath snapping off a budding bough, and shall we not do well to sit down for a moment upon the grave-stone of young genius?

Death is terrible when he strikes the child,—Death is even more terrible when he comes to the young man, and casts him down his dark trap-door into the black river. It is difficult to say at such times, with the Turk, "*Khismet*"—it is ordained; it gives us great spasms at the heart, and pains in the brain, to see life snapped in the middle, and the rude black pen suddenly drawn across all the sketches of great resolves, high hopes, and mighty aspirations. When one recalls the kindling eye, the warm hand that grasped one's own so often with the silent grasp of friendship, it is difficult to imagine a cold weight of earth stopping that glowing pulse, fettering that wise hand, clogging that eager eye. Is the man of promise prisoned under the turf? what divine voice bade that heart grow cold, and those limbs forget their duty? what removed him from us ere his work seemed done? who took the chisel from this hand and the brush from that, and bade them go sleep under the heavy stone until the judgment? The All-seeing, the All-wise, sent the Angel of Death to call them away, these two we are now the temporary biographers of—that we know; but before the causes of that summons hangs the great curtain of night. That unseen hand is moving among the crowd in every street, but it seizes only those whose hour is come. Death is but God's messenger, and all he does is well, because God wills it.

A hundred years ago, the name of Thomas Procter, now forgotten, was great among the sculptors of England. He was a student of the Royal Academy, and the black river-god of Somerset House had seldom stared at a youth of greater promise. He was of humble birth—that is, he had the disadvantage of being poor, a disgrace only to those who are base enough to think it so—and was born at Settle, in the West Riding of Yorkshire—a hardy, horse-breaking province, where the men are toughened by the sea air, and rendered kindly wise by the necessity of struggling more for life and life's needs than we are in the more tepid and en-

feebled south. He was a man of the wolds; perhaps of Danish blood, or with some tang of a purer and less mixed race than your flat lower provinces, with their squared-out and superdivided meadows, can muster—something of the Scotsman's tenacity, craft, and endurance lingered about the horse-taming Yorkshireman. The Northman's luxuries are the Southron's necessities; and I have no doubt that, if civil war were possible in England, that the southern counties would soon be overrun and conquered by the northern. Home sickness is a disease unknown to the Scotchman, as we all are aware: the man who did not live on grass and thistles could snatch no living, if he dared to struggle for life, among a circle of Yorkshire traders. But, in saying this, we are but jesting. The Yorkshire blood is pure, and strong, and hot, though it may be a little cool and slow in pulsation. The Yorkshire body is a good stock for the worker, whether with brain or hand; and stouter and more stalwart men are not to be found than are to be met with in the bleak Ridings.

We presume that Procter started with a good country capital of health—no bad basis for the bank of life, say what you will. What early instinct, what accidental preponderance of certain faculties led Procter, the young Yorkshireman, to sculpture, we shall never now know. Some drawing in the nursery, perhaps, some book of prints, some stray picture, the waif and stray of some great house gone to pieces, kindled the first ambition in the heart, and fed that snake that grew till it swallowed up all the other passions. Strong enough at first to be called genius, to enlist friends, and to win believers in father and mother, it does not seem to have been; for in due time the swarthy, black-haired boy was bound apprentice to a tobaccoist at Manchester, to which smoky town he repaired, to weigh spongy masses of the narcotic weed, to number cigars, to dip out shells of snuff for old women, to perch on stools and run all day up and down tedious columns of figures, to compare, to add up, to balance—in fact, to narrow a large and growing mind with a routine of petty duties. This provincial work soon became intolerable. The ambitionless, idealess, money-making Manchester men were no meet companions for the high-souled, ardent young sculptor, with perpetual fire working at his heart and brain—to whom the earth itself seemed too small a scope for his ambition, and who could play juggler's tricks with the very sun and brother planets, were his hand as large as his ambition. He goes up to London, and enters with new hopes and fresh wings the house of Messrs. Harrison and Ansley, merchants. But who can stop the sea when the dyke is once broken down? nothing now will do but devoting a whole life to Art. Imagine his ardent letters to friends home, down in Yorkshire, showing that giving up something for nothing is the nearest way to earn thousands. In 1777 he becomes a happy student of the Royal Academy, eager to grow his own gold tree, and to surpass in fame even that rough misanthropic genius, Irish Barry; or, in his own special art, the great Roubilliac. His mind fluctuates between the two goddesses of painting and sculpture. In both arts, however antagonistic they may appear, he obtains triumphs; and all the time he works on the hard benches of the academic schools. He is treated kindly and as a friend by the merchants he had left—at both their houses, at Tottenham and Clapham, he hangs up his cocked hat with equal pleasure; he drinks their wine, and tells studio stories, he rhapsodises, in the midst of mercantile talk, about the Venus de Medici, and the Belvidere Apollo—about Rome and its sculptor's heaven. The same fire that burnt in the man of promise who died yesterday in

the Temple or Gray's Inn, burnt in the heart of the young Yorkshireman. Give him time and opportunity, and he will grapple with even the great Florentine himself; no fence is too high for his horse, no ditch too broad. He is the centre of a band of young men, the central planet in the life-schools at Somerset House. If he wants money, his old employers give it him—for they, at least, know his worth, and believe in his genius.

Barry's picture of 'Venus rising from the Sea,' a well-drawn but coldly classical subject, to our eye, fired this swarthy youth to paint a large and ambitious scene of 'Adam and Eve,' illustrating a passage of "Paradise Lost;" though not a mechanically good painting, still winning great applause from bewildered rivals, and pleased superiors. A few years later, and the young Yorkshireman gained a premium from the Society of Arts, and a silver medal from the Royal Academy. The next year, he crowns his triumph by carrying off the Academy gold medal by an historical picture, and his grasp and vigour are now admitted.

Cottage interiors and every-day happiness are nothing to our man of promise—the real is far too vulgar a thing for his great ambition. He lives in dream-world, among straight-nosed goddesses and well-made Apollos. He thinks no one can become an old master without painting Greek noses, so he strains a monstrous white canvas, and designs 'Venus approaching the Island of Cyprus,'—as if the Isle of Dogs did not behave us more than Cyprus, and our own "not impossible she" more than all the dead stone Venuses, with the frozen simpers and the blank eyes. Still the man of promise knew no better, and what he thought he ought to do, he did—which is more than some of us can say.

I suppose, with his strong will and fervid speech, the short, sturdy Yorkshireman, with the swarthy skin and enormous coal-black whiskers, was a great favourite among the hot bloods of the studios, with their ready belief in budding genius, and profound sympathy with men of promise. At all events, we hear that when Procter gained the gold medal, and some bland mediocrity read his name out to the hot, eager faces, they seized the black-eyed lad of the West Riding, hurried him down stairs, and eventually carried him on their shoulders round the broad quadrangle of Somerset House, much to the wonder of the sooty figure of the Thames. All this Barry, the truculent and pugnacious, saw with kindling eyes, and shouted, "Blood and oons! the Greeks did it—do it again, boys—do it again!" which must have soled Procter for many painful midnights, and have sent Barry home with ideas for his Adelphi pictures, and the Olympic Games episode.

To work goes the black-bearded Yorkshireman as one of his horse-taming race should; no tobacco now, save to smoke as balsam for mental wounds, while he pinches, and thumbs, and kneads the stupid clay into forms of beauty, that the man of promise believes fashioned for the pantheon of genius and the palace of eternity. Alas! it is but grave clay he kneads, and the black face is behind every mask that hangs upon his humble walls. God's promises are children; the devil's are the juggling dreams with which genius such as Procter's is beguiled to death. Procter works with his tooth-brush handles, his steel scoops and scrapers, his sculptor's tools, in short. He creates out of clay wonderful works, which are never to become stone. His 'Ixion on the Wheel, rolling in Torture,' draws crowds of cocked-hatted and spectacled men, who look at each other and smile, as Sir Joshua Reynolds, drawing out that wine-filterer of an ear-trumpet, tells Mr. West the work is admirable, and Mr. West of course, who praises everything, says it is admirable too; so that Sir Abraham Hume



thinks it a safe investment, and buys it, giving guineas for clay—one sort of earth for another—lead for gold, as Procter's friends think; though that one-ided old Nollekens says, "He don't see why Procter should make the man Ixion going round on the Catherine-wheel with his eyes closed, for he (Nolly) could not sleep if he had the toothache, much less on the Catherine-wheel;" but then Nolly does not like men who dare large works, and are fools enough to neglect profitable bustos. Then Procter's Pirithous was very good; and he tried to excel, like Michael Angelo, both in sculpture and painting.

But the clouds of fate began to darken over the man of promise. His ambition was sometimes greater than his powers of performance. On one occasion he sent a huge mainsail of a picture—a Druidical subject; oakwoods like enormous cabbages, and bed-gown Druids. I fear the council shrugged their shoulders at it, and advised him to put more work into it. There was mind in the sketch, but not much paint. It was such a monster of a picture—such a ricketty, hydrocephalic child, with so little brain, that the council had to give him a painting-room on the premises; where the porter doubtless gave him friendly hints, and received with perfect composure the black scorn of the Yorkshireman of promise. Busy at the bed-gown Druids, Procter worked for several days on the mainsail: but the members of the council who dropped in, dropped out again, fatally silent, and squinting violently at the Druids, as sham Druids—whether in pictures or on the stage—always make you do. They begged little bitter Northcote to go and look at it, and he went and squinted too; and so after all the picture was never exhibited, but the council, with many bland bows and smirks, and looking over spectacles silvery and golden, pretended to the black-whiskered man of promise that the Druids were too large for Somerset House, and not a word was said about the want of expression and the flimsy painting. Like a famous fresco of modern times, the great picture was, we fear, a *fiasco*. What claims to fame Procter had as a painter, it is indeed difficult to discover, for Northcote, a lemon of a man, said Procter's paintings were poor, but spoke of him highly as a modeller; while Nollekens, the sculptor, said Procter excelled in painting, and was not much in clay. Now, a painter praising a man's sculpture and condemning his painting, and a sculptor praising his painting and condemning his sculpture, sounds rather dubious to our suspicious ears, distrustful of men of promise who are not men of performance.

Perhaps those unlucky bed-gown Druids led Procter into trouble; for ten years a crape veil of mist and premature oblivion shuts him from our sight—all we know is, that among other low, material vexations, such as milk scores and angry "hagging" landladies, he had to dig a hole in the floor of his room, so as to enable it to contain his enormous model of 'Diomedes thrown to his Horses, that he had fed on Human Flesh.' It was too big for his house—and it proved too big for the houses of the *cognoscenti*, for no one bought it, and Procter, unable to pay for hire of a warehouse, broke it to pieces with his own hand, his heart aching at each blow.

O ye who have dreamed for years over some thought which with sweat of brain ye have, at last, transformed to book, or statue, or picture, suddenly to see it snipped to pieces by critics' poisoned scissors, or left unheeded by the crowd who passed on to see the last juggler balance his feathers on his nose, imagine, as no others can, the agony of this destruction!

Ten years have passed since the shining gold medal was placed in the swarthy brown hand

of Procter; and that useful body, the Royal Academy, have left their man of promise to starve in obscurity—to break up the work of his lone midnight in the paroxysm of despair.

Ten sad years pass, and the period arrives that a student is to be sent to Rome by the Royal Academy. The respectable snow-bewigged mediocrities, over their comfortable wine, remember the clever, gold-medal student, and fix upon Procter. Mr. West, always mediocre, and always amiable, agrees to find him—to dive for him, and bring him up by the locks. Where is he? No one can find him, or hear anything of him. He is buried in black London—drowned in the muddy, weedy sea of poverty.

At the time that Mr. West, with kind but yet tardy zeal, is searching for the entombed genius, singularly enough, Fortune, also rather tardy, has sent another friend: Mr. Riding, a painter and picture dealer, formerly an intimate friend of Procter's, is also looking for him, and finds him. The clouds break for Procter; the blue shows. Riding observes his friend's disturbed and restless manner; he sees that he is entangled in a Nessus net of debts, and that his one wish is to become free. Riding put forth all his strength to help him. He goes privately to a man who holds a note against Procter for money lent. It is a weapon that may be at any moment used against the man of promise. He goes and represents his poor friend's distress. He appeals to the lender, and touches his heart. He so wins him over that the note is thrown on the fire, and flies a red tinder up the chimney, the mischievous devil that lurked in it being exorcised by that process. It is late at night when the devil is dismissed; and early next morning Riding will rise and tell Procter. Happy at his success, Riding goes home to sleep lightly, as good men can do.

In the meantime, Mr. West has dug up Procter, and been to his lodgings in Maiden Lane. He finds him cowering over a heap of clay, in the obscure lodging, in a deplorably reduced state—weak, helpless, and desponding. The well-dressed, comfortable man looks at him with eyes of pity, relieves him, invites him to dinner, offers him letters of introduction to Roman friends, and determines to send him as tutor with his own (West's) son to Rome. He leaves him, brushing his cocked hat, and blandly expressing his regret at Procter's genius having been so long neglected. He shakes him by the hand, and wishes him "good night."

The next morning dawns hopeful and bright, and with it, to the humble door opposite the Cider Cellar in Maiden Lane, comes Riding. He pushes back the dirty, careless drudge, who knows nothing about Mr. Procter—he is up stairs in a moment; he thrusts open the bedroom door—no answer; he calls anxiously; he shouts his good tidings—no response; he runs to the bed, drags down the tawdry, tucked-in curtains, pulls back the sheet—there is the great black *fell* of hair on the pillow, but the face pale, and the jaw sunk. The man of promise has died before he became a man of performance.

But we must move from the death-bed of one man of promise to the grave of another. Unlike that of Procter, it is far from the smoke that boils perpetually over the "dim spot" that men call London; it is in that lonely burial-ground outside the walls of Rome where Keats sleeps, under the shadow of the toy pyramid of Caius Cestus, within hearing of those skeleton chariots that nightly race along the adjacent Appian way, what time the night-ingles are toiling at their delicious inspiration of song. It is the grave of Deare, the young English sculptor, who lies in this garden of

death; and it is of the dream-bubbles of his life, and their evaporation into grains of churchyard dust, that I have now to treat.

Deare was of a humble Liverpool stock; those irrestrainable instincts which, when allied to power and energy, constitute genius, led him, from a boy, to observe the shape and outline of objects that surrounded him, and to try to reproduce them—a tendency which, in a low mind, is apish, but in a high one is nothing but divine. At ten, after much chipping and scraping of a resultless kind, he produced a small skeleton carved by himself with his own school penknife. It was rather an ominous, ghastly production; but so it was, that day after day, that thoughtful boy, rosy with health, and intent on his self-imposed task, had sat down beside a real skeleton, and studied its central column, its globular grim skull, reproducing in wood every socket of the vertebrae, every ridge and furrow of that wonderful ground-plan of the Deity,—that first sketch of Adam, that scaffold on which our house of clay is reared. On that little wooden puzzle, only six inches and a half high, that boy had laboured like a young Baron Trenck, wiling away weary hours of prison gloom with this task of laborious idleness; and all that time, could he but have seen it, the skeleton grinned and waited for the appointed time when he would be permitted to put forth his bony claw, and clutch his victim.

Between school hours our genius, sadly indifferent to sticky sugar-casks, wadded cotton bales, and red-lined ledgers, devoted all his spare time to copying prints and engravings, bought for him by his proud father. His genius ran to Homeric subjects—to the vast and grand; and what in other minds was a dunghill on a village common, was to him a boundless prairie and the illimitable ocean. Long afterwards his eyes used to glow and his nostrils dilate at reading of the tramp of Homer's horsemen, or the clang of the wounded as they fell beside the Seamander.

No difficulties lie, like "caltrops" for cavalry, in the way of this young genius—the sun smiles, the sky is of a perpetual blue. He goes up to the great black London. He is arched with much hopefulness to a Mr. Thomas Carter, in Piccadilly, in a small house now erased by a larger one. He is set at carving chimney-pieces, and although only sixteen, soon becomes celebrated for his exquisite taste and skill. But this will not suffice him; he goes to the Academy, where Nollekens is visitor, and where Flaxman and Procter are beginning to get known, and drawing so well that the startled new comer is driven to modelling, being afraid of their competition. In 1780 he carries off the gold medal at the Academy for a model of (Milton's) Adam and Eve, though then only twenty. There is no limit to what this genius may do. He will be the greatest Liverpool, greatest English, greatest European, sculptor. If wonderful at twenty, what will he be at forty? Alas! could not that skeleton have answered, had heaven given it back for a moment a tongue?

The genius writes home in high spirits. The world grows wider round him—perpetual sunshine for him glids black London. Mr. Carter, "a blustering fellow, but a good man," as he tells his father—making, I suppose, much easy gold by the ready, skillful hand of the Liverpool genius—is going ("he thinks") to give him half a guinea a week for the first part of his apprenticeship, and fifteen shillings for the latter end of that term of bearable slavery. He is full of stories of Roubilliac, and Scheemackers, and Spang the Dane, who taught Nollekens, and produced the small anatomical figure that artists still use. He tells his father how he attended the dissections of dead murderers and thieves at Surgeons' Hall, how he went and watched their pale bodies with the blue



rings round the necks flayed—as Hogarth once did, when he drew his hideous picture of Tom Nero being anatomized. Deare was present when a “fine subject”—some murderer or highwayman—was removed to the Somerset House (in a chair or a coach, we suppose), and bent into the position of the Dying Gladiator for the use of the Royal Academy, where the “fine subject” still is an ornament useful to young anatomists. The casts in Surgeons’ Hall, hideous but to the eyes of science, being one half red and flayed, and the other whole, of untouched skin, especially delighted him. All this time there is a care and prudence in the young genius not uncommendable. He takes great pleasure in telling his friends that crafty Nollekens got most of his money by buying and selling antique figures; and that Van Gilder, one of his fellow workmen, “who is one of the best hands in London for foliage,” and who “cut that large figure in our shop,” had saved a thousand pounds by keeping men at work for him at home, while he got his humble two guineas a week at Carter’s shop. Carter is one of those men who know how to use clever men, and get himself the praise for what others do. He “screwed down” the young craftsmen, and paid them liberally with promises,—a sort of mental assignat that your Pecksniff of every profession is liberal in, whether he be your editor who is praised for what a correspondent has written, or your sculptor who is praised for what his workmen have achieved. Carter in this way gets great credit for a monument for unlucky General Burgoyne’s lady, and for a rich tablet for a chimney-piece.

Deare does not neglect his study of more serious things all this time: he is determined to go through the whole course of the antique, from Adonis to Venus, from A to Z—men, women, children—all the stone family that the Greeks left us: he will draw and draw till he knows them thoroughly, inside and outside, muscle and flesh; he will take to pieces, in fact, the old Greek puzzle, and, by help of Surgeons’ Hall, put it together again, so that he may in time learn the art of constructing similar puzzles. The genius of Liverpool prepares, with much fear and trembling, to compete for the Academy gold medal. Ecstein, a German who works in “Tom” Carter’s shop, is one competitor, the third falls ill, and is therefore “scratched.” Ecstein is already known as the designer of Townsend’s monument in Westminster Abbey, a work that Flaxman thought very well of, and, being twice as old and big as Deare, looms with undue grandeur in the imagination of the genius. The day comes, the names of the subjects for the best historical design in clay and on canvas are put into a cup, the painters first, the sculptors next. Both professions have five hours to make their proof sketches in. The sculptor’s subject is, ‘The Angels Surprising Satan at the Ear of Eve.’ Deare thumbs and squeezes the clay; his sketch is pronounced surprising, his friends only lament that such early success will render him conceited, or make him neglect his studies. The day of decision comes, there is a dreadful silence as bland Sir Joshua, beaming in glittering spectacles, stands up and declares the gold medal is adjudged to “the model marked E, the production of Mr. John Deare.” The students, who know Deare for a lively, generous, open-hearted, frank man, murmur their congratulations. The secretary calls “John Deare.” The genius, all of a fiery blush, bustles through the mob, receives the medal, and stands there timidly before the president and council till the lecture is over. Proudly he writes home to tell his father that his model is to be carried to Buckingham Palace to be admired by the King and Queen; proudly he tells them that the Satan was modelled opposite a mirror from his own face, distorted by grimaces for the purpose; proudly, and with pride no man could

blame, he entreats his father not “to part with that Devil,” but to keep it till his brothers, Ned or Joe, had “taste and ability” enough to value it as a gem.

How soon these young geniuses acquire the trick of royalty, learn to sway the sceptre with the conventional grace, and trail the royal purple in the old Cæsar way. Still, the true metal shows itself—real genius never stays at Capua when Rome itself is within sight. He drives his fussy landladies distracted with anxieties about his candles, for he sits up to “hateful hours.” He works in ‘such a way that the skeleton in the corner has much ado to keep from bursting into open laughter, so forgetful is he of poor flesh and blood. He seldom goes to bed till three or later; and after his latest theatre—for he is a great student of Shakspeare—he will produce ten or twelve clear, well drawn designs. To go to the theatre he will miss his dinner, or anything but work. Grin, skeleton, grin; this is the way genius cuts its own throat, with its short-sighted avarice of time due to sleep. Is there an action we do that does not make either our attendant devil laugh or our guardian angel weep? So let the skeleton grin, he can do but what God permits; and, after all, it is not with marble statues the world is in these later days much benefited, not with all this plaster academy work and daily two hours life-study. Yes, this knowledge, gleaned from Dr. Hunter’s Anatomical Lectures, Sandby’s Architecture, and Reynolds’s Art Aphorisms, will all end in the dark pit and its smothering six feet of Roman earth.

1783.—Deare has left Carter, and that divinity of his youthful imagination has shrunk to very small dimensions. He comes now to bring the genius work, and tries to quibble him out of odd guineas, at which genius fires up, finding it “of amazing advantage to keep up consequence,” as it keeps off “twopenny-halfpenny jobs.” He knows Carter must come to him, for nobody else can finish it in the same style; so he boldly ups, and tells Carter that unless he deals as a gentleman with him, he will not work. He gets twenty-four guineas for a chimney-piece tablet, tries to save up to launch out in larger apartments, and almost succeeds in persuading the Prince of Wales to sit to him. The world knows no proof of genius superior to that of making money. Deare does anything; models a Cupid for Mr. Cheere, the maker of leaden garden images, who lives next door to his old master, Carter; and, to crown all, the great Mr. Bacon, the sculptor, comes to him to model some figures for a monument, to be done at two guineas a week, not tying himself down as to time.

The sculptor in this leaden age was still something of the tradesman, so you see he designed chimney-pieces, garden images, and figures for the pediments of country houses. Orders for all these come in fast and threefold upon our friend Deare. He now charges sixty pounds for a mantel-piece, has modelling more than he can execute, and all this time he lives in a room so small and full of models, that gentlemen visitors must either stand or sit on the bed when they come to see his wonders. He models for the great lead figure man in Piccadilly; and even now, perhaps, in suburban gardens Deare’s Cupids gather mould and moss.

## ROME.

Deare at Rome turns marble into gold, hobnobs with dukes, copies the Apollo for Lord Berwick, and the Ariadne for an Irish banker’s son. From a descendant of Penn alone, who takes him on a trip to Naples to see Vesuvius throw up fire, he gets £470 worth of work. He buys a grey stallion, and rides out like a gentleman after working hours, when it gets too dark to chip at marble mouths and marble

eyes. He learns the Italian airs of dancing, hires several marble cutters and a boy servant. Marble comes to him from Carrara, and he is able to pay as much as 427 crowns for it at a time. To crown all, he marries a clever little Roman girl of humble birth, with whom he is happy.

He is now a thriving man, he writes to his brother Joseph that he has laboured like a giant for three years, and entreats him not to lose an hour in picking up information; entreats him not to stop till he is a leading man in his art, whatever it may be. He gets full too of *dilettante* gossip about Rome and its museums and galleries; about the Palatine hill, now a vineyard; and about the large and grand “Colosseum, or Amphitheatre of Titus,” which he innocently describes as one might now do Tadmor, or some temple of Central America. He prefers St. Paul’s to St. Peter’s, but is interested at the tomb of “the late Pretenders” wife, the daughter of Sobieski; and he mentions, as news, that just before he wrote, the Duchess of Albany, an amiable woman, the Pretender’s natural daughter, had died at Bologna of abscess, so there remained of the Stuarts only the Cardinal York, an old man and a bigot, who lived like a sovereign.

In the midst of all this hope and performance, Death comes to the door of the man of promise’s studio, and gives his order among the rest. Deare must leave his chisel, and lie under a stone carved by another. On August 17, 1793, Deare dies of bilious fever after ten days’ illness. His friend Grignon writes a business letter to the poor father in England, sending him an authority to sign, in order that Signor Antonio Leonetti, an advocate “who has a very extensive acquaintance among the English of the best fashion who visit Rome, and is universally known for a man of abilities and integrity,” may prevent the dispersion of the man of promise’s effects among the poor relations of Deare’s Italian wife.

The lively, generous, choleric man of promise now sleeps near the Pyramid outside the walls of Rome.

Let us fling down our handful of valedictory dust on the two men of promise, deriving some small lesson of humility from our glance into those quiet and forgotten graves—a warning that we in our pride of strength and flush of hope will do good not to neglect. Let us not repine at the great dark hand that sometimes comes out from behind the curtain, and removes the crowning pieces from the chess-board of life: that hand cannot move without God’s will. Life begins, but does not end on earth. From great miseries, from still more fatal and hopeless non-performance, may those men of promise have been withdrawn. As struggling men ourselves, as men not always triumphant in the struggle, let us look aside with pity for one moment as a fore-rank man falls; and hereafter, when we pass over the battlefield, let us stop to pluck one weed, at least, from the graves of two forgotten Men of Promise.

PICTURE RESTORATIONS  
IN PARIS.

WE have read in the *Mouiteur* a statement to the following effect. Public opinion has been attracted lately to the restoration of the paintings in the Louvre. The directors of the galleries have, in what has recently been done, only fulfilled the obligations of their office. Pictures are subjected to various evils and deteriorations, which it is obviously the duty and interest of their possessors to prevent as much as possible. Canvas and panels shrink or dilate, according to the temperature of the locality in which they are kept, whilst the priming is not subject to



the same causes. This often produces the numerous cracks observed in old paintings, which render retouching and repairing necessary. An account of the late restoration of Raffaele's picture of 'St. Michael and the Dragon,' as it appeared in the *Montenap*, will illustrate the subject, and no doubt be found useful:—"The painting of 'St. Michael' has been replaced in its frame in the grand saloon of the Louvre, after being relined and repaired. This picture seemed menaced with complete and speedy destruction—in parts the colouring fell off in large scales, in others it was reduced to dust, like a crayon drawing. For these last ten years various methods have been tried to prevent this decay, but without success, a general treatment has therefore been resorted to, by which we hope still to preserve through long years this work of the great master. The painting has been taken from the canvas to an extent which has made visible the simple outline drawn by the artist in chalk, previously to painting; this operation has laid open the various repairs and restorations made during the period of its existence—342 years. The 'St. Michael' and the 'Holy Family' were painted for the Duke D'Urbino, who presented them to Francis I. in 1518; they were painted on wood, and all care was taken to preserve them and others. In ancient accounts we find the following item:—"Paid the sum of eleven livres to Francesco Primaticcio, of Bologna, for having, in October, 1530, washed and cleaned the varnish of four paintings by Raffaele—"The Holy Family," 'St. Margaret,' 'St. Michael,' and 'The Portrait of Anne of Arragon.' Primaticcio did not content himself with cleaning the 'St. Michael,' but retouched it: the recent operations have laid bare a tracing of the left foot which is certainly not by Raffaele, but is by the Bolognese painter. Nothing can be worse for old pictures than to entrust them to celebrated painters for restoration; instead of filling up the cracks (a work of patience) they often repaint whole parts, and often, too, as in the above case, alter the contour. In 1685, 2000 livres were paid to Guadin for restoration of the 'St. Michael.' In 1753 Picault took the painting from the wood and placed it on canvas. In 1776, it was relined by Haquin; and again in 1800 by Picault, jun. All these restorations prove the picture to have suffered much; five different sorts of mastic were visible on it. One of these last restorations was executed by the celebrated painter Girodet, who repainted completely the left foot, not conforming to Raffaele's contour, which was easily seen, but following his own ideas. The administration of the Museum confided to M. Morlemart the final restoration of this fine painting; all the repairs made by various artists, including the foot by Girodet, have been taken away, and the work left as much as possible in its original state. It has been decided henceforth that no painting shall be retouched without sanction of a committee of members of the Institute (Section of the Fine Arts)."

While touching upon the Art-doings in Paris, we may as well insert here the latest information received from the French capital. Of the 45,735,000 francs set apart in 1860 for public works, 2,800,000 francs are given to the Minister of State, and are to be employed as follows:—100,000 francs for artists and authors; 5,000,000 francs to the *Bibliothèque Impériale*; 1,000,000 francs for historical monuments in the Departments; and 1,200,000 francs for completing the Louvre. A new gallery is now being finished in the Louvre to contain the French school, including the pictures now in the Luxembourg.—Gudin has received orders for two paintings, commemorative of the journey of the Emperor to Cherbourg and Brest.—The fountain by Jean Gougon, in the *Marché aux Innocents*, has been completely restored, and is now placed in the midst of a garden.—The two sphinxes, taken at Sebastopol, have been placed on each side of the gate of the gardens of the Tuileries.—Public sales are almost over for the season: in that of the collection of M. Gruyter of Amsterdam, the following paintings were sold:—"Interior of a Forest," by Decker and A. Van Ostade, £136; "Dutch Cabaret," by Dusart, £392; "St. Jerome," by Gerard Dow, £126; a "Woody Landscape," by Hobbema, £192. Good pictures by the old masters are eagerly sought after in Paris.

## THE ROYAL PICTURES.

## PEACE.

J. Drummond, R.S.A., Painter. P. Lightfoot, Sculptor.  
Size of the picture, 1 ft. 7½ in. by 1 ft. 4½ in.

THE works of this artist are but little known in London; he is a member of the Royal Scottish Academy, and a constant contributor to the exhibitions of that society in Edinburgh. In the year 1850, Mr. Drummond sent to the British Institution this picture and another, which serves as a companion to it, entitled 'War.' They were purchased on the day of "private view" by the Prince Consort. Both pictures represent phases, or incidents, in the life of a knight of the olden time—of one who has been described as "a lion in the field, a lamb in the hall;" but he is here represented not as holding high revel among guests and retainers, under the roof of some lordly mansion—he is seated tranquilly on what appears to be the upper part of a castellated building; by his side is his wife, and at his feet is their daughter; the former has laid down her harp, and the latter is looking over what appears to be a music-book. The knight, a man whose countenance indicates advancing years, and the toils and struggles of war, is amusing himself, or rather amuses his young son, by dancing him on his foot. In the foreground is the lady's favourite hawk, and her husband's hunting-horn. The costumes of the figures and the accessories connected with the building are indicative of a period when feuds prevailed: there is the alarum bell in the turret, with its pendent rope ready at hand; and the grating which holds the beacon-light has not been removed from the wall. Behind the massive battlement, at the farthest angle, two figures are seen in conversation; and over all, in the dark, but clear blue sky, shines the evening star, that, perhaps, but a short time before, looked down upon this now peaceful scene, when armed hosts were encamped around.

The composition is very simple, presenting but few points for comment; the artist has not aimed at any dramatic effect, his object evidently has been to illustrate his subject by a group of figures whose occupations or enjoyments are symbolical of safety and quietude: there is not a weapon of warfare to be seen; the knight's armour and his good sword are hung in the hall, and his charger grazes quietly in the green meadows that stretch far beyond the base of the castle walls. But it was not always thus,—perhaps even now his wife is thinking of past hours, when she could say to him,—

"In thy faint slumbers, I by thee have watch'd,  
And heard thee murmur tales of iron wars;  
Speak terms of manège to thy bounding steed,  
Cry, 'Courage! to the field!' and then hast talk'd  
Of sallies and retires, of trenches, tents,  
Of palisades, frontiers, parapets,  
Of basilisks, of cannon, culverin,  
Of prisoners' ransom, and of soldiers slain,  
And all the currents of a heady fight."

Civilization has denuded war of more than half the romance that characterized it in the semi-barbarous mediæval times—a romance, however, which oftentimes served to mitigate much of the horror and suffering that followed in its rear. And yet the age of chivalry is not quite gone, though Burke mourned its departure scarcely more than half a century ago. Instances, and many too, of lion-like daring and chivalrous action, of fortitude, magnanimity, and endurance, are to be found in the histories of modern contests, just as they were when steel-clad knights rode forth from the tented field, and stalwart yeomen grappled with each other in deadly fight. Personal prowess has fewer opportunities of showing itself now than in times past; the rifle and the cannon-ball lays many a brave soldier low ere his comrades can see the "stuff of which he is made;" and science, as developed in the instruments of war, does, in our days, the work which was accomplished in the olden time only by individual courage and strength. Chaucer says, "There is many a man that crieth, 'War! war!' who knows full little what war amounts to;" and all great soldiers, except those who follow it as they would a pastime, deprecate it in the strongest terms. Happy are the people who can "beat their swords into ploughshares, and their spears into pruning-hooks."

Mr. Drummond's picture is in the Royal Collection at Osborne.

## VISITS TO ART-MANUFACTORIES.

No. 11.—THE DAMASK MANUFACTORY OF  
MR. WILLIAM BROWN, AT HALIFAX.

THE manner in which special manufactures have localised themselves is not a little remarkable; and the history of the introduction and progress of any one of our great industries is ever an interesting, and certainly a most instructive, study. The combination of natural conditions and circumstances more or less accidental which has given cotton manufacture as a staple to Lancashire, and that of wool to Yorkshire, would form in skilful hands the subject of a volume, curious from the incidents it would describe, and philosophical as treating with the applications of the powers of the human mind, to weave the products of nature into fabrics displaying many of the highest excellencies of Art-manufacture. It is not our purpose to deal with this question at present, any further than to remark that the localisation of the woollen manufacture has been regulated by the circumstances of fertile pastures and flowing streams. The flocks producing the raw material rejoiced on the luxuriant hills of Yorkshire, and the running waters of some of the most charming rivers in England furnished the mechanical power necessary to relieve man from some of his labour, and also to effect that thorough cleansing of the fleece, which was required ere it could be woven into a garment. We refer to the period when our grandfathers, yet ignorant of the might of steam, and still unacquainted with those almost automatic machines which now labour for us, were well content with the coarse cloth which the hand-weaver could produce; and when the kirtles and the farthingales of our grandmothers were laboriously woven, though of homely design, and yet so costly that the wedding garment frequently lasted through a long life as the holiday suit.

Our wonderful steam-engines, and even more marvellous looms, have succeeded in changing the face of nature, for the heavens are hung in blackness, and the trees grow, as Cowper has it, "fuliginously green." Where the shepherd languidly tended his solemnly bleating flocks, and pastoral simplicity reigned, there is now the tall chimney pouring forth its black vapour; the monotonous throb of the powerful engine; and the incessant hum—not of bees, "whose murmur invites one to sleep," but of the whirl of spindles, which ever demand the attention of the wakeful eye and the ready hand.

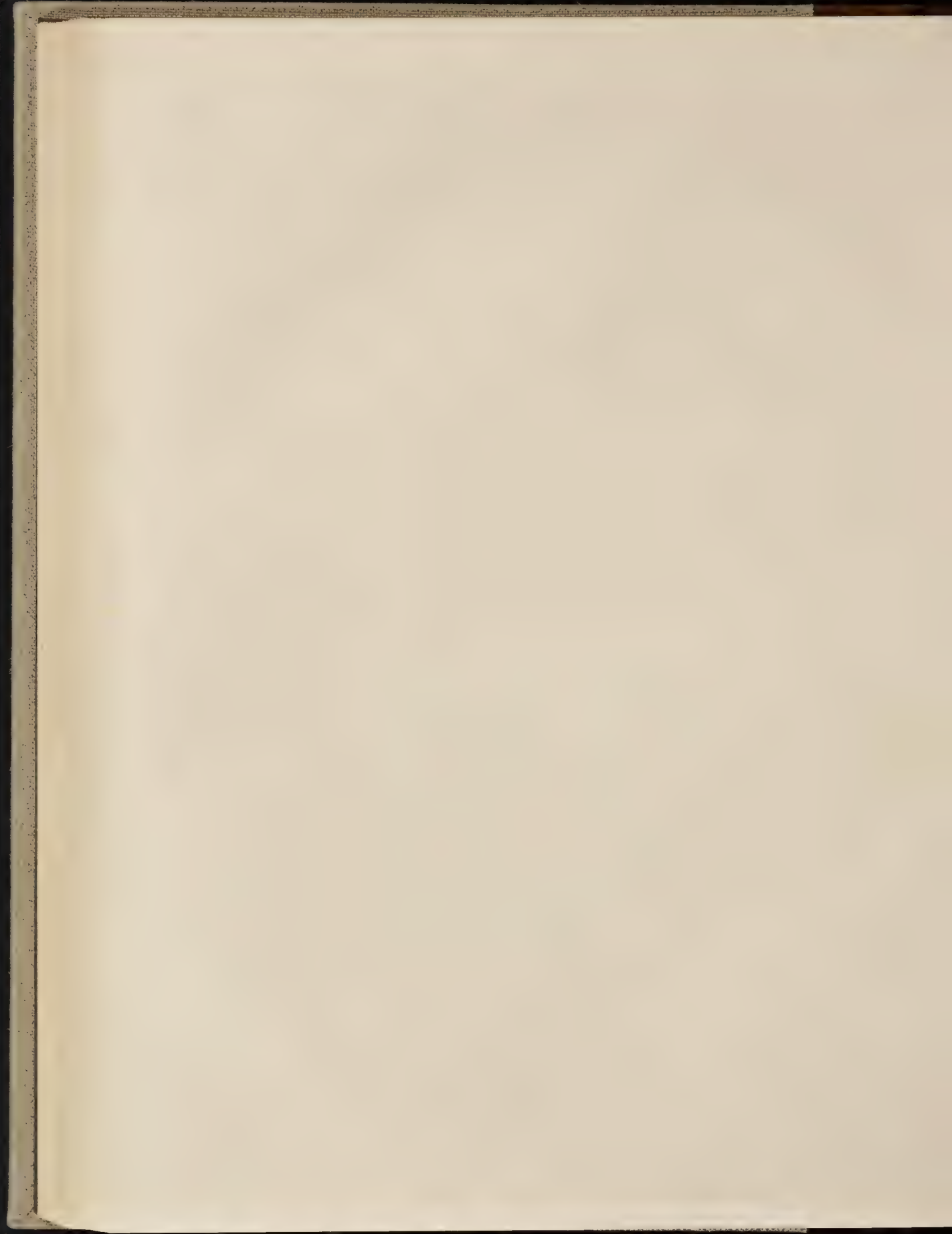
The pastoral period of the Yorkshire valleys has long passed away, and whether for good or for evil, civilisation, with a host of inventions, has possessed the land.

From the great mart of cloth manufacture, Leeds, to the emporium of alpaca and mohair, Bradford, and away to the carpet and curtain town of Halifax, all things are changed. Instead of the monastery there rises the mill, and in the place of that dreamy life, which desired "a dim religious light," there is an ever active industry, that taxes all the powers of the solar beam to aid its wide development. Having visited Kirkstall Abbey, and passed from thence to the iron furnaces of Low Moor, it will be well understood, by those who have walked in the quiet valley of the first, and seen the rough desolation of the last, how we were led to contrast the past with the present time. Nor was the spirit of our thoughts in any way changed when we emerged from the darkness of the railway tunnel, and looked upon Halifax, and on the precipitous hills by which that town is girded. On a former occasion (*Art-Journal* 1859, page 181) we described the mosaic wool-work executed in the carpet manufactory of the Messrs. Crossley's, of Halifax, and we return to this town again for the purpose of examining another of its manufactures, DAMASK. MR. W. BROWN—whose damasks are, from the excellence of quality and superiority of design, known over Europe and America—afforded us every facility for studying each stage of a process of manufacture, every step of which is of interest, and which in its result furnishes an article ministering to our comforts, and to our pleasures; if harmonious colouring and choice design can give, as we believe they do, pleasure to every educated observer.

Damasks are of three varieties: *Union or Washing Damasks*, in which the warp is of cotton and the weft worsted; *Silk and Wool Damasks*; and *Worsted*









or *All-wool Damasks*. The latter variety is the most in demand, and is the most substantial and durable.

The wools generally used in this manufacture are those grown in Lincolnshire, Northumberland, and Yorkshire. As much of the quality of the wool depends upon the degree of care that is bestowed on the sheep in every stage of its existence, and since wool is of considerable commercial value, it scarcely need be stated that the wools of one district, where great care is taken, essentially differ from those of another, where the purity of breed is less cautiously preserved. On this principle is explained the fact that the wool produced by the sheep of one county passes into one branch of manufacture, and that obtained from a locality, differing in some slight degree, is always preferred for another.

All wool in its natural state contains a quantity of a peculiar potash soap, secreted by the animal, and commonly called the *yolk*. This should be removed as soon as possible from the wool, and it is easily, on account of the alkali which it contains, washed out with lukewarm water. This operation having been performed, the wool is pressed and dried; after which it is sent to the comb, whose business it is to arrange all the fibres in the same direction, and to separate the long from the short staple. Until of late years, all the wool for the finer purposes was combed by hand; but machinery of so perfect a character has been devised, that the labour of hand combing is almost entirely done away with. Mr. James Noble, of Halifax, was the inventor of a combing machine, which was long used, and highly approved of. Many improvements have been introduced since this invention, and the arrangements now made in the machine combing establishment of Messrs. S. C. Lister & Co., are as nearly perfect as probably any machine can be. It is not possible within our limited space to describe any of those machines, even could we do so in a satisfactory manner without the aid of drawings. The object is to place all the fibres in one direction, and this being effected, the wool is transferred to the drawing machine. By the process to which it is now subjected, the fibres are more perfectly drawn out and mingled preparatory to its being spun. The spinning operations scarcely require any description; suffice it to say, that the wool is spun of different degrees of fineness. The hardest twisted worsted is called *tammy warp*, and when the size of this worsted is such as to be 20 or 24 hanks to the pound weight, the twist is about 10 turns in each inch of length. The least twist is given to the worsted for fine hosiery, which is from 18 to 24 hanks to the pound; the twist is then from 5 to 6 turns per inch. The degree of twist is regulated by the size of the whirrs or pulleys upon the spindle, and by the wheel work which communicates the motion to the front rollers from the band-wheel which turns the spindles. By changing the wheels, the counts of the yarns may be made to vary; the sizes required for damask varying from 18s. single, to 40s., and double, 24s. to 60s. This means that (say No. 24) 24 hanks, each containing 560 yards, will weigh a pound, and so on of the others. The worsted is sometimes woven in its natural colour, but for goods made in various colours of warp and weft, the weft is best dyed in the wool, it makes a much more even thread, and is better in every respect.

The *Union Damasks* are woven in the loom of a dull white colour, and afterwards dyed in the piece. The warp of these damasks is of cotton, which is wound on a roller placed at the back of the loom, the threads being of 24s., 30s., 36s., 40s., or 60s. counts; and the wefts of worsted are of 22s., 24s., 28s., or 30s. counts, according to the quality required, the higher counts producing the finest quality. As the cotton and the wool do not take the same dyes with equal facility, although dyed in the piece, the fabric returns from the dyer's in two colours, as blue and white, green and white, &c.

*Yarn dyed Damasks* are of two or more colours, and both the cotton and the wool are dyed of the required colour before being put into the loom to be woven. In these fabrics many colours or effects can be produced in the design, by a skillful and tasteful arrangement of the warp, or cotton portion.

*Silk and Wool Damasks* are made precisely similar to yarn dyed damasks. These are capable of producing very brilliant effects; many of a truly beautiful character are constantly being woven in the looms

on Mr. Brown's establishment. In some cases this brilliancy of effect is desired to be produced at a less price; then they are woven with cotton warp, which is so arranged that it shows only on the back of the piece.

*Worsted or All-Wool Damasks* have both the warp and weft of wool. These are generally woven of a grey colour, and dyed to the shade of colour desired. When it is desired to produce two or more colours, the wools of both warp and weft have to be dyed before weaving, as in the case of the yarn dyed goods. Very great improvements have lately been made in all-wool damasks, since the introduction of the power-loom. The figure or design was formerly produced by the warp thread, and was generally of a large scroll pattern: indeed there was so little limit for the artist, that formerly we rarely saw any designs in damask which were at all pleasing to the eye educated on correct principles of taste. The pattern is now almost always produced by the weft (or *cross the piece*) thread, which produces a figure, a velvety figure, altogether more soft and pleasing than the warp, or twisted (*double*) thread did. Almost endless effects are produced by the introduction of the "Rep" and "Genoa" grounds. We hope these terms are sufficiently intelligible to our readers, since they are commonly employed to distinguish the corded and the softer or velvety varieties of damask.

From the improvements in weaving, figures or designs are now made in great variety, and exactly alike on both sides of the cloth, rendering the old system of lining draperies quite unnecessary; this, of course, produces a saving in the cost of the material, and greater elegance in the resulting draperies.

All figured damasks are woven by the power-loom, to which is adapted the ingenious arrangements of Jacquard. The Jacquard loom dates from 1800, but it does not appear to have been introduced into Halifax until 1825. It is now universally employed wherever figure weaving is required, in fabrics of every degree of fineness. Its arrangements are applied equally to the delicate muslin and the coarse carpet.

To those who have not studied the arrangements of the Jacquard loom, we feel it is almost impossible to convey a correct idea of its simple though perfect details. It will, however, be easy to comprehend, that when a great number of warp threads (the threads running the long way of the fabric) are placed on the same plane, parallel with each other, that, accordingly as the weft threads (the threads passing across the piece, or at right angles to the warp threads) are made to pass by an uniform system, over or under the warp, the result will be a pattern. If any one will be at the trouble to look at some simple design—say a leaf upon a piece of damask—it will be obvious to him that a certain number of the weft threads being above the warp threads, varying in number nearly every time they cross each other, the pattern is produced: where there is no design, there is a regular and uniform alternation of the threads of the warp and the weft. Now if every other warp thread is lifted, and the weft thread is shot through the space thus formed, we shall have one warp and one weft thread appearing on the surface; and by varying this according to an organised plan, a very great variety of design can be produced. To move each particular thread by hand is almost an impossibility. The first business of the weaver is to adapt those parts of his loom which move the warp, to the formation of the various kinds of ornamental figures which the cloth is intended to exhibit. This is called the draught,—drawing or reading in,—and the *cording* of looms. In every species of weaving, whether direct or cross, the whole difference of pattern is produced either by the succession in which the threads of warp are introduced into the "Heads," or by the succession in which those heads are moved in the working. The heads being stretched between two shafts of wood, all the heads connected by the same shafts are called a leaf; and as the operation of introducing the warp into any number of leaves is called drawing a warp, the plan of succession is called the draught. The different leaves are next connected in the ordinary looms with treddles, by which the threads are moved so that one or more may be raised or sunk by every treddle successively, as may be required to produce the pattern. These connections being made

by coupling the different parts of the apparatus by cords; this operation is called the *cording*.

A like system of "harness" is employed in the Jacquard loom, but the cords attached to the threads are moved by a contrivance which constitutes the peculiarity of the machine. The "harness" is connected by loops, with skewers of iron wire, which pass through holes in a fixed board; and these are moved by an adjustment which is connected with a square axis, which is movable upon itself, round two iron pivots fixed in its two ends. Over this moves the endless chain of cards which forms the striking feature of the Jacquard loom. The skewers being moved backward or forward, either lift the thread or allow it to remain at rest. The cards of the Jacquard loom are perforated upon a system which we shall presently endeavour to describe; and accordingly as the needles are free to pass the perforations, or are pressed by the unperforated parts, so are the warp threads moved. The card, with its holes, is, we will suppose, applied against the side of the square axis which we have mentioned, now it leaves at rest or untouched all the horizontal spindles (skewers) whose ends correspond to the holes, but it pushes back those which are opposite to the unperforated parts of the card, thereby the corresponding vertical skewers, which are raised along with the warp threads attached to them.

This may appear very complicated, but it acts, however, in a very simple manner. Such a number of perforated pasteboards are to be provided, and mounted, as equal the number of throws of the shuttle between the beginning and the end of any figure or design which is to be woven. According to the length of the figure so must be the number of pasteboards, which are made to move as an endless chain, so as to secure a regular reproduction of the design.

The design is first drawn by the artist, and then transferred to paper ruled in squares, in the manner of the patterns for Berlin wool-work. Those squares are carefully numbered, and faithfully represent the warp and the weft threads. From this the perforated cards are then constructed. To form these card slips, an ingenious apparatus is employed, by which the proper steel punches required for the piercing of each distinct card are placed in their relative situations, preparatory to the operation of piercing; and also, by its means, a card may be punched with any number of holes at one operation. Many thousands of such cards are required for each particular design. Such is the machine and its arrangements, and by it the beautiful material of which we have been writing is produced.

We have been favoured with a few notes on the dyeing processes, which may not be without interest. Almost every fabric requires a mordant, by which the colour is fixed in the fibre; so we shall first give the mordant, and then the colouring agent.

#### FOR ALL WOOL.

Colour—GRAN CRIMSON.  
Mordant . . . . Tartaric acid and nitrate of tin.  
Colouring matter . . Ammoniacal cochineal.

Colour—SCARLET.  
Mordant . . . . Argol and nitro-muriate of tin.  
Colouring matter . . Lac dye.

Colour—MOCK CRIMSON.  
Mordant . . . . Alum and tartar.  
Colouring matter . . Japan wood or peach wood.

Colour—GREEN.  
Mordant . . . . Alum and tartar.  
Colouring matter . . Fustic and indigo.

Colour—ROYAL BLUE.  
Mordant . . . . Sulphate and muriate of tin.  
Colouring matter . . Prussiate of potash.

#### FOR ALL COTTON.

Colour—CRIMSON.  
Mordant . . . . Shumac and nitro-muriate of tin.  
Colouring matter . . Peach wood.

Colour—SCARLET.  
Mordant . . . . Shumac and nitro-muriate of tin.  
Colouring matter . . Peach wood and Quercitron bark.

Colour—ROYAL BLUE.  
Mordant . . . . Nitrate of iron.  
Colouring matter . . Prussiate of potash; raise with tin and muriatic acid, or muriatic of tin.

These are but a few examples of the dyes used in the damask manufacture; but they sufficiently explain the principles upon which the dyer proceeds to give a peculiar tincture to wool or cotton. In some

cases the threads, previously to weaving, are treated with a chemical preparation, termed a "resist," so that, when dyed in the piece, those portions will not receive the colour which is dyed into the other portions of the cloth. The perfection of our dyeing processes is very great: to chemical science we are entirely indebted for the vast improvements effected. The dyes of a few years since are dull beside a piece from the hands of a modern dyer.

We were shown some remarkably beautiful scarlet damasks, and then a piece of a new colour, the "*Camellia*," was placed by their sides; the result was, that all those brilliant scarlets appeared brown by its side. This was one of those *Aniline* dyes, by which the celebrated "*Mauve*" has been produced. It is now found, that by varying the oxidizing agent, which is made to act upon the aniline, a different tone of colour, but every tone singularly beautiful, is the result. Accordingly, as the bichromate of potash, the peroxide of manganese, or the green manganate of potash is employed, we have colours varying in shade and intensity, but rivaling each other in beauty.

If we look to the damasks which were produced twenty years since, and those produced now, we cannot fail to be struck with the greatly improved taste exhibited by the more recent productions. In the manufactory which we have visited—that of Mr. WILLIAM BROWN, OF HALIFAX—the improved styles originated. By availing himself of the most improved machinery, he has been enabled to manufacture, with the utmost economy of production, the most superior fabrics; and being characterized by a naturally refined taste, he has admitted—except in particular cases—only the best designs to be woven upon his looms.

The tyrant, fashion, is often stronger than the power of the producer; and, consequently, it is frequently a severe struggle between the manufacturer of taste, and the public, who blindly follow the mode. With the influences of this retarding power Mr. William Brown has had to contend; and, happily, with much success has he contended. By degrees the public have been brought to admit that elegance does not consist in strongly contrasted colours, or in glaring designs. The damask maker can now produce his chaste and unobtrusive patterns, ensuring neatness, which is one of the elements of the most perfect good taste, wherever the fabric is applied. In 1851, Mr. William Brown was an exhibitor in the Crystal Palace of Hyde Park, and so much admired were his damasks, that the Great Exhibition Council Medal was awarded to him, for the excellence of his material, and the high taste of his designs. Improving upon this, the designs still produced by Mr. W. Brown are remarkable for their unobtrusive elegance.

For the American market, damasks are yet made which are rendered, by their contrast with the more elegant productions, probably more outrageous than they might otherwise appear. Colours are strongly, and certainly not harmoniously, brought into juxtaposition, and crude and unseemly—they may be showy—designs indicate a low point in the scale of cultivated taste. Whether it is in a textile fabric, in a piece of fictile ware, or in any other production, showing the effort of human thought, the charm of an elegant design cannot be questioned. Its influence on the mind is not a little remarkable—it has a peculiar humanizing tendency; and the refined power of the artist, who, by a mental effort, has produced that which is beautiful, lives in it, and is communicated to all who are brought within its atmosphere. It is as if he had, in producing the truly beautiful, breathed a portion of his own soul into the work, and as if this was constantly radiating and diffusing its holy power over all things. The manufacturer who uses the power of production placed in his hands, for the purpose of exalting that public for whom he labours, effects a lasting good.

There are, unfortunately, many men who are careless of the public improvement, being careful only of the wealth which they can accumulate; but there are happily others, who employ their manufactory in such a way, that they may be regarded as temples erected to the improvement of popular taste, and these men, amongst whom we must class Mr. William Brown, of Halifax, are worthy of the age in which they live.

ROBERT HUNT.

## "AUTUMN ON THE HUDSON."

THE PAINTING BY MR. CROPSY.

WHEN the other day, at the end of a long garden vista, which was rejoicing in all the new-born loveliness of an English spring—in silvery forenoon, too—Art presented me with a very distinct authentic vision of an American autumn, glowing with the combined ardour of gorgeous leafage and warm afternoon light, I admired intensely the landscape painter's craft, or mystery; I admitted an elevating idea of the delightful knowledge it confers on us, which enlarges the sphere of our imagination infinitely beyond those most straitened limits to which our narrow personal experience would else confine us. It is now some nine months since we recorded in this Journal impressions of a most noble picture of an Andean landscape, painted by an American, which we trust is steadily making its way to that general admiration its rare skill and fine feeling abundantly merit. And now it is our good fortune to enjoy a view of another large and important American landscape, painted also by an American, and treating of the magnificent beauties of the northern transatlantic continent on much the same scale, and in some respects with much of the same care, as the former picture treated those of the southern. It is pleasant to find Mr. Church's "*Heart of the Andes*," so soon followed by Mr. Cropsey's "*Autumn on the Hudson*."

This latter gentleman has now for some time embowered and boudoired himself very tastefully on the verge of our Kensington Gardens. His studio is but little beyond the end of the garden walk, alongside Kensington Gore; and on the day I walked thither, to look at his work, Nature's pictures in that garden, made on me impressions so lively and grateful, that I doubt whether it would be well to let them fade away wholly. Besides, the imagery has really a kind of antithetical affinity with that in the American artist's picture. The spring in Kensington Gardens may—may it not?—bring out the more, by the force of contrast, the autumnal splendours of the Hudson.

When first I was in those gardens this year, spring had made little conspicuous advance, except that the bright buds tipped the chestnut boughs in numbers, like flocks of golden canaries alighted there, and bent on singing the honour of the season; and but a few days afterwards they all seemed succeeded by fine large green and yellow parquets, or love-birds. In the autumn Nature might be seen to die game in those precincts, waving her last red leaf on the highest twig, as the last hero waves his ensanguined banner before he falls, in spirit unconquered; but in April these candelabra-like branches were already all lighted again by Vertumnus, with buds of verdant fire; and now, in May, on proceeding along the garden-walk to the picture, every step introduces us to a new perfume, or to the sight of some favourite flower rapidly burst forth from its natal sheath during the last few days. There, in the shade once more, often greeted in former years, are the companies of purple iris, whose cool splendour the shade abates not—any more than obscure retirement of place abates a brave spirit. And there are wall-flowers by them, whose light yellow looks like chequered sunshine falling on the deeper richer hues, and whose hospitable saluting fragrance, sent beyond your nostrils into your very heart, is to one sense what the brief liquid cadence of the bird that sits in the birch above is to another, and sinks, as some poet's verse that awakes the sluggish thoughts to life, to energy, and sweetness. And in the clear sunshine beyond, the white masses of the garden oleaster are bright as the patches of snow on Alpine highlands, not yet melted by the glow and blush of the new Alpine roses. And above them hang the slight yellow tresses of the laburnum, the fairest ringlets of Dryads thus disguised and ambushed, neighbouring dark cedars, which themselves, however, are now bursting all over with stars of youngest vernal green, till the sober branches seem like age made young again—rejuvenated by filial tenderness. But, oh, beyond all predominant in loveliness, the Queen of the Month, the rosette May herself, embled on opulently in the glorious pink *crataegus oxyacantha*, heaped and tossed in such a wild exuberant mass of garlands over her own bower of shade; the uppermost blushing branches arching most lightly against the blue

heaven, a very sportive fountain of delicious bloom; as if some skittish but utterly charming Naiad, caught by the Vertumnus, whom we have already mentioned, whilst straying deep in his garden, had been enchanted by his retentive love into that arboreal shape, for him to woo her at his leisure; or as if Jupiter had caught the slippery Venus herself, and so held her awhile laughingly in that lovely flowery captivity.

These are things which the cockney, we fear, habitually passes with too slight notice. Yet they are but the foreground of the picture. Behind them, along the distance, rise broad masses and towers of chestnut-trees, under a cloudless sky, themselves like huge many-folded clouds of leaves and blooms. There are huge domes of such, dispersed richly as some Caïren mosque with the pale pyramidal blossoms, in their countless numbers like lighted lamps, burning calmly in some illumination; till the wind comes, and even as it suddenly takes some elegant but rather staid young damsel in all her pride of crinoline round a seaside corner at Brighton or Folkestone, turns them almost inside out into a mass of most involved confusion of movement. The huge clouds of heaven, when crowning sublimely those loftier vistas, thrust up, as in swan's down, a mimicry of Mont Blanc, and above that, strange nodding "peaks of terror," Shreekhorns and Matterhorns, that melt into films as the soft rain suddenly comes singing to the earth, to cloud it all with cool faint shadows. Ah! then comes our English chit, which suddenly affrights the lungs of our tender and gentle ones; and to them the landscape might seem covered with funeral crepe. But this lasts not, or rather, to speak more accurately, it may not last long; and the grey sheeny shrubs, arbutus, laurustine, and rhododendron, even in a few moments may all glitter forth again, like troops from some confused and dark *mêlée* issuing in ranks of brilliant victory; or, rather, like some downright laugh of love bursting forth from the eyes of the maiden of your choice even in the very darkness of some odd, shocking, intolerable misunderstanding.

But on the present occasion, we remember, it was not amiss to find a warmer shelter near at hand, in the American painter's house—a house, too, so cheerfully and tastefully adorned, not with his own works only. Mr. Cropsey has obviously fine perceptions of the more imaginative and poetical aspects of landscape nature. You find around you in his dwelling, numerous studies and small pictures touched off with light facility and spirit, of views in his own native land, and in ours, and in Italy, in which the effects are usually by no means of the commonplace prosaic order. He is especially felicitous in his skies, which are not such as men invent, but have the freedom of nature, and that strangeness of beauty and character which is rarely the result of composition. He delights in the pale fantastic vapours which mark the course of some unseen stream beneath the twilight mountains. He dwells on the rent clouds, through which the autumnal sun spreads his latest beam with a melancholy pomp, brightening one solitary height alone, in the unpierced, untrodden, American forest. He lingers on the last ruddy glow of day, and the glittering new moon, which shine with a heavenly pensiveness of sympathy over darkening Roman campaigns and ruins. In his engraved vignettes to Poe's poems, of which we here see the originals, his fancy becomes forcibly wild and weird. Yet he is not by any means ever thus sombre, but sometimes enjoys with the cows a noontide *riposo*, with much of Claude's placidity, beneath the scarlet and golden umbrage of a beaming American lake or river. Indeed, as the reader will have divined, the large picture we especially came to see, belongs to this bright and cheerful class of subjects; and to this it is now high time for us to finally address ourselves.

Let us then draw near it. At first, we are well-nigh startled at the red and golden gorgeousness of those trees of slender and perhaps somewhat wayward growth which rise on each hand, and range away in the middle distance towards the lake-like river. The afternoon sun, after a noontide siesta above soft-shading clouds, is beginning to pierce their lower edge with circling rays, and to disperse that tender dreamy shadow with which the landscape is still in some degree suffused. The cliffs of silver cloud piled about the horizon of the waters, the



more distant expanse of the waters themselves, are already broadly brilliant in this growing light. A highland promontory connected with the Catskill Mountains, (what a pity they have not a more euphonic name!) round which the noble river sweeps, is partially unfolding the obscurities of a rich undulating loveliness; and the sylvan expanse which lies nearer, as the last thin shade of noon-tide steals away, will doubtless become more glorious still in the full warm light of the coming evening. And yet the crests of that long extent of peculiarly American trees, over which we look, resembling innumerable waves of red and gold, are so brilliant in their own native hue, that we are at first tempted to fancy the sun shines with full power on them already.

From our vantage-ground in Mr. Cropsey's studio, we gaze with growing interest, and an inquiring spirit, on those dense woodland shades. We find out the solitary log-house within them; we perceive the rising wood-reared village of some young community beyond, and the smoke of the boat-building on some still further promontory. And the high-cabined steamer itself is clearly discernible, hurrying in all its pride to New York down the river, where the land breaks into sylvan sunny islets, which recall those of our British lakes. Perhaps Longfellow or Emerson themselves may be on board, or—to me an even more interesting circumstance—certain American friends, who may now be thinking of not dissimilar English beauty we saw together, years back. Finally, after these discourses and communings, contemplation returns, and climbs the trees which rise immediately over our heads, much interested in their Transatlantic peculiarities—intent on deriving there clear knowledge of that remarkable vegetation, which also stretches away in the middle distance, like the waves of a summer sea gilded with sunset. Their stems and branches seem lighter and more freakish than ours; and the brilliancy of the colours is something wholly without a parallel with us. First there is the scarlet oak. The bird's eye maple, (which supplies us with frames for our Longhi's and Richomme's prints after Raphael, and our Willmore's and Miller's after Turner), is vivid scarlet in its foliage also; and with this the more crimson cerise-coloured leaves of another sort of maple, from which sugar is made, form a fine variety and gradation of splendid hues amidst which sunshine must make wonderful play. The silvery flourish of a birch, more tortuous and wilful in its growth than ours, darts across them; and their most ardent hues are directly opposed by the massier boughs of the hemlock-fir, which are literally green as an emerald.

Truly the trees of America—if we may judge from this picture—have a more wayward way of their own than characterizes our vegetation of the same class. The branches take sudden turns and freaks, quite with the air of a self-sufficing individuality. It is like—may we take upon ourselves to say?—a vegetable republic, or democracy, rather than kingdom. Nature here, as 'twere, is yet in her untamed youth and wildness, "playing at will her virgin fancies," in light aspiring plumes, or sprays, that dart into the blue heaven, and then suddenly turn away again with a kind of self-willed capriciousness. These new-world woods, it here seems, are not yet, like ours, softened down to a thoughtful pensive grace, or massed solemnly in their foliage by ancient poetic and historical remembrances. No Oread ever bathed in this clear sky-like pool, beside which the sportsmen are resting, having hung up on a bough the bunch of blue jays they have shot: no Naiad ever leant hasty glimpses of her brightness amidst the turf of yon low-gathered shades: it does not yet look as if time-honoured deeds of such heroes as a civilized Muse can with unmingled repugnance clasp to her heart, had ever resounded through those emerald—those coral-tinted woods. The memories of yon trees, we think we can distinctly trace, are still, chiefly at least, of wild Indians, whose noblest feats were full of the fierce, the undisciplined. The associations that give a more subtle and delicate expression to beauty herself, having wedded her to our noblest humanity, yea, made her one with it—a most sweet and seductive pleader in its behalf—are yet to come—or at least they have to be established in the course of ages; for they have commenced, and especially, as we are told, on this very spot. Most brave and

generous things, it seems, were done on the banks of this river in the War of Independence; and several of those who have laid the foundations of American literature, dwelt hereabouts in youth, and in the right filial spirit here give shape and colour, "a local habitation," to their bright keen fancies, by means of the peculiar beauties of their native land. Especially is the scene connected with the memory of one who laboured in the kindest spirit to transplant into the New World so much that was gentle, good, and refined in the Old. 'Sleepy Hollow,' the scene of one of Washington Irving's earliest fancies is near, and so is Sunnyside, his last home. Truly, after all, the spot is perfect classic ground already.

And the painter has here signalized himself by such an endeavour as that of the first of the authors we have just mentioned. The classic graces of the Old World, amongst which he has now dwelt some years, cannot weaken in his memory the early-loved attractions of his own land. It is not the Tiber or the Arno he has returned to in this larger effort, but the native Hudson; and we also thank him for thus extending our acquaintance with his country, by the only means that can convey an unequivocal idea of its aspect. He has sought to embody with precision the knowledge which is manifestly the fruit of familiar contemplation, quickened by a large share of that sense of the beautiful which alone could qualify him for the task. It is especially a sylvan scene; and it is here evident that Mr. Cropsey has meditated most assiduously and to much purpose, amongst the branches. There is something about his manner of drawing them that interests and pleases us exceedingly. Many who draw trees gracefully, yet make them altogether too little, relaxed, or feebly pliant in their curves: but here, in union with the drooping flowing grace, the painter forgets not the wayward sprightliness, the buoyant woody stiffness of the branches and twigs. You may sit amongst his branches by the hour, like a bird, like a blue jay, and speculate on their past history, as thus: one year, all for a space went well and smoothly with the sapling: the winds only played with it; but then followed a season of severe adversity; and here are traceable languor and struggling; and by and by this horizontal drooping course was stopped point blank, in all probability, by icy blasts. But then the twig had the right heroic sap in him: see how he shot up, like a hero's plume, all the more bravely and gallantly for the rebuff; and now he consequently glitters with crowning leaves, magnificently as a fountain in a palace-court with spray, all ruby-like in sunset.

In our present Royal Academy Exhibition, the landscapes of our older and more celebrated painters do not generally indicate a satisfactory state of the Art. They are (even in Italian subjects!) astonishing cold and muddy in tone, cheerless and prosaic in feeling. It does not seem to have been sufficiently considered that in this same sober, homely, matter-of-fact style, the universal phenomena of nature's aspects, her transparency of shadows, for instance, her luminousness, the very spirit of her tones, nay, her very mode of exhibiting forms, are often as much departed from on the side of dullness, as in the prismatic caprices of fancy, they are for the sake of an insipid abstract prettiness. A common notion seems to prevail, that provided details are painted distinctly in the homeliest greens, greys, and drabs, nature is sufficiently honoured, and truth attained; whereas, in fact, there are dull and shabby deviations from truth no less flagrant than the very gaudiest aberrations. The general aspect of our exhibition is sadly too much toned down by this dowdy artificialness. The hues of clay and mud, and in portraiture those of black-lead and ironmongery, may, without any calumny at all, be said to reign supreme.

In landscape, however, below and above the line chiefly, certain of the younger painters, with wonderful diligence, strive after a purer rendering of nature wrought out with the closest individual truthfulness, and not unfrequently with very admirable results. But with this self-devotion to nature, we should rejoice to see combined more knowledge of the high traditions of Art—more respect for the old masters, of whom Turner is now, to all intents and purposes, one, and one so little remembered, that "It really seems as if he had never lived!" is a melancholy ejaculation frequent with us at our public

exhibitions. This reverence we recommend simply because it might teach our young aspirants more to respect beauty of every kind, to correct the crudeness and superfluity in their works, and to adapt their conceptions more to those requirements which, (analogous to the rules or forms of good literature), are needful to give undisturbed pleasure to the mind—an object fundamental and indispensable in all the Fine Arts.

The motto, "Exclusive love of Nature, and abhorrence of Conventionalism," has a pretty sound, and no doubt carries away many with it. Yet it often implies ignorance and presumption, and sometimes mere cant. Art is perfected by knowledge so extensive that ages are needful to collect it. The greatest man, even had he the eyes of Argus and a distinct brain behind each of them, could scarcely hope, of himself, to find all that is requisite, and so afford to dispense with the discoveries of those who illuminated the world before him. He but carries forward the fabric, the foundations of which are already laid. Phidias only improved upon the peculiar types of form already adopted. The earliest efforts of Raphael cannot be distinguished from the work of Perugino. Whole scenes in some of the earlier plays ascribed to Shakspeare are attributed by some to him, and by some to Marlowe and others. None of these great modest men thought of working entirely from their own foundations, with a scorn for the accumulated antecedents. In landscape painting, we conceive that the broad foundations have been enlarged, and many principles settled by Turner; and we should wish him to be kept more in view as an incentive to feeling, imagination, and practice; of course not imitating him servilely, but working in his spirit. New objects should ever be introduced, with more of substance, more precision of details, than are to be found in his latest works, and more colour than is to be met with in his earlier ones.

It is remarkable that in these two American pictures on which we have now commented (that of Mr. Church and that of Mr. Cropsey), there should, in an unusual degree, be an apparent recognition of such a basis for further progress. It does some honour to our Transatlantic brethren, that they should conspicuously take up the well-founded, time-sifted principles which we have been but too apt to neglect and despise, and so recall us to a sense of their value. In Mr. Cropsey's work, also, combined with precision and local truth, there is something, which without in the least impugning his originality, we will call Turneresque. And by this we mean specially that the composition—the arrangement, proportion, and shape of the masses—is unusually elegant and beautiful; and that there is a refined feeling for aerial tenderness, and light, and repose throughout. The unusual variety of subjects treated by this painter, indicating breadth of mind—his sense of beauty, and imaginative choice of effects, induce us to look forward to his future career with much interest and expectation. And to these most favourable auguries should be added the natural lightness and vivacity of his execution, the result of a gift indispensable in rendering that freedom which is the very life and spirit of nature. To conclude, we warmly admire the particular work which has formed the occasion of these remarks. It is a beautiful and interesting addition to our knowledge of America, and of that autumn which must look like, not the solemn wasting away of the year, but its joyous crowning festival; not its decay and death—no, rather its heavenly aspiring, and rapturous apotheosis.

## OBITUARY.

SIR CHARLES BARRY, R.A.

THE brief allusion in our last number to the death of this eminent architect would be, in itself, but an unworthy recognition of his professional talents and personal excellent qualities; it is our duty, therefore, to devote a short space this month to his memory, notwithstanding our readers have, doubtless, become acquainted with the incidents of his life through other channels, especially those more particularly devoted to the record of that art in which he was so eminently distinguished.

Sir Charles Barry was born in Bridge Street,



Westminster, in May, 1795; the house, it is believed, yet stands almost opposite to the Clock Tower of the Houses of Parliament. After receiving the usual education of a boy in the early part of the present century, and evincing a strong desire for the pursuit of architecture, he was articled to the firm of Messrs. Middleton and Bailey, of Lambeth, who united the professions of surveyors, valuers, and architects; the last, however, being the least extensive part of their practice. Soon after the death of his father, who bequeathed him a little property, he left England, in 1817, for the continent, for the purpose of studying the art to which he had determined to devote himself. He was absent nearly three years and a half, and during this time visited Italy, Greece, Turkey, Egypt, Jerusalem, and Syria, his journey to the Eastern countries being undertaken at the request of a gentleman of fortune, Mr. Baillie, who had seen and admired his drawings in Italy, and offered to bear all the expenses if he would accompany him and afford him the benefit of his pencil.

Immediately on his return to England he set diligently to work to turn the results of his studies to a profitable account. It was a considerable time, however, before he had the opportunity of employing his talents; Barry, like many other professional men, knew something of the bitterness of deferred hopes. At length a design, submitted in competition, for the new church of St. Peter's, Brighton, was selected to be carried out, and henceforth his path lay tolerably plain before him. This work was followed at no very distant dates by the erection of St. Paul's Church, Manchester; Stand Church, near Manchester; the Manchester Athenæum; and King Edward the Sixth's School, Birmingham—the last especially a most elegant building. His first great work in London was the Travellers' Club, in Pall Mall; certainly, for simplicity and grace of design the most beautiful edifice of its kind in the metropolis, if not in England; we have heard architects speak of it as inferior to nothing on the continent. We recommend those who only know the front of the building to examine carefully the back, overlooking Carlton Terrace. This is, in our opinion, by far the finest elevation; it is quite worthy stepping aside from the street to look at. The Reform Club and the College of Surgeons were also erected from his designs. Most of these, if not all, were gained in competition.

But the great work on which the reputation of Sir Charles Barry will mainly rest is the New Palace of Westminster, as the Houses of Parliament are often called: here was the triumph of his genius, begun under difficulties, and carried through under obstacles which would have daunted, if not altogether paralysed, a mind less persevering and energetic than his. None but those who were brought into constant communication with the architect can form the remotest idea of the labour and worry—we can find no other word so suited to our meaning—he had to undergo during the twenty-four years devoted to the erection of this noble edifice; it is unnecessary, even had we space and time at command, to comment upon it. The outside world looks upon it "wondering when it will be finished," how much more it is to cost," and so forth, forgetting that palaces are not reared by enchantment, and that public works worthy of a great nation must cost sums commensurate with their magnitude and splendour: and notwithstanding Englishmen are constitutionally inclined to set a monetary value upon everything, we believe there are few, except the most pugnacious economist, or the most incurable democrat, who will grudge a shilling expended on the New Palace, the architectural glory of the reign of Queen Victoria. Certain it is that this edifice has given an impetus to the three sister arts of painting, sculpture, and architecture, they in all probability would never have received, but for the destructive fire which swept away the old houses.

Much has been said and written against the style of the New Palace as being inapplicable to its purpose, but Sir Charles Barry was not responsible for this: his taste would unquestionably have led him to adopt the Italian style, to which all his early studies inclined, and in which all his other structures were designed. But the "Commission" restricted competitors to the Gothic or Elizabethan, thereby depriving him, as well as others, of liberty of action.

Sir Charles did not live to see the completion of his greatest work, though little, if anything, we believe, remains to be done which cannot, and will not be effected from the designs left behind him. We may remark that the flagstaff on the Victoria Tower was permanently fixed a day or two only before his death, and it was used for the first time on the occasion of his funeral, when the union-jack waved from it half-mast high, a small black flag being suspended at the same time from the parapet of the tower on the back and front sides. He was buried in Westminster Abbey, in the presence of a large number of friends, and of men distinguished in politics, the arts, literature, and science, assembled to pay the last tribute of honour to his genius.

Barry was elected Associate of the Royal Academy in 1839, and Academician in 1842. When the Queen, in 1852, made her first entry to the New Palace by the Victoria Tower, her Majesty conferred on the architect the honour of knighthood. He was a Fellow of the Royal Institute of British Architects, and of the Royal Society, a member of the Royal Commission for the Exhibition of 1851, and an honorary member of the academies of Arts of Belgium, Denmark, Prussia, Rome, St. Petersburg, Sweden, and others.

Sir Charles Barry was one whose kindness of heart, liberality of feeling, and urbanity of manner, won the good esteem of all his acquaintance, and all who had intercourse with him. Those employed under him are unanimous in bearing testimony to his worth. Upwards of five hundred of the workmen engaged on the New Palace followed his remains to their last resting-place.

#### FRANCIS PHILIP STEPHANOFF

was born in 1788 at Brompton, and may be said to have inherited the love of the Arts from his parents, his mother in particular being an eminent flower-painter, and much patronized by Sir Joseph Banks. At an early period of life he evinced great taste in design and composition, and at the age of sixteen made his *début* in exhibiting a subject from the "Lay of the Last Minstrel," which was much admired by Flaxman; and, after a few years, he commenced his artistic career as a painter of history, and of scenes in familiar life, and was for many years a constant exhibitor at the Royal Academy. The pictures that stamped his reputation as an artist were 'Poor Relations,' and 'The Reconciliation,' purchased by Lord Bexley, and the 'Trial of Algernon Sydney,' painted for Lord Nugent. For the annuals at that time he contributed several subjects; 'The Rivals,' 'Love, Jealousy, and Revenge,' were the most conspicuous. One of the £100 premiums, for a cartoon of 'Comus' exhibited at Westminster Hall, was awarded to him: the subject he afterwards painted for R. Currie, Esq., and he likewise received the "Heywood medal" from Manchester. Whatever his merits as an artist may have been, they were much exceeded by his kindness and generosity. He was greatly esteemed by his brother artists, and among other attainments he acquired those of a first-rate musical amateur. He died at his brother's residence, West Hanham, Gloucestershire.

#### JOHN JOSEPH GEEFS.

The death of this Belgian sculptor recently took place at Brussels. He was younger brother and pupil of William Geefs, still more distinguished than the deceased, and was born at Antwerp in 1810. In 1836 he obtained the great prize entitling the holder to study in Rome. On his return from Italy he was called to the chair of sculpture and artistic anatomy in the Academy of Belgium. Among his principal works are a statue of 'André Vésale,' in the Place des Barricades, Brussels; another of 'Beaudoin de Constantinople,' in the National Palace, Brussels; and a bronze statue of 'Thierry Maertens,' at Alost. Our contemporary, the *Athenæum*, attributes to him the marble statue of Milton's 'Fallen Angel,' in the grand ducal palace of Weimar, and the two statues of 'Liberty of the Press' and 'Liberty of Education,' on the pedestal of the Congress Column, Brussels.

This sculptor, when young, was a student in the Paris School of Art, and obtained several medals

while there. At the great French Exhibition in 1855 he obtained "honourable mention" for the works he sent in, the principal one being the statue of 'Maertens,' just spoken of. In the sculpture room of our Royal Academy there was last year a statue entitled 'Reveil d'Amour,' by J. Geefs, whom we presume to be the sculptor recently deceased: it was not a work of high merit.

#### JAMES MATTHEWS LEIGH.

This eminent artist and teacher of Art died at his residence in Newman Street, on the 20th of April. We are indebted to *The Critic* for some interesting particulars connected with his life's history. He was born in London in the year 1808, and was the son of Mr. Samuel Leigh, the well-known publisher in the Strand, whose "New Picture of London" passed through many editions. Young Leigh, having shown a greater taste for painting than for book-selling and publishing, was allowed by his father to study for the profession of an artist, and when he was about twenty years of age had the good fortune to be placed with Etty as his pupil. He was, in fact, the only pupil ever received by Etty, as we are informed by Mr. Gilchrist in his valuable life of that great master. It was in 1828, shortly after Etty was elected R.A., that young Leigh became his pupil; Etty receiving from the father a fine picture by Jordans as the price of his instruction for a year. Mr. Leigh profited considerably from the instruction given him by Etty, not only in the practice of his art, but in forming a correct judgment of the works of others, thus assisting him to take the high position which he afterwards held as a critic and teacher. In the same year that he became Etty's pupil, Mr. Leigh exhibited three of his pictures for the first time at the Royal Academy. Two of these were portraits, the third was a composition from a Scriptural subject—"The Good Samaritan." Subsequently he exhibited several other pictures, all of which possessed merit, and bore traces of his having profited by the instruction of his master. After completing his term with Etty, Mr. Leigh made a tour on the Continent, and visited the principal Art-galleries in France, Italy, and Germany. On his return, he occupied himself for a time with literary pursuits, when his pen was frequently employed in artistic and theatrical criticisms. He also printed for private circulation "Cromwell," a drama, and "The Rhenish Albin," The social talents and brilliant conversational powers of the young painter procured him a high position in many intellectual circles, but proved a check to his industry in the practice of his profession. Before long, too, the opportunity of visiting Spain occurred to him, of which he was not slow to take advantage. It must be observed that in both these tours he filled his portfolio with many beautiful sketches. Upon his return from Spain he adopted the preceptive branch of Art, which he carried on with untiring zeal and energy until within a month of his death, which was a very painful one, proceeding from cancer in the mouth.

Mr. Leigh's school was well known, and was at all times well attended. In artistic society he enjoyed the reputation of being a first-rate teacher and a profound critic in matters of Art; and many of our most promising painters have derived much from his system of tuition.

During the last twenty years Mr. Leigh exhibited none of his pictures. His eccentricity on this subject was easily comprehended by those who knew him intimately. The walls of his gallery in Newman Street, however, presented a monument of seldom-equalled industry. He was also in the habit, on each occasion of meeting his pupils, of himself making a sketch of the subject chosen for study; the subjects being for the most part from Shakespeare, Sir Walter Scott, Bulwer, and other well-known writers. All these sketches, which are executed with remarkable vigour and freedom, and sometimes even with considerable finish, have been preserved, to the extent of some hundreds in number, and will as we understand, be offered to the public, together with his pictures, and a small collection of water-colour drawings executed by him during his travels, and on other occasions. The sale will probably have taken place before this notice appears.



## ROME, AND HER WORKS OF ART.

PART VIII.—RAFFAELLE—No. 3.

As noticed in a preceding number (p. 75, ante) a portion of the paintings by Raffaele, in the Church of S. Maria della Pace: on this page is introduced an engraving of one of the two groups before mentioned as having been painted in the same church, by Timoteo della Vite, it is said, from drawings by Raffaele, and which are justly considered to be among the most perfect of his works. If these figures, which represent the 'PROPHET DANIEL AND KING DAVID,' be compared with that of the 'Prophet Isaiah,' in the Church of St. Agostino (p. 15, ante), the inferiority of the latter will be at once manifest. The painter in the group before us, and no less in the corresponding group of the 'Prophets Jonah and Hosea,' seems to have altogether lost sight of Michel Angelo, except in a desire, it may be, to show how he could contend with him on his own ground, "and to establish in a definite manner the points in which his talent differed from that of his rival." The simplicity of composition has not been sacrificed to grandeur of design, for the two qualities appear so equally balanced that the most perfect harmony between them is felt; the ample folds of drapery fall, or flow, in graceful lines, which, numerous as they are, neither disturb the eye by irregularity, nor distress it by repetition. The figure of the Royal

Psalmist, arrayed in priestly robes, and holding a tablet in his hands, is truly regal and majestic; that of the young prophet Daniel, who seems to be copying on his tablet what David shows to him, is the impersonation of one impressed with reverential awe at what is revealed to him. The angel, who in both compositions is placed behind the prophets, is significant of the heavenly spirit which animates the hearts of the holy men. "There are few figures in Art which bear more emphatically the character of Divine inspiration, of that noble, profound, mysterious sentiment stamped upon the writings of the prophets. They who have applied themselves to a more elaborate analysis of the fine shades by which the expressions of the personages are varied, have imagined they saw in the features of each the very diversities of their genius and of their language while on earth; and, indeed, it is the peculiarity of the works of Raffaele to appeal still more powerfully to the inward conception than to the eye." May we not enlarge upon this remark of De Quincy's, and carry it out still farther, by saying that Raffaele's works appeal with equal power to both mind and eye? For they charm the one by their beauty and grace, and they speak to the other by their indubitable veracity: whether it be Hebrew prophet, or heathen philosopher, Madonna, saint, evangelist, or apostle, or even the man Christ himself, we seem to recognise in his representation the identical personage whom history, tradition, or legend has set before us. In the companion group, that of 'Jonah and Hosea,' which is placed on the right hand side of the other, over the fresco of the 'Sybils,' the arrangement of the figures is precisely the same, allowing for difference of position; that is, the right hand figure, Hosea, is standing, while Jonah is seated, with a tablet in his hand; the angel behind them points upwards. The attitudes of the two prophets are most dignified and expressive, nothing is overcharged, nothing is there but what fills the mind with reverence, for we seem, when contemplating them, to stand actually in the presence of those holy men, to whom it was given to make known to the world the events which the future should see revealed and consummated.

The next engraving shows a portion of Arabesque ornament in the Loggie of the Vatican; another example, taken from the same celebrated work, was given on a preceding page (76); a comparison of the two affords evidence not

only of Raffaele's skill in the art of ornamentation, but of the varied and graceful manner in which his genius was exercised. The origin and history of these decorations has been thus related by De Quincy:—"At the time Raffaele was charged with the architecture and decoration of the Loggie of the Vatican, the interior of the Baths of Titus had just been discovered. It cannot be doubted but that the ornamental painting with which all the halls of this vast edifice were covered, inspired him with the idea of applying the style to the galleries, which he very possibly planned with this view, in the court of the Vatican, the disposition of which is favourable to it. Each arcade forming, in the continuous series of the porticoes, a small ceiling of its own, presents numerous spaces for arabesque. The halls of the Baths of Titus, long buried, owed the entire preservation of their paintings, when discovered, to the very cause which had created their oblivion; they were in all their original freshness and splendour, of a brilliancy of which the external air and various accidents have since deprived them. Raffaele seized the opportunity to reproduce, with more effect than any of his predecessors, the elegant details of antique forms, and the *mélange* of colours, stucco, and ingenious trifles, without falling into the extravagance into which the independence of an imitation without the limits fixed by a positive model, may so easily lead. In truth, he adapted not actually the ornaments of the Baths of Titus, as some have asserted, but merely the spirit and gust in which their chief merit consists."

One of Raffaele's pupils, Giovanni da Udine, excelled in painting flowers, fruits, and ornaments: he and his master visited together the baths, and the latter encouraged Da Udine in the plan of imitating them in the Loggie: Raffaele assigned to him, in the first instance, the task of executing the subordinate parts of the work from designs drawn by himself. The Loggie consists of thirteen arcades, sustained by pilasters covered with stucco ornaments and arabesques from the hand of Da Udine. The exquisite grace and delicacy of these decorations—in which figures, flowers, animals, mythological subjects, and architectural designs, are combined in the most fanciful and elegant manner—cannot be surpassed; they have

formed the text-book, so to speak, of all succeeding ornamentists, though, unhappily, time and wanton outrage have marred much of their beauty. "Look at those arabesques of Raffaele," writes the authority just quoted, "rising in compartments one above the other, where now the virtues, now the seasons, now the ages of life, mingle their various emblems by the learned fancies of his pencil. Here we see the symbols of the seasons, or of the elements; there the instruments of the arts and sciences; elsewhere every description of personified ideas become veritable symbolical pictures, the creation of which could only belong to the genius of an historical painter." On each cupola, or coved roof, which terminates the arcades, are painted in fresco, four subjects taken from Scripture history; they were executed, from Raffaele's designs, by his pupils, of whom Giulio Romano, Pellegrino da Modena, and Raffaellino del Colle, were the chief in these works. To describe these fifty-two frescoes *serialim* would occupy too much of the space allotted to the papers we are writing; we can only enumerate the subjects. Forty-eight of them, filling the first twelve arcades, taken from the Old Testament, are arranged in the following order:—1. 'The Creation of the World,' executed by Raffaele himself, in order, as Lanzi asserts, to serve as a model for the rest; 2. 'The History of Adam and Eve.' 3. 'The History of Noah;' these three pictures are by Giulio Romano. 'Eve in the Fall,' in the second arcade, is said to be by Raffaele's own hand. 4. 'Abraham and Lot.' 5. 'Isaac,' both by Francesco Penni. 6. 'Jacob,' by Pellegrino da Modena. 7. 'Joseph;' 8. 'Moses,' both by Giulio Romano—one of the series of the latter



DANIEL AND DAVID.

subject appears among our present illustrations, and one from the subject of 'Isaac' was introduced into a former paper. No. 9 is a continuation of the history of Moses, painted by Raffaellino del Colle. 10. 'Joshua'; 11. 'David,' both by Perino del Vaga. 12. 'Solomon,' by Pellegrino da Modena. The last arcade contains four subjects from the New Testament: 'The Adoration of the Magi,' 'The Adoration of the Shepherds,' 'The Baptism of Christ,' and 'The Last Supper,' all by Giulio Romano; they are intended to connect the typical subjects of the Old Testament series with the establishment and triumph of the Christian church, as represented in the frescoes of the Stanzas.

In rendering to Raffaele all the honour that is due to him as the great originator of these noble compositions, we ought not to lose sight of the men who so ably assisted him, by carrying out his designs. He was fortunate in meeting with artists whose talents were of so high an order that he could safely entrust the work to their hands; and it almost seems that he imparted to them no small portion of the executive power, at least, with which he was himself endowed: the mantle of his genius appears to have overshadowed them. De Quincy has both truly and beautifully commented on the influence which Raffaele had over those associated with him in his various undertakings:—"Such also was the ascendancy of his superiority, and the chain of his moral character, that they created for him, over all around, a sort of empire under which men were at once happy and proud to live. They who might have aspired to become his rivals, deemed it an honour to be merely his disciples, and all were his friends. There was also this peculiarity about his school, that the same tie of friendship united all the members among themselves. The jealousies too common among artists were here unknown. Their very rivalries of talent only aimed at the advantage of their chief. His glory was as a common property, in the promotion of which all private pretensions were absorbed. Hence the extraordinary power of the talents which Raffaele dis-

posed of, as of a family possession; hence the combination of resources of all kinds, which gave to his genius the means of multiplying itself under so many various forms."

The next engraving, 'MARINE MONSTERS,' is copied from one of the innumerable ornamental designs in the Vatican, of which the *Arabesques* are composed, and which exhibit in so remarkable a manner the inexhaustible store of the artist's fanciful genius: he caused all things to subserve his purpose, whether they were of the world of nature, or of a world that nature knows not.

We see in the *Loggia* of the Vatican, where the decorations present such an extraordinary adaptation to its architectural features, what Raffaele would have effected had his mind been given to the study and practice of architecture only, or had he combined the two professions in an equal degree. That he possessed a thorough theoretical knowledge of it is sufficiently manifest in the numerous designs he left, as well as in the accessories introduced into many of his pictures. Both in Florence and Rome there are edifices erected from his designs, so elegant in proportion, and so beautiful in detail, that nothing has surpassed, or can surpass, them. Bramante must have entertained the highest opinion of his ability when he recommended him to Leo X., as the fittest person to continue the building of St. Peter's—this was Bramante's dying wish; and the brief of the Pope, or



ARABESQUE DECORATION IN THE VATICAN: THE FINDING OF MOSES.

a copy of it, nominating Raffaele to the office, has been preserved, and is as follows:—"Besides the art of painting, in which you are universally known to excel, you were, by the architect Bramante, equally esteemed for your knowledge in that profession; so that, when dying, he justly considered that to you might be confided the construction of that temple, which by him was begun in Rome, to the Prince of the Apostles: and you have learnedly confirmed that opinion by the plan"—it is presumed that a *model*, not a *plan*, is meant here, from a letter written by Raffaele to Count Castiglione—"for that temple, requested of you. We, who have no greater desire than that the temple should be built with the greatest possible magnificence and dispatch, do appoint you superintendent of that work, with the salary of three hundred golden crowns per annum" (about £150) "out of the money laid aside for the said construction. And we order that you be paid punctually every month, or on your demand, the proportion due. We exhort you to undertake the charge of this work in such a manner, that in executing it you have due regard to your own reputation and good name, for which things the foundation must be laid in youth. Let your efforts correspond to our hopes in you, to our paternal benevolence towards you, and, lastly, to the dignity and fame of that temple, ever the greatest in the whole world, and most holy; and to our devotion for the Prince of the Apostles.

Rome, the 1st of August, the second year of our Pontificate, 1515." What St. Peter's would have been under the sole direction of the great artist, it is impossible now to say; the model or plan alluded to in the Pope's letter has disappeared, and, we believe, no portion of his design exists, except a drawing published in an old Italian work.

Following the course marked out by the arrangement of the engravings on our pages, rather than the chronological order in which the works of Raffaele were executed, we come next to the famous cartoons, of which 'THE MIRACULOUS DRAUGHT OF FISHES' is one. It might be thought that, as we are writing of what Rome now contains of Raffaele's productions, his cartoons ought not to be noticed here, inasmuch as the larger proportion of them, including that which forms the subject of the engraving, is in our country; but their importance as grand historical compositions forbids any such omission; while the fact that the tapestries, for which they served as designs, are still in Rome, is a sufficient justification for any remarks we may introduce here.

The interior of the Sistine Chapel was originally ornamented round the lower walls with paintings in imitation of tapestries. Leo X. resolved to substitute real draperies of the most costly materials, and Raffaele was commissioned to prepare designs, or cartoons, which were to be erected in the tapestry looms



of Flanders, then the most celebrated for manufactures of this description, Barnard Van Orley, assisted by Michel Coxie, both of whom were pupils of Raffaele, undertook to superintend the execution of the works in the town of Arras, whence is derived the name *Arazzi*, given by the Italians to the tapestries. The cartoons were originally eleven in number, ten of them were for the compartments into which the wall space was divided by pilasters, and one was for the space over the altar. The compartments varied in their superficial dimensions, and hence the difference seen in the size of the cartoons, which were executed in distemper by Raffaele himself, assisted by his pupil, Francesco Penni. Four of them have been lost, seven are in England. At a later period thirteen other tapestries were executed, but not altogether from Raffaele's designs.

The history of these fabrics is singular, and is thus told by Mrs. Jameson, in her "Memoirs of Early Italian Painters,"—"The rich tapestries worked from the cartoons, in wool, silk, and gold, were completed at Arras, and sent to Rome in 1519. For these the pope paid to the manufacturer at Arras fifty thousand gold ducats (£25,000); "they were exhibited for the first time on St. Stephen's Day, December 26, 1519. Raffaele had the satisfaction, before he died, of seeing them hung in their places, and of witnessing the wonder and applause they excited through the whole city. Their subsequent fate was very curious and eventful. In the sack of Rome," by the Constable de Bourbon, "in 1527, they were carried away by the French soldiery, but were restored in 1553, during the reign of Pope Julius III., by the Duc de Montmorenci, all but the piece which represented the Coronation of the Virgin, which is supposed to have been burned, for the sake of the gold thread. Again, in 1798, they made part of the French spoils, and were actually sold to a Jew at Leghorn, who burnt one of them, for the purpose of extracting the precious metal contained in the threads. As it was found, however, to furnish very little, the proprietor judged it better to allow the others to retain their original

shape, and they were soon afterwards re-purchased from him by the agents of Pius VII., and reinstated in the galleries of the Vatican. Several sets of tapes-

tries were worked from the cartoons: one was sent as a present to Henry VIII., and, after the death of Charles I., sent into Spain; another, or the same, set was exhibited in London a few years ago, and has since been sold to the King of Prussia. At present these tapestries are hung in the Museum at Berlin."

The cartoons themselves have been subjected to vicissitudes almost as strange and unfortunate as the tapestries. For a long period they "were lying in the warehouse of the weaver at Arras, neglected and forgotten. Some were torn into fragments, and parts of them exist in various collections. Seven still remained in some cellar or garret, when Rubens, just a century afterwards, mentioned their existence to Charles I., and advised him to purchase them for the use of a tapestry manufactory, which James I. had established at Mortlake. The purchase was made. They had been cut into long slips, about two feet wide, for the convenience of the workmen, and in this state they arrived in England. On Charles's death, Cromwell bought them, at the sale of the royal effects, for £300. We had very nearly lost them again in the reign of Charles II.; for Louis XIV., having intimated through his ambassador, Barillon, a wish to possess them at any price, the needy, careless Charles was on the point of yielding them, and would have done so, but for the representations of the Lord Treasurer Danby, to whom, in fact, we owe it that they were not ceded to France. They remained, however, neglected in one of the lumber rooms at Whitehall till the reign of William III., and narrowly escaped being destroyed by fire, when Whitehall was burned, in 1698. It must have been shortly afterwards that King William ordered them to be

repaired, the fragments pasted together, and stretched upon linen; and being just at that time occupied with the alterations and improvements at Hampton Court, Sir Christopher Wren had his commands to plan and erect a room expressly to receive them—the room in which they now hang."



MARINE MONSTERS.



THE MIRACULOUS DRAUGHT OF FISHES.

The subjects of the four tapestries of the cartoons which are lost are—'The Death of Stephen,' 'The Conversion of St. Paul,' 'St. Paul in Prison,' and 'The Coronation of the Virgin,' of those which are left, and in our own

country—'The Miraculous Draught of Fishes,' 'The Charge to St. Peter,'

\* A notice of these fabrics appeared in the *Art-Journal* for last year, p. 318.



'Elymas, the Sorcerer, struck Blind,' 'St. Peter and St. John Healing the Lame Man in the Temple,' 'The Death of Ananias,' 'St. Paul and St. Barnabas at Lystra,' and 'St. Paul Preaching at Athens.' None of Raffaele's works have attracted so much critical comment as these famous productions; panegyric and description have been almost exhausted in writing of them, from the time of Vasari down to our own, by critics of every country. One of the earliest English writers, Richardson, who lived in the beginning of the last century, and who must, therefore, have seen the cartoons in a far better state of preservation than that in which they appear to us, so far, at least, as regards colour, does not hesitate to place them above all the works of Raffaele, but particularly above the frescoes of the Vatican. A comparison, however, of the two classes of compositions can scarcely be made with reason, for they differ so essentially from each other; the qualities which constitute excellence in the one must not be looked for in the other, except as they are exemplified in each respectively, with regard to the character of the subject. Sacred Art,

founded on fact, and historical Art, purely imaginative, cannot be subjected to exactly the same rules of criticism; the importance of the former subject requires truth, simplicity, and grandeur of treatment, everything that should tend to inspire the spectator with reverence and solemnity of feeling; in the latter, fancy is permitted a latitude which may embrace, without disparagement to the work, a variety of elements, that may, or may not, strictly belong to it.

Any attempt to give an analytical description of these famous compositions would fill many pages of our Journal, and to speak of each briefly, would be doing them scanty justice indeed. Their general character has been so truly and eloquently recorded by Hazlitt, in his "Criticalisms of Art," that we prefer adopting his remarks to using any which we could employ for such a purpose, though the quotation may be considered rather long. The subject has, in fact, been already so fully and ably discussed by Art-writers, that nothing new concerning them remains to be said. "Compared with these," Hazlitt remarks, "all other pictures look like oil and varnish; we are stopped and attracted by the colouring, the pencilling, the instrumentalities of Art; but here the painter seems to have flung his mind upon the canvas. His thoughts, his great ideas alone prevail; there is nothing between us and the subject; we look through a frame, and see Scripture histories, and are made actual spectators in miraculous events. Not to speak it profanely, they are a sort of a revelation of the subjects of which they treat; there is an ease and freedom of manner about them, which brings preternatural characters and situations home to us with the familiarity of every-day occurrences; and while the figures fill, raise, and satisfy the mind, they seem to have cost the painter nothing. Everywhere else we see the means—here we arrive at the end, apparently without any means. There is a spirit at work in the divine creation before us; we are unconscious of any steps taken, of any progress made; we are aware only of comprehensive results—of whole masses of figures; the sense of power supercedes the appearance of effort. It is as if we had ourselves seen these persons and things at some former state of our being, and that the drawing certain lines upon coarse paper by some unknown spell brought back the entire and living

images, and made them pass before us palpable to thought, feeling, sight. Perhaps not all this is owing to genius; something of this effect may be ascribed to the simplicity of the vehicle employed in embodying the story, and something to the decaying and dilapidated state of the pictures themselves. They are the more majestic for being in ruins. We are chiefly struck with the truth of proportion, and the range of conception—all made spiritual. The corruptible has put on incorruption; and amidst the wreck of colour, and the mouldering of material beauty, nothing is left but a universe of thought, or the broad, imminent shadows of calm contemplation and majestic pains."

The influence which these compositions has had upon all the works of Christian art which have followed them is universally recognised; he invested it with a grandeur, dignity, and sacred expression combined, that was never realized before; for even the pictures of Leonardo da Vinci, his cotemporary, do not possess these attributes in so high a degree, and which it has been the aim of all the great painters who succeeded him to imitate.

Comparing him, too, with himself in his previous productions, the inventive power of Raffaele is manifested in still greater freedom than in most of his other pictures of sacred subjects, where he could scarcely carry out and perfect the customary method. Nowhere do we find so sensibly how much he was imbued with the pure biblical spirit as in these cartoons, where the few simple words of Scripture have suggested to his artistic imagination the richest pictures, which yet unmistakably correspond, in every detail, to the meaning of the text. The dramatic character of the events is expressed in the most elevated and striking manner, so much as to place the compositions in the very highest rank of dramatic painting. In none of his other works, rich as they are in figures, is the design so simplified in the single masses, nor are the characters so completely individualized, the forms so finely conceived, nor the draperies of such breadth.

In addition to the tapestries of which mention has just been made, there is another series, ten in number, for which Raffaele made the designs, the cartoons being executed by other artists; fragments only of these cartoons exist; one of them, taken from that of 'The Massacre of the Innocents,' is in our National Gallery; it has been painted over in oil, but when,

and by whom, is unknown. The subjects of all these cartoons are taken from the life of Christ; the finest of the compositions are, 'The Massacre of the Innocents,' 'The Adoration of the Magi,' 'The Nativity,' 'The Resurrection,' and 'The Ascension.'

The engraving on this page is taken from the picture called 'THE VIRGIN WITH THE CARNATION,' which is in the gallery known as the "Cammucini;" a small collection formed by the late distinguished Roman artist, Baron Cammucini, and his predecessors. This painting, which takes its name from the flowers in the hands of the Madonna, is an excellent example of Raffaele's earliest style, delicate and graceful as a composition, but not entirely free from the manner of Perugino. It was painted for the Signora Maddalena degli Oddi, a religious of a convent in Perugia, and remained in the possession of this lady's family till 1636, when it was purchased from the owner by a French gentleman, and carried to France, where it remained till the baron restored it to Italy, and placed it in his own gallery.

J. DAFORNE.



THE VIRGIN WITH THE CARNATION.



# RUDIMENTS OF FLORIATED AND ORNAMENTAL DRAWING AMONG THE HINDOOS.\*

BY ALEXANDER HUNTER, M.D., &c.

WE have already shown the modes in which a few of the leading principles of geometry are abstracted, simplified, and taught practically to Hindoo children, in such a way as to be intelligible and impressive. We have also seen how correctness of form and precision of outline are early inculcated—the eye being taught to judge of distances by the relative position of dots and intersecting, or connecting, lines; how freedom and boldness of drawing are acquired by accustoming the child to draw, on a large scale, with the points of the fingers in sand. We have, moreover, shown how steadiness of the hand is inculcated by accustoming the child to draw from the shoulder, and to sprinkle in lines on the floor powdered chalk; that the principles of colour are attempted to be combined with correct drawing, in outline, by the use of leaves and petals of flowers, or by coloured powders sprinkled on the floor, within carefully-drawn geometrical or other spaces. A large volume might be filled with illustrations of the principles and practical applications of geometrical forms among the Hindoos, and many novel, tasteful, and excellent combinations of geometrical with floriated patterns might be given, from a large series of these which has been collected, chiefly in Southern India; but at present we shall content

all through a Hindoo pattern, and it is interesting to observe how simply this important principle is inculcated and familiarized to the young. For this purpose thread is one of the materials usually employed. It is laid down on the clean floor in a



Fig. 13.

variety of simple forms, beginning with straight parallel lines, then in squares and loops, as in Fig. 11, in which the character of the thread modifies to a certain extent the forms of the parts enclosed. It

Advantage is sometimes taken of the thickness or stiff quality of the thread employed, to produce patterns of different kinds, and flat tape or bobbin are occasionally substituted for thread, the resulting forms produced being quite different in character. The fertility of invention possessed by the Hindoo is proved by the multitude of patterns which he can produce by laying down a plain thread on the floor. To many it may appear strange that such a material as thread should be employed for drawing, but the object is to accustom the eye and the hand to the use of a material in which many of the patterns are to be worked out; and though it entails certain peculiarities of design, still it is a material which admits of great variety and elegance of arrangement.

In Fig. 12 the pattern is commenced by making two long straight lines of thread, and then two others crossing them at right angles; dots are next laid down at regular distances, between and along the sides of each square, and the thread is arranged in an ingenious way, so as to carry the eye all through the pattern, and to take off the formality of the rectangular forms.

In Fig. 13 an elegant rosette is made out with thread of a thicker and stiffer quality than the last, ingeniously arranged in loops and points, so as to produce a very pleasing combination of forms: such a complicated pattern, however, could not be made by laying thread down loosely on the floor, it would require to be done on cloth, and attached to several of the leading points, in order to keep it steady. It will be observed that a diamond shape is introduced within each of the eight points, and ovals, resembling petals of flowers, within the loops, so as to enrich the ornamental effect.

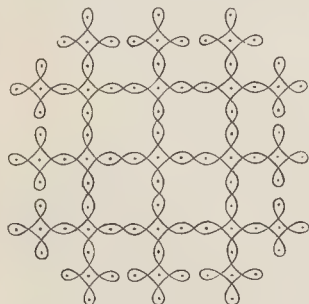


Fig. 11.

ourselves with the leading principles on which drawing is taught among the Hindoos, and point out the sources whence ideas are derived and applied to surface decoration and textile manufactures.

One leading principle that pervades Hindoo decorative art is, that the lines which compose a pattern should be of uniform thickness, and either



Fig. 14.

will be remarked that the dots are first arranged in three parallel lines, with three other lines crossing them at right angles, and that the spaces between the dots are all equal; if we trace the thread we

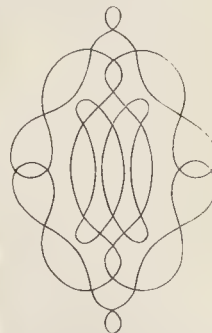


Fig. 15.

Fig. 14 is an elegant stellate pattern, where thread is used to imitate the forms of the jessamine flower.

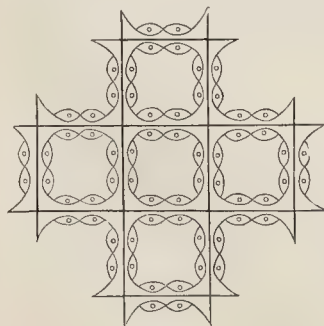


Fig. 12.

continuous, or so arranged 'as to convey the idea of continuity. Very frequently one line can be traced

\* Continued from page 38.

shall see how systematically it passes through the pattern, we shall afterwards find how carefully this pattern is occasionally drawn, and what use is made of the different spaces enclosed.

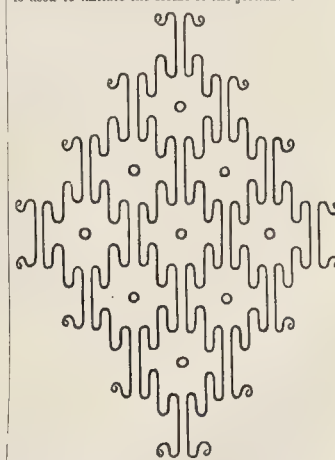


Fig. 17.

In laying down the measurements for this, the fore

and middle fingers at their greatest stretch would be used, as compasses to mark first the centres of the flowers, next the six dots on the petals, and then the centres of the six surrounding flowers. These dots, central points, assist the eye in determining the relative distances of the parts. In drawing a pattern of this kind, flowers would probably be laid down on the floor to be copied; and it is a very common practice among the Hindoos to pull flowers off their stalks, and also to separate leaves and petals, sorting them according to their shape, size, and colour, and then to teach children to arrange them systematically in different ways. This is a pleasing and an instructive use to make of flowers, and one that no doubt tends to educate the eye in early life to the value of colour. There is perhaps no material with which we are acquainted that approaches the delicacy of the petal of a flower, whether we regard its colour—the brilliance or clearness of which is often assisted by its semi-transparency, its soft pliancy of texture

colour and in taste or propriety of arrangement. It is the duty then of our manufacturers to think seriously how they may repay the debt which they owe to India. There are two ways in which this

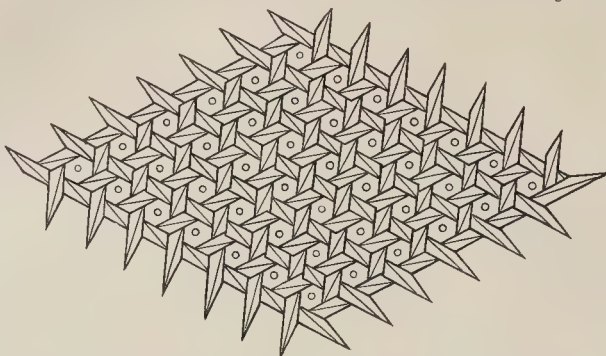


Fig. 18.

might be done: one is for them to combine, as a body, and offer to assist the natives in acquiring a knowledge of those higher and more civilizing

Fig. 15 is one of the thread patterns resembling Fig. 11, that has been carefully drawn, the spaces being filled in with colours: it will be remarked that there is a light hollow dot in the centre of each space, that the outline is drawn in red, and that the colours selected are all delicate and in harmony, warm and cold colours being arranged in alternate but interrupted rows.\* In a pattern like this, the idea for the harmony would be taken from the petals, stalks, tender shoots, green, and fading leaves of a plant.

In Fig. 16 the thread is arranged in a bold, free, loose style, but still with enough of regularity to produce a pattern; the parts would be arranged in their relative positions by first drawing on the floor two straight lines crossing each other at right angles, as guides for the central and leading curves.

Fig. 17 shows that the Hindoos have an appreciation of some of the beauties of nature, and that they can take advantage of them for useful purposes. The idea for this pattern is suggested by the play

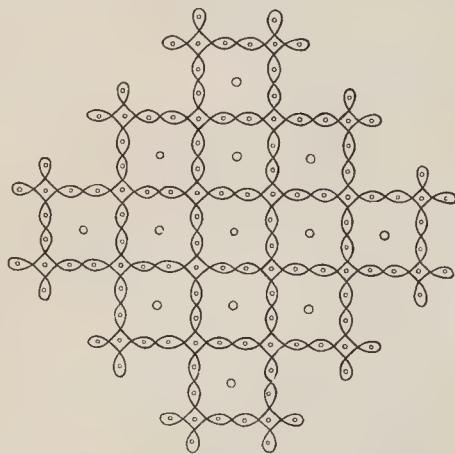


Fig. 19.

suggesting the idea of tenderness—or its pure simplicity of form, showing the perfection of inventive skill and of creative wisdom. Flowers seem as if they were sent by God to teach us useful lessons. The Hindoos and other Eastern nations can show us how to use them as models of perfection in form, colour, and arrangement of details; but here their use of them stops. Now, we have already taken many suggestions from Eastern nations regarding the applications of the forms and colours of flowers for weaving, and our shawl and carpet manufacturers are indebted to India for some of their best patterns, as well as for the soundest principles of design and colour as applicable to surface decoration; but what have they given to India for what has thus been acquired? Nothing. And yet they are daily using Hindoo, Persian, and Mahomedan patterns, which they cannot surpass, and seldom equal, in harmony of

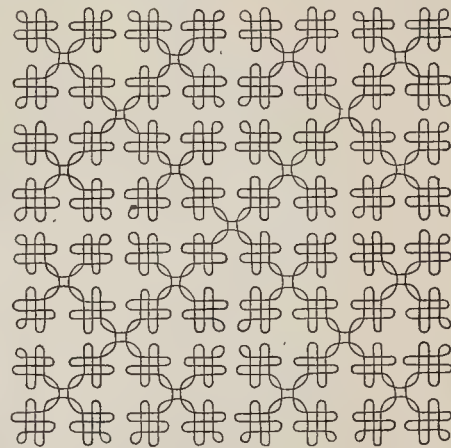


Fig. 20.

branches of education that will raise the natives of the East to their proper level in the scale of civilization; the other method is, for individual mem-

of lines and of colours on the surface of running water: the red, blue, and yellow tints, produced by the decomposition of light passing through water are well rendered, and the dot is again used to complete the pattern. The outline here is in black, to show a contrast between the colours, and not as in Fig. 14, where red is used to assist the harmony.

Another source from whence ideas for patterns are derived is coarse weaving; and in Fig. 18 we see that advantage has been taken of the forms produced by the intersecting lines of coarse string or bamboo matting; these cross in three different directions, two sets of lines producing a diamond form, while the third set cuts off the ends of each space, reducing it to an irregular hexagon; dots are next inserted in the centres of the spaces.

\* In this and some other drawings furnished by Dr. Hunter, colours have been used; but, as was stated in the

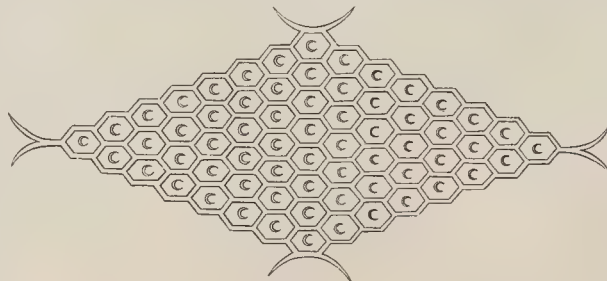


Fig. 21.

bers, who take an interest in the subject, to aid some of the societies which are attempting by their illustrated publications, to educate and improve the natives of India: but we shall return to this point hereafter.



Fig. 19 is a thread pattern, like Fig. 11, that has been carefully drawn on paper with a red outline; the large spaces have then been filled in with colours, while the small ovals and squares made by the intersection of the threads have been left as a kind of chain pattern, which separates the colours, and prevents them from appearing harsh or heavy. It may be remarked that the dots are of two sizes, according to the size of the spaces; and that they are all carefully drawn circles, and not heavy spots or careless blots. In many patterns they are left white, and occasionally seeds of flowers or grains of rice are laid on instead of them, to show where ornament requires point.

Fig. 20 is a curious sprig pattern, the idea for which has been suggested by thread laid down in two forms ingeniously connected and distributed over the surface. The white here serves a very important purpose, by distributing light and breaking the colours.

Fig. 21 is suggested by the scales, fins, and tail of a fish, probably the Ganoid order, which are plentiful in many of the tanks of India: here the dot is made larger, to preserve the tubercular character of the scales: the contrast between the colour of the scales and of the skin of the fish is also well shown.

We have now seen a few of the ways in which the Hindoo begins to make drawing, geometry, and the principles of colour interesting to children by associating and connecting them with simple means, that are intelligible to the duller capacity. We have also seen how chalk, thread, coloured powders, flowers, matting, scales of fish, and running water, may all be made subservient to purposes of Art instruction. We may, probably, at a future time, show how the principles of drawing, designing of patterns, and harmonizing of colours are inculcated in India, and the beneficial effects which result from familiarising the young mind to the use of colour and form, as provided to us in flowers, fruit, and other objects.

It is acknowledged that the nations of the East have long surpassed those of Europe in the principles of design and colour, as applicable to surface ornamentation; but it does not appear to be generally known how, when, and where these principles have been acquired. It is evident that the knowledge was learnt a very long while ago, as most of the patterns now in use in India are the same as have been employed for centuries. Some of the patterns are simple and expressive enough to show where they had their origin; but it is only by associating and conversing with the natives that a thorough acquaintance with the principles upon which they design can be acquired. The originals of all the patterns here furnished have been executed by native artists, who have assured me, that much of the Art of India has deteriorated within the last few centuries, from indifferent copying, and inattention to the simple rudiments and to the pure sources from which the ideas for form and colour have been taken. It was a source of unfeigned delight to me when I found that nature, as they said, had provided them with objects worthy of imitation. By taking advantage of this, and pointing out to the natives of Southern India that there were many other beauties in nature, or in the works of creation, than those which had been perceived by their ancestors, a door was opened for future usefulness in India, which, if judiciously kept open, may be the means of conferring lasting benefits on European as well as on Eastern nations. We have still something to learn of the principles of design and colour for manufactures. The natives of Southern India are anxious to acquire a knowledge of the Fine Arts, and of their practical uses, as well as of the useful parts of our education: let us be just and generous in our dealings with them in regard to Art, and give them credit for what we have, or may hereafter acquire from them; and there is no doubt that if we give what will be appreciated by both Hindoos and Mahomedans, viz.:-

1. Fine Art education in exchange for what we have taken of manufacturing art.
2. The uses of Art education in illustrating literature, in exchange for the principles of design, colour, and of ornamental arrangement.

former paper on this subject, we could not, in woodcuts, so reproduce the designs. This explanation is, however, necessary, in order to understand the allusions made by the writer.—Ed. A. J.

3. Scientific, moral, and religious education, in exchange for what we have borrowed but have not made a return for in our manufactures.

If we offer, I say, substantial benefits like these, that would give many of the poorer classes of India means of earning a livelihood, we should be raising in the scale of civilization nations to whom we are already indebted for many of the necessities, comforts, and even the luxuries of life.

It will probably be asked, why is religious education put last in the list? This is not from a fear of offending the prejudices of the natives, or making estimate of the value of the Fine Arts and of Science as comparative means of civilization, or from any apprehension of expediency subservient to other ends; for after an experience of nearly eighteen years spent in mixing freely with Hindoos and Mahomedans, I can say that they are not afraid of associating and exchanging ideas with us, nor of talking on the subject of religion with those who are qualified to do so. But as this is not my vocation, all that I feel bound to attempt is to ask aid for the land of my birth, and to trust to God for providing the means.

### STUDY FROM THE LIFE.

Lord Haddo has, in the House of Commons, called attention to the employment of life-models in schools of Art; and he concluded his observations by moving, that grants of public money be withheld from schools in which such a course of study was established and should be continued. This is the second session in which Lord Haddo has thus adverted to life-study; and from the peculiarity of his views, it was expected that he would again this season bring the subject forward. It might have been hoped that before touching the question a second time, he would have instituted an exact inquiry into the uses and abuses of the practice. But no; Lord Haddo stands forth the voluntary martyr to one dread *χίμαρα*, from which he will not be rescued; and again opens out his budget of prejudices with an endless variety of inference, pointing not only to those who practise, but to those who patronise, Art. The motion was endorsed by thirty-two *ayes*, but negatived by a hundred and forty-seven *noes*; and if his lordship's motion has astonished the world of Art, it has surprised more by so grave a result—the embodiment of a declaration that upwards of thirty members of the House of Commons are utterly ignorant of the rudimentary necessities of Art-study. The nation is now becoming possessed of pictorial property which, at the present rate of accumulation, will in value soon far surpass the collections of any other State; and it is by no means satisfactory to contemplate that in committees to which it may be expedient at any time to refer the consideration of a subject so subtle, the interests of Art might be seriously compromised. In the case of Lord Haddo and the thirty-two gentlemen who have supported him, a modicum of knowledge of the subject would be of great advantage. But this will never be an acquisition sufficiently general to help honourable members to a creditable dealing with the subject, until Art-professorships have been established at the Universities. One course of lectures would save legislators of this class from many absurdities of commission. The greatest artists of ancient times, said Lord Haddo, did not pursue such studies; and "Mr. Westmacott" had expressed an opinion that such studies were not only useless, but injurious to Art. But even if the practice were of use in an artistic point of view, that benefit could not outweigh the outrage it inflicted upon public decency, and public morals. He was of opinion that public money should not be applied to such purposes. He found that four out of twelve schools of Art had adopted the practice of employing nude female models; and if the House did not assent to the resolution he should propose, the other schools would be in a manner called upon to adopt the same practice. Such is the sum and substance of his "argument."

Lord Haddo is unfortunate in his quotation of the only living authority to which he appeals. Mr. Westmacott wrote to the *Times* in contradiction

of his assertion, publishing at the same time an apology from his lordship for having made use of his name. In reference to the branch of the profession to which Mr. Westmacott belongs, Lord Haddo is especially unhappy in his appeal in that direction, for, above all, must the sculptor have continually the life before him. Had he said, "Let there be henceforth no more sculpture; let there be henceforth no more poetic or historic painting; the means, and the end of such studies are equally subversive of morality;" his position had been definite, inasmuch that he might have been accredited as understanding the extent of his requisition. This is essentially what Lord Haddo proposes; for so unmechanical are the difficulties of design, that even a century of study from casts would not satisfy a sculptor, or a painter, without reference to nature, that he was quite accurate in his drawing. We have heard of artists who sketch and paint without models, but such men never rise beyond the condition of sketchers; and in order that their works may be in anywise valuable they must bear the impress of original genius. We know of but two or three men of our own school who could venture to issue as a picture, a figure work composed without reference to the life. Tell Maclise, Dyce, Herbert, Foley, MacDowell, Cope, and a catalogue of other men of eminence, that they are henceforward, by the will and pleasure of Lord Haddo and thirty-two members of the House of Commons, restrained from the study of any female figure demanding exactitude of proportion:—ask Mulready what he has felt of the enthusiastic ecstacy of working out his life-studies, which excel in accuracy and delicacy of manipulation those of every other living artist, foreign or British. For him the result is enough; and for the others the qualities whereby they shine, and which they have acquired solely by study of the life, suffice also.

But Lord Haddo must be prepared with special evidence in support of the position he assumes. Does he commence with the tabernacle of our Art? Whom of the Academy will he hold up as vitiated by the practice of life-study? Is there a greater lesson of profligacy in the profession of Art than in other professions? If he be prepared with proof of what he advances, he would improve his case by stating it at once; if he be not so provided, his proposition is among the most illogical that have ever been brought forward in the House. Years ago it was written of the charitable Goodenough—

"Tis well enough that Goodenough,  
Before the House should preach,  
For, sure enough, full had enough  
Were those he had to teach."

The good bishop's prelections applied indifferently to both houses, and a salutary beginning was his sermon, but unhappily the practice has not been maintained. If the few supporters of this motion be the only "unco' guid" in the House of Commons—if they are the men who stand in the porch of the temple, and thank God that they are not as other men, what a hideous analysis would the lives of the recusant hundred and forty-seven present! But not even the least of the charities commended by St. Paul does the signal minority practise. A comparison of the two sides of the question would not be without its consolations to the majority, as showing that there was yet left to them a large proportion of the extant virtues.

Of life-schools, and those who attend them, we know something, and our experience is not limited to those of our own country. Mr. Adderley, in replying to Lord Haddo, observed that a few years ago it was reported, that in the Hibernian Academy the life-school had been irregularly conducted; that young men in large numbers had been permitted to be present when the models were sitting, and that they attended not for the purpose of study, but for the indulgence of an impure curiosity; and he understood that last year the vote of money for that school was discontinued, and he hoped that the vote was not to reappear in this year's estimates. Of this irregularity we have not heard, but we concur most heartily in Mr. Adderley's wish, *if the fact be according to his statement*. This is the only instance we have ever heard of the abuse of the privileges of a school of Art. There are in Paris several public life-schools independent of all authority, save the prescriptive regulations of the students, and these are sufficient for the maintenance of



decorum, inasmuch that the slightest breach of propriety on the part of any subscriber is at once met by a unanimous vote of expulsion. Written rules for the observance of order are unnecessary, inasmuch as the students attend those schools with views much higher than is ascribed to them; their good sense is sufficient for the maintenance of propriety. There existed in St. Martin's Lane not many years ago a life-school, known to all Loudon artists, which Etty said he attended for sixteen years without missing a night. That celebrated painter gave the tone to the school: and who is there that would venture to charge honest and excellent William Etty with indecency of thought or action? There is another school for the study of the nude and the costumed figure, which has flourished for nearly thirty years, and numbers among its supporters many of the most distinguished painters of our time. Visitors are jealously excluded; but assuredly Lord Haddo or Mr. Spooner would be admitted for once, with a view of setting them right on the subject of academical study. They would see a class of students earnest in their work, even to the exclusion of general conversation. They would there learn that the models are not the persons of the abandoned lives that have excited the pious horror of Mr. Spooner, and that the course of study is conducted with a degree of decorum of which Lord Haddo and Mr. Spooner have yet to be instructed. Persons of the class whence these gentlemen assign models to Art-schools are in nowise suitable for study, and of those who are suitable, we have only to say that, were they otherwise than of fair repute, the scandal would be sufficient to exclude them from every Art-school. They must, moreover, be extremely punctual in their engagements, and in every way well-conducted during their fulfilment. Mr. Spooner spoke very feelingly on the subject in reference to the Manchester school. If he can trace any special instances of vicious course of life arising from the habit of sitting for life study, it would improve his case into something definite to bring forward such examples.

Of the study of the figure, then, we have simply to say, that without it artistic education is impossible. Time was when defective drawing was the reproach of our school; but now our drawing is more exact than that of the French school, and as minutely accurate as that of any of the most *Raffaellish* of the German schools; and this is the valuable result of life-figure study. Lord Haddo and Mr. Spooner may influence their friends in so far as to discountenance all undraped or partially draped productions of the easel, but they cannot deprive by act of parliament painters of the primary essential of their education. Lord Palmerston said, "If the noble lord means anything, if his theory ought to be reduced to practice, his motion ought to go further than it does. He ought to bring in a bill to make it penal for any person anywhere to study the female form. The very motion he has made would at once lead us into a difficulty, because he proposes to resolve that no public money should be granted to any school of Art in which the female form wholly unclothed is studied. I should like the noble lord to be more precise in his resolution, and to mention to what extent he wishes us to go—to say what is the *minimum* of clothing which consists with his notions of propriety, &c.," and these are precisely the ideas which occur to every mind that has entertained the subject.

Greek art, in its earliest efforts at the imitation of human form, is historically interesting and curious; but it becomes beautiful and precious only in relation to its successful reflex of personal proportion. If these honourable members were to succeed in fettering artistic study, they could not stop there—they must "gut" the Greek schools of the British Museum, and enter a crusade against every piece of nude sculpture in these realms. The direct response, however, to be given to this appeal is, that the study of the figure cannot be relinquished. Let Lord Haddo address the Royal Academy on the subject—let him read the lectures of Reynolds, Barry, Fuseli, Opie, Flaxman, Leslie, and fifty other sound authorities on Art, and he will there learn that the study of the life is indispensable to Art-education. Lord Haddo may from season to season bring forward his motion, he may even convert a more important minority, but he cannot succeed in his absurd crusade against life-study.

## THE TURNER GALLERY.

BACCHUS AND ARIADNE.

Engraved by C. Cousen.

TURNER's illustrations of mythological history are certainly very curious—not more so, however, than the histories themselves: it would be idle to expect nature in her ordinary manifestations, and humanity as we are accustomed to see it and read of it, from a painter who so often allowed his imagination to run riot amid the world of Fact; how much more so when it revelled in the region of Fancy? Great poets—and Turner was one—are often dwellers in a sphere above that we inhabit; it is Schiller, if we remember rightly—for it is many years since we saw the lines—who makes Jupiter address a young poet, petitioning for a spot where he might find a suitable residence, in the following words:—

"I have portioned the earth, and given it away,  
And cannot reverse the decree;  
But the heavens are mine, and the regions of day,  
And their portals are open to thee."  
—LORD F. L. GOWER'S TRANSLATION.

Pictures must have a name, and therefore Turner called this 'Bacchus and Ariadne,' though it would puzzle the most learned classic scholar to describe the groups of figures from what is known of the fictitious histories of the principals. Ariadne is said to have been the daughter of Minos, second King of Crete; her first husband was Theseus, who left her in the island of Naxos, in the *Ægean Sea*; she then married Bacchus: this is nearly all that ancient writers say of them—a meagre theme to serve the purpose of any painter except him whose genius, as this composition shows, adorned whatever it undertook to do, and extracted beauty from the most unpromising materials.

Not that we give to this picture unqualified praise; no unprejudiced or impartial critic could do this without imperilling his own judgment. It is one of those works concerning which Turner's enthusiastic admirers are discreetly silent, and which all who have written honestly more or less condemn: one of these latter describes it as "a disappointed man's protest and defiance" of public opinion. It was painted in 1840, at a time when the genius of the painter had developed itself in the strangest moods and most erratic courses: as a consequence, criticism laid many heavy blows on the artist's head, grieving that one who had done such great things should condescend to that which was so truly unworthy of him.

Yet the landscape presents many features of pictorial beauty: the arrangement of the composition was a favourite one with Turner, as many of his works testify—water flowing between high banks covered with verdure, and ornamented, on one side generally, with noble architecture, the sun low down in the horizon, and casting its bright reflection to the foreground. The great fault of the picture—and a most glaring one it is—is its colour, a mass of red, yellow, white, and brown, setting nature at utter defiance, and repudiating every principle of Art. Happily, all this is concealed in the engraving; we have the artist's poetical mind, but not his strange phantasmagoria, swept off at random, as it were, from his palette. The figures, too, which in the original have little shape or feature, are, by the engraver's hand, made to appear something like those of earthly mould and form, though, as already remarked, it is next to impossible to comprehend their doings. The two principals, those of Bacchus and Ariadne, are copied, with variations, from the large picture by Titian of the same subject, in the National Gallery.

We have often had occasion to remark that much of Turner's popularity is due to the engravers of his works; the claim of the 'Bacchus and Ariadne' to public favour must rest on Mr. Cousen's clever translation. It could have been no easy task to produce form, order, and pictorial effect from such a chaos of distracting pigments. There is a soft, hazy glow of sunshine which, with the "bits" of classic architecture, carries the mind into a region of romantic beauty and calmness, and which, were the figures of a different order of mortals, or immortals, would not be considered as contrary to nature.

The picture is rather small, about two feet six inches in diameter: it is at Kensington.

## THE FINE ARTS IN CANADA.

AN active movement has been made in Canada to establish in that populous and important colony an institution for the promotion of the Fine Arts. The necessity of such a society has long been felt by the colonists, for the progress of the country in wealth and political power has had the effect of directing the minds of the people towards Art as an evidence of their improved social position, and as a means of increasing those engagements which result from a high state of civilization. It was only right, then, that some efforts should be made for the purpose of organizing an institution which would have the effect of cultivating taste and gratifying those who desire that the Arts and sciences should be recognised among them.

To carry out the project a large and influential meeting was held at Montreal on January 25th, when the following resolutions, framed by a committee appointed at a previous meeting, were agreed to unanimously:—

"That after a careful consideration of the subject, the Committee are encouraged to believe that there is sufficient appreciation of its benefits to warrant the formation of such an Association.

"That, in carrying out the organization of the Association, they would propose that it be called 'The Art Association of Montreal,' and that it have for its objects:

"1st. The establishment of an Annual Exhibition of Works of Art.

"2nd. The promotion of sound judgment in Art, by means of lectures, conversations, &c.

"3rd. The establishment of a Library and Reading-room, devoted to publications on the subject of Art.

"4th. The establishment of a Gallery of Sculpture, including casts, &c.

"5th. The formation of a permanent Gallery of Paintings.

"6th. The foundation of a School of Art and Design.

"They would recommend to the meeting also that a committee be appointed to canvass the city for the purpose of obtaining a list of subscribers to the Association upon the basis of the above suggestions, as upon the amount of support afforded to it by the public the extent and nature of its operations must be dependent; and that a meeting of such subscribers be called at the earliest date practicable to organize the Association and carry out its objects."

In moving that the Report of the Committee be received and adopted, the Rev. Canon Leach, LL.D., made the following judicious observations:—"One of the advantages that may be expected from the contemplated Association, is the direct assistance which it will furnish to the artist. The young artist, in particular, cannot be expected to make any successful progress unless he can study superior models that exemplify the principles of his art. At present there are none here that are generally accessible; but if the Association succeeds in its designs, he may have access at least to good copies of many of the great original productions of Art; and they must be of very great use, both in the improvement of his taste and by affording him loftier conceptions of the extent and grandeur of the art to which his powers are devoted. If we only give satisfactory proof of our determination to help ourselves, there is little doubt but that we shall receive assistance from abroad. Who can say that the Prince Consort of England, and perhaps the Emperor of France, may not spare us some superfluous copy of one or other of the great masters, if our case be fairly represented to them. These, of course, would be infinitely valuable to us. Another advantage of the Association will probably be to awaken some little enthusiasm as to the Fine Arts. It must be a painful and disheartening thing to the artist to find his productions unappreciated, to find that nobody cares for his toil, nor is disposed to reward his successful efforts. But I firmly believe that if the artists do their duty, and the Association does its duty, there will soon be no cause to complain of the public apathy in regard to the Fine Arts."

We hail this movement with much gratification, and trust that it will prove the foundation of an institution both permanent and honourable—as it will then be useful—to the colony.





THE BATHING OF THE GODDESSES  
By the River of the Styx





# THE HUDSON, FROM THE WILDERNESS TO THE SEA.

BY BENSON J. LOSSING.

THE ILLUSTRATIONS FROM DRAWINGS BY THE AUTHOR.

## PART VI.

He resume the narrative abruptly broken off in the last paper (*vide p 148*). The heroic Lady Ackland had listened to the thunder of the battle in which her husband was engaged, and when, on the morning of the 8th, the British fell back in confusion toward Wilbur's Basin, she, with the other women, was obliged to take refuge among the dead and dying, for the tents were all struck, and hardly a shed was left standing. Then she was informed that her husband was wounded and a prisoner. She instantly sought the advice of her friend, the Baroness Reidesel, and resolved to visit the American camp, and implore the privilege of a personal attendance upon her husband. She sent a message by Lord Petersham to Burgoyne, asking his permission to depart. The general was astonished that, after all she had endured from exposure to cold, hunger, and heavy rain, she should be capable of such an undertaking. "The assistance I was enabled to give," he said, "was small indeed. I had not even a cup of wine to offer her; but I was told she had found, from some kind and fortunate hand, a little rum and dirty water. All I could furnish to her was an open boat, and a few lines written upon dirty wet paper, to General Gates, recommending her to his protection."\*

Lady Harriet set out in an open boat on the Hudson, accompanied by Chaplain Brudenell, her waiting-maid, and her husband's valet, who had been severely wounded while searching for his master on the battle-field. They started at sunset, in the midst of a violent storm of wind and rain. It was long after dark when they reached the American outposts, and there they were detained, in a comfortable position, until orders should be received from headquarters. Early in the morning she received the joyful tidings that her husband was safe. At the same time she was treated with paternal kindness by General Gates, who sent her to her husband at Neilson's house, under a suitable escort. She found him suffering, but well taken care of, in the portion of the house occupied as quarters by General Poor, and there she



ROOM OCCUPIED BY MAJOR ACKLAND.

remained until Major Ackland was removed to Albany, and finally to New York.<sup>†</sup>

From the house of Mr. Neilson, whose descendants now occupy it, a fine view of the surrounding country may be obtained. On the north and west, beginning at its very doors, lies the entire battle-ground of the 19th of September; and bounding the horizon in the distance beyond, are the Luzerne Mountains, through which flow the waters of the Upper Hudson. On the east rise Willard's Mountain, the heights of Bennington, the Green Mountains, and the famous Mount Tom; and stretching away in the blue distances towards Albany, are seen the gentle hills and beautiful valley of the Hudson. And there the visitor may see many relics from the battle-field, turned up by the plough, such as cannon-balls, bullets, Indian tomahawks and knives, rusty musket barrels, bayonets, halberds, military buttons, pieces of money, &c.

At the foot of Bemis's Heights, where the old tavern of Bemis—famous for good wines and long pipes, a spacious ball-room and a rich larder—once stood, a pleasant hamlet has grown up: it is one of the numerous offsprings of the canal. Two miles below it, at the head of long rapids, is Stillwater, the most pleasing in situation and appearance of all the villages in the valley of the Upper Hudson. It is otherwise remarkable only for a long, gloomy, and

\* The following is a copy of Burgoyne's note to Gates:—

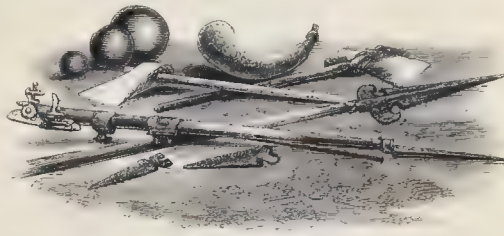
SIR,—Lady Harriet Ackland, a lady of the first distinction of family, rank, and personal virtues, is under such concern on account of Major Ackland, her husband, wounded and a prisoner in your hands, that I cannot refuse her request to commit her to your protection. Whatever general inpropriety there may be in persons of my situation and years to solicit favours, I cannot see the uncommon perseverance in every female grace and exaltation of character of this lady, and her very hard fortune, without testifying that your attention to her will lay me under obligations.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,  
J. BURGoyNE.

This note is preserved among Gates's manuscript papers, in the collection of the New York Historical Society.

† Major Ackland died in November, 1778. On her return to England, a portrait of Lady Harriet, standing in a boat, with a white handkerchief in her hand as a flag of truce, was exhibited at the Royal Academy (London), from which a plate was afterwards engraved. The person of her ladyship was spoken of as "highly graceful and delicate," and her manners "elegantly feminine."

unsightly covered toll-bridge, which, resting upon several huge piers, spans the Hudson; and also as the head-quarters of the republican army, for a short time, in the summer of 1777, after they had retreated down the valley before victorious Burgoyne. The house of Derrick Swart, where General Schuyler had his quarters at that time, is yet standing in the upper part of the valley, and awakens in the mind of the historical student recollections of a scene that occurred there at a most gloomy period of the campaign. The army, wretchedly furnished and daily diminishing, had retreated before an exultant foe; food, clothing, and artillery, were all wanting. The pecuniary resources and public credit of the continental congress were failing, and all the future seemed dark. At that moment intelligence came that Colonel St. Leger, who had been sent up the St. Lawrence by Burgoyne, with instructions to cross Ontario to Oswego, penetrate the Mohawk valley from that point, form an alliance with the Tories and Indians, and press forward to Albany with destructive energy, had actually appeared before Fort Schuyler, where the village of Rome now stands. The people of the Mohawk valley were wild with consternation, and sent swift



RELICS FROM THE BATTLE-FIELD.

messengers to General Schuyler imploring immediate assistance. The prudent foresight and far-reaching humanity of that officer at once dictated his course. He called a council of officers at his quarters, and proposed sending a detachment immediately to the relief of Fort Schuyler. They opposed him with the argument that his whole force was insufficient to stay the progress of Burgoyne. Schuyler persisted in his opinion, and earnestly besought them to second his views. His political enemies had already sown the seeds of distrust concerning his intentions; and as he was pacing the floor in anxious solicitude, he heard from one of his subordinate officers, the half-whispered remark, "He means to weaken the army." Never was a thought more unjust and ungenerous! Wheeling suddenly toward the slanderer and those around him, and unconsciously biting into several pieces a pipe that he was smoking, Schuyler indignantly exclaimed, "Gentlemen, I shall take the responsibility upon myself; where is the brigadier that will take command of the relief? I shall beat up for volunteers to-morrow."

The brave and impulsive Arnold, who afterwards became a traitor, at once stepped forward. The next morning, when the drum beat for volunteers, no



DERRICK SWART'S HOUSE AT STILLWATER.

less than eight hundred strong men offered their services. They were enrolled; Fort Schuyler was saved, and the forces of St. Leger scattered to the winds. In after years the recollection of those burning words of calamity always stirred the spirit of the veteran patriot with violent emotions; for if ever a bosom glowed with true devotion to his country, it was that of Philip Schuyler.

From Stillwater to Troy, at the head of free sloop navigation, a distance of about sixteen miles, the Hudson flows in a rapid stream, sometimes turbulent, but generally with a placid current. The valley, maintaining the same average width and general aspect, becomes richer in numerous farm-houses and more careful cultivation as we approach the cluster of large towns whose church spires may be seen soon after leaving Mechanicsville and Half-Moon, two pleasant little villages on the west bank of the Hudson. These are in the township of Half-Moon, so called in memory of Hendrick Hudson's famous yacht, in which he discovered the river that bears his name. They are a short distance below Stillwater. The Champlain Canal and the Reusseler and Saratoga

Railway pass through them. On the site of the latter village stood "ye fort of ye Half-Moon, about ye house and burse of Harne Lieves"—a stockade for defence against the Indians. It was removed in the year 1689.

The summer drive upon the public road in this part of the valley is delightful. The plain and slopes have the appearance of a garden; while the hills on both sides present sweet pictures of mingled forest and cultivated fields, enlivened by small flocks and herds, and dotted with the homes of a thrifty people. But the river appears solitary. Not a boat may be seen upon it, until Waterford is passed, for the current is too swift for navigation. "The water in the river here," wrote Kalu, the Swedish naturalist and traveller, in his journal, more than one hundred years ago, "was very clear, and generally shallow, being only from two to four feet deep, running very violently against us in most places."



VIADUCT OF THE VERMONT CENTRAL RAILWAY.

Between Mechanicsville and Waterford, near the junction of two railways, the viaduct of the Vermont Central Railroad, twelve hundred feet in length, stretches across the Hudson. It is constructed of square timber, and rests upon heavy stone piers, besides the shore abutments. From that point to Waterford, the river views from the highway are very picturesque; and when within half a mile of that large village upon Half-Moon Point, at a bend in the stream, the traveller obtains a sight of Waterford and Lansingburgh, on opposite sides of the river, with the covered toll-bridge that connects them. The church spires of Troy are also seen; and in dim blue outline, in the extreme southern horizon, appear the higher spurs of the Catskills, or Catskill Mountains.

Waterford is a very pleasant town, of little more than three thousand inhabitants, situated at the confluence of the Mohawk and Hudson rivers. It stands upon the level bank of the Hudson. Most of its streets are fringed with



WATERFORD AND LANSINGBURGH BRIDGE.

the maple and elm, the favourite shade trees in the northern and eastern villages and cities of the United States. It is a young town, compared with Lansingburgh, its still more pleasant neighbour across the river, which was dignified with the title of New City as early as 1788, when its now stately rival, Troy, could not boast of half-a-dozen houses, and was known only as Vanderheyden, or Ashley's Ferry. It has outstripped that older town in population, and equals it in enterprise. Between them the current of the Hudson is strong, yet vessels laden with merchandise ascend to the wharves of each, with the aid of small steam-tugs, which tow them from the draw of the great bridge at Troy, two miles below.

At Waterford the ear catches the subdued roar of Cohoes Falls\* in the Mohawk river, three-fourths of a mile distant. That stream is the largest

\* *Cah-hoes*, an Iroquois word, according to Brant, the great Mohawk chief, signifying a canoe falling.

tributary of the Hudson. It flows eastward, with a rapid current most of the way, from Oneida County, in the interior of the State of New York, through one of the richest agricultural regions in the world, for about one hundred and thirty-five miles, and enters the Hudson in four channels, formed by three islands, named respectively, Van Hoven's, Van Schaick's, or Cohoes, and Green or Tibbets's Islands. Van Schaick's alone, which is almost inaccessible at many points, because of its high rocky shores, has escaped the transforming hand of improvement. There, in the summer of 1777, General Schuyler cast up some fortifications, with the determination to dispute with Burgoyne the passage of the Mohawk. Faint traces of those intrenchments may yet be seen; and, in the spring of 1860, a large zinc cartridge-box was found in that vicinity, supposed to have been left when General Schuyler moved northward. The banks of Van Schaick's are steep, a forest of evergreens clothes a large portion of its surface, and only a solitary barn indicates its cognizance by man.

Green Island, the larger of the three, stretches along the upper part of Troy, and is a theatre of industry for a busy population, engaged chiefly in manufactures, or in employments connected with railways. There is the immense establishment of Messrs. Eaton, Gilbert, & Co., the most extensive manufacturers of railway carriages, omnibuses, and stage coaches in the United States, if not in the world.

The scenery about the mouth of the Mohawk, particularly in the vicinity of Cohoes Falls, is exceedingly picturesque, and at some points really grand. A highway bridge, nine hundred feet in length, and a railway viaduct



VIEW AT COHOES FALLS

still longer, cross the river over the rapids a short distance below the falls. From the former, a fine distant view of the cataract and the rapids below may be obtained; but the best places to observe them in all their beauty and grandeur, are at and near the Cataract House, in the village of Cohoes, which stands upon the summit verge of a precipice one hundred and seventy feet in height. Down a steep slope of that precipice, for about fifty feet, the proprietor has constructed a flight of steps; and upon the top of a broad terrace at their foot he has planted a flower garden, for the enjoyment of visitors. Around its edge, from which may be obtained a view of the entire cataract, is a railing with seats; and there the visitor may contemplate at ease the wild scene on every hand. On his left, as he gazes up the river, rush large streams of water from the top of the precipice above him, in almost perpendicular currents, from the waste-slues of a canal, which, commencing at a dam almost two miles above the falls, conveys water to numerous mill-wheels in the village. By this means immense hydraulic power is obtained and distributed.\*

The width of the grand cataract of Cohoes is nine hundred feet, and the fall seventy-eight feet, of which about forty are perpendicular. Below the fall, the water rushes over a rocky bed, in foaming rapids, between high banks, to the plain, where the islands divide it into channels, and through these it flows gently into the Hudson. It was a beautiful afternoon in early spring when we visited the falls. The water was abundant, for the snow upon the hills that border the charming valley of the Mohawk was rapidly melting, and filled the

\* The water-power at Cohoes is under the control of a stock company, who rent it to the proprietors of mills and factories. The entire fall of water controlled by the company is one hundred and twenty feet, and the minimum supply of water is one thousand cubic feet each second. The estimated value of the various articles manufactured there at this time, is nearly three millions of dollars per annum.



river to the brim. We never saw the cataract in more attractive form, and left it with reluctance when the declining sun admonished us to ride back to Waterford, for we intended to cross the long bridge there, pass through Lansingburgh, and lodge that night in Troy. It was just at sunset when we crossed the bridge and entered the beautiful avenue which leads through Lansingburgh, into the heart of Troy. Through the village it is shaded with stately elms; and along the whole distance of two miles between that "New City" of the past and modern Troy, it follows the bank of the river in a straight line, and affords a most delightful drive in summer.

In the upper suburb of Troy we came to a mass of rock rising a few yards from the avenue to the height of fifty or sixty feet, with a tall crooked sapling shooting up from its summit, which had been placed there for a flagstaff. The classical taste which gave the name of the city built where the dappled heifer of Ilus lay down to this modern town, when it was little more than a hamlet, and which dignified the irregular hill that overlooks it with the title of Mount Ida (called Ida Hill by the inhabitants), named this rocky peak Mount Olympus. We saw nothing upon its "awful summit" to remind us of the Thessalian dwelling-place of the gods; and the apparition nearest to that of "Olympian Jove" (whom the artists portrayed in human form) that we saw in the fading twilight, was a ragged boy, with a cigar in his mouth, vainly endeavouring to climb the sapling.

The peak of Olympus was once much higher. It has been carried away from time to time to furnish materials for docks, and in strengthening the dam,



LOCK AT STATE DAM, TROY.

twelve hundred feet in length, which the State built across the Hudson at this point to furnish a feeder to the Champlain Canal. The water at the dam has a fall of about twelve feet; and at the east end is a heavy lock, constructed of hewn stone, through which sloops and other vessels are taken into the river above, and towed by steam-tugs, as we have observed, up to Lansingburgh and Waterford. Just above the dam, and near Waterford, there is a communication between the canal and the river, and many loaded boats from the former there enter the latter, pass through the lock, and are towed, some to Troy and Albany, and others to New York. The dam also furnishes water power to a number of mills on the Troy shore below it, into which grain is taken from vessels lying at the docks, by means of "elevators" worked by the water wheels. These form a striking feature in the scene below the dam.



RENSSELAER AND SARATOGA RAILWAY BRIDGE.

From the lock may be obtained an excellent view of the river below, with the last of the bridges that span the Hudson; glimpses of Troy, and Watervliet or West Troy opposite; and the Katzebergs, thirty miles distant. The bridge is sixteen hundred feet in length, and connects Green Island with the main, having a draw at the eastern end for vessels to pass through. It is used as a public highway in crossing the river, and also as a viaduct of the Rensselaer and Saratoga Railway. It is built of timber, is closely covered, and rests upon heavy stone piers. It crosses where formerly lay a group of beautiful little islands, when Troy was in its infancy. They have almost disappeared, except the larger one, which is bisected by the bridge. Among these islands shad and

sturgeon, fish that abound in every part of the river below, were caught in large quantities; but they are seldom seen there now.

Troy, the capital of Rensselaer County, is six miles above Albany, at the head of tide-water, one hundred and fifty-one miles from the city of New York. It is a port of entry, and its commerce is very extensive for an inland town. It is seated upon a plain between the foot of Mount Ida and the river. It has crept up that hill in some places, but very cautiously, because the earth is unstable, and serious avalanches have from time to time occurred. Its site was originally known as Ferry Hook, then Ashley's Ferry,\* and finally Vanderheyden, the name of the first proprietor of the soil on which Troy stands, after it was conveyed in fee from the Patroon of Rensselaerwyck, in the year 1720. After the Revolution the spot attracted some attention as an eligible village site. Town lots were laid out there in the summer of 1787; and two years afterward the freeholders of the embryo city, at a meeting in Albany, resolved that "in future it should be called and known by the name of Troy." At the same time, with the presence of observing men, they said—"It may not be too sanguine to expect, at no very distant period, to see Troy as famous for her trade and navigation as many of our first towns." It was incorporated a village in 1801, and a city in 1816.

From the beginning Troy was a rival of Lansingburgh. It was settled chiefly by enterprising New England people. They perceived the advantages of their location at the head of tide-water and sloop navigation, between two fine streams (Poesten Kill and Wynant's Kill) that flow in wild cascades from Mount Ida and its connections, affording extensive water power. After a hard struggle, Troy was made the county-seat, and the court-house was erected there; and from that time the growth of Lansingburgh was slow, whilst Troy increased with wonderful rapidity. The former has now 6,000 inhabitants, the latter almost 50,000. It has always been conspicuous for well-directed and associated public spirit, and its institutions of learning are among the best in the land. The most noted of these are the Rensselaer Institute, founded and endowed by the late Stephen Van Rensselaer of the Manor; the Troy Female Seminary; and the Troy University. The latter was established under the auspices of the Methodist denomination, but the funds for the building were liberally subscribed by men of various sects. It stands upon Mount Ida, and is the most conspicuous object in a view of the city seen from any point. In its immediate vicinity are



VIEW OF TROY FROM MOUNT IDA.

beautiful residences, which command extensive and interesting pictures of town and country. In their chaste and modest style of architecture, they present striking contrasts to the more meretricious "Byzantine style" of the University.

Opposite Troy is the bustling village of West Troy (formerly Watervliet), with a population of about nine thousand. At the south end of the village, and occupying a front of a quarter of a mile along the west bank of the Hudson, is the United States Military establishment called the Watervliet Arsenal. It is one of the largest of the six principal establishments belonging to the United States, where, under the direction of the Ordnance Department, are manufactured the arms and munitions of war required for the use of the army and the militia. About twelve acres of land were purchased at that point by the United States, in 1813, for arsenal purposes, and the group of buildings seen in the sketch was erected. The grounds at present comprise about one hundred acres, part covered with necessary buildings and a parade, and the remainder under cultivation. About two hundred yards west of the highway, the Erie Canal passes through the grounds, and is spanned by a picturesque iron bridge

\* Stephen Ashley kept the first tavern at the ferry, in the farm-house of Matthias Vanderheyden, on the south-east corner of River and Division Streets. It is the oldest house in Troy, having been built as early as 1752. On the front of the house, between the two windows on the left, is a brick, on which is cut "G V H. A.D. 1752." The initials stand for Derick (Richard) Vanderheyden. The D is reversed. Between the second window on the left, and the door, is another brick inscribed "M V H. 1752." These are the initials of Matthias Vanderheyden. South of the window on the right, and a little above it, is another brick inscribed "J V H. 1752." These are the initials of Jacob Vanderheyden. Matthias occupied this, and the other two built houses elsewhere on the plot. Ashley afterward kept an inn at the corner of River and Ferry Streets. On his sign was a portrait of Washington, and the words "Why here's Ashley's."



VANDERHEYDEN HOUSE.



near the officers' quarters. Along the river front is a double row of stately elm trees, whose branches form a leafy arch over the highway in summer. From these the green-sward bank slopes gently toward the river, and affords a delightful promenade on summer afternoons.\*

The highway along the plain from West Albany is a fine macadamized road, with the Erie Canal, the Hudson, and the amphitheatre of the Greenbush heights on the left. The hills on the right are near, and pleasant mansions and fertile acres are seen on every side. There is a house a mile and a-half below the arsenal, scarcely visible from the road because of trees and shrubbery which conceal it; and, when seen, it would not attract special attention, except



UNITED STATES ARSENAL AT WATERVLIET.

for the extreme plainness and antiquated style of its architecture. A pleasant lane leads to it from the canal, and the margin of the sloping lawn on its river front, over which stately elms cast their shadows, is swept by the Hudson's tide. It is famous in colonial history as the residence of Colonel Peter Schuyler, of the Flats, the first Mayor of Albany, and who, as Indian Commissioner, in after years took four kings or sachems, of the Mohawks, to England, and presented them at the court of Queen Anne. After his death, his son Philip, the well-beloved of the Mohawks, who married his sweet cousin Katrina—the "Aunt Schuyler"—immortalized by Mrs. Grant, of Laggan, in her charming pictures of "Albany Society a Hundred Years Ago"—resided there, and with



SCHUYLER HOUSE AT THE FLATS.

ample resources dispensed hospitality with a bounteous hand. And yet this is not the identical house in which the mayor lived, and his son Philip entertained

\* I am indebted to the courtesy of Lieutenant George T. Balch, now stationed there, for the following facts:—"As the necessity for greater manufacturing facilities arose, additional lands were purchased, and extensive shops, storehouses, timber-sheds, magazines, barracks and quarters, were erected from time to time, until at the present, the real estate and the improvements are valued at 500,000 dollars, and the military stores and supplies collected in the various buildings, at 1,500,000. The principal operations carried on are the manufacture of heavy artillery carriages for the sea-coast forts, with all the requisite implements and equipments; carriages for siege trains and field batteries, with their equipments and harness; all machines used in transporting and repairing artillery; ammunition of all kinds for sea-coast, siege, and field guns, and for small arms, and the repair and preservation of the large quantity of material of war in store. The shops comprise all requisite facilities for the various mechanics employed, as well as a conveniently arranged and roomy laboratory. The motive power is water, furnished by the Erie Canal. Under ordinary circumstances from 110 to 150 workmen are employed, but, when the exigencies of the service demand it, 500 to 600 can easily be accommodated. The establishment is under the control of a field officer of the ordnance department, assisted by subalterns of the same, a military storekeeper and purveyor, who is a civilian, and the requisite master, workmen, &c. Forty enlisted ordnance men are at present stationed at the post, who perform the necessary guard duty and drills, and are at other times variously engaged in out-of-door and mechanical employments. The United States have exclusive control of the grounds included within the arsenal enclosure, the State exercising only concurrent jurisdiction in civil actions and criminal cases."

friends and strangers, but the one built upon its ruins, in the same style, the summer days of which are so charmingly portrayed by Mrs. Grant. The old one was consumed by fire in the summer of 1759, when Philip had been dead eighteen months; and "Aunt Schuyler," his widow, whose waist he spanned with his hands when they were married forty years before, had grown to such enormous dimensions, that a chair was made for her special use. In that chair she was seated, under the cherry-trees in the lane, one hot day in August, when Colonel Bradstreet, riding up, gave her the first intimation that her house was on fire. With calmness she kept her seat, and gave directions to her servants and neighbours how to check the flames, and to save her most valued articles. Before evening the blackened brick walls were all that were left of that pleasant mansion. Aunt Schuyler had a larger house in Albany, but she took shelter with her husband's deaf brother Peter, who lived upon the hills near by.

Intelligence of the disaster brought the people from all quarters. They testified their love for "Aunt Schuyler" by offering their services. In a few days materials for a new house were collected. Colonel Bradstreet sent up some of the king's troops to assist in building, and the part of the house seen on the right in the picture, was completed for use before the winter set in. Over the yawning cellars of the late mansion a broad wooden bridge was built, furnished with seats like a portico. "This," says Mrs. Grant, "with the high walls of the ancient house, which were a kind of screen before the new one, gave the whole the appearance of an ancient ruin." Aunt Schuyler removed to her house in Albany, and leased the homestead; and, a few years later, the present house was built. In it a part of the old walls may be seen. It is now owned by Stephen R. Schuyler, Esq., a descendant of the mayor. His brother, John C. Schuyler, living upon the gentle hills near by, possesses a finely-executed portrait of that functionary.

As we approach Albany from the Flats, and reach the boundaries of "the Colonie,"† the river shores are seen covered with huge piles of lumber, and



VAN RENSSELAER MANOR HOUSE.

lined with vessels of almost every kind. The ear catches the distant hum of a large town and the jangle of steam-boat bells; while the city itself, built upon hills and slopes, is more than half concealed by the lofty trees which surround the manor house of the Van Rensselaer family, in the northern part of the city.‡ This is one of the most attractive town residences in the State. The mansion, erected in 1755, and recently somewhat modified in external appearance, stands within a park of many acres, beautified by the hand of taste. It is adorned with flowers and shrubbery, and its pleasant walks are shaded by grand old trees, some of which were, doubtless, planted or were forest saplings, two hundred years or more ago, when the first *Patroon's* mansion, with its reed-covered roof, was erected there. Through the grounds flows Mill Creek, a clear stream that comes down from the hills on the west, through the once sweet vale of Tivoli, where, until the construction of a railway effaced it, the music of a romantic cascade—the Falls of Tivoli—was heard.

\* "Memoirs of an American Lady," by Mrs. Grant, of Laggan.

† So named because it was the seat of the ancient colony of Rensselaerwyck.

‡ The Dutch West India Company, having made all proper arrangements for colonizing New Netherlands, as New York was then called, passed a charter of privileges and exemptions in 1629, for the encouragement of *Patroons*, or patrons, to make settlements. It was provided that every *Patroon*, to whom privileges and exemptions should be granted, should, within four years after the establishment of a colony, have there, as permanent residents, at least fifty persons over fifteen years of age, one fourth of whom should be located within the first year. Such privileges were granted to Killian Van Rensselaer, a pearl merchant of Amsterdam, and one of the directors of the West India Company, and by his direction the commissary and under commissary of Fort Orange, around whose site the city of Albany now stands, purchased of the Indians a tract of land in that vicinity. Another district was afterwards purchased, and Killian Van Rensselaer and three others became the proprietors of a tract of land, twenty-four miles long, upon each side of the Hudson, and forty-eight miles broad, containing over 700,000 acres of land, and comprising the present counties of Albany, Rensselaer, and a part of Columbia. Van Rensselaer held two shares, and the others one share each. They were his equals in privileges and exemptions, except in the title of *Patroon*, which, with all the feudal honours, was vested in him alone, the partners binding themselves to do fealty and homage for the fee on his demise, in the name and on behalf of his son and heirs. The manor did not become the sole property of the Van Rensselaer family until 1686.

The *Patroon* was invested with power to administer civil and criminal justice, in person or by deputy, within his domain; and, to some extent, he was a sort of autocrat. These powers were abolished when the English took possession of the province in 1664, and with it fell many of the special privileges; but, by the English law of primogeniture, that princely domain, farmed out to many tenants, remained in the family until the Revolution in 1776, and the title of *Patroon* was held by the late General Stephen Van Rensselaer, until his death, early in 1849, when it expired. A great portion of the manor has passed out of the hands of the Van Rensselaer family.



## THE BRITISH INSTITUTION.

THE reliques of those famous personages known as "old masters" are a precious sedative after the penetrating greens and overpowering blues of the Academy, amid which a Ruysdael or a Salvator would be as a black spot. To go no farther than Dyckman's 'Magdalen,'—a mingled inspiration between Rubens and Vandyke,—it looks a conception unduly brown, and very much out of place amid the glistening flagree that surrounds it. At these ancient canvases you may look for hours with a half-closed, dozing eye; but more than two hours at a time of the Academy is too much for any nervous temperament. The arrangement of these works is according to precedent; the north and middle rooms being hung with the productions of all schools, and the south room containing principally pictures of deceased English artists. From the northern schools the selection is extensive and varied. Ruysdael, however, preponderates—he is present in great force; and there is the most pictorial single figure that Rembrandt ever painted, that is, Lord Warwick's 'A Standard Bearer.' A few of the pictures have been seen before, but many are not so well known—a circumstance attesting the inexhaustible wealth in the country of this kind of property. The upper part of the end of the north room is covered by three large portraits—'Charles I. on Horseback,' by Vandyke; 'The Duke of Buckingham,' by Mytens; and 'Philip Herbert, Earl of Pembroke,' by Vandyke; and below these hangs a variety of small Dutch pictures. A landscape, with cattle and figures, by Cuyt (No. 11), is admirably worked out, as to its components respectively; especially the silvery, sunny river on the left—a sparkle that many of Cuyt's successors and imitators have only nearly attained. The animals are well painted, but the forms and quantities do not come well together. No. 3 is another essay by Cuyt, but it has not the force and substance of the preceding. 'Playing at Nine Pins,' Jan Steen, is one of the painter's most careful works; an outdoor composition, one of those in which he introduces himself. It is full of figures ingeniously varied in pose and character, and carefully elaborated to counteract a certain degree of heaviness and opacity in colour. No. 16, Ruysdael, is a small study, apparently painted on the spot; and these minor works have more of the reality of nature than those others which he toned into blackness in his painting room, unprompted by the freshness of the green fields and woodlands. His so-called "grand" landscapes, of which there are some examples here, as No. 59, 'Woody Landscape and Figures,' are worked down into heavy black masses, the detail of which, could it be seen, is really most minute. Nos. 15 and 18 are 'A Calm' and 'A Storm,' by W. Van de Velde, both small; the latter characterised by the deep, dark "fore-sea" that Van de Velde so frequently painted. No. 21, 'Giulio de Medici,' Raffaele, is a portrait of a man wearing a black beret, and otherwise draped in black; he holds before him a letter. The face is painted with the nicest care—very dark in tone, and in colour less luminous and life-like than the worst we have ever seen by Raffaele. The background is a landscape, very timidly painted; and although the tree on the left resembles some in the works of the master, more than this is wanting for identity. If this were the work of Raffaele, it would have been executed about the time of the Doui portraits, but between those and this head there is no quality in common. No. 25, 'St. John,' Carlo Dolce. For the credit of his memory, it were desirable that this were by him; it would be one attempt at geniality in his hard, dry, and cold career. No. 27, 'A Standard Bearer,'

Rembrandt, is, as we remarked at the outset, the grandest single figure we have ever seen by the master. It presents a life-sized cavalier, wearing the wide-brimmed hat and the rest of the costume of the artist's era. In the hat is a white plume; he carries the standard staff on his left shoulder, and the flag drops in folds behind him. The man is old, but he looks a soldier, and chivalrous withal; a magnificent work, and so simple. Had Rembrandt never done anything, here was still immortality for him; it is a picture that ought to be national property. No. 32, 'A Fête Champêtre,' Lancret: rather, a fair, to which the neighbouring counts and their families condescend. In the foreground we have certain of the upper ten thousand engaged in a *covanto*, while beyond them there is a noisy celebration of all the extravagances of a country fair. The picture is remarkable for its variety in the figures. Lancret drew better than Watteau, yet the ease and spirit of the conceptions of the latter give to his figures a grace to which his pupil could never attain. In No. 37, a small 'Landscape,' Claude, the touch in the foliage is not like Claude's manner of dealing with trees. No. 39, 'Landscape, with Ruins and Figures,' Poelenberg. It is really probable that Rubens meant it when he said, if he were not Rubens he would wish to be Poelenberg, for the sweetness and finish of his manner are charming. No. 47, 'Landscape,' Hobbema. The subject is not so agreeable as others by the painter, but it has evidence of having been carefully studied on the spot; for local and objective truth Minder Hobbema far exceeds Ruysdael in his great works. No. 52, 'Ferry Boat with Holy Family,' A. Van de Velde, instances the fact, that for these Dutch and Flemish painters there was no association too absurd; but the eccentricities of this composition are far outdone by those of others. The only Gaspard Poussin in the collection is 'A Distant View of Rome,' it is one of the productions of his latter term, broken in two by the unhappy black foreground that he so frequently painted in his last works, with a view of forcing his distances. In a composition by Adrian Van de Velde there are some animals in the very perfection of the painter's manner; there is also a grey horse, but it is hard.

The middle room contains, to begin with, a Ruysdael (No. 68) of admirable quality—the subject, a grove of oaks, with a piece of well-broken rough bottom; and near that is a most adroit instance of composition in a Wouvermans, called 'A Riding School,' but the spirit of the thing looks rather mercantile: the horses are being trotted out under inspection of some noble Dutchman; the would-be vendor being a man obese far beyond Prince Hal's description of Falstaff. No. 73, by the same, is not so interesting. Although a painful and objectionable subject, No. 81, 'Christ at the Pillar,' Velasquez, cannot be passed. It is a large picture, showing the Saviour tied to a post; it has fine qualities of drawing and painting, but in colour it is not like Velasquez. Of Paul Potter, No. 83 is a highly-finished, luminous, and substantial example—a small group of cows and a bull; the former carefully drawn, and the latter more than life-like in movement and expression, especially in the eyes. No. 86, 'St. John in a Landscape,' a small sketch, is attributed to Mola, but there is not enough of it left to help to assign it to any master. We look with some interest at everything worthily bearing the name of Francesco Mola, because Gainsborough always consulted the works of this master when he could. Very different is the instance of Hobbema, No. 87, 'Woody Landscape and Figures,' with figures by Linglebach, who in this department was a monopolist, until superseded by Adrian Van de Velde. Here is an appeal to nature for every-

thing, but the picture has turned black where too much asphaltum has been used: of this the "connoisseurs" exclaim, "How fine!" In No. 89, 'A Coast Scene,' attributed to W. Van de Velde, we cannot see that master. It is a calm, the favourite phase of Vander Capella, and like his work; the picture has been over-cleaned. No. 96, a 'Portrait of a Lady,' attributed to Jordaens, has somewhat of the brilliancy that would be acquired from copying one or other of the lustrous studies of Madame Rubens by her magnificent husband; but the costume is almost too early for Jordaens.

On the western wall of the centre room we come to a splendid array of Italian pictures, the property of A. Barker, Esq., beginning with No. 106, and terminating at No. 115, and severally entitled and attributed—'Virgin and Child, with Angels,' Botticelli; 'Virgin and Child,' L. di Credi; 'Virgin and Child,' Pollajuolo; 'Virgin and Child, with St. John,' L. di Credi; 'Virgin and Child,' unknown; 'Virgin and Child, with St. John,' L. di Credi; 'Virgin and Child, with Saints and Angels,' Cosimo Rosselli; 'Virgin and Child, with St. John,' L. di Credi; 'Virgin and Child,' Ghirlandajo; and 'Virgin and Child, with St. John,' S. Botticelli. These pictures are all in admirable condition, and some of them are fitted in most sumptuously carved frames.

In the south room the first work that arrests the eye is Leslie's 'Reading the Will,' from "Roderick Random;" and by the same artist, in another part of the room, 'Don Quixote Answering the Ecclesiastic's Reproof,' two important works, exhibited at the Royal Academy some few years ago. In 'A Distant View of Plymouth,' by Turner, is seen an example of that artist's earlier manner, while he yet acknowledged the influence of Wilson, Poussin, and others. In another vein shines Patrick Nasmyth, in simply a 'Landscape,' worked up to a patent reality, with a beauty and softness even surpassing—dare we say it, assuredly surpassing—in effective finish and local individuality, all the Dutch landscape painters. Near it is another by the same hand; and between them a small and charming portrait of Sir Walter Scott, by Leslie.

Of the direct antipodes of Nasmyth, George Morland, there are two instances—a 'Gipsy Encampment,' and a 'Cottage Door,' they are not of Morland's sunniest and soberest days, but are weak and tremulous: they have been painted under the high pressure that was the rule with this unfortunate man. 'Roman Peasants,' by the late E. V. Rippingille; a small group of two or three figures in the open, which we saw on the artist's easel some sixteen years ago: it holds its own as a bright and harmonious study of colour. One of Gainsborough's portraits, that of Mrs. Elliott, is scarcely so spirited as others by him; it is a little too careful, and does not contrast well with Sir Joshua's 'Portrait of a Lady,' a graceful and brilliant production: by Reynolds also are portraits of Richard Burke, Mr. and Mrs. Garrick, and others. Sir A. Callcott's picture, 'Milton and his Daughters,' is a failure in more respects than one. Callcott was not qualified in figure-painting, in so far as to attempt so large a composition. The Milton is not like the man consecrated in our imaginations as the author of "Paradise Lost," nor can we in any wise receive the females of this *menage* as even apologetic impersonations of his daughters. But in another picture Callcott resumes himself: a 'View in Italy,' is a composition of unblemished classical chastity, excelling Claude in proprieties of apposition and association, with a distance so mellow that it would send Albrecht Cuyt to grass again with bilious envy. And in the pride of our school in its



bygone days, we have a 'Woody Landscape and Figures,' by Hofland and Stothard; a marked following of Gainsborough. There were brave men in those days, though we are perhaps too much inclined in our own to think lightly of them; yet verily their deeds set us a thinking.

'Cicero's Villa,' by Wilson, is not an instructive work of the master—it does not come happily together; let us, therefore, turn to 'Puck,' the veritable picture that Rogers prized so highly. This should be national property. It is dirtier than it ought to be; and how lamentable that all Reynolds's best works are done to death by his fatal experiments! His art was in itself sufficiently sound to have dispensed with the transient lustre imparted by such insidious means. Above 'Puck' hangs a picture by the late Sir W. Ross, 'Our Saviour Casting out Devils,' a work showing considerable power of drawing and painting the figure; and next to that hangs a large portrait of Madame Pompadour, by Boucher: the figure in proportion would, if the lady were standing up, be about twelve heads high. The face is an extremely meagre study—in truth, very badly painted; but her blue dress is really a triumphant essay in silk painting—the visitor will exclaim, "Bravo, Boucher!" But he never painted it; it was painted by the same hand that so inimitably painted the ribbons which bind together the Cupids flying in couples about the ceilings and walls at Versailles.

The number of exhibited pictures is 194, a collection, we think, the most interesting since that of 1851.

### THE ELLISON BEQUEST.

FIFTY water-colour drawings, the property of the late Colonel Ellison, of Sudbrook Holme, Lincolnshire, have been added to the Kensington Galleries, where they assist as a nucleus of a future collection, adequately to represent our school of water-colour art. The bequest has been made under certain conditions—that a room shall be erected or appropriated for their exhibition; that they shall be open to the public at all times when the other collections are accessible, but that they shall not be shown on Sundays. A few of the most remarkable of the works are: 'Warkworth Castle,' Turner—an inland view, and so placing the castle on the right of the spectator, looking up from the brink of the river Alne—an early drawing, very harmonious in colour; Haghe's 'Emente in Louvaine,' a stirring subject, full of figures, exhibited some seven or eight years ago; 'Otter Hounds,' F. Taylor, a small society of shaggy bearded dogs, with hair like variegated icicles standing out all round their muzzles—very characteristic; John Lewis's 'Halt in the Desert,' as highly wrought as any of the oriental series. Then comes Cattermole with his 'Pirates Gambling,' a drawing that wants much of the firmness of his best works. 'The Raising of Lazarus' is a drawing that few would ever attribute to Cattermole: in that he is everybody but Cattermole—he is West, Giulio Romano, Stothard, Suyers, everybody, in short, who has painted draperies; but in 'Cellini and the Robbers,' 'Lady Macbeth,' 'Hamilton of Bothwellhaugh,' and others, he is himself, although these are not among the best of his works. 'Sheep,' a very pure drawing by Sidney Cooper, made in 1844, excels in quality his more recent works. Of Copley Fielding there are two examples: one, 'The South Downs, Sussex,' presents simply the swelling slopes, with the passages of mist which he was ever wont to introduce in the subject he painted so often; the second is 'Irthing Vale, Cumberland,' rich in colour and solid in execution. 'Cricketers,' by Devint, rather a large drawing, is soft and harmonious; but 'Walton-on-Thames,' a much paler drawing, is less atmospheric—in short, less agreeable. There is but one drawing by David Cox, a 'Corn-field,'

masterly, of course—very like one of those outdoor sketches made with his three colours, Vandyke-brown, indigo, and almost any yellow. By W. L. Leitch there is a powerful drawing of a 'Scene in the Highlands,' and by W. Hunt, 'A Brown Study,' 'Plums,' and 'A Monk.' The others are G. Barrett, 'Classic Composition'; C. Bentley, 'Yarmouth Fishing-Boats'; G. Chambers, 'A Windy Day,' 'On the Thames'; T. S. Cooper, A.R.A., 'Cows in a Landscape'; Carl Haag, 'In the Sabine Hills'; Hills and Barrett, 'Deer in Landscape'; S. F. Jackson, 'Towing in a Disabled Vessel,' 'Hazy Morning,' 'On the Hamoaze'; J. F. Lewis, A.R.A., 'Study of a Fox'; F. Mackenzie, 'Thornton Abbey,' 'Lincoln, from the Cloisters'; John Martin, 'Richmond Park'; W. Nesfield, 'Bamborough Castle'; S. Oakley, 'Primrose Gatherers'; S. Palmer, 'Return from India'; T. M. Richardson, 'On the Cluny'; D. Roberts, R.A., 'The Porch of Roslyn Chapel'; T. S. Robins, 'Calais Harbour'; G. F. Robson, 'Loch Achray'; C. Stanfield, R.A., 'The Birthplace of Crabbe'; F. W. Topham, 'Peasants of Galway'; W. Turner, 'At Kingley Bottom'; J. Varley, 'A Composition'; Carl Werner, 'The Treasures of Science'; J. M. Wright, 'Young Thornhill introducing himself to the Primrose Family.' Comment upon the value of such a gift as this collection would be superfluous. It is understood that Mrs. Ellison will, at some future time, make further additions to it.

### CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of "THE ART-JOURNAL."

THE FEMALE SCHOOL OF ART, GOWER STREET.

SIR,—Those who take an affectionate interest in matters of Art, are deeply indebted to you and other influential conductors of the press, for the valuable publicity you have given to the present difficulty of the Female School of Art in Gower Street. The withdrawal of the government grant has placed the school under the necessity of rallying about it all those friends of Art and of feminine culture who may be supposed to take interest in the school. To record briefly the history of its operations, would be simply to catalogue a series of triumphs. The success of the school hitherto is undoubted. At any period of its career, and now most especially, it may challenge comparison with any school of Art in the United Kingdom. Why, therefore, this school should be singled out to be sacrificed, is a mysterious enigma, only to be accounted for by the fact that a government office is the agent which assumes the creditable position of sacrificer. The fiat having gone forth from South Kensington that all schools of Art should be self-supporting, it is only just that this most successful school should be also self-supporting. If all schools were self-supporting, this would be just. But the authorities at South Kensington, and all men who have studied the matter, know that self-supporting schools of Art are common subjects of conversation, and know equally well that such ideal institutions are not in existence. They know that in those places where schools should be entirely independent, they are least so; and that where they are least so, they are most successful. The Department of Science and Art undertook to create and develop a taste for Art and Art-feeling, at no cost to the nation. It took the schools of design as a basis of operations. It first converted them, by a stroke of the pen, into schools of Art, and established numerous new schools, and absorbed numerous ancient societies into itself. This goes on for nine years, and the statesman's view of the result is this:—"The grant to schools of design was £7,000 a year, the grant to the Department of Science and Art £83,000 a year. This is the practical result of making schools of Art self-supporting." The fact of absorbing old societies into the self-supporting Department of Art is no mitigation of this most evident failure. Spreading a failure over a large surface only serves to make more palpable the want of success. Officials defend the Department by saying that whereas 7,000 persons were taught in schools of design, 80,000 are now taught from schools of Art. This is merely throwing dust in the eyes of the public. By far the majority of those persons so taught are innocent little children in poor schools, on account of whom hardly any grant is made. And to apply Art-education to the instruction they receive, is about equivalent to pointing out juvenile dirt pies in the corners of the street as triumphant evidence of a

prevailing taste and love for sculpture inherent in the embryotic British mind.

Let it be understood that it is not to the fact that Manchester receives £700 per year as an instance of the Department's notion of a self-supporting school of Art, that we wish to call attention. Numerically, Manchester is the model of a successful school; it is also the largest recipient of public money. It can also propose to raise, and is succeeding in raising, £100,000 for a picture gallery in the town. But it needs this £700 a year out of the country's taxes to make its school of Art self-supporting! What we do wish to call attention to, is the farcical absurdity of this living fact, whilst the Department of Art, piously respecting public money, sacrifices Gower Street School to an ideal, impractical theory, that schools of Art should be self-supporting. We are content that, for a few years, Art should not be self-supporting in England; but meanwhile the dispensers of the public money for the fostering of Art should be consistent in the dispensation, and not try an unsuccessful experiment upon those who must suffer from it, and are not fully capable of defending themselves. As long as the Department of Art professes to conduct its operations on the fictitious ideal of self-support, so long it is sailing under false colours, and forcibly reminds us of that free and enlightened state, "all men are free and equal," rejoicing also in the privilege of being able to "wollop its own niggers."

Let the Department give the money entrusted to it by the country to those schools which have hitherto made the best use of it; among these prominently stands Gower Street, and for this reason alone it should be encouraged and supported. We might point out several branches of industrial art which have received an impetus and improvement from the school. Lace is an instance. Manufacturers would do well to employ the pupils in the Gower Street School to make designs for lace. We have but to refer to the illustrated catalogue of the Department, to see how admirably the lady pupils execute wood engraving. There are several branches of design in which the Female School has held undisputed pre-eminence.

It is with a knowledge of these circumstances that we confidently appeal to the public to step in between the school and utter destruction. Where are those philanthropic individuals who support Miss Emily Faithful at her printing office, in Great Coram Street; or who listened with interest to Miss Bessie Parkes, at the Social Science Congress at Bradford? Both these ladies meet with countenance in their noble and self-sacrificing exertions. But these are only seeking to prove how valuable the hitherto neglected female intellectual labour is. In Gower Street this problem has been proved, and surely it is at least advisable that what has been successfully begun should be faithfully continued. It is no use to break up fresh ground in Coram Street, if we are to lose what we have gained in Gower Street. Will any practical and philanthropic M.P. ask Mr. Gladstone if the ladies in Gower Street are to be the first victims of his threatened educational grant retrenchment? If such an one would, in the name of humanity, ask such a question, we feel assured that our present Chancellor would disown the proceedings of his witless subordinates; we should then perhaps know from whom really proceeds this Gothic sacrilege. To withdraw the Gower Street grant on the transparently false principle of self-support, is an insult to the common sense of England.

If Mr. Gladstone were not now Chancellor of the Exchequer, we would not waste time by appealing to the consistency of a government office. But we feel sanguine in our present appeal. Let those who are friends of education in the House of Commons take the matter up, and if they then find that this decree from "my lords," which shatters a good school of Art merely as a bit of coquetry, and with no solid reason for the playfulness—if they find that "my lords" are inexorable, let them, at any rate, demand the withdrawal of the tax-consuming grants from Manchester and other similar places. The House of Commons represents the common sense of the people of England; let the members of it demand that if "my lords," who are their servants, cannot be merciful, they shall be at least just. Let them demand that if the country votes many thousands per year for a special purpose, all and any who thoroughly carry out the purpose shall have equal claims on the vote, in proportion to the success and amount of work done.

If there is one thing which Englishmen detest,

\* In the Department's flag, South Kensington, Manchester, Birmingham, and a few other places, represent the stars; Gower Street, and those schools of Art which are now in abeyance for want of funds, equally well symbolize the stripes.



it is favoritism; if there is one thing they abhor, it is injustice. We should have to look far and wide for more perfect specimens of either, than that which gives largely to Manchester, and withdraws every fraction from Gower Street.

In conclusion, we warn the friends of the Female School that they will do better for it by insisting on the grant being restored, than in sending round the begging-box for it. There is nothing so seriously affects a school of Art as the constant fluctuation of subscriptions, consequent on periods of prosperity and adversity. Among the list of subscribers to the school is Mr. Botfield, M.P. If Mr. Botfield would bring this matter before the notice of the House of Commons, he will do the best thing possible for the interests of the school.

## FAIR PLAY.

## FOLEY'S STATUE OF LORD HARDINGE.

SIR,—Influenced by the invitation contained in the last number of your Journal, "to give attention to the effort which is now being made to obtain a duplicate of Foley's equestrian statue of the late Lord Hardinge," which worthily points to the military career of the statesman-soldier, I am desirous of aiding the call by referring to the work in its Art-phase exclusively.

There cannot be a doubt of the desired object being attained, if fairly brought before the public by a properly organized committee.

The question has frequently been asked, "Can the English produce a good equestrian statue?" The attempts at reply hitherto have been humiliating; but it is now with feelings of unfeigned gratification we are enabled to assert our claim to pre-eminence in this most difficult and highest class of Art.

The equestrian statue of the late Lord Hardinge, by Mr. Foley, R.A., has vindicated our country, from contempt, and silenced the reproach of foreign contemporaries. This work, which has elicited the highest admiration from all judges of Art, is not to be regarded merely as a triumph of skill, but is calculated to stimulate every one to a sense of the talent and genius within his own land; and to create a desire to patronize and encourage his own native worth. We have reason, when we survey this and other productions of the same master, to hope that the spirit of sculpture, which has so long slumbered amidst the ruins of the past, but is now revived again in all its grace and splendour, may find in England—the land of its awakening—that fostering protection which its birthplace supplied.

Remarkable as the latter portion of the nineteenth century is for the names of those great men who have brought Art and Science to the perfection each has attained, it remained for Britain to claim the distinction of giving to the world the sculptor of the age. The ideal and historical works of Mr. Foley can never fail to be regarded as the most perfect specimens of his glorious art. To him we owe, in no inconsiderable degree, the raising of native talent to the highest standard.

Although sculpture in this country has heretofore met with little encouragement—real excellence not being generally understood or appreciated—yet, in the face of all difficulties, Mr. Foley completed a design, which, for truthfulness, life reality, power and vigour, has perhaps never been equalled. Unlike the apathetic effigies of men on horseback, which we are accustomed to see and regard with feelings as unmoved as the placid objects themselves, the statue of Lord Hardinge arouses the varied emotions of admiration, pride, and heroic ardour. The noble steed appears ready to plunge into the thickest of the battle, pawing with an eagerness impatient of the rein; whilst the tranquil features and composed look of the gallant rider, offer a strong contrast to the fiery impetuosity of his celebrated war-horse. The attitude of Lord Hardinge is easy and natural, yet eloquently expressive of the high duties he seems to be discharging; earnestly watching the progress of the combat, while his guides its destiny. The portrait is true to life, for the fire and energy thrown into the group are perfectly startling; and the vigour it possesses becomes apparent the more it is contemplated.

To every Englishman this statue must be a seal of his nation's glory, not only as a tribute to the honour of the gallant chief it signifies, as well as a memorial of most important Indian victories, but as her greatest effort of equestrian sculptural skill. It is sincerely to be hoped that the subscriptions now commenced towards obtaining a copy of this remarkable group, will include all classes. It is a national object, and the pride and honour of Englishmen are involved therein. We must not let the opportunity pass of securing to ourselves a copy of the finest and most finished piece of execution which has appeared in bronze. The subscriptions ought to be continued with spirit. Let all who

value Art, and feel the importance of its influence, admit what they owe to the man who has raised the standard of our reputation to the highest; and, in the manner proposed, generously testify the fulness of their opinion by their zeal.

Many of us have long wished to see our best and greatest national characters portrayed in sculpture. Could the task be assigned to more competent hands than his who designed and modelled a "Hampton," and a "Seiden," and who executed with clear conception the most prominent features that mark the ruling passions of both those great men? The secret of Foley's success is, that he comprehends the purpose of his art, and possesses the skill of all its requirements. That is why the statue of "Hardinge" is so wonderfully striking; and whilst it elicits our warmest praise, let us unanimously resolve to have a copy of the equestrian statue of Lord Hardinge fixed in London, as a token of our nation's skill in Art.

If, Sir, your space will admit, the insertion of the foregoing remarks may tend to stimulate others to feel with me an interest in the subject, and help to prove that England may vie honourably with the continent by beautifying this great metropolis with works of Art, which would reflect credit upon our United Kingdom.

C. S. L.

London.

## PICTURE SALES.

A NUMBER of fine pictures by the old masters, part of them constituting the collection of the Rev. Frederic Leicester, and the remainder sent in by various other owners, was submitted to auction by Messrs. Christie, Manson, & Woods, on the 19th of May. Paintings of so high a class generally have not come into the market for a considerable time. We may record the following as examples:—  
 'An Italian Seaport,' Claude, formerly in the collection of Marie Antoinette, small, 146 gs. (Collins);  
 'The Lake,' Wouvermans, cabinet size, 144 gs. (Collins);  
 'The Ferry-boat—View on the River Maas,' A. Cuyt, from the collection of the late Sir R. Price, No. 24 in Smith's *Catalogue*, a small picture in panel, and an exquisite example of the master, 810 gs. (Morrison);  
 'Landscape, with a winding Road through a Wood,' Hobbema, from the same collection, 185 gs. (Carr);  
 'View on the Holland Deepes,' Ruysdael, from Mr. Theobald's collection, No. 56 in Smith's *Catalogue*, 155 gs. (White);  
 'The Greengrocer,' Mieris, from the Saltmarsh Gallery, No. 24 in Smith's *Catalogue*, small and on panel, 255 gs. (Morrison);  
 'Piazza of St. Mark, Venice,' Canaletti, from M. Craukien's collection, 350 gs. (Farrer);  
 'Henry III. Statholder, with Chancellor, his Secretary, De Witte, and several other distinguished personages,' Gonzales Coynes, 380 gs.;  
 'The Château of Teniers,' with portrait of the painter and his family, Teniers, from the collection of Sir George Warrender, No. 422 in Smith's *Supplement*, small, and on panel, 465 gs.;  
 'The Ferry-boat,' known as the "Courteney Boat," J. and A. Both, No. 49 in Smith's *Catalogue*, 360 gs. (Collins);  
 'The Virgin and Infant Jesus,' Murillo, from the collection of Joseph Bonaparte, 220 gs. (Owen);  
 'Solitude,' a grand landscape, with a chateau in view, Ruysdael, 305 gs. (Carr). This concluded the sale of Mr. Leicester's pictures, twenty-nine in number, which realized £4,565. Most of these works have been exhibited at the British Institution, and were also in the great Manchester Exhibition.

Among the other pictures disposed of were:—  
 'The Enchantress quitting the Infernal Regions, guarded by Cerberus,' Teniers, formerly in the collection of Sir Joshua Reynolds, who gave Dr. Chauncy three of his finest paintings for it, then in the possession of the Marchioness of Thomond, of Rogers, the poet, and lastly, of the Hon. Percy Ashburnham, 230 gs. (Stone);  
 'Landscape, with a peasant driving sheep over a wooden bridge,' Ruysdael, 184 gs. (Fierce);  
 'Italian Landscape,' J. and A. Both, formerly in the Earl of Shaftesbury's collection, 300 gs. (Owen);  
 'The Seasons,' Guido, 45 gs.;  
 'Head of a Child,' in crimson dress and white scarf, Greuze, 100 gs. (Collins);  
 'Hippomenes and Atalanta,' Giorgione, from Mrs. Woodburn's collection, 125 gs. (Wellson);  
 'The Vision of St. Helena,' Paul Veronese, successively in the possession of the first Duke of Marlborough, the Lord Treasurer Godolphin, the Duke of Leeds, and the late Marquis of Hertford, 270 gs. (Wellson);  
 'Carità,' Andrea del Sarto, assumed to

be the picture mentioned by Vasari, as painted in 1520, and purchased by the artist Conti, from the widow of Del Sarto; formerly the property of Mr. W. Y. Otley, 500 gs. (Wellson).

On the 26th of May Messrs. Christie & Co. sold at their rooms the collection of pictures formed by Mr. Henry Bradley, of Leamington, with several others gathered from various owners. Mr. Bradley's collection numbered about sixty-four works, the whole of which realized £3,500. The principal of them were, 'Dover from the Sea,' a large water-colour drawing, engraved, J. M. W. Turner, 302 gs. (White);  
 'The Mandoline Player,' F. Y. Hurlstone, 166 gs.;  
 'Fruit,' in silver vases on a marble slab, a richly jewelled gold cup in the foreground, G. Lance, 164 gs. (Agnew);  
 'The Harbour of Rhodes,' W. Müller, 800 gs. (Agnew);  
 'Keswick Lake and Kendal,' J. B. Pyne, painted for Messrs. Agnew's publication, "Lake Scenery," 100 gs. (Hooper);  
 'Storm in Harvest,' one of J. Linnell's finest works, and never publicly exhibited, 630 gs. (Hooper);  
 'The Salmon Trap, Glen Ledder, near Bettwys-y-Coed,' W. Müller, £600 (Chapman). Among the other pictures disposed of were:—  
 'The Boar Hunt,' the original finished sketch for the large painting by J. Linnell, 104 gs. (Bourne);  
 'The Ship-Boy's Letter,' J. C. Hook, R.A., 275 gs. (Flatow);  
 'Landscape, with Sheep on the Mountains,' F. R. Lee, R.A., and T. S. Cooper, A.R.A., 105 gs. (Chapman);  
 'Fair in the Isle of Skye,' J. Phillip, R.A., 300 gs.;  
 'Summer Afternoon in the Meadows,' T. S. Cooper, A.R.A., 220 gs. (Chapman);  
 'The Rivalry,' W. C. Thomas, 120 gs. (Jacobs);  
 'The River Lechy, Perthshire,' F. R. Lee, R.A., 105 gs. (Bourne);  
 'Celebration of High Mass in Henry the Seventh's Chapel, Westminster Abbey,' F. Goodall, A.R.A., and E. A. Goodall, 140 gs. (Pocock);  
 'The Disciples of Emmaus,' W. Collins, R.A., 140 gs. (Holmes);  
 'The Banks of the Medway, Gillingham in the Distance,' F. R. Lee, R.A., and T. S. Cooper, A.R.A., 123 gs. (Chapman);  
 'Halt of Snugglers,' H. P. Parker, 100 gs. (Isaacs);  
 'Entrance of a Wood, near the New Forest, Hampshire,' P. Nasmyth, 150 gs. (Harrison);  
 'Lost and Found,' P. H. Calderon, 145 gs. (Patterson).

The sale was resumed on the 28th of the month, when the following paintings, among others, were disposed of:—  
 'The Flirtation,' W. P. Frith, R.A., 165 gs. (Wood);  
 'Autumn Sunset—Gleaners Returning, a View near Redhill,' J. Linnell, 310 gs. (Wilkinson);  
 'Hawking in the Olden Time,' F. Taylor, 170 gs. (Vokens);  
 'Landscape, Moorland Scene, with figures and Cattle,' T. J. Linnell, 250 gs. (Agnew);  
 'The Ballad,' D. Macleis, R.A., 300 gs. (Gambart);  
 'The Declaration of Love,' F. Goodall, A.R.A., 250 gs. (Gambart);  
 'Landscape,' T. Crewick, R.A., with figures by J. Phillip, R.A., 175 gs. (Agnew);  
 'The Brook of Human Life,' J. C. Hook, R.A., 410 gs. (Evans);  
 'Marten in Chestnut Castle,' H. Wallis, 210 gs. (Bentinck);  
 'Kensington Gravel Pits,' J. Linnell, 398 gs. (Evans);  
 'The Study,' W. P. Frith, R.A., 186 gs.;  
 'The Love of James I.,' J. E. Millais, A.R.A., 400 gs. (Gambart);  
 'Othello and Desdemona,' F. R. Pickersgill, R.A., 210 gs. (Evans);  
 'El Heralda Sevilla,' D. Roberts, R.A., 142 gs. (Frazier);  
 'The Pirates' Isle,' D. Cox, 115 gs. (Crofts).

The sale of the valuable collection of drawings by the old masters, formed by Sir Thomas Lawrence, from whose possession they passed into the hands of the late Mr. Samuel Woodburn, took place in the rooms of Messrs. Christie & Co., on June 4th and the four following days. The collection was especially rich in the works of Michel Angelo and Raffaele, several of the former having been procured direct from the descendants of the great artist, and many, by both painters, are among the Otley engravings. We have only space to enumerate the most important specimens:—  
 'Adam,' Michel Angelo, a study for the painting in the Sistine Chapel; on the reverse side a sketch of a man's head, in red chalk, 40 gs.;  
 'The Virgin, Infant Christ, and St. John,' Michel Angelo, in black chalk, heightened with white, 201 gs.;  
 'Christ on the Cross,' Michel Angelo, highly finished in black chalk, 40 gs.;  
 'The Dead Body of Christ supported on the Lap of the Virgin,' at the foot of the Cross, two Angels supporting the arms, black chalk, 50 gs.;  
 'David with the Slings,' a study for the body of the statue at Florence, by Michel Angelo, several studies of children on the reverse, pen and bistre, 43 gs.;  
 'The Prophet Isaiah,'



Michel Angelo, the first study for the fresco in the Sistine Chapel, pen and bistre, 42 gs.; 'The Fall of Phaeton,' Michel Angelo, in black chalk, 43 gs.; 'Landscape,' with the Deity appearing to Moses in the burning bush, Claude, bistre, heightened with white, 47 gs.; 'Head of a Young Man,' Correggio, adopted by Parmegiano for the St. John, in his picture of 'St. Jerome,' in the National Gallery, coloured chalks, a fine specimen, 79 gs.; 'Portrait of H. Van Eynden,' a distinguished Dutch sculptor, Van Dyck, in black chalk and Indian ink, £57; 'Portrait of Sir T. Mayerne,' physician to Charles I., Van Dyck, the face in colour, drapery in black chalk, 51 gs.; 'Design for a Cup,' Hans Holbein, elaborately executed with the pen on vellum, £51; 'Portrait of the Young Duke of Reichstadt,' Sir T. Lawrence, a profile in black chalk, 81 gs.; 'Profile of a man in Armour,' Andrew Mantegna, £36.

The fourth day's sale included some splendid drawings by Raffaele, for example:—'Lot and his Daughters departing from Sodom,' one of the designs for the *Loggie*, in pen and bistre, heightened with white, 120 gs. (Parrer); 'Jacob's Dream,' painted in the Vatican, bistre, heightened with white, a superb specimen, 250 gs. (Tiffen); 'The Entombment,' in pen, washed with bistre, and heightened with white, 210 gs. (Colnaghi); 'Apotheosis of the Virgin,' in pen and bistre, 70 gs. (Evans); 'Portrait of Elizabeth Brandt,' and 'Portrait of Rubens,' by Rubens, 88 gs. (Tiffen).

Among the drawings sold on the fifth day were:—'Portrait of Raffaele,' by himself, drawn when about fourteen years of age, finished with black chalk, 70 gs. (Tiffen); 'Head of St. Peter,' Raffaele, study for one of the principal figures in the 'Transfiguration,' in black chalk, 25 gs.; 'The Marriage of Alexander and Roxana,' Raffaele, in bistre, heightened with white, 30 gs.; two drawings by Raffaele, 'Alexander depositing the Iliad of Homer,' and a study for the Venus in the celebrated fresco at the Farnesina, of the 'Feast of the Gods,' both in red chalk, 46 gs.; three subjects, 'Attila,' the study for the fresco in the Vatican, 'Defeat of the Saracens at Ostia,' differing from the fresco in the Vatican, and two nude figures seated on a couch, 30 gs.; 'Portrait of Timoteo Della Vite,' Raffaele, a magnificent drawing in black and red chalk, life size, 320 gs. (Tiffen); 'Coronation of Mary de Medicis,' at the Cathedral of St. Denis, Rubens, finished in water and body colour, 65 gs. (Colnaghi); A sheet of numerous studies of the 'Madonna and Infant,' Leonardo da Vinci, drawn with the pen, 90 gs. (Tiffen); Three Caricature Heads, on one sheet, drawn with the pen, and another of similar subjects, pen and bistre, Leonardo da Vinci, 41 gs.; 'Design for a Chalice, with Cupids and a figure of Justice,' 'Design for a Tomb, encircled with numerous Statues and other Ornaments,' Leonardo da Vinci, pen and bistre, 69 gs.; 'Female Head,' in profile, Leonardo da Vinci, highly finished with the pen 45 gs. (Sir T. Phillips); 'The Virgin,' known as *La Vierge au Rocher*, L. da Vinci, in Indian ink, heightened with white, 70 gs. (Sir T. Phillips). The total amount realized by the five days' sale was £7,215. The number of "lots" reached nearly 1,100.

On the 9th and 11th of June, Mr. Woodburn's pictures, chiefly of the early Italian school, were disposed of in the same rooms; a few only deserve particular mention. A pair, by Lorenzo Credi, the subjects representing 'Heavenly Deities visiting the Earth,' from the Borghese Palace, 135 gs. (Newman); 'The Virgin, Infant, and St. John,' Lorenzo Credi, cabinet size, 220 gs. (Gruener); 'The History of St. John,' several events of whose life are represented under an archet portico and in a landscape, D. Ghirlandajo, fully described by Vasari, and a perfect specimen of the master, £420 (Pearce); an altar-piece, representing 'The Virgin, St. Peter, St. John,' with other saints, Pietro della Francesca, a rare work of this painter, 360 gs. (Anthony); 'The Virgin, St. John, and Joseph,' Luca Signorelli, also a rare and extremely fine specimen, 540 gs. (Gruener); an altar-piece, representing 'The Virgin and Infant,' with numerous angelic figures, Giovanni da Fiesole, a very remarkable picture, highly spoken of by Vasari, 440 gs. (Sir J. Ramsden); 'A Classical Landscape,' Claude, 122 gs. (Norton); 'The Virgin kneeling in Adoration of the Infant Jesus,' Leonardo da Vinci, 130 gs. (Rutley); 'The Piping Herdsman,' known as 'The Diamond Claude,' Claude, 300 gs. (Cockburn). The collection realized £4,335.

## ART IN IRELAND, AND THE PROVINCES.

DUBLIN.—Owing to the liberality of Mr. Guinness, the inhabitants of Dublin are in a fair way of seeing the nave of St. Patrick's Cathedral—for a long time past miserably neglected—restored to something like beauty and utility. Mr. Guinness has, we understand, given the munificent sum of £18,000 towards the object: men who dedicate their acquired wealth to such noble objects deserve all the success which attends their commercial pursuits—they are to be envied only because they possess the means of doing good.

The annual exhibition of the Hibernian Academy is now open. In the ante-room, and immediately opposite the doorway, is the 'First Council' (the property of her Majesty), by the late Sir David Wilkie; and in this apartment are numerous water-colour pictures, generally meritorious. Eugene De Block's 'First Lesson,' and 'A Prayer at the Grave,' are note-worthy; as also are Burton's 'Peasants of Franconia,' Kendrick's sea pieces, and Mulrennin's miniatures on ivory. In the large room, Camille Venneman's 'Laitières dans la Prairie,' Jules Wagner's 'Musique, Femme, et Vin,' and 'La Châtelaine,' Otto de Thoren's 'Managing,' and 'The Sceptle Chase,' Eugene De Block's 'French taught here,' Willis's 'Group of Cattle and Horses,' Friston's 'Toyman,' Rothwell's 'Rome, from the Equiline Hill,' Fisher's 'Weary Pilgrims,' P. V. Duffy's landscapes, and Catterson Smith's portraits, are amongst the chief attractions. The works of C. Grey, Hayes, Craig, Faulkner, Bridgford, &c., deserve a favourable remark.

DORCHESTER.—The Exhibition of the "Arts and Manufactures Department" of the Bath and West of England Society for the Encouragement of Agriculture, Arts, Manufactures, and Commerce" was held this year at Dorchester during the past and preceding months, and has proved eminently successful—15,000 visitors attending on the last day, June 8th. Among the contributions were numerous works of Art and Art-manufactures specially lent by the Science and Art Department, Kensington. In the rooms set apart for pictures were hung works by W. Bennett, Branwhite, Bright, Catmerole, S. Cook, De Wint, Copley Fielding, Gendall of Exeter, J. Horlor, Holman Hunt, Lance, H. Moore, S. Prout, Rosenberg, Uwins, R.A., and many local artists. The "manufactures" department was well sustained by the contributions from surrounding towns, and from the show-rooms of Messrs. Apsley Pellatt & Co., glass manufacturers, and Messrs. Hart & Son, metal workers, of London. It is due to Thomas Dyke Acland, Esq., of Sprydonate, near Exeter, that we should give him the credit of originating the Fine Art element in conjunction with the others, and especially Mr. Gendall, the eminent artist and print-seller of Exeter. SWAFFIELD.—A lecture on "Ornamental Etching in Sheffield" was recently delivered, by Mr. John Holland, in the Music Hall of the town, at the monthly meeting of the Literary and Philosophical Society. The lecture was illustrated by a large and interesting collection of specimens.

## ART IN CONTINENTAL STATES.

COMPIÈGNE.—The Emperor of the French has commanded a statue of the Maid of Orleans to be erected on the right bank of the river Oise, near the old bridge of Compiègne, where Joan was taken prisoner by the English, in May, 1430. The statue is to be a copy of the well-known figure by the late Princess Marie of Orleans, daughter of Louis Philippe. An engraving from this work appeared in the first published number of the *Art-Journal*, February, 1839.

FLORENCE.—The palace of the Bargelli at Florence, long since used as a prison, has been restored, and is converted into a museum for the reception of antique statues, &c.

LIÈGE.—The palace of the Bishop of Liège, well known to the archaeologist for its architectural beauty, is being restored; and in such a manner as to justify the expectation of a reappearance in its original magnificence.

LISBON.—A statue of the poet Camoëns, by Victor Bastos, has been just erected in this, his assumed native city. The figure stands on an octagonal Renaissance pedestal; in the right hand is a scroll, the left grasps a sword, for Camoëns was a patriot and a soldier as well as a poet. His countrymen allowed him to live almost neglected, and to die, an old man, in an hospital. He asked bread of them when living, and was refused; nearly three centuries after, they raise a marble to his honour. These are not strange incidents in the history of genius.

## READING.

FROM THE STATUE BY P. MACDOWELL, R.A.

IN tracing back the origin of sculpture, it is singular to notice that it must have had its birth in direct violation of the Divine command, "Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, or any likeness of anything that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth;" a prohibition which the same Divine authority seems, in some degree, to have annulled in his directions regarding the building of the tabernacle, where the Hebrews are commanded to make "two cherubims of gold, of beaten work shalt thou make them in the two ends of the mercy seat." The difference in the terms here employed is remarkable, but we cannot undertake to explain its meaning; in the former case the Hebrews are forbidden to make any graven image; in the latter, the cherubims are ordered to be of beaten work. It is quite evident that sculpture had been practised long before this by the heathen nations in the countries through which the Israelites were to pass, on their way to Canaan; for it is said, "Thou shalt not bow down to their gods, nor serve them, nor do after their works; but thou shalt utterly overthrow them, and quite break down their images."

There cannot be a doubt that sculpture owes its origin to religious feeling, or that which was intended as such. The first example we read of it among the Jews, when employed for this purpose, is the golden calf made by Aaron, who "fashioned it with a graving tool, after he had made it a molten calf." This is presumed to have occurred about 1490 B.C.; but the Egyptians and other idolatrous nations must have been acquainted with the art long ere this, and have transmitted it to every part of the habitable world; for there is not a people, however rude, nor an island, however remote or isolated from the rest of mankind, where the carved image is not found as an object of veneration and worship.

Egypt has been termed the "mother of the Arts;" thither, according to Diodorus Siculus, the most eminent sculptors went to reside, for the purpose of study, just as the moderns go to Italy. The art in the former country was governed by very strict rules; there were fixed proportions for every figure, which the sculptor was not permitted to violate; and hence arises the great sameness in the Egyptian statues, and the stiffness for which all are remarkable. In fact Egyptian sculpture was almost wholly a mechanical process; the laws of the country prohibiting the intervention of novelty in subjects considered sacred; and the more effectually to prevent the violation of prescribed rules, it was ordained that the profession of an artist should not be exercised by any common or illiterate person.

Even when it had assumed its highest elevation, that which it reached under the Greeks, the sculptor's art was exercised chiefly in honour of their deities, or those mortals whom they intended to deify. Here it was far beyond a mere mechanical pursuit, for "it was here that the conceptions of sublime and glowing fancies were embodied in the productions of what may be truly termed a race of poet-artists. . . . The principle upon which, among that people, imitative art was founded (and upon which it was practised throughout all its stages), led to its excellence." The whole secret of the superiority of the best schools of Greece was in their making nature, in her most perfect forms, their model; the only means by which perfection in Art—notwithstanding Lord Haddo's dictum to the contrary—can be attained.

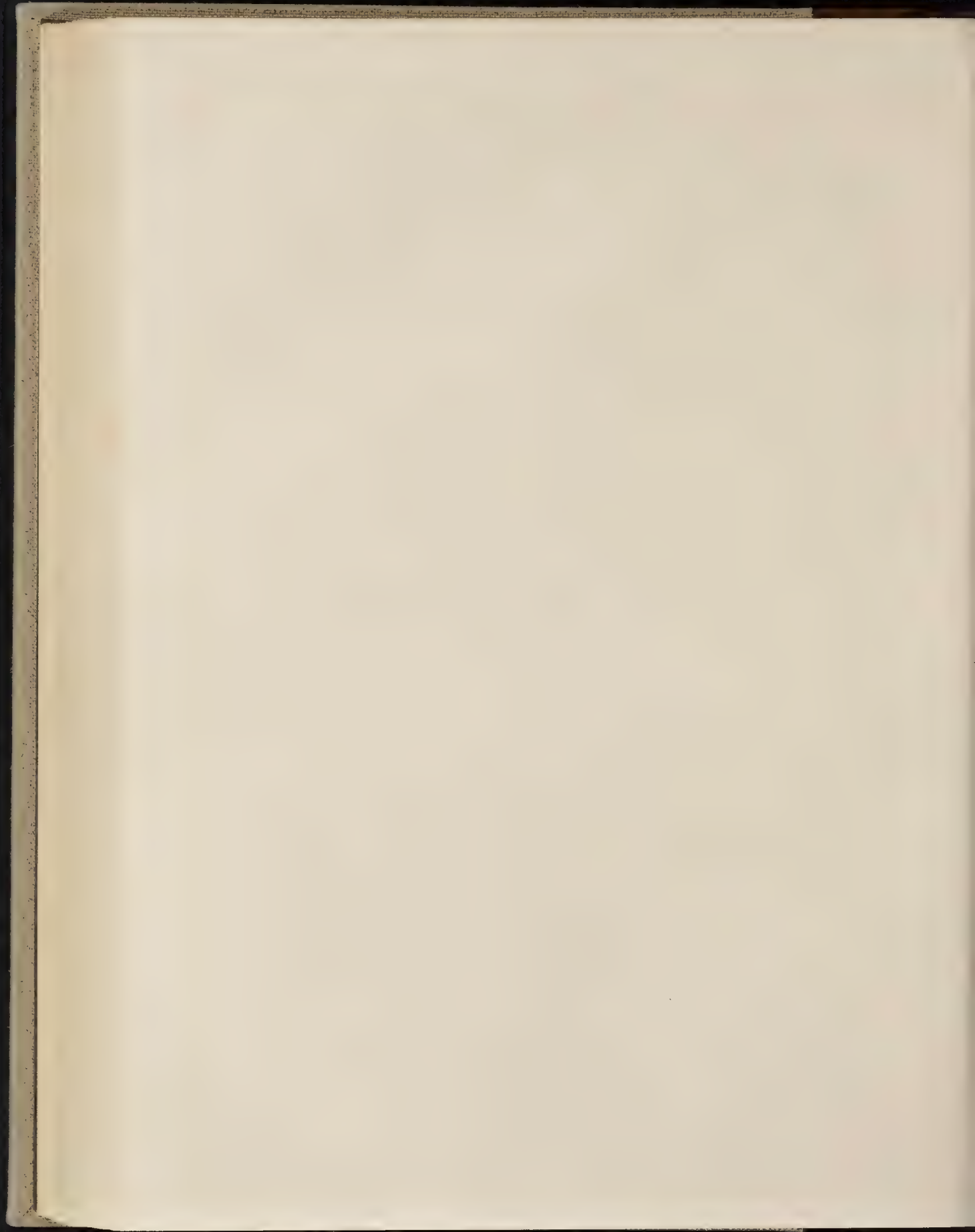
The present century has witnessed what we may call a new phase in the character of this art; without an entire abjuration of the subjects drawn from mythological history, the sculptors of our day frequently employ their talents on such as are more in harmony with our feelings, thoughts, and tastes; of which Mr. Macdowell's "Reading" is an example; it belongs to that class which unites the ideal with the natural, and which recommends itself rather by its simplicity and truth of character, than by any stirring attribute of action or passion. The figure speaks for itself; it is that of a young girl intent on her book; the loose robe she wears has fallen from her shoulders, in folds which develop her form, modestly and naturally.





LIBERTY

1793





## THE COMPANION-GUIDE

(BY RAILWAY)

## IN SOUTH WALES.

BY MR. AND MRS. S. C. HALL.

## PART VII.



LANTWIT MAJOR (so called to distinguish it from other places of the name) is said to have been founded as a "church and college," by St. Illtyd, one of the earliest of the missionaries from Rome to Britain. "Llantwit signifies, by contraction, the church of Illtyd." His immediate contemporary was "Patrick, whose college was demolished, and himself taken a prisoner to Ireland, by Irish pagans"—so, at least, say the Welsh writers, anything that may be said to the contrary by Irish writers notwithstanding.\*

The date usually accorded to the foundation of the church is A.D. 408; although, as will be seen, Archdeacon Coxe places it twenty-two years later: if, however, the venerable prelate died A.D. 501, he must have presided over the establishment upwards of ninety years.†

The numerous broad and direct roads towards Llantwit Major, the various intersecting streets and lanes that still exist, the uncommon size of its church and yard, and the number of human skulls dug up in the adjoining gardens and fields, prove it to have been a place of "great population and eminence." Though now but an "inconsiderable village," and populous only on market-days, there are so many evidences, in so many neighbouring places, of a large expenditure of wealth, that it is easy to believe the statements of early Welsh writers to be by no means greatly exaggerated.

The "School" suffered much from the incursions of Saxons and Danes, and was destroyed by the Norman invaders. In 1111 it was restored, though "probably on a reduced scale;" but there is no doubt that it continued to exist as a college down to the Reformation.

Hollinshed relates a strange history of Edgar's sacrilege in robbing Llantwit Church of St. Illtus's bell; his consequent vision; his restitution of the bell; and his death within nine days after. The bell now surmounts the town-hall—an ancient building, standing on the site and partly on the foundations of a ruin much older, and contains this inscription in antique characters—

"Ora pro nobis Sancto Illtuto."

The only information concerning it we could obtain from the sexton was, that "small as it seemed, it weighed a hundred-weight!"

For a description of this singular and deeply interesting locality we can do no better than borrow from a little volume, "Siluriana," compiled by David Lloyd Isaac:—

"The group of buildings at Llantwit of the present day is one of the most interesting in the Principality. The site is

\* "The Welsh claim as theirs the patron saint of Ireland, St. Patrick; many old documents exist to show that while a priest at "the College of Theodosius" (Llantwit Major), he was "taken away" by a band of Irish pirates. Being conveyed to Ireland, he there laboured at the work of conversion, "and his work eminently prospered." Patrick, it is said, never returned to Wales, choosing rather to reside in Ireland, "having ascertained (so says the Welsh chronicle) that the Irish were a better people than the Welsh—in those times." The "fact," however, is strongly disputed.

† The Seminary or College of Llantwit, according to various authorities, flourished so much under the protection of St. Illtyd, that its pupils exceeded two thousand, among whom were seven sons of British princes. Gildas, the historian; David of Caerleon; Paulinus, Bishop of Leon; Samson, Archbishop of Dol; Talhaearn the bard; and the famous Taliesin, received their education here. "The ruins of the school-house are in a garden on the north side of the church-yard; and the monastery, halls, and other buildings, stood on a place called Hill-head, on the north side of the tithe-barn." "Illtyd, son of Briccius, a Breton, accompanied the saints Germanus and Lupus into Britain, on a mission from Pope Celestine, for the purpose of suppressing the Pelagian heresy, as we are commanded to term it on the authority of the Church, about the year 430. The first measure they adopted was to establish schools of learning, in which the British clergy might be properly educated. The two first and principal schools were those of Dubric and of Illtyd, both disciples of St. Germanus, who appointed the latter head or superintendent of Theodosius's college or congregation; so called because it had been founded by the emperor of that name. It had, however, been demolished about two years before by the Irish pagans, who carried Patrick, its superior, a prisoner into Ireland. This school or college, restored or founded a second time under the auspices of Germanus, and patronized by the King of Glamorgan, was at this place beneforth called, after the name of Illtyd, Llantwit, signifying by contraction the church of Illtyd, with the addition of Major, to distinguish it from other places in the county of Glamorgan also bearing his name. Illtyd is besides honoured by the Welsh as having introduced a plough of a construction greatly superior to any before known to the natives. He died about 460, according to some, and indeed the most probable accounts; but according to others in 501 or 502."—ARCHDEACON COXE.

in a deep valley, below the town. The strange, elongated pile of the church, itself a remarkable conglomeration of distinct buildings, is flanked at the south entrance by a bold fragment of what was once a gate-house; and crowning the crest of an opposite hill is the dilapidated structure of the old tithe-barn, surrounded by other scattered remains of school-houses, crosses—memorial and sepulchral—all bearing witness to the ancient greatness of Llanilltyd. The church and churchyard are teeming with relics of antiquity. First, there is the Ladye-Chapel, forty feet and a half in length, decorated with statues of saints. Next comes the old church, being sixty-four feet long. Lastly, a modern church, which was erected by Richard Neville,



OLD BUILDING AT LLANTWIT.

Lord of Glamorgan, temp. Henry I. This structure is ninety-eight feet by fifty-three, with a tower containing six bells of exquisite tone.

"In a garden adjoining the churchyard are traces of the ancient College. It was here that the two thousand students of Illtus had been pondering over languages; preparing themselves for the battle of life, and the rest of the grave. The tithe-barn\* on the hill is one hundred and twenty by twenty-seven feet; and there are people living who saw the huge building crammed to the ridge, with ten or twelve sacks outside.

\* There are several monuments and effigies of high antiquity in the church and churchyard. The Cross of St. Illtus, erected by Archbishop Samson, in the sixth century, is perhaps the



LLANTWIT MAJOR.

most noted. Its present height above the ground is about six feet, and its breadth diminishes from two to one foot on the top. The carving is finely executed, and the sides are divided into compartments, with the inscription—"Crux Illtuti, Samson, posuisset hanc crucem pro anima ejus." But we had better give the inscription as we find it in Iolo's MSS.—"In nomine Dei summi, incipit crux salvatoris quam preparavit Samson Abbas, pro anima suo et pro anima Ithaeli Regis,

\* Greatly to the discredit of the Dean and Chapter of Gloucester, this splendid barn was recently ordered to be taken down, and the materials sold. Such an act of Vandalism was, however, fitly repaid, as the proceeds of the sale of the tiles and timber was not enough to pay for the destruction. The oak that composed the roof was said to be one thousand years old, and to have been cut down in the parish.

et Artimale Decani? That is, in English—"In the name of God most high, here begins the cross of the Saviour which Samson the Abbot prepared for his own soul, and the souls of King Ithael, and of Artmael the Dean."

If, therefore—and there is no reason to doubt the fact—Llantwit was "the first Christian school of learning in Britain," he must be cold of heart, and insensible to any touch of piety, who can pace among these ruins without sensations that raise the soul far above sublunary thoughts and things. Surely the spirits of dead worthies haunt these old places.\*

Leaving Llantwit on our way to Bridgend, we encounter the ruins of a Norman castle, known in the neighbourhood as THE OLD PLACE;† and leave to the right a singularly picturesque Manor House—Llanfihangel—which the artist, Mr. M'Ewen, pictured.‡ To give a bare idea, however, of the many striking and interesting objects in this vicinity is out of the question: our space is far too limited. And we may not forget that we are a long way out of the line of railroad, tempted to this excursion, and desiring to tempt others to make it, by its marvellous abundance of natural beauties and ancient remains.

We are again at Bridgend, en route for Neath, passing the station at PYLE. A pretty river running under a rustic bridge is the only object that here meets the eye, if we except a distant cluster of houses, that betoken manufacture: they are the "coking" works of Messrs. Ford and Sons. The famous Masteg Iron Works are also in this neighbourhood. Near to Pyle is Kenfig, once a town of considerable size, but ruined by an overwhelming inundation of the sea, in the middle of the sixteenth century. "An arch of the ancient castle, and part of the ancient church and churchyard may be traced among the sand hills."§

Soon after passing the station at Pyle, we obtain a distant view of Margam Abbey, the seat of C. R. M. Talbot, Esq., M.P. It lies on the right hand, while on the left the line passes under huge sand heaps, on the other side of which is the Bristol Channel. Before we arrive at the next station, that of Port Talbot, we have entered the region of copper works, the railway passing through one of these very money-making, but very smoke-producing, establishments, belonging to H. H. Vivian, Esq., M.P.¶

And here the tourist should leave the train, to visit the beautiful remains of the ancient ABBEY OF MARGAM, which stands in the grounds attached to the modern structure. Margam was "once called Pen-dar, or the Oak Summit," and the noble tree still flourishes in "the sweet shady dingles, which form the great charm of the demesne." Dugdale fixes the date of the abbey in the year 1147, when Robert of Gloucester, "sorely pressed by adversity," bethought himself of providing a calm retreat for a brotherhood weary of the world. It is said that he was buried here, with his wife, the daughter and heiress of the famous knight, Fitzhamon, who took the lands from the Welsh prince, Jestyn-ap-Gwrgan. Giraldus styles this monastery a noble community of Cistercians, and says that "it exceeded all others in Wales for the reputation of liberality in relieving the distressed,"—a character which, we understand, their successor keeps up. Leland speaks of it as "an abbey of white monks, where was a very fair and large church," and ascribes to it the privilege of sanctuary. When Mr. Wyndham visited Wales in 1774, the Chapter House (of which he gave an engraving) was perfect: it was one of the most elegant buildings of its class. "Its form is a duodecagon without, and a perfect circle within. Against its walls, and those of the adjoining cloister, stand many fragmentary antiquities, such as crosses, effigies, and grave-stones, which exercise the ingenuity of antiquaries and decipherers. A very ancient wheel cross, which formerly stood in the village, is, perhaps, the most curious of these relics;

\* "Llan is a Welsh word prefixed to most of our Welsh parish churches; it is a generic rather than a specific term: it means an enclosure, and refers more to the churchyard than the sacred edifice itself."—I. JAMES, in the *Archæologia Cambrensis*.

† This old place was originally the seat of the Vann, or Avon family, for many centuries located at Margrove and Llantwit. From them it descended, by marriage, to the Nicholls, in whose family it still remains, the present owner being Illyd Nicholl, of the Ham, in this parish.

‡ Llanfihangel means the Church of the Three Angels, and in the side of the wall adjoining the churchyard there is still to be seen a rude stone with the remains of three figures sculptured on it, doubtless connected with the nomenclature. In this small and secluded church rest the ashes of three dukes and one duchess, the former owners of the property, from whom it descended to the heiress of the Wyndham, the present Dowager Countess of Dunraven.

§ Donovan (1805) encountered some peril while visiting Kenfig: it then "harboured a desperate banditti of lurking fellows, who obtained a profitable livelihood by the illicit traffic carried on upon the coast in the smuggling line, the plunder of wrecks, and the like." The traveller was in considerable danger from their assaults when he had taken out his sketch and note-book, and was consequently treated as a spy.

¶ Mr. Vivian would find it extremely difficult to obey a law that commanded him to consume his own smoke; it ascends from so many quarters, not in "volumes," but in "encyclopedias," according to the only pun ever perpetrated by the learned Sergeant Marryatt.

but the most perfect is the tomb-stone of an abbot, bearing the following inscription, still legible:—

¶ Constant et certus jacet hic Regewallis opertas  
Abbas Robertus, cujus Deus esto misertus.

The statuesque figure of a crusader in chain armour, with the head and legs broken off, lies close by. There is also a curious old diagonal sun-dial, which often escapes observation; but it is correctly fixed in the proper meridian, and still faithfully records the daily progress of time, as it may have done for centuries. The exact site of the old abbey church may be easily traced on the lawn of delicate turf immediately behind the chapter-house. The bases of finely clustered pillars, the steps of the altar, and portions of the tile pavement, blend



THE OLD PLACE, LLANTWIT.

singularly with the smoothly-shorn turf, and occasional clusters of the flourishing monthly rose." In 1799 the roof fell, and the structure gradually became a ruin; it is, however, one of the most picturesque ruins of the Principality, and happily decorates the demesne of Mr. Talbot. As will be supposed, it is maintained with scrupulous nicety, and the further inroads of time have been averted. The mansion of Mr. Talbot is entirely modern, of large size, and of much architectural merit. Its principal attraction is "the orangery," which is said to be "the largest in the world." Its origin is curious: a Spanish vessel, bearing a cargo of orange-trees and other exotics, as a present from a Dutch merchant to Queen Mary, consort of William III., was wrecked on this coast. Mr. Mansel Talbot, by some means or other,



LLANFIIANGHEL MANOR.

acquired them, and built a conservatory 327 feet in length, "for their reception and better preservation." The neighbourhood of Margam is very beautiful, notwithstanding its heavy drawback of copper smoke. The adjacent hills are full of Roman remains, and of remains of a date prior to the Roman possession of the country.

PORT TALBOT is better known by its old name, Aberavon. It is the outlet of the mineral produce of Cwm Avon, a valley in the adjoining hills, in which are situated the copper, tin, and iron works of "the Governor and Company of the Copper Miners of England," incorporated A.D. 1691.

The next station is BRITON FERRY. We see it on the left; the tall masts of many colliers indicating the prosperity of its quays. To the right is a range of good green hills, bulwarks to the sandy, flat, and unprofitable shore which intervenes between the railway and the sea.



We may here take advantage of a rest, to supply some notes concerning the peculiar customs of Wales.

The custom of "bidding" is now nearly obsolete; it was formerly almost universal. When a marriage was about to be celebrated, a "bidder" was sent to invite guests—to bid them come to the wedding. In old times, frequently the bidder was the chieftain who thus honoured his vassal: his mission was respected by hostile clans as that of a herald, as he passed to and fro, holding a staff decorated with flowers and garlands. A main purpose of the bidding was to obtain from friends and neighbours contributions of money, or matters that might increase the gear and add to the comforts of the wedded pair—contributions to be repaid in kind when the giver chanced to be similarly circumstanced. In later times the printer became Love's messenger; hand-bills were substituted for eloquent tongues; though, occasionally, a comparatively humble "friend" arranges the "transaction" in so far as exchanges of sympathy and more substantial aids are concerned. Now-a-days, some time before the celebration of a marriage, a printed circular is sent, or the still important personage named the "Lavier" goes about the country to invite people to the marriage feast. For miles around does he trudge along through lanes, and villages, and farmyards, "bidding" people to the coming marriage feast. And the "Lavier" is welcomed everywhere; he is the bearer of news acceptable to all. For three weeks before the celebration *cwro du* is to be bought at the house of the bride expectant; and if she be in service, her employers are generally good enough to place their house at her disposal. Every night there is a merry-making, but the night previous to the wedding there is a merry meeting extraordinary: this is called *nos o'r blaen*. Then it is the rustic lover treats the object of his affection with cakes and ale; and then it is, too, that long standing differences are amicably arranged, or others spring up for future settlement. The night having been passed in feasting, fiddling, and dancing, all retire, holding themselves in readiness for the morning. The bride is led to church by the *tailleur*, or bridesman, whilst the bridegroom has the arm of the bridesmaid in his. Friends follow two and two, the fiddler, and often a trombone player, leading the van of the procession. On the return from church the order is changed; the *tailleur* has given the bride in charge of her husband, whilst he conducts the bridesmaid. After the marriage feast, the *tailleur* goes round the company to collect the *poeth*, or wedding gifts. Of these, whether they be money, provisions, or household utensils, he keeps an account—for whenever any of the young people who make presents get married, they expect to have returned to them the amount now given: so, in point of fact, the money received is only a loan; but a loan that, together with what is made by the dinner and the sale of cakes and ale, is often sufficient to set up the young parties in the world.

The weddings of the poor are generally far more joyous than the weddings of the rich—at least they are more demonstrative; the conventionalities of society do not check the merry laugh or the innocent jest, or instruct the lip to repress its smiles. The Welsh are not, on such occasions, so boisterous as are the Irish, though they are easily excited, and by no means so placable as the so-called "English." The women are as capable of the most devoted affection as the women of any country: many a faithful heart beats within their russet jackets, and many a throbbing brow under the stately, high-crowned hat, however gaily garnished by a silver buckle. We may relate an anecdote in illustration.

One of the most civil and obliging of butterwomen was Jenny Morgan—we had almost written old Jenny Morgan; but she was not old, whatever she might look at times. She had strong marks of suppressed feeling round her pretty mouth—pretty still, though it was not as pouting and rosy as it had been five years before, when her sweetheart abandoned the collier trade, that so frequently brought him to Briton Ferry, and went to sea in earnest. Jenny was a beauty then, and did not conceal the fact that she was engaged to be married to Tom Evans, whenever Tom Evans came home; but the Crimean war gave an aching heart to Jenny Morgan, as it did to many others. Tom was one of "Peel's men," went ashore, and was reported missing: the lines came and deepened on poor Jenny's face. But the fact of Tom's log having been closed gave hope to another lover, a bright-eyed, active little Welshman, with a host of cattle, and the reputation of a well-to-do, honest farmer. He was determined to marry Jenny, and, after long perseverance, on the old plea of "getting rid" of the lover, she consented to become the wife. There was no necessity, we were told, when Jenny Morgan's marriage was determined on, to send round a "Lavier;" Jenny was a universal favourite, and her mother's shop was crowded with presents. The day was fixed, the little Welsh farmer was more light and cheerful and noisy than ever—his joy was overflowing;

he slapped every young fellow of his acquaintance on the shoulder with treble his usual energy, repeating, "Nothing like perseverance, my boy,—nothing like perseverance." The steady old Welshmen declared "that Master Owen Richards was like one mad," and that "Jenny would find it no easy thing to keep him quiet."

The evening before the wedding day had come, and Jenny was putting a few last bows of narrow white satin ribbon between the borders of her lace cap, when an old friend of Jenny's entered her little room, and closed the door. She was the bridesmaid, and had right of entry.

"Jenny, dear woman," she said, "I have something to tell that I'd rather keep; but I mustn't keep it, because if it come to you on a sudden it would scare you like."

Jenny looked up with her sweet serious eyes, still twiddling with the ribbon. "Speak it up, Mary; things don't scare me as they used."

"I've seen an old friend o' yours up street."

"Not—not Tom Evans?"

Mary nodded her head. The cap and the ribbons fell on the floor as Jenny sprang to the door.



THE CRYPT, MARGAM.

"Don't hold me, Mary. If Tom Evans is in life, I can never go to parson with Owen Richards."

Mary kept the door close. "He's dressed up like a prince, but he's lost a leg."

"I don't care if he had lost two."

"One eye's gone."

"Never mind if t'other 'ill follow; he'll see less how I'm changed. Open the door, Mary."

"Keep thee back, Jenay, woman; doya think the boys the same as the maids? He's tattered from head to foot with every sort of shot—chain shot, and cannon shot, and musket shot. And yet—"

"Oh, Mary, woman, let me out! thank God he came to-day 'stead of to-morrow!"

Poor Jenny! Mary had little of that sweet balm, sympathy, or she would not have so



MARGAM ABBEY.

tortured her before telling her the great truth. "To-day or to-morrow makes no differ to you, my Jenny, so keep your own counsel. I tell 'ee Tom's not a constant sort: he's brought hoame a Roossian wife—a burnt up little brat, with goold rings in her ears, and two children. Much he thought on thee, woman dear!"

Jenny turned away trembling, and covered her face with her hands.

"Pluck up a spirit, my woman Jenny."

"No need to tell me that, and he another's," was Jenny's reply. "I might ha' knowed it: he was always light o' mind and o' love. There—it's all come right," she continued, and she picked up the cap with quivering fingers, and set to finish her work. "I'll tell Owen what I felt, like an honest woman, an' if it makes no differ to him, I'll be to him the honest wife he deserves."

And a pretty wedding they had, and Jenny looks five years younger than she did.







## "AMERICA IN THE STEREOSCOPE."

THERE are hundreds of thousands in Great Britain who are continually hearing of the grandeur and beauty of scenery in the United States and in Canada who have not, and probably never will have, a chance of examining its peculiar marvels and graces, except by the aid of the artist. And that aid is rarely so obtained as to convey assurance of positive truth; we suspect, if we are not certain, that Art has derived help from Fancy; we doubt while we admire, and attribute to invention that which may be only fact. The photograph, however, cannot deceive; in nothing can it extenuate; there is no power in this marvellous machine either to add to or take from: we know that what we see must be TRUE. So guided, therefore, we can travel over all the countries of the world, without moving a yard from our own firesides. Fortunately there are those who, from love of wandering, or of Art, or of gain, will incur any amount of fatigue or danger, and bring to us enjoyment and knowledge, without demanding from us either labour or risk; giving in an hour the information that has been gained by years of toil and peril. All honour to the men who are thus our ministers!

The series of stereoscopic views recently brought under our notice by the London Stereoscopic Company—taken in various parts of Canada and the United States—bring us, as far as they go, into closer and safer acquaintance with the New World than all the books that have been written on the subject, and "their name is legion." Lake and mountain, glen and river, picturesque waterfalls and gigantic cataracts, spacious harbours, populous cities—all the glories of Nature and of Art—are here brought so vividly before the eye that we seem to have journeyed with the traveller and worked with the artist. It is indeed impossible to over-rate the debt we owe for so much of pleasure and so much of information.

The city views are chiefly those of New York, Boston, Washington, Philadelphia, Quebec, Montreal, and Ottawa (the new capital of Canada); but more interesting are those which picture attractive scenes on the rivers St. Lawrence, the Delaware, and the Hudson. Still more so, perhaps, are those that introduce us to the far-famed "Katskills," Sleepy Hollow, the Indian Falls, the Falls of the Pontiac, and Trenton Falls—not forgetting Poughkeepsie, in which resides our valued correspondent, Lossing, and which other accomplished Americans have made renowned. There is, indeed, no one of the series that fails to gratify; some may be better than others, but all are full of interest, and convey instruction. The artist has, however, most put forth his strength where it became most effective. Hundreds of pictures have been painted, and descriptions written, to make us acquainted with NIAGARA; but until now we seem to have been utterly ignorant concerning the character of this—one of the wonders of the world. The views are many.—Comprising 1. The Suspension Bridge, huge, as it were, in mid air; the railway trains, as they pass, seeming but little larger than the miniature toys of children; 2. The Bridge again, a nearer view; 3. The Bridge over the Rapids, a remarkably light and graceful structure; 4. The Lewiston Suspension Bridge; 5. The American Fall; 6. The American Fall in winter; 7. The Terrapin Tower and Bridge, the tower standing on the very edge of the Great Horse-shoe Fall—

"How dizzy 'tis to cast one's eyes below;"

8. Another view of the terrific scene, the torrent rushing over the brink; 9. The Rapids: a view that must have been caught instantaneously, the tremendous character of which is given with marvellous accuracy; 10. A general view of the Falls, in which Niagara is beheld "in all its glory and magnificence;" 11. A sylvan scene on Goat Island, the rush of waters in the distance; and though lost not least in this singular series, are two views showing the daring adventurer, Blondin, crossing the Niagara on a tight rope—one of the most daring feats ever achieved. "We have thus some fifteen or sixteen views of this wonderful work of nature, including the objects by which Art has succeeded in rendering Niagara in a degree subject to the will of man. Unquestionably no series of

stereoscopic views has been yet issued at once so interesting and so instructive; they so thoroughly convey accurate ideas of the marvels they depict. Moreover, they are exceedingly well executed, and may vie with the best, in clearness of detail and power of effect, when seen in the stereoscope. A brief but carefully written description accompanies each view, giving such particulars as are requisite for a complete comprehension of the theme, in its grandeur, or its beauty, or its combination of both.

We shall rejoice if our notice be the means of enabling others to partake of the rich treat we have enjoyed in examining this delightful series: it would be difficult to pass an hour more pleasantly or more profitably. Of the many boons conferred by the London Stereoscopic Company, this, their latest, is undoubtedly the best.

## MINOR TOPICS OF THE MONTH.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.—Mr. Augustus Leopold Egg, A.R.A., has been elected Academician, after running, it is said, a close run with Mr. Boxall. The choice is undoubtedly a good one, and well merited; but why has Mr. Frost, who preceded Mr. Egg in the list of Associates, been passed over? It looks as if the members intended to shelve one who has richly earned his diploma by the production of works that are an honour to the British school. In his peculiar "walk," Mr. Frost has proved himself without a peer. With all due deference to the opinion of the Academicians, we think they are doing injustice to one who, as an artist and a gentleman, would do credit to their institution.

THE SCIENCE AND ART DEPARTMENT.—A parliamentary paper recently published contains estimates of the sums required for the Science and Art Department, including the various establishments connected therewith, for the year closing with the end of March, 1861. It is both an interesting and a curious document, and deserves careful consideration. It appears that the general expenses for management in London, with the various charges for the Schools of Art and Science in the United Kingdom, amount to £42,550. Additional sums of £17,565 and £5,417 are added severally for the Museums at South Kensington and Jermyn Street, the School of Mines being grouped with the latter institution. The corresponding establishments in Scotland and Ireland severally receive £1,943 and £11,396. The expenses of the British Museum amount to £100,830, and those of the National Gallery to £11,670. These sums collectively amount to £292,691. No particulars are given in this paper relative to the application of the large sum voted for the British Museum. It appears, however, that in the instance of the National Gallery £6,000 is devoted to the purchase of pictures, while £1,800 and £2,020 respectively pay the salaries of officers and attendants: the incidental expenses amount also to £1,200, and the travelling expenses to £650. We offer no opinion upon these items. At Jermyn Street the director (unlike his more fortunate brother-officer at Trafalgar Square, who receives £1,600) has a salary of £200. There are seven lecturers, who receive £200 each for their services for the year, and £200 is also charged for "outfit and illustration of lectures." It is added that four courses of lectures were given in 1858, which were "attended by from 442 to 600 working men." Nothing is stated relative to the lectures of 1859. The most satisfactory statement of the whole is that which has reference to the South Kensington Museum, which certainly is a model establishment in the important matter of results, and what they cost. The number of visitors in 1859 was 475,365 persons, being upwards of 20,000 more than in 1858.

THE SCHOOL OF ART, SCIENCE, AND LITERATURE, at the Crystal Palace, is steadily establishing itself in strength and usefulness. All that it now requires is, that the public should distinctly understand what is the aim and what the range of its several classes. It is not enough that it should be made known, and that it should become known, that a series of educational classes exist at the Crystal Palace; before these classes can be adequately supported, it is necessary that they should be understood. People who are interested in education need to be

impressed with the conviction that the Sydenham classes possess special qualities, and are competent to impart peculiar advantages. We, accordingly, advise the heads of families, and the principals of educational establishments, to go and inquire about these classes in the *class-rooms*. Let them thus learn experimentally upon what grounds they will find it so greatly to their advantage to associate themselves with these classes. And we venture to suggest to the authorities of the Palace the propriety of giving every facility to persons who may be disposed to inquire into the character, and to examine the working of their classes, after the manner that we have recommended. We feel sure that the professors themselves will readily support our view. We repeat, let these classes be really understood, and their complete success is certain; but such success must be comparatively slow, so long as nothing is done beyond the mere advertising their existence.

THE EXHIBITION OF 1861.—The Guarantee Fund for this object amounted, to the date of June 18th, to £323,000. It will, no doubt, have received a further increase, at the festival at St. James's Hall, on the 22nd of last month—after our sheets were at press—when the members of the Society of Arts and their friends assemble to celebrate the 106th anniversary of the society; the Right Hon. B. Disraeli was expected to preside.

FEMALE SCHOOL OF ART.—The annual distribution of prizes to the ladies studying in this school took place, at the South Kensington Museum, on the 13th of last month. The pupils generally, and those entitled to prizes especially, were complimented by Mr. Redgrave, R.A., and other speakers, on their proficiency. We believe we are correct in saying that a larger number of medals, &c., have been awarded to this school, in proportion to the number of students, than to any other throughout the United Kingdom—a tolerably sure test of the efficiency of the instruction given, and of the aptitude of the pupils for receiving it; and supplying, also, an additional motive for the aid now requisite to save the institution from the destruction with which it is threatened. A strong appeal was made to the visitors on its behalf. We shall hope to hear that the *conversazione*, held, we expect, on the 21st of last month, resulted in an increase to the fund which is being collected for the new building.

THE NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY.—The Trustees of this institution have issued their third annual report; from which we learn that nine pictures were presented during the past year, making thirty-five in all, since its foundation. The purchases during the past year were eighteen; the total number of portraits now in the gallery is ninety-seven, of which sixty-two have been bought. We have no space this month to enter upon the particulars of the recent acquisitions, but shall probably do so in the ensuing number.

ST. MARTIN'S SCHOOL OF ART.—The students in this institution held their fourth annual *conversazione* on the 31st of May, when a considerable number of medals and books were distributed as prizes. Among the visitors present were Lord Hardinge, Sir Walter C. James, and others; his lordship addressed the students at some length, and expressed the gratification he felt from an inspection of their drawings. In the rooms were a large number of works of Art and of Art-manufacture, and the pleasures of the evening were much augmented by the performances of a numerous company of vocalists. This school is under the able direction of Mr. Casey, assisted by Mr. Burchett.

MR. H. WEEKES, A.R.A., has received a commission to execute a statue of the late distinguished surgeon, John Hunter; it is to be erected in the Museum of the College of Surgeons.

THE FLAXMAN GALLERY.—The *Critic* states that a fund is being subscribed for the purpose of purchasing some of Flaxman's original drawings, from those in the possession of the late Miss Deuman, the sculptor's sister-in-law. Mr. Foley, R.A., has been entrusted to make a selection, and the drawings will be added to the Flaxman Gallery, in the University College. The Prince Consort has subscribed 20 guineas to the fund; the Royal Academy, 25 guineas; the Graphic Society, 25 guineas; while among other subscribers appear the names of Sir Charles Eastlake, the Master of the Rolls, Lord Belper, and many others.

"THE ART-UNION OF GREAT BRITAIN, one Shilling per Share." Such is the heading of a handbill, extensively circulated throughout the kingdom, and which, we have reason to believe, has misled many. It purports to issue from Manchester, and contains twelve names of persons, said to form a "committee," being preceded by a list of four noblemen,—the "president" and "vice-presidents." How these names were obtained we cannot say, but Lord Shaftesbury, has printed a letter, showing how he was deceived, and has demanded the withdrawal of his name. Lord Stanley has also adopted a similar course: and we cannot doubt that those of the Earl of Sefton and the Earl of Ducie, having been obtained in like manner, will in like manner be withdrawn. Of the secretary and the twelve committee we can learn nothing; the secretary is not to be found at the place from which he dates, and of the "twelve," only one is known in Manchester by name, and such knowledge is not complimentary to the party who owns it. The handbill states that "distributions of paintings and other works of Art will take place periodically," that "a drawing will take place on June 30, 1860, at the Free-trade Hall, Manchester," when the following will be the prizes:—A painting, value £150; a painting, value £100; "with ninety-eight other picture prizes, from £5 to £75 each," "in addition to which there will be about 500 other prizes, consisting of engravings, statuettes, &c." Now, it requires no very deep penetration to see the meaning of all this; but we desire to know the light in which it is regarded by the Art-Union of London. If this scheme is not authorized by the Board of Trade, its concocters are liable to prosecution, and ought to be prosecuted. Surely it is not too much to say, that such duty devolves on the committee of the Art-Union of London; if it be not their business, it can be the business of no one; for it is asking too much of a victim, who may have lost a shilling, to become a public prosecutor for the public good.

MR. HUNT'S PICTURE of 'The Finding of the Saviour in the Temple' has been purchased by Mr. Gambart for the sum of £5,500, including the copyright and the right to exhibition. After its season in London it will make the tour of the provinces. It is not unlikely that the ultimate destination of this remarkable work is the embryo Institution at Manchester; indeed, there is on foot something like a treaty with this view, Mr. Gambart having agreed to dispose of it to the committee for £3,000, provided a number of gentlemen, six or thirty, subscribe that amount; himself being, in either case, one of the number. This is a proposal of exceeding liberality, and ought to be recorded.

MESSRS. MURRAY & HEATON have supplied by command "a photographic outfit for His Royal Highness Prince Alfred, intended to accompany him on his maritime expeditions." This intelligence is more than commonly gratifying; a proof not only that Her Majesty and the Prince Consort take a deep interest in the art, but of their desire to educate their son in a love and appreciation of the beautiful and the useful, while rendering the several voyages of the Prince practically beneficial at home.

MR. WASHINGTON FRIEND.—This gentleman has brought from America to England a series of large views of the most attractive scenery on the Hudson and in Canada, which he is now exhibiting daily at St. James's Hall. It is not, however, merely a pictorial exhibition: he is the guide on a tour of some three or four thousand miles, describing each point of interest, and varying his "entertainment" by the introduction of anecdotes and songs. A pleasant and instructive evening may thus be passed in his company. He conveys much information concerning the people and the country, interesting his audience in both, and leaving them with a large amount of knowledge, obtained by little sacrifice of time, while, undoubtedly, they will have been greatly amused and gratified. Few "lectures" so happily combine pleasure with instruction. His manner, if not impressive, is agreeable; he is evidently "doing his best"—good-humoured, hearty, and earnest. He labours, and with zeal, to depict, by words and works, the peculiarities of the great people of the United States, whom to know better is to like better and respect more. His task, therefore, has its uses, and its due discharge cannot fail to do good. His pictures are shown by judicious distribution of lights:

they are not remarkable as productions of Art, but they fully answer his purpose, and are obviously true. By their aid he makes the tour in which he is accompanied by the audience, starting from the city of New York up the Hudson, visiting all the renowned places *en route*, showing us the marvellous steamboats, populous towns on lakes and rivers, Indians in their encampments and their canoes, with a variety of other objects of interest, and ending with the marvels of Canada—its railway, its bridge, and its wonderful cataract, Niagara. A list of the scenes and incidents depicted would fill a column: we must be content with recommending Mr. Washington Friend's "entertainment" as one that will largely recompense the visitor, and be more than merely amusing, for it will add much to the information which all readers and thinkers desire to obtain relative to the peculiarities, the grandeur, and the beauties of Nature and of Art, in North America.

Kew Gardens.—Although thousands enjoy daily the walks and flowers in those delightful grounds, there are thousands who remain ignorant of the health and pleasure they promote; yet they are free to "the public" every day—as free as either of the parks in London; while the distance, considering facilities of railway, omnibuses, and boats, is really no drawback. Messrs. Cubitt of Pimlico have recently entered into agreements for the erection of a great conservatory and winter-garden. It will be nearly 700 feet in length—the grandest purely horticultural building in the world. It will occupy an extensive area on the right-hand side of the grand lawn avenue, leading from the Palm House to the Pagoda. The whole noble domain of 800 acres is now in all its floral splendour, and beautiful almost beyond description. The new lake of five acres, with finely-wooded islands, is situated midway between the Palm House and the Thames, on the left of the Zion vista. The student as well as the mere pleasure-seeker finds here a mine of value in the "instructive, scientific, and educational departments" attached to the garden. In a word, no country of Europe supplies a more inexhaustible source of delight than is to be found at Kew—half an hour only distant from the metropolis.

MR. MAYALL, the eminent professor of photography, has received a mark of high honour from Her Majesty, having been selected to produce a series of photographs of the Queen, the Prince Consort, the several members of the royal family, and of various personal friends. We find the following report in the *Journal of Photography*:—"The series is a highly interesting one, embracing as it does the representations of so many illustrious personages; the photographer has not only been a very successful operator upon the occasion, but his artistic skill has been called fully into play, as evinced by the easy and graceful attitudes of the sitters, which add an additional charm to the productions, and testify that the 'sittings' have been submitted to *con amore* in every instance."

VIEWS OF JERUSALEM, ANCIENT AND MODERN.—A notice of two pictures of Jerusalem, painted by Mr. Selous, which appeared in our Number of last month, has elicited from Mr. R. Turner, of Newcastle-on-Tyne, communications which characterize the painting and proposed publication of these views of Jerusalem, as a transaction unworthy and discreditable. Mr. Turner states that his pictures (of which a notice appears among our reviews) were finished and exhibited in Newcastle in May, 1857; and in August and September of that year they were exhibited, with a view to obtaining a subscription-list, by Mr. Beelorth at Scarborough, where names were received to about the amount of £300; a success which, says Mr. Turner, induced Mr. Beelorth to commission Mr. Selous to paint two pictures of the identical subjects, which commission was given about twelve months ago—a period altogether inadequate to the production of two such works, or even of the ancient view, had the composition depended upon actual research. Honourable competition is at once beneficial to the public and profitable to those who undertake it in a fair spirit; but we consider it our duty to expose a transaction of this kind as worthy only of severe public reprobation.

'THE PRISON WINDOW,' AND 'LUFF, BOY!'—These two pictures, severally the productions of the recently elected Royal Academicians, Mr. Phillip and Mr. Hook, are exhibited at the gallery of the Messrs. Jennings, 62, Cheapside, where there may also be

seen impressions from the engravings in different stages beside the original works. Both engravings will certainly constitute very valuable accessions to their class, and both will doubtless enjoy a well served popularity. Mr. Phillip's picture, which represents the wife and child of a Spanish contrabandist-looking prisoner at his prison window, is a work of extraordinary excellence, and it has been acquired for his collection by one of the merchant-princes of Liverpool. 'Luff, Boy!' like its companion, a work of comparatively small size, is one of those sea-scenes in which a part only of a boat is shown on a large scale, and which of late have evidently been peculiarly attractive to Mr. Hook. The boat and the figures are capital, but the sea wants *heave*, and is too monotonous. In Mr. Simmon's engraving, which is still in an early stage, the sea promises to present a much more satisfactory appearance, while it remains faithful to the picture in its general character. The wake of the boat is beautifully indicated by both painter and engraver. The engraving after the 'Prison Window' is already finished, and it is alone qualified to secure for Mr. Barlow a distinguished position in the ranks of English masters of the *burin*. The engravings are published by Mr. Gambart.

'JOHN WESLEY AND HIS FRIENDS AT OXFORD.'—In accordance with the prevailing fashion of the present time, this picture has been painted by Mr. Marshall Claxton for the special purpose of being engraved, and it is now exhibited, with an etching from the future plate, at the gallery of Messrs. Lloyd Brothers, in Gracechurch Street. The picture is the property of the Messrs. Agnew, of Manchester, by whom the engraving will be published. We have derived much pleasure from the study of this pleasant, characteristic, and effective representation of a most important scene. Wesley himself stands at one end of a table, habited in his gown and hood as an Oxford 'Master'; and around him are grouped a small assemblage of the men who first delighted to hear him expound the Scriptures, and afterwards took part with him in his labours. The heads are carefully studied and well painted. The composition is at once striking and pleasing. The colouring is rich, harmonious, and decidedly effective. The room, like the greater number of the figures, is a portrait; and the costumes and other accessories are all true to the supposed era of the scene—that is between 1731 and 1734. Such a picture can scarcely fail to engrave well, and Mr. S. Bellin evidently does not intend that there should be any chance of failure with his plate. While unquestionably a work of general interest, this picture, and the engraving after it, possess peculiar claims upon all who consider that they are in a special degree the followers of John Wesley. These works of Art are identified with their very name; and, as depicting the origin of what has been designated "the great revival of the last century," they must be regarded by them with the deepest interest. The engraving will exactly correspond with that of the 'Death of Wesley,' by the same artists; and thus the two will form companions, and will illustrate the commencement and the close of the career of a most eminent and excellent man.

SCULPTURE IN IVORY.—There were last season exhibited at Messrs. Colnaghi's two pieces of ivory sculpture, by the Baron Triqueti of Paris. These are again to be seen in Pall Mall East, with the addition of a third piece of cabinet sculpture. The subjects are the 'Dying Cleopatra,' 'First Love,' and a 'Fawn playing the Cymbals.' Although the delicacy and beauty of these works are in the most exquisite classical taste, they are yet transcended by an amorphous vase, by the same artist, and exhibited with these statuettes. The vase is of bronze, and about three feet six inches high, with ivory bas-reliefs panelled round it. The handles are enriched with vine-leaves, and above and below the ivory panelling there are belts of design in figures and arabesque, in that Græco-Roman taste to which the Renaissance owes its origin. M. de Triqueti has been occupied three years on this great work, and the bare expense of its production has been £400.

O'NEIL'S 'EASTWARD HO!' AND 'HOME AGAIN.'—These favourite pictures, after a tour through the provincial cities and towns, have returned to London, and are now exhibited by Messrs. Lloyd at the gallery, 191, Piccadilly. With the pictures themselves, an impression from the engraving of 'East-



ward Ho!" may be seen, in a forward condition, though much yet remains to be accomplished before the plate will be pronounced to have been "finished." The engraving from 'Home Again' will follow its companion work, and there can be no doubt that both will enjoy high popularity. They are exactly the subjects which ought to meet with a cordial welcome in every quarter, and for which such a welcome is assuredly prepared. The tale is told in a truly impressive manner, both alongside the ship that is getting under weigh for the East, and off Gravesend on her return. The two scenes mutually enhance each other's effectiveness by juxtaposition. They are in happy harmony, and each of them possesses its own appropriately distinctive characteristics.

**LAMBETH SCHOOL OF ART.**—A *soirée* of the friends and students of this school was held at the National School-rooms, in Prince's Road, on the 12th of June, and was exceedingly well attended. There was a good exhibition of works of Art of various kinds, especially of pottery, contributed by the South Kensington Museum. The district of Lambeth, as many of our readers are aware, is famous for its potteries of the coarser kind of ware. Twelve medals were distributed to successful students; four certificates, entitling the possessors to study gratuitously for a year, were awarded; and twenty-six prizes of books, &c., given to pupils for proficiency at the examination. This school is of comparatively recent origin, but it is making good progress. A piece of ground for a suitable school-room has been secured, and it was expected that the Prince of Wales would lay the foundation-stone at the end of last month, after our sheets were at press. The Rev. Mr. Gregory, incumbent of St. Mary's, Lambeth, has taken great interest in the progress of this institution, which has now become self-supporting; but assistance is greatly needed to raise the fund necessary for the new building. The students have themselves aided liberally, considering their limited means, and it is hoped that subscriptions will come in at the ceremony of laying the foundation-stone; but even these will, in all probability, fall short of the required sum.

**STAINED GLASS.**—The chance of the fine parish church of St. Giles's, Camberwell, has recently been ornamented with four windows of stained glass, executed by Messrs. Lavers and Barrard. The subjects are taken from the narratives of the Evangelists, and the manner in which the artists have represented them is highly satisfactory. Two other windows remain to be filled, for which subscriptions are now being made; but we should think the committee need not look beyond the parish for aid: Camberwell contains a large number of wealthy inhabitants, who ought not to allow their principal church—built by Mr. G. G. Scott, A.R.A., a few years ago, and one of the most beautiful ecclesiastical edifices round London—to lack the sum needful for such a purpose.

**ART v. ARMS.**—It is not rare to find the sword exchanged for the gown; but we seldom see the artist take the place of the soldier. We record, therefore, with more than ordinary satisfaction, some note of the progress of Captain Faller, late of Her Majesty's 12th Lancers, who not long ago settled at Florence, became a student in the atelier of the sculptor Powers, and has so actively thought and laboured as already to hold rank among the most promising artists of our country. We understand he has produced many works of a high order. Our own opinion, however, is formed from one we have seen at the establishment of Mr. Phillips, in Cockspur Street. It is only a bust; but it is a production in which accurate study, and apparently matured knowledge, have happily aided fancy. He calls it 'Erie Poetry'; and it is undoubtedly a fine poetic creation,—a beautiful head full of lofty expression, and strong yet delicate character: moreover, the manipulation is firm and refined. The work may be seen by any one interested in tracing the Art-progress of a soldier-sculptor.

**ASTON HALL.**—There are rumours of serious difficulties in the way of this purchase. If so, they ought to be removed; Birmingham may not be as rich as Manchester, but there are, in that thriving and populous town, many wealthy persons who ought to prevent this undertaking from being a failure.

## REVIEWS.

**THE LIFE OF SIR MARTIN ARCHER SHEPE**, President of the Royal Academy, F.R.S., D.C.L. By his Son, MARTIN ARCHER SHEPE, Barrister-at-Law. Published by LONDMAN and Co., London.

This is the graceful tribute of a son to the memory of a father: one who was unquestionably a good artist, an accomplished man, and a polished gentleman. It is but his due that the world should have better knowledge of him than can be obtained from transitory sources. The book has been delayed too long; but it comes at last to take its place in the full library of biographies of British worthies. It is undoubtedly of value, and gives us some information that may be useful to those who write the history of Art in the nineteenth century. But we cannot say that the work has much to instruct or much to interest. The life of Sir Martin was uneventful; he was mainly, if not solely, a portrait painter, but in Art he was subordinate to the loftier genius of his great predecessor; and his "sitters" were not of the order that induce grand memories of famous people. Of the few men of mark he did picture, such as Moore and Wellesley—and they were very few—there are no anecdotical records in these pages worth preserving; yet it is difficult to believe that during the several visits of Moore, for example, to the studio in Cavendish Square, nothing occurred worth "taking note of." How many rare opportunities are lost for lack of forethought! If Sir Martin had a foreknowledge of this book, he might surely have been a larger contributor to it than he seems to have been, leaving his biographer no very important resources beyond the newspapers of the day and the catalogues of the Royal Academy.

Yet the book is a good book, and a duty is discharged by its production. If it does not greatly enlighten us as to the Art-progress of a past age, and the men who made it famous—for there is very little indeed concerning the contemporaries of the President—it presents to us the pleasant portrait of an excellent man, who sustained his honours with dignity, upheld with consistent courage the position of the body of which he was the chief, was respected in public, and estimable in all the relations of private life.

Sir Martin was born in Dublin in 1769, married in 1796, became an Associate of the Royal Academy in 1798, a Member in 1800, President in 1830, and died in 1850. He was, in all senses of the word, a gentleman, by birth, manners, and habits. It was always a pleasure to hear him speak; for though not an orator, he was decidedly a graceful and impressive speaker, peculiarly bland and suave in manner, of a kindly, generous, and sympathizing nature; small and lithe in person, active in mind and body, with outward development of that energy so generally found in his countrymen of all grades. He died full of years and honours, adding another to the long list of distinguished Irishmen who have obtained fame and fortune in England.

**AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL RECOLLECTIONS.** By the late CHARLES ROBERT LESLIE, R.A. Edited, with a Prefatory Essay on Leslie as an Artist, and Selections from his Correspondence, by TOM TAYLOR, Esq., Author of 'The Autobiography of Haydon.' Two Vols. Published by J. MURRAY, London.

Two voluminous biographies of British painters, published almost simultaneously, mark an era in the annals of our Art-literature. Knowing as we do by experience the difficulty of gaining information respecting the career of an artist, it is fortunate when one leaves behind him such materials as the late Mr. Leslie put on record. "He was in the habit," writes his son to the editor of these volumes, "of writing down accounts of anything of importance that occurred to him all his life, and it is from these notes and from letters which he collected that the autobiography you have was composed." How much, not only of an interesting, but also of a really instructive character, such men may give utterance to is manifest in the book before us.

Well, too, is it when such materials fall into the hands of an editor like Mr. Tom Taylor, who uses them not to magnify his own office and display his qualifications of authorship, but to exhibit his subject in the most prominent and favourable light, placing himself as a mere background, as it were, to his picture. Leslie was a man modest and unassuming; Mr. Taylor has imitated him in the way in which he has performed the task allotted to him. Hence we have one of the most pleasant, unartificial, and vivid biographies, of its kind, that has ever come under our notice.

But the editor has something to say for himself

about the artistic qualities of the deceased painter and as a writer upon Art; he has a high respect for the talents of Leslie, and comments upon his works with discriminating judgment, heightened, perhaps, by a little partiality; which, however, may scarcely be considered a venial offence when writing of an artist whose works are generally of so popular a character. Leslie was not a great painter; he possessed refined taste, and a profound knowledge of the technicalities of his art, but he was deficient in originality of invention and poetic feeling. He studied deeply, in the works from which his subjects were drawn, the characters in the pages of the dramatist or novelist, and he successfully and charmingly portrayed them in his canvases; but he rarely drew upon his imagination, nor ventured beyond the strict line of representation marked out by the writers whose works he consulted. Neither can he be regarded as a great colourist, especially in his later pictures—opacity and heaviness not unfrequently marred the beauty of his compositions. As a master of expression, and in his conceptions of female grace and loveliness, he had few, if any, equals; and to his representation of these qualities—and they are invaluable—may be attributed the estimation in which many of his productions are held. In short, in all that he did, there is evidence of good taste, refined feeling, and earnest, thoughtful truth.

Leslie's "Recollections" abound with amusing and interesting anecdotes of his artistic contemporaries, and of many distinguished characters with whom he associated or came in contact. The "Correspondence" consists chiefly of letters that passed between himself and Washington Irving. We could fill some pages of our work with extracts for which our readers would thank us, but must refer them to the volumes, which have our heartiest commendation.

**EMBLEMS OF SAINTS:** by which they are distinguished in works of Art. By F. C. HUSENBETH, Provost of Northampton. Published by LONGMAN & Co., London.

German literature numbers among its useful treasures many volumes, in which we trace the self-devotion of scholarship in paths which by the very monotony of the labour they demand show few footprints of explorers. To silently note year by year minute facts, to bring them together from far-off sources for general use, to devote days to what may be read in minutes, is a self-denying drudgery few but patient professors of Germany will submit to. Such a man was Ottfried Müller, and his descriptive index of ancient Art-works is an astounding monument of patient industry. A book of the same genre is this by Dr. Husenbeth; which has successfully passed through one edition, and in this second has been much enlarged and improved. It consists of two parts, each alphabetically arranged, one being a list of saints, as they are generally depicted; the other a list of emblems, with the names of saints who bear them, authorities being quoted for each. To understand the full value of the book, we must imagine a visitor to a country church, puzzling over some medieval figure bearing some quaint device—such as a pair of eyes in a diel; we turn to the volume and find this the characteristic emblem of St. Lucy. We may then turn to the name of the saint, and find that there are fourteen other modes of representing her in ancient Art, and that all the original authorities are conscientiously referred to. Such a pocket manual for the use of the church visitor and tourist of picture galleries must be most welcome to either. Few persons would imagine so many hundreds of saints could be depicted in Art in such varied styles. Dates are appended to all; and the book is further enriched by curious lists of patron saints of arts, trades, and professions, as well as those of countries and cities. Some curious early calendars, emblems of the sybils, and sacred heraldry, conclude the volume, which, while it does its compiler the greatest credit for patient honest industry, demands a thankful response from all who make use of it.

**"MICHEL-ANGE BUONAROTTI."** Engraved by E. CASTAU, from the picture by A. CARANEL. Published by GOUZIL & Co., London and Paris.

The phases of artist-life where best it can be studied,—that is, in the studio of the artist,—is a closed book to the world at large. We see the results of the seclusion of genius in glorious works to gladden humanity, but we know nothing of the place whence they come. Foreign artists, much more than the English, delight in resuscitating the lives of artists, great painters of the past. We can call to mind many striking events in the career of such men as Rubens and Vandyke, of much more enduring interest than historic pictures; but we have seldom looked on a finer or more satisfactory



composition than this depicting Michel Angelo, seated amid his colossal statuary, thoughtfully contemplating the yet unfinished 'Moses.' In the background is his 'Pieta,' the unfinished 'Slave,' now in the Louvre; and a cartoon for a portion of the 'Last Judgment,' in the Sistine Chapel. The old domestic, whom Michel loved so well, opens the door and holds back the tapestry *portiere* to admit the Pope, behind whom appear the two cardinals who figure in the 'Portrait of Leo X.' by Raphael. Nothing can be better than the disposition of chiaroscuro in this design; the light floats to the centre, where the dark thoughtful figure of the artist is seated, and which comes forth with the power of Rembrandt. The adjuncts throughout, though strictly in keeping with the sculptor's studio, are most picturesque in their disposition. It is a high work of Art consecrated to one of its noblest professors.

**BEATRICE CENCI.** Engraved by E. GIRARDET, from the picture by PAUL DELAROCHE. Published by GOUPIÉ & Co., Paris and London.

The story of the Cenci—too repulsive in all its details for general comment—has, from the circumstance of its enrolment of the pure with the impure, furnished a fertile theme for poet and painter. The melancholy seraphic face which Guido painted, and which still hangs on the deserted walls of the Barberini Palace at Rome, has achieved a high renown from the poetic reflections of a Shelly and a Byron as they gazed on the saddened features. Delaroche has here given us Beatrice more as a reality: she is depicted walking with her mother to execution, attended by nuns bearing torches, and chanting a *saierere*. A dark veil throws additional gloom over the downcast features of the mother; but a bright ray of light plays on the girlish face and fair hair of Beatrice, who walks on the dreary way to the scaffold, with the placidity of a martyr. In this, as in other works by the great French artist, there are breadth of treatment and depth of thought. Like Guido's portrait it appeals to the educated few; but with them it is sure of due appreciation. No common mind could conceive such a work; no common mind can entirely judge it.

**MOUNT VERNON AND ITS ASSOCIATIONS, HISTORICAL, BIOGRAPHICAL, AND LITERARY.** By BESSON J. LOSSING. Illustrated by numerous Engravings. Published by TOWNSEND & Co., New York.

"What and where is Mount Vernon?" is a question which most of our English readers will put who see the above title: not so the American reader, who knows full well that Mount Vernon was the patrimonial estate and the property of George Washington, a man whose name, though he was the means of wresting from us the noblest of our colonial possessions, is held in reverence even here. And why should it not be so? since Englishmen, proud of the liberty they enjoy in their own country, can appreciate and sympathise with those who struggle for the same blessings in other lands. As a warrior Washington was neither a Caesar, a Napoleon, nor a Wellington; but he was a great man, nevertheless—a good man too, and a true patriot seeking the highest welfare of his country, and retiring, like another Cincinnatus, to his farm and his home, when he had accomplished the independence of the land he loved and fought for.

The public life of Washington has been written *in extenso* by several of his countrymen. Mr. Lossing, the contributor to our pages of the papers on the "Hudson," has given the world a full view of the inner or domestic life of the general, interspersing his narrative, however, with so much of public matters as is necessary to make the whole a continuous history. It is always interesting—if such can be done without being charged with vulgar and impertinent curiosity—to draw away the veil that separates the outer from the inner life of a great man, especially when it is known that that inner life is characterised by whatever does honour to human nature. Such pictures are examples to be held up for the edification of mankind—beacons to attract, not to warn; glimpses of the heart-world, with his affections, its enjoyments, its griefs, and its yearnings after happiness. Of this nature is Mr. Lossing's record, a simple, plain, and agreeable narrative, written without any pretension of authorship, but only, as it would seem, to give a faithful and minute account—occasionally, perhaps, unnecessarily minute—of Mount Vernon and its distinguished owner. Mr. Lossing has had access to papers and documents which have enabled him to draw a kind of photographic picture, and has made an ample but judicious use of them.

The volume is illustrated with a very large number of engravings of the mansion and its historical contents, as well as of portraits of Washington, his family, and of personages whose history is intimately connected with him.

**DARLEY'S COOPER VIGNETTES.** Parts I. and II. Published by TOWNSEND & Co., New York.

That the Arts are making considerable progress on the other side of the Atlantic, there has of late been abundant evidence: painting, sculpture, and engraving are advancing with rapid strides in the wake of the productions of the Old World, and we congratulate our American brethren on the success of their labours. Mr. Darley's vignette illustrations of Fenimore Cooper's novels, though not of uniform excellence, nor yet of the highest order of the engraver's art, are still far superior to anything we remember to have seen of American production. The artist's designs are excellent; he has fully understood the characters of the writer, and has delineated them with spirit, taste, and picturesque effect. Many of the subjects too are engraved in a manner worthy of the designs: as, for example, 'The Disputed Prize,' by F. Gilze; 'The Way-laid Travellers,' by J. D. Smilie; 'The Grave of Chingachgook,' by J. Wrighton; 'The Prisoners,' by James Smilie; 'St. Bernard,' by R. Hinshelwood; 'The Combat,' by Seely and Smith; and 'Absolution,' by R. Hinshelwood. There is an appearance of mechanical work about the whole; they want the freedom and harmony seen in the works of our more skilled and practiced engravers. We are rather amused by the remarks made by the publishers in their prospectus, with reference to the style of these engravings. They say, "It is well known that the bank-note system of our country has developed a style of art different from, and superior to, anything which the European world affords. The peculiarities of this school are remarkable brilliancy and durability, delicacy, precision, and the great mechanical beauty of the lines. But, heretofore, it has been almost entirely confined to the bank-note, being far too costly and laborious a mode for the ordinary purposes of the publisher. The Cooper Vignettes, however, have been engraved in this style, being the first attempt, we believe, to introduce the deep cutting and solid lining of a bank-note die into book-work." This is the first time we ever heard of bank-note engraving being considered applicable, and pre-eminently so, to illustrations professing to have a high Art character. It certainly accounts for the mechanical character of these engravings.

**THE TURNER GALLERY.** With Descriptions by R. N. WORNUM. Parts VII. and VIII. Published by J. S. VINTUR, London.

Another of Turner's imaginative Italian scenes is to be found in the first engraving introduced into Part VII., 'Mercury and Argus,' from the celebrated picture in the collection of Mr. J. Naylor, of Liverpool: it is engraved by J. T. Willmore, A.R.A., who also executed, many years ago, the large and well-known plate from the same picture; it is the recollection of the latter exquisitely beautiful print, which alone renders the one before us less welcome. 'Spithead,' engraved by W. Miller, from an early painting (1809), in the National Gallery, is the next subject, and very skillfully has the engraver translated it. 'A Fire at Sea,' engraved by J. Cousen, from the picture in the National Gallery, is one of those strange, unnatural compositions in which Turner manifested the wildness of his artistic dreams. Here is a heart-rending scene of death and disaster, over which the black sky—slightly illuminated in the horizon by the crescent moon, and in the foreground by the lurid flames from the burning ship—hangs most terribly. These two last subjects form a singular contrast in the light and shadow of ocean life, and the light and shadow of nature. Part VIII. is, we think, the richest which has yet appeared; we can only point out the subjects. These are 'Caligula's Palace and Bridge, Bay of Baia,' engraved by R. Goodall; 'Ancient Italy,' engraved by J. T. Willmore, A.R.A.; and 'Hannibal crossing the Alps,' by J. Cousen.

**SKETCHES AND INCIDENTS OF THE SIEGE OF LUCKNOW.** From Drawings made during the Siege by CAPTAIN HENRY MEDLEY, Lieutenant Madras Army. With Descriptive Notices by GEORGE COOPER, Esq., late Secretary to the Chief Commissioner of Oude. Published by DAY & SON, London.

This volume, a goodly folio, is "Dedicated, by gracious permission, to Her Majesty the Queen." It is altogether right that the dedication should associate the sovereign of these realms with a work that speaks, trumpet-tongued, of an incident in Anglo-Indian history that alone would maintain the renown of England against the world. Lucknow—that word will be the symbol of heroism and devotion, the truest and the most noble, so long as there is one man to speak, and one other man to listen to the English language: and this book is

worthy of its theme—"Sketches and Incidents of the Siege of Lucknow." It comprises twenty-seven admirable lithographs, produced by Day and Son, in a manner which shows that they entered fully into the spirit of their subject. The original sketches were made on the spot,—examples of artist operations "under fire,"—by a gallant officer in that band of heroes who held Lucknow; and the short, pithy, much-containing notices which accompany them, are from the pen of an equally gallant civilian. The tale of that unparalleled siege is here written by as true artist as ever drew a sword, in a graphic fashion that needs but little of written commentary. From point to point, as far as that artist-soldier could direct his personal observation, these sketches take you through what Lucknow became as the siege was sustained from day to day, and from week to week. The ferocity of the assault, and the unquailing resolution of the defence, are alike apparent in every scene, even though not any object be represented, except some shattered relic of the struggle. We should be glad to know that this work had found an honoured place in every house in England, where there are means to purchase it, and as it is of the class: and for the sake of those who may not aim at possessing such costly books, we should be delighted to learn that it had been republished, the text the same, and the sketches reproduced through the agency of wood-engraving.

**ANCIENT AND MODERN JERUSALEM.** By MULHER and WHITLOCK. Published by K. TURNER, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

These two large views of Jerusalem (each 40 inches by 24), presenting the city as it stood before its destruction by Titus, and as it now stands, have been engraved and coloured from the original pictures from sketches and researches in and around Jerusalem by A. Raphael, Esq. Ancient Jerusalem is seen from the Mount of Olives, whence the city is commanded in its entirety with every point of interest. On this side the Temple is immediately opposite to the spectator, occupying by its extensive enclosure a very considerable space. We see also the Palace of Herod, the Tower of Antonia, the Palace of Menobazus, the Royal Hall, the Church, the Sanhedrin, the Palace of Pontius Pilate, the Palace of Bernice, the Palace of Helena, &c., with every other object of sacred and historical interest. In this view the city lies in its entire extent under the eye, and gradually rising to the extreme line of the outer wall, with the towers of Hippicus and Bezabai. On the left view is bounded by the valley of Hinnom, and on the right by the eminence known as the camping ground of the Assyrians, and the neighbouring heights; the whole affording, with all ascertainable accuracy, a most interesting key to all sacred and profane history wherein Jerusalem or its people is treated of. The view of the existing city is taken from the Hill of Olives; and now the city looks crowded with dwellings mean in comparison with the palatial edifices that constituted its architectural features before its fall. The Mosque of Omar is now the prominent object; but there are also the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, the Mosque El Aken, the Armenian Convent, Pilate's house, the Church of St. Anne, the Syrian Convent, and many other points of interest; the environs—especially the surrounding hills, the immutable portion of the view—refer us more immediately to the times of our Saviour, than any of the surviving relics within the walls—as, the road to Jericho, the Mount of Olives, Emmaus, the place where Jesus foretold the destruction of Jerusalem, Mount Zion, the Field of Blood, &c. The prints are coloured after the drawings, with a variety and freshness of tint characteristic, it may be presumed, of the locality; and undoubtedly possess great interest, not alone because of the subject, but as creditable works of Art.

**CURIOSITIES OF SCIENCE.** Second Series. A Book for Old and Young. By JOHN TIMBS, F.S.A. Published by KENT & Co., London.

This subject is inexhaustible, and Mr. Timbs seems so to consider it. He has produced another volume of "Things not Generally Known;" it will greatly gratify the curious, by instructing the ignorant, and add information to the stock of those who are already well informed. Every page of this volume contains something of value; the number of topics illustrated and explained is immense. The knowledge here communicated is the result of labour such as few can ever again undertake; and the amount of work thus distributed to "all comers" can be estimated only by those who have the thought to the depth and intricacy of the mines whence it has been delved up. To Mr. Timbs, for his toil, perseverance, and energy, there is a large debt due from all classes and orders of readers.



## THE ART-JOURNAL.



LONDON, AUGUST 1, 1860.

THE  
DEPARTMENT OF SCIENCE AND ART:  
WHAT IT HAS DONE, IS DOING, AND MAY DO.



To the inhabitants of London and its vicinity the Department of Science and Art has become well known—chiefly by its Museum, South Kensington, at the west-end of the metropolis, within about half-a-mile of the honoured site of the memorable Exhibition of 1851. This establishment has of late had the attention of the public drawn to it by certain remarks made in the House of Commons, and by the institution of an inquiry into its administrations by that august assembly. Out of such "inquiry" good may arise; but it is not without danger also. We earnestly hope "the collective wisdom" will so deal with the subject as to advance the one, and not hazard the other.

It is therefore our duty to state what it is, what it has done, is doing, and is likely to do.

The Department of Science and Art is an institution of government, which has been organized with a view to the extension of Science and Art throughout our land; and which has, in connection with it, museums and schools of both Art and Science.

The Museum of Science is situated in Jermyn Street, wherein is deposited an immense and valuable collection of fossils, arranged in geological order, and with a neatness and system alike ingenious, judicious, and useful. Also, a vast number of mineral treasures of varied kinds: illustrations of the processes employed in some of the most interesting manufactures; models of the machinery used in conjunction with our mines and mining operations; and many other objects of equal interest.

The Museum of Art is situated in South Kensington, and contains a rich assortment of metal-work, both mediæval and oriental; cabinet work, both rich and rare; porcelain of almost matchless worth; manuscript illuminations, which are amongst the finest illustrations of ornament from the true Art epoch in which they were created; tapestry, laces, tissues from the East; Indian treasures; Raffaele's cartoons; altars, caskets, jewellery, casts of ornaments, stained glass, and a thousand things besides, which are alike calculated to impress us by their beauty. Within the walls of the same building we find a collection of sculpture, and the Architectural Museum, occupying one gallery; the animal collection, the Food Museum, and the collection of domestic utensils, occupying the other gallery. The education division, the collection of building materials, and the Museum of Patented Inventions, together with the collection of ornamental art, are on the ground

floor. To these are added those gatherings of pictures which are unequalled in the whole world, viz., the Sheepshanks' collection, the Turner bequest, and the National Gallery (British School), and a gallery for the sale of photographs of the works of Fine Art.

These are the museums which belong to the Department of Science and Art, and in immediate connection with which there are schools of both Art and Science.

Contiguous to the Museum of Science, is the central School of Science, where teaching is conducted chiefly by means of lectures and laboratory practice.

The director is Sir Roderick I. Murchison, D.C.L., M.A., F.R.S., &c.; the professor of chemistry, Dr. A.W. Hofmann (LL.D.), F.R.S., &c.; the professor of natural history, T. H. Huxley, F.R.S., &c.; of physics, G. G. Stokes, M.A., F.R.S., &c.; of applied mechanics, R. Willis, M.A., F.R.S., &c.; of metallurgy, Dr. J. Percy (M.D.), F.R.S., &c.; of geology, A. C. Ramsay, F.R.S., &c.; of mining and mineralogy, W. W. Smith, M.A., &c.

The general laboratory, in which instruction is given in chemical manipulation, qualitative and quantitative analysis, and in the method of performing chemical researches, is under the direction of Dr. Hofmann, and the metallurgical laboratory is superintended by Dr. Percy.

The Central School of Art is united with the South Kensington Museum, being in a part of the same building. In this school instruction is given by means of lectures, black-board demonstrations, and practice. The lectures which are regularly given furnish complete courses of anatomy, botany as applied to the Arts, and the historic styles of ornament; the demonstrations, of perspective, constructive geometry, orthographic projection, and of free-hand drawing; and the practice consists of drawing objects from examples in outline, which are pictorial, floral, and ornamental; drawing in outline from ornamental casts, and from natural foliage; shading from flat examples and from casts; model drawing, painting in water-colour, tempera, and oil, from the flat, still life, and from nature; architectural drawing, mechanical drawing, botanical dissections of flowers, with a view to ornament; drawing the figure from the cast, and from the living model, and treating the same anatomically; and modelling, both ornamental and the figure.

The Central Art School consists of two divisions, one of which is appropriated to male students, the other to female.

But this representation gives no idea of the extent of the operations of the Department, for we have as yet only dealt with the central museums and school. In the metropolitan district alone there are ten schools of Art, which may be regarded as branches from that at South Kensington, one of which is for female students only; and throughout the country are sixty-nine Art schools, situated in the various manufacturing towns, which bear a similar relationship to that at South Kensington with the metropolitan district schools. Also by the masters of these schools of Art, children in British schools are taught the method of delineating objects correctly, by which means the operations of this Department are brought to bear upon the greater part of the public schools in our kingdom.

In connection with such an extensive institution as this, there is necessarily a business department; this is located at South Kensington, and of it Henry Cole, C.B., is the head, who is also the director of the museum. R. Redgrave, R.A., is the general superintendent for Art, and Dr. Lankester (M.D.), F.R.S., &c., the general inspector of science.

These general statements will afford some idea of what the Department of Science and Art is; yet they give no account of its origin and history.

The seed, which, by germination and maturation, has grown into the Department of Science and Art, was planted more than twenty years back, when "Schools of Design" were established by government, in order to furnish instruction to designers and Art workmen. These institutions were organized throughout the country (although only to a very limited extent), yet they did not answer the end for which they were created, viz., that of giving a great stimulus to the advancement of the decorative arts.

In the year 1852 (immediately after the ever memorable Exhibition), the Department of Practical Art was established; it was destined to influence a larger class of the community, by offering elementary instruction to all, an object combined with the previous purpose of Schools of Design.

The services of special teachers of admitted ability were then engaged, who consented to devote their entire attention to certain branches of industry. One department embraced surface decorations (wall-papers, garment fabrics, &c.), another metal working, a third porcelain painting, and a fourth wood engraving. But it was soon found that a race of artists of such superior ability was trained, that they were unable to find a market for their productions at which they could reap a just reward for their labours, as the public were not sufficiently educated to discriminate between good and bad.

A museum of ornamental art was then commenced at Marlborough House, the nucleus of which was procured by a government grant from the Exhibition of 1851.

In March, 1853, the respective Departments of Science and Art were consolidated into one system, and thus the present Department was organized.

But the original object of the first established schools was abolished, as the effort now made was not to educate the designer and Art workman, but to cultivate and nourish the public taste, and, at the same time, to guide it in the right direction, believing that when once the masses became educated, a demand for a higher system of Art, as applied to manufactures, would be made; which demand the manufacturers must supply, or the public would find other means of satisfying their desires.

In our present representation we have omitted one feature relative to the existing Department, which is of the utmost moment, for not only were the schools and museums of Science and Art now consolidated into one educational system, but the geological survey of Great Britain, the Museum of Irish Industry, and the Royal Dublin Society, were brought into mutual action with these amalgamated institutions, and now the Industrial Museum of Scotland and the Navigation School form a portion of this Department also.

This is what the Department of Science and Art is, and this is its origin; but what has it done?

No question can possibly be more difficult to answer than that we now propose, for if we could point to certain individuals, and say they have been educated by this institution, we should have to show in conjunction with the negative view of the case, that they did not receive the particular stimulus which has developed the qualities constituting their excellence elsewhere; and in order to establish the desirability of an institution, it is necessary to prove that the same education could not have been procured without it; at least at the same cost, and of so complete a character. And an argument on the ground of cost will only avail in the case of those who are unable to procure education when the outlay is large.

The same remarks are applicable to national advancement, for if we prove the progress of the nation in a certain direction since the esta-



blishment of a given institution, we must show that this advancement would not have occurred in the absence of the action of this establishment, if we desire to verify the utility of the institute.

Yet if a rapid advancement can be shown to have taken place in a given direction after the organization of a system which has been in active operation, and has afforded every means for national progression, which means have been valued, appreciated, and used, and there is no other cause of advancement obvious, there is at least a strong presumptive proof afforded of the value of the system that has been brought into operation.

What, then, has the Department of Science and Art done? It has brought fully into operation two museums. The Museum of Science was visited by 25,309 persons in the year 1859, and the Museum of Art, &c., by 263,088 in the morning, and in the evening by 212,277, giving a total of 475,365 persons; or since the opening of the latter museum on the 22nd June, 1857, to the 31st March, 1860, 1,351,594 visits have been made to the South Kensington Collections. In connection with the Industrial Museum of Scotland, in the year 1859, 88,350 persons visited the Natural History Collection; and the visitors to the exhibitions and lectures of the Royal Dublin Society in the same year were 149,639; while the Museum of Irish Industry has admitted 36,657 persons in the same year.

Added to these there is a branch of the South Kensington Museum of Art which has not hitherto been noticed: it is termed the "Travelling Museum," as it is taken from place to place in the provinces, according to request: this wandering collection consists of 500 well chosen specimens of wood engraving, textile fabrics, pottery (both ancient and modern), glass ware, works in metal, furniture and carved wood, water-colour drawings, bronzes, pottery, jewellery, fictile ivory, photographs of Raffaele's cartoons, &c. It has been visited, in the year 1859, by about 75,000 persons, or since its establishment in February, 1855, by 306,907. From these statements it appears that the museums in connection with the Science and Art Department have been visited in the year 1859 by upwards of 650,000 persons. The influence of this system on the public must be great, but we can only judge correctly of its tendency by becoming conversant with the contents of these museums.

Into this question of contents it is impossible that we can enter fully, but we may take a few illustrations. For instance, the stone-cutter who passes through the west gallery of the South Kensington Museum is extremely likely to gather a few hints which may be of great value to him, for he there sees not only the best examples of Gothic carvings, from the study of which he may be enabled to throw more feeling into his works, but he also there finds casts of leaves of our common plants, casts of whole branches from the same sources, in which the leaves are "displayed," also casts of leaves that have been grouped together into fixed dispositions, by which he becomes awakened to the fact that the finest examples of Gothic foliage are those that are mere adaptations of the common plants which surround us everywhere, a fact these arrangements of casts are intended to illustrate. That a lesson thus learned is impressed on the mind in a manner much more lasting than when gathered from the reading of a book, is a truth which is daily becoming more manifest: hence, by studiously visiting this gallery one great lesson, at least, may be learned.

Again, who can learn that those beautiful amber crystals of prussiate of potash are derived from the most filthy animal refuse, as

blood, hoofs, refuse wool, &c.—a fact beautifully illustrated in the animal product collection in the east gallery of the Kensington Museum—without feeling that there is a use for everything, if we know how to apply it?

These examples might be extended almost *ad infinitum*, but we pass to the consideration of the CATALOGUES which this Department has published, as they exhibit the principle of arrangement adopted in these exhibitions, and certain features that are worthy of special consideration.

The Museum of South Kensington contains, as we have already shown, several distinct collections, the objects in which are catalogued independently of one another; hence we find a catalogue of the "food collection," another of the "animal product collection," another of the "Fine Art collection," &c. And this is doubtless an advantage, for a catalogue of any one division can now be procured at a trifling cost, whereas, if the whole were united into one volume the cost would be necessarily greater, and the volume cumbrous; as it is, the student of one division, who is not concerned with the details of the other departments, may procure a separate catalogue of that section of which he desires to gain a particular knowledge.

But the term "catalogue" is not fully applicable to the works now under consideration which bear this title. For instance, if we return to the year 1856, we find the so-called "Catalogue of the Museum of Ornamental Art," Part I., to be a well printed, large octavo volume of 128 pages, illustrated by a number of excellent wood engravings of the most interesting objects alluded to; this is sold for sixpence. That it is not merely a common catalogue will appear from the following extracts, which will also enable us to judge of its merits:—

#### No. 375.

Similar shell cameo.—DIADUMENIANUS. Inscribed "M. Opelio. Diadumenianus, Cæ." The previous fine cameos purchased at £3 15s., 1853.

At the Renaissance the artists of Italy soon began to imitate the antique cameos, which during the middle ages even had never ceased to be esteemed and sought after. Many sea shells were found to offer great resemblance to the onyx, having often two or three distinctly coloured strata, and were likewise much more easily wrought. Cameos in shell for personal ornaments, and for the adornment or construction of objects of utility, were accordingly made in immense numbers. Rome is still the chief seat of the manufacture of these cameos for cheap jewellery. Shell was likewise employed in cameo sculpture by the ancients, but from the perishable nature of the material few specimens have come down to us.

#### DIVISION X. GLASS MANUFACTURES.

The ancients were adepts in the manufacture of glass, and, although the moderns have greatly improved the material itself, glass being now produced of a brilliancy never before approached, still, in variety of methods of manipulation and skill of workmanship, the ancient Greek and Roman artists hold the first rank. Modern art, as a case in point, has produced nothing so perfect as the Portland Vase. The processes in use, and varieties of products of old Venetian glass, almost all appear to have been known to the ancients, from whom, through the Greeks of Byzantium, the Venetians probably derived their knowledge.

These extracts, taken casually from this catalogue, will suffice to show that, while it answers the purpose of a catalogue, it is at the same time a work of great value.

The catalogue of the casts of ornamental Art, published by this department in 1854, and sold at 1s., is a similarly constructed work, profusely illustrated by woodcuts engraved by ladies in the engraving class of the schools. These cuts are large and excellent, and the whole catalogue is worthy of its author,

R. N. Wornum, who is now the Keeper of the National Gallery.

It is not now difficult to reply to the question, What has the Department of Science and Art done? for if it had simply called forth the catalogues we have noticed, and sent them forth among the masses, in thousands, as it has done, the work it would have accomplished would not, even then, appear altogether diminutive to the true advocate of education.

Add, however, to these catalogues, the full elucidation given practically and tangibly by the articles in the Museum, and it is impossible to imagine otherwise than that thousands who have already visited this repository of wealth have been so impressed by what they have there learned, as to be stimulated to deeper and more earnest research relative to subjects there brought before them—of which the nation will soon reap the benefit.

We have touched upon the benefits resulting from one or two portions of the Museum, and of those derivable in one or two directions only; we have passed by the educational division, a segment of rare interest; and the museum of patented inventions, containing models of many of the most perfect pieces of mechanism with which we are acquainted; as well as other segments also, all of which must be creating some impressions for good. We know that an object reflects certain portions of the rays of light from every part of its surface back into space, and we cannot think that all those rays which have been reflected by objects in the Museum upon the retina of the human eye, are rebounded by this organ; we think that some must certainly be absorbed by this stratum of nerves, to leave an impression the result of which will be hereafter manifest.

We have also omitted the collections of paintings: a subject to which we shall refer hereafter.

But we must leave the museums, and pass to the schools.

Since the organization of the Department of Science and Art, the central School of Art, situated at South Kensington, has been entrusted chiefly with the training of masters and mistresses for schools in the provinces.

In the year 1859, the number of students taught in this training school was 419, of whom 65 were being trained as masters and mistresses. To this school ordinary students are admitted, by the payment of certain fees, who are included in this number. In the whole of the metropolitan schools, including the ladies' school at Gower Street, 1,309 Art-students are taught, and in connection with these, 10,374 children are instructed in drawing in the public schools. Hence, in the London district, 11,683 students are taught the art of drawing by this department.

In the schools throughout the kingdom we find 17,418 art-students instructed, while 67,490 children are taught in public schools by the same agency; therefore, in the year 1859, instruction in Art was given to 84,908 persons in this kingdom, by means of this Department alone.

In the Schools of Navigation and Science, 3,512 persons were educated in the same year; so that we have, as a total of persons educated in the schools of Science and Art, in the year 1859, 88,420, and according to returns just issued, there are now instructed in these schools, 89,281 students. What must be the result of this vast amount of teaching? It cannot but tend towards national advancement, and that to an extent we shall only realize with the progress of time.

We need not waste arguments to show that education will improve taste, and that a more ready perception of the beautiful will increase the wealth of the nation. By educa-



tion the ear learns to appreciate the delicate and refined harmonies of the most exalted strains of music. By education the mind is prepared to rejoice in the soft and gay fancies clothed in the rich wording of the grander poets. By cultivation the mind is led to repudiate the coarser forms of literature, and to revel in that which is exalted and refined; and, by judicious training, the soul is led into a fairyland of exquisite forms, which are moulded out of the gay colours of the skies, and by the sense thus awakened it is led to appreciation of the beautiful and good.

If the education of the mind, which is truly the man, is not a sufficient plea for the establishment of a system of education, we may notice how national wealth may be increased by such a system of mental cultivation. Simply alluding to one fact, and that in relation to Art, do we not pay for an article according to the quality of the pattern, in a great many instances? We know that the best patterns entail the least amount of work, as a rule, and yet bring the highest prices. As a proof of this we may notice that simple stars and spots can only be procured in the best table-linen.

We need not argue that advancement will result from education, and that talent is an equivalent for wealth, for the taste of the masses is improving daily, as we see by the patterns that now "sell" in wall papers, garment fabrics, &c.; and that talent is wealth is manifested by this fact, that on account of the excellency of the designs for potteryware manufactured by the late Mr. Minton, the orders he received during the time of the Paris Exhibition were so numerous that he could not execute them all.

We shall have to dismiss our subject by touching only on a few of its prominent points, without entering minutely into the great work achieved by that department, the administrations of which we are reviewing; but we may call attention to one feature, viz.: that it has in connection with it a school for the education of ladies in the ornamental arts, certainly a necessity of the present times, for respectable modes of earning a livelihood by women are much wanted.

The next question proposed is, What is the Department of Science and Art doing?

The facts already given will enable us to dismiss this subject briefly; for the reply that it has now museums open which are visited by 12,500 persons, on an average, every week, and that it is constantly teaching 89,281 persons either Science or Art, is of itself sufficient to show that its operations are large. It is giving rewards in the form of medals, &c., for proficiency—a practice calculated to encourage the study of these subjects—and such rewards can be gained by all, for they are not given solely to the students of the schools. Certificates of competency to teach may also be procured from this institution, and the authority of these testimonials is now becoming fully appreciated.

It seems to us that this department of government is doing a very important work in encouraging the establishment of local museums, which it does by two agencies. We have already alluded to the existence of a "travelling museum," that has been temporarily located in many of the chief towns in the British Isles. The conditions upon which this boon is bestowed on any town are various; but one of them is this—that loans are to be made of works of Art to be found in the vicinity; and we here notice, *en passant*, that one division of the South Kensington Museum is now devoted entirely to the exhibition of objects *lent* for exhibition, an experiment which has proved highly satisfactory. By the contribution of works of Art possessed by the

wealthy, the masses become educated, and a desire is created for the formation of permanent collections.

An institution for the sale of photographs of the works of Fine Art which are inaccessible to the public generally, has been added to the South Kensington Museum, and its value is attested by the fact that the orders for photographs are so numerous as to render it impossible that all should be supplied, save by a considerable lapse of time.

A library is now open, which is at this moment more extended than it has ever before been. It embraces the best works on Art which could be procured in every nation, such as Owen Jones's "Grammar of Ornament;" "Greek and Roman Antiquities," &c., twenty-nine volumes, folio, Paris, 1835-37; "The Vatican described and illustrated," eight volumes, folio, Rome, 1838, &c.; works which few private libraries can possess.

One point which should not be omitted is this, that in the Schools of Art in some of the manufacturing towns there are classes established for the cultivation of the art of design; and to the works executed in these classes, in some of the provincial schools, especially Birmingham and Sheffield, we would call particular attention; for there is not a man in England, and probably not in the world, we venture to say, who could compete with some of the students in these schools in designing for the special manufactures of their localities.

An important consideration relative to the administration of any institution, is the accessibility of the advantages it offers to all grades of society. It is a rule, we believe, with all exhibitions in connection with the Department of Science and Art, that they shall be open to the public free of cost, on certain days in every week, and this is one condition specified respecting the travelling museum.

Lectures are also abundantly given, most of which are open to the mechanic at sixpence for six lectures (1d. per lecture), and the men whose talents have shone forth from the platforms of the lecture theatres connected with this institution, are not such as we should be afraid to mention, but men of whom the world may well be proud—amongst which we find Owen the naturalist, Lindley the botanist, Lankester the physiologist, Huxley the geologist, and many others. This one fact, that six lectures by such men as these can be heard for sixpence, proclaims more loudly than would columns of laudation, what the Department of Science and Art is doing.

The library of Art at South Kensington is open at the fee of 6d. per week (1d. per day) to all who like to visit it, or at 1s. 6d. per month, or 10s. per year; and the student is allowed, under certain regulations, to take tracings of the Art treasures, which are there to be found. Most of the schools are open at about 4s. per month, so that few indeed are shut out from the privileges offered by this department by the fees charged.

It should likewise be noticed, that the greater portion of the remarks in the catalogues, examples of which we have given, are copies of labels in the museum; therefore, those who cannot afford to purchase catalogues can receive instruction from the descriptions which appear on the works themselves.

The Irish and Scotch museums, and courses of lectures, ought to be noticed in a review of what this Department is doing, and the geological survey of Great Britain, which is displaying to us our native wealth; but the value of these is so apparent, that we pass them over without comment.

A new era has commenced in the history of museums by the illumination of that of South Kensington, together with its picture galleries, by gas, and for this the projector of

the scheme, Mr. Cole, deserves high credit; a greater benefit could scarcely be conferred upon the working classes of the metropolis; and if the result of this opening of the museum at night should be the extraction from the masses of but one Stephenson, or one Turner, the country will be richly repaid for its gift.

Before proceeding to comment on the last question proposed, we should notice that the action of the Science and Art Department cannot be said to be local.

The school of Art at South Kensington has a greater staff of professors and tutors than any school in the kingdom; yet this is not a local, but a general benefit, for at these schools, the masters for all the schools in the kingdom are trained, so the greater amount of education given to them, the better for the provinces.

The charge that the Museum is local is entirely rebutted by the travelling museum, which has just now, we understand, returned to London, with the object of being very much enlarged at the expense of that at South Kensington.

We now pass to the last question, viz. What the Department of Science and Art is likely to do? It cannot be imagined that such an agency as that we have now reviewed, can carry on its operations without bringing about some great result, which result must be of benefit to the nation. A Stephenson cannot construct a Victoria Bridge in America without the nation to which he belongs being benefited; and it is such men as these—the Stephenson of engineers, the Faraday of physical science, the Owen of natural history, who exalt the land of their nativity, and hold it high in the eyes of the learned of every land.

The institution, with the operations of which we are dealing, is but as a child in its infancy; it has but just sprung into life, and its operations must be considered small and feeble in comparison with what they will hereafter be. The number who visit its museums increases; it daily teaches more students in its schools, and it will doubtless, ere long, influence almost all districts in our land.

The capabilities of this Department for more extensive usefulness are great, even without the introduction into it of fresh talent, but they are restrained by the narrow limits of the buildings in which it is confined, and by the grudging hand by which its wants are supplied. If the value of this Department were rightly appreciated—and it soon must be—a large and noble edifice would shelter its central and London division, and not mere iron and wooden sheds, built at the lowest cost, and which are scarcely even waterproof.

We have a British Museum in a worthy building; we have a National Gallery of foreign pictures preserved in a substantial edifice; we have a Botanic Garden with its vast conservatories and well constructed museums; and the Museum of Science occupies a fine and capacious mansion in Jermyn Street; while the Art collection is stowed away in a place little better than a huge barn.

It is a matter of poor policy to continue the erection of temporary buildings, for they are an endless cost; the temporary structure answers very well as long as the institution was an experiment, but now that it is a great success, why not build a permanent edifice? Let us have noble museums of Science and Art, and noble schools for the instruction in these exalted branches of learning; and certainly in connection with the school of Art, as well as with that of science, conservatories and gardens kept in the manner best suited for the respective students (though Botanic Gardens are never perfectly adapted for Art students), and then the administration of this Department would even be more salutary than ever, and its advantages more abundantly felt.



We conceive that at present some hesitation must be felt at asking such men as Professor Owen to lecture in a theatre constructed of rough wood, and covered by tarred felt. To think that the central theatre of such an institution should be thus constructed is humiliating. But were it as it should be, we might hope to see a Faraday and a Tyndall, as well as an Owen and Lankester, often gracing it with their presence.

Not only is the nature of the South Kensington theatre the reverse of what it should be, but it is much too small for the institution to which it belongs. There is no difficulty experienced in filling it, but in finding places for the visitors. If a larger and better place were provided, the same lectures would influence a greater number of persons; and the professors at this institution all manifest a strong desire to educate the public in every way they can. Dr. Lankester has given three or four courses of lectures this last season, which are, to an extent, independent of those regularly delivered in connection with the place; and the good example Dr. Lankester has set, we have reason to hope, will be followed by others.

We have exhausted our space, without exhausting our subject; but what has been said is enough to manifest the necessity for giving warm support to the Department of Science and Art, and to show, that in any way to retard its progress, would not only be extreme madness, as it is now beginning to do the very work for which it was created, but the most effectual means of retarding all national advancement.

The subject is now under the consideration of Parliament; it will, therefore, very soon be canvassed throughout the country. As this article, though of some length, deals chiefly with facts, our readers will require that we return to it. Moreover, wherever there are short-comings, or may be wrong-doings in this institution—the property of the public—we not only hold ourselves free to comment upon them, but it will be our duty to do so. We know how difficult it is to keep any project of the kind always, and entirely, pure; and it is wise and well to see it brought directly under the cognizance of the House of Commons; but to deal with it carelessly would incur great peril. The Department has done well, and may do better; and although it is by no means desirable that its course should be without the careful (possibly the suspicious) guardianship of the legislature, we know how hazardous it is to “experimentalise” when a work is in progress.

Those of our readers who are conversant with the early struggles of the Art-school at Somerset House—how little was really done to promote the objects for which it was incorporated, and to which government allotted a sum utterly inadequate for any useful purpose—will know something of the difficulties that have been encountered by the Department at South Kensington. These difficulties have been many and heavy; they have been in a great measure overcome: the country is now reaping the harvest, and it would be a sad mistake to place any serious impediment in the way of the workers.

Ere long, however, we shall have before us a huge “Blue Book” of evidence. It will, we know, support the view we have taken, and not only reconcile the public to the expenditure incident to the establishment, but, we believe, it will produce conviction that a still larger grant would be a wise measure, because a proportionate “return” is certain. One word respecting the Female School of Art in Gower Street, as a “child,” so to speak, of the Department: we trust that Government will reconsider its determination of withdrawing the annual grant to the school.

## THE TURNER GALLERY.

RAIN, STEAM, AND SPEED.

Engraved by R. Brandard.

If one of the founders of the English school of painting, or, indeed, if any artist who lived prior to the last thirty or forty years, could rise from his grave and look at this picture, with what wonder would he regard it: it would be to him totally inexplicable, for the treatment must be unlike anything he had ever witnessed, while the subject would defy all comprehension. And if, at the same time, he were told that this strange and unnatural—as it must appear to him—composition was the work of one of the greatest landscape painters whom the world had ever seen, the remark would either lead him to suppose that the speaker was attempting to impose on his credulity, or that the man who produced it had, for a time at least, taken leave of his senses. The locomotive of George Stephenson would itself prove as great a puzzle as the manner in which Turner has made it a striking feature of pictorial art. No painter but Turner would have subjected this wonderful invention of modern science to the purposes of Art, and by his transcendent genius translated it almost into a “thing of beauty,” certainly into an object of a highly picturesque character.

The picture was exhibited at the Academy in 1844. The idea—for we can scarcely call it a view—is borrowed from the viaduct of the Great Western Railway over the Thames at Abingdon, near the bridge at the entrance of the town. The country all round is richly wooded, forming a landscape of great beauty, yet without any characteristics of grandeur. It is, however, almost lost in Turner's treatment of the subject, for a grey mist, caused by the falling rain and the vapours rising from the earth, nearly shrouds a large portion of the distance, and the struggling sunlight renders the rest very indistinct; in fact, with the exception of the rushing engine, the near part of the viaduct, and the bridge, the spectator is rather left to imagine the details of the landscape than permitted to see them, the whole being enveloped in a coloured garment of warm grey, alternating here and there with blue and yellowish tints. The sky is a triumphant essay of “cloud-land” painting, broken up into a thousand diversified forms—some rolling along, others scudding before the wind, now throwing soft shadows on the earth, and now, where they break away, casting down a mellow light. These clouds harmonize with the colouring of the landscape, and are made subservient to the idea the artist intended to convey, while they attract our admiration by the combined truth and poetical feeling with which they are represented.

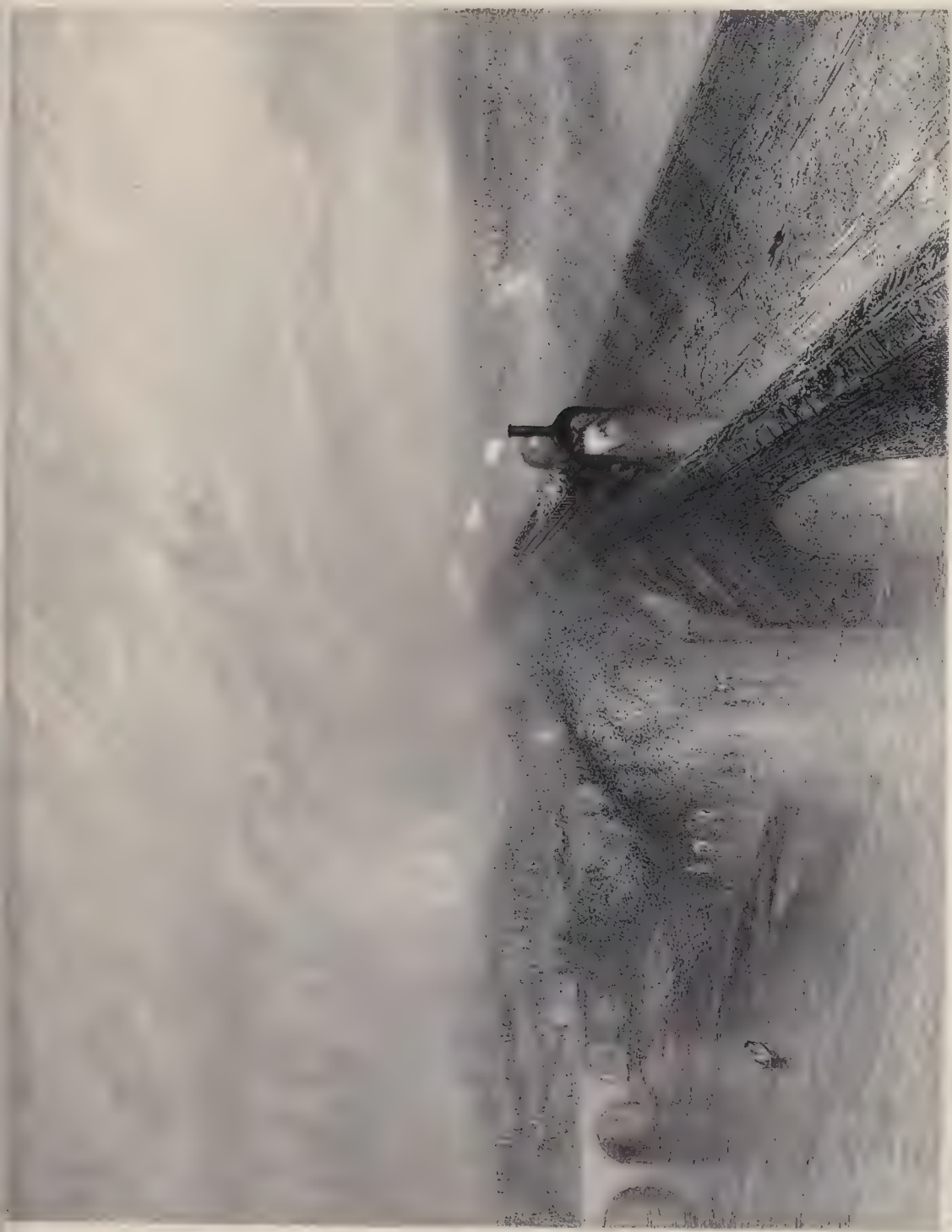
Along the viaduct, which seems to stretch miles away into the distance, comes the screeching engine, whose white, fleecy, steam-puffs slowly dissolve, on its track, into the rain-mist. This is the great point of the picture, both of light and darkness, for with a license so daring that none but Turner would have ventured to exhibit, he shows the fire underneath burning as brightly as if it were night-time instead of day—a glaring red spot, with scarcely any radiation, surmounted by the black body and funnel of the engine. In advance of the huge machine is a hare, running for its life from the doom which seems inevitable. This incident is, we presume, the artist's illustration of “Speed.” The “Rain and Steam” are significant enough. Looking at the length of rail which traverses the picture, and its elevation, it is difficult to understand how the scared animal could have found its way thither.

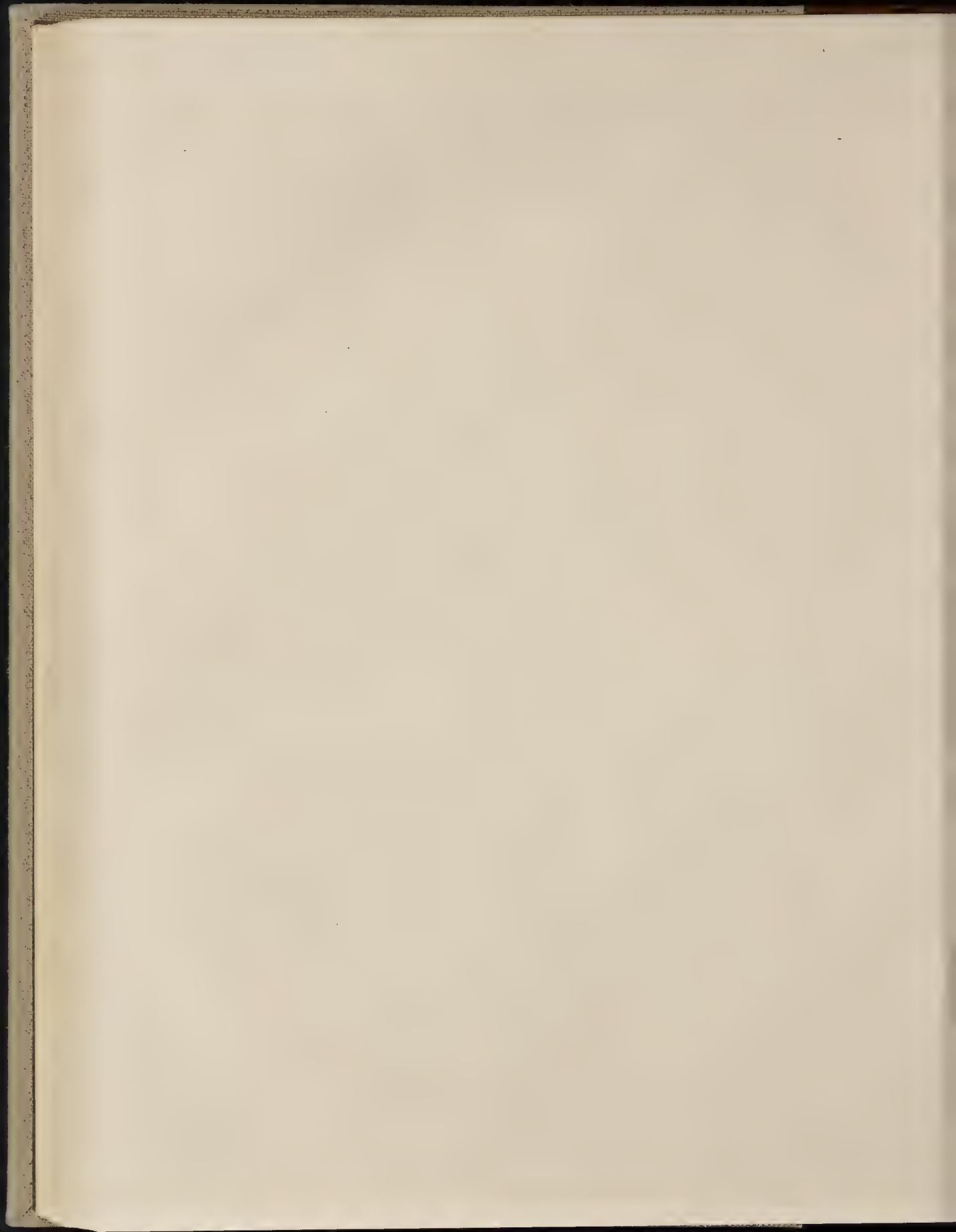
A composition like this cannot be subjected to the ordinary rules of Art-criticism, because there are passages in it which cannot be accepted as truths of nature; for example, the tide of the river is ebbing so swiftly that a small boat like that in the picture could not keep its head to the tide as here represented; neither can we quite understand the meaning of the figures scattered on the opposite bank. These, however, are peculiarities in no way marring the beauty of the work. They may afford insignificant points for discussion to those who cavil at the singularities of the painter, but nothing more; and they are of value in the composition.

## THE FRESCOES IN THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.

It is now three years since we first pointed attention to the dissolution of the frescoes in the so-called Poets' Hall; and since then we have from time to time noted their progressive decay. Some of the artists by whom these works were executed have been unwilling to admit that their works were destructible by damp; they cannot, however, now but confess that not only are some entirely destroyed, but that all are partially injured, and their total destruction is only a question of time. The progress of the decay is more rapid and patent after the dreary winter and the hitherto wet summer from which we have been suffering; and if there be any who yet doubt that damp is the cause of the ruin, they have but to examine for themselves and be convinced. Mr. Watts's fresco, ‘The Red Cross Knight,’ was the first that yielded, by the blistering and peeling of the colour from the legs of the principal figure—and this, be it observed, is painted on an outside wall—and all those that are on walls which, on the other side, are exposed to the outside atmosphere, have been the first to show the effects of damp, while the few that are painted on inside walls have been the last to suffer. We remember perfectly the execution of these works, having seen many of them in various stages of progress. Speculation at the time was rife as to fresco and fresco-methods; treatises *de more veterum* were numerous published, some commencing even with an inaccurate interpretation of the word. Connoisseurs, entitled to pronounce because they had seen the mural paintings in Rome, decided that fresco was beyond the powers of English painters; but the latter were not slow to demonstrate that though there was but one main principle of fresco, there were small varieties of practice with which they were conversant from their knowledge of water-colour drawing. The result was, that scarcely two of these works were painted throughout in the same manner, although all were necessarily right in the main principle. It has been said the decay was occasioned by defaults in the execution; but we believe that in these works almost every practicable method of fresco-painting has been resorted to; but all alike yield to the humidity of our atmosphere. Mr. Watts's work was painted in strict adherence to the manner of pure Florentine art; but this was the first to show the ravages of damp. We know that Mr. Herbert's ‘Disinheritance of Cordelia’ was worked on principles which secured a surface as hard as marble—a surface over which the continued pouring of a stream of water would have had no ill effect. Yet it is not from the surface that the mischief penetrates; it is by absorption from behind. Since we last saw Mr. Herbert's admirable picture, the evil has made rapid progress—the faces of Goneril and Regan are nearly blotted out. This is one of those compositions which we have long ago said ought to be preserved by engraving; if something be not done to preserve it, it will soon disappear. So resolute was the artist to satisfy himself in the production of this picture, that many passages of it were cut out and repainted five times. We spoke of these works at the time of their execution as a hasty experiment, and recorded an opinion, while they were yet in the freshness of their efflorescence, that certain of the panels should be repainted; it may be well that our humid atmosphere should save the commissioners a painful decision, but it is not desirable that the whole should become of that class of views called dissolving. The destruction of the pictures in the Poets' Hall, has induced measures of caution with respect to the other frescoes in the corridors; these have been painted on large panels of slate, and so fixed in the walls as to admit air behind them; we shall not therefore hear of these works being overgrown with microscopic fungi. The corridors, moreover, are warmed. There are fire-places in the Poets' Hall, but the fires have never been lighted; and in our climate, books, papers, or pictures, will in time be destroyed by damp in any apartment that has never, for a series of years, been “aired.” Whatever can be done to arrest the progress of decay should be effected at once: it is cruel to know that the works of genius are in danger, as it seems, of premature destruction.









# THE ENGLISH CARICATURISTS AND KING CRUKSHANK.

BY WALTER THORNBURY.

IF I wanted an excuse for being tedious, I could not have a better title than "The Origin of Caricature" to head my paper. A fanciful friend of mine, having challenged a Heidelberg student who had struck him at a beer commerce—a grand "*abschied's* commerce," in fact—was the next morning visited by a deputation of the Swabian choz, headed by their captain, who, reviewing the quarrel, commenced with the creation of Adam. I will not imitate the Swabian, however, but premise that directly man began to build walls, his children learned to draw caricatures of their seniors upon them. As it is natural to man to draw, so it is equally natural to man, in malice and sport, to exaggerate the infirmities, and detract from the excellences, of their rivals, superiors, and enemies.

All nations have their humorists. Aristophanes was but a literary caricaturist when he made a fool of Socrates; and the author of "Reinecke Fuchs" was a good example of mediæval drollery, turning a fable into an epic.

Our middle-age illuminators caricatured, sometimes willfully, sometimes accidentally. When they drew thread-paper saints with large heads and spray feet, and good-natured lions gaping at Daniel, and with trumpeting (Buffal-macco) labels issuing from their mouths; David with the genealogical trees springing from his side; and St. Laurence with the gridiron, anxiously ready for his own cooking,—they caricatured. But the better known works of the middle age caricaturists are those distorted stone heads, which still send out water from the roofs of cathedral towers or old decorated churches: eyeballs goggling, tongues lolling, levator muscles pulling and twisting with a coarse, homely, downright fun, which would have qualified the designers to decorate a pantomime with giants and goblins enough to people all fairyland, and the whole region of the witches' country. All the fun of the early Morality Plays, and of "the three P's," is embodied in those eternal jokes that grin at death, looking down upon our country churchyards.

But this, if not going back to the creation, is trying back rather too near the deluge for the purposes of the present chapter. It is no use, in English art, beginning much before Hogarth, because with Hogarth began English art; for Cibber, Lely, Kneller, Gibbons, Schemeckers, were all foreigners, and were the products of foreign schools. Hogarth alone was pure English, for he represented English thoughts and painted and engraved English scenes, totally divesting himself of all foreign influence, though his graver aimed occasionally at somewhat of Callot's playful French grace, and his brush sometimes at the solidity and pure sound colour of the Dutch brewer, Jan Steen.

Though greatest as a painter of moral stories, Hogarth owes much of his fame to the caricatures with which he scourged a foolish age; generally—not always—well and wisely; never basely or for mercenary purposes; never like a bravo or a hired stabber, fighting for whichever side pays him best or takes him into pay first. There was scarcely an abuse of his time that he did not lash till the blood came in the long raw troughs where flesh had once been. He denounced Heidegger's vicious masquerades, Rich's buffoon pantomimes, the licence of elections, French foppery, military misrule, aristocratic extravagance, cruelty to animals, and the horrors of gambling. He drew Wilkes, who had been his boon companion, at a whist club, with his rat teeth and Satanic eye; and Churchill, the poor abandoned clergyman, as a bear in full canon-

icals. He laughed at Pitt and Burke, at rakes, and at foolish picture-fanciers; at antiquarians and quack doctors; at pompous judges and knavish lawyers; at the fop and the dancing-master—the fool of every order met his ready lash, for he was born to flog vice, and to protest against a corrupt and artificial age. Even in his pictures, however, Hogarth sometimes falls unheeding into that exaggeration which in real nature is either deformity or caricature. Of these lapses, which are faults, we may specially instance the constables in "Night," out of many other examples.

Next in our list of caricaturists comes Bunbury, Walpole's friend, the clever son of a Suffolk baronet, whom Reynolds over-praised, and whose humorous horsemanship-scenes were in vogue in fashionable circles about 1780 and earlier; Bunbury dying in 1811. Bunbury, though playful, clever, and good-natured, never seems to me to rise much beyond the mediocrity of amateur art. The drawing is facile, but seldom correct; and without power and knowledge in drawing, the richest humour is always crippled. His horses are skirmishingly dashed off, with spirit and readiness, but they are boneless, shapeless things, and mere sketches. The fun, too, is overdone and extravagant, like the fun at fairs, and small country theatres. All he has to show one is, that citizens ride badly, fall off, and get into ridiculous scrapes; but there is no Leech-like individuality about his riders—they are like the puppets that ride round and change dresses at a circus. I prefer Bunbury when he sketches the humours of Bath, and the oddities of the assembly rooms. Then he can be graceful, and give us strange groups, such as Macklin laughs at in his admirable, cleverly-written "Man of the World;" with here and there, among the grimacing little fops and huge aldermen's wives, a pretty face of some "Jessamy Bride," which delights you like coming suddenly in a country walk upon some flower you have hitherto not known. No one has better portrayed the stately folly of the old minuet dancers; but still in a lazy, careless, off-hand, amateur way that can scarcely be called Art, and is the mere pantomime of design.

Of Rowlandson's high-coloured, redundant extravagance I cannot say much. It is loathsome gross too often, and there is a sensuality about even the round billowy lines of his manner, that reminds me of what a senile, degraded buffoon Rubens might have sunk to, had he condescended to do nothing but laugh and grin at all purity, all greatness, and all virtue. Still there is at times a rare oily fun about Rowlandson in his fat doctors, swollen "parsons," and exuberant, Moll Flaggon women; in his boisterous fights, romping upsets, horse-play, and revelry, that I suppose corresponded to some phase of the national civilization, and had its counterparts on the stage in the comedians of the day—for the drama has always a powerful influence on the costume and feeling of our *genre* and small historical art. If Bunbury was a mere *vers de société* and small-talk man, Rowlandson was a diminutive Swift, with some of the fun and all the impurity of the baboon—a rogue delighting in filth, and unable to be decent long together. Just, however, as a round-hand writing and a rounded forehead indicate mellow good nature, so, I think, does his round line—the line of fat cheeks and portly stomachs—indicate a certain portion of harmless drollery in our impure friend Rowlandson. One of his merriest and grossest caricatures represents the crowded staircase of the Royal Academy (Somerset House) on exhibition day, with some fat couples falling backwards. With no more feeling than a prize pig has, Rowlandson delights to represent human beings in moments of great peril, and draws infinite brutal fun from the certain prospect of broken

legs and backs. In a word, except for antiquarian reference as to manners and costume, Rowlandson might as well have perished, for his fun is the fun of Squire Western, after his fourth pint bumper of port; it represents in its worst aspect the age of prize-fighting, cock-fighting and gambling, of wigs and square-toed shoes, of drinking and impurity: yet here and there I have seen traces of pathos and sublimity in Rowlandson that augur better things; so let us hope that he was not a bad man, after all, but merely an artist of too little strength of will to resist the money and dictations of ignorant and vicious patrons.

When I say Rowlandson, I think of a fat pig moulding himself in the mire of a thieves' alley; but when I write "Gillray," I mention the name of a lurid and great genius indeed, though unfortunately a genius without moral principle. I do not think much is known of Gillray, except that he worked as a slave to print-sellers, who gave him a guinea or two for a caricature, and employed him to ridicule the French Republic, whose cause he really in his heart advocated. I believe he sank lower and lower in vice and drunkenness, till he resorted to attempts to extort money from noblemen whose faces he threatened to introduce into his caricatures unless bribed off; and I have heard, I think, somewhere, that he ended his days by a raving, drunken leap from the window of a garret in which he had been confined: but much of this is doubtful, so let us hope the good alone is true, and all the bad is false.

To me there is something luridly awful in Gillray's apocalyptic visions of the French Republic, in the perpetual dripping crimson of his never-resting guillotine axe, in his red skeletons that stalk about Napoleon—the yellow dwarf, the hideous, lean resurrection man of these poisonous labels, which express all the hatred of a rude age, and of a virulence unequalled in venom and intensity. Napoleon slicing the world as if it were a great pudding—Napoleon a strutting mammoth in Farmer George's Brobdingnag hand—Napoleon leading his murdering scarecrows towards England—Napoleon everywhere, in every conceivable attitude of contempt, ridicule, and loathsomeness, Gillray shows us. Pitt, lean, cold, and saucy; Fox a brutal, black-browed butcher, the very horror of the revolution, seen by us through the red smoke of battle-fields, dwell upon the works of Gillray, that strong hater, who gave "no quarter," and who always showed how detestable the thing he hated was, before he ground his heel into the foe's face, on which he had already set his foot. He stands on the Channel shore, and keeps shouting to the French, "Babe killers—priest stabbers—king murderers—women destroyers—atheist assassins—come here, and we'll sweep you from the earth!" All very intemperate and unphilosophical; but the little island was in danger then, and it made us lose our temper to feel that we were in danger from the Corsican—that little lean man who had risen no one knew how.

Cruikshank was the direct lineal descendant of Gillray—so much so, that he actually finished with his own hands some of that great tomahawker's unfinished plates. With less mature skill, more fun, and less burning, vitriolic hatred, the young humorist set to work, for stray guineas, to perpetuate the national antipathy against Napoleon, whose star had now set amid the snows of Russia. It is strange how Providence seems to give each mind its proper food: Gillray, violent, stubborn, and aggressive, had had the uphill game, the hopeless attack on a resistless conqueror; Cruikshank, the younger, swifter tirailleur, now the great gun had ceased its steady, hitherto unrelenting volleys, leaped out of his dark ambush, and prepared to sting the rear of the retreating army, and hold Bonny up to the ridi-



cule of Europe. He showed the Frenchmen in rags falling under the Russian axes; he laughs as he draws. He is calmer and more fanciful than Gillray, and seldom gross, except when he deforms the Regent, and shows vice "its own" Medusa "image." He draws grotesque images of Napoleon being snuffed out, and finally leaves him at Elba, with a contemptuous face, the chained up scorn of bleeding Europe.

At a later period this great humorist takes far higher flights, changes Gillray's coarse, whip-lash line, and heavy blacks and whites, for the graver's finest needle, joining the richest and most kindly fancy to the most delicate, exquisite manipulations, and the most refined and correct drawing caricaturist has yet attained—(we except Mr. Tenniel, of the *Punch* staff, because, though a rare draughtsman, he seems to us by nature to have a mind more serious than humorous).

But how can I find room to eulogise the great wealth of fancy of this "George V."—his here and there flashes of real weird imagination; his pathos, and the purity of his purpose; the generous warmth and chivalry of his moral nature? I will, therefore, from the realms of fun he has scattered over the England he has done so much to make merry—from the great nations of droll beings who invisibly will attend him some (let us hope distant) day to his time-honoured grave—from the long shelves of books he has enriched and improved—from the drolleries, whimsies, and fantasies that made our father's sides shake, that still hover like motes in the sun, and shoot to and fro our English air like dragon flies across a summer brook—from all these let me select two or three examples of the versatility and depth, magic, and originality of the genius of Cruikshank.

It must never be imagined that Cruikshank derived any fun from the great treasury of Charles Dickens; his fun is his own, but it was partly contemporaneous with "Boz" and "Pickwick," and deals largely with the same materials. Two men discovered that great vein of fun—just as two astronomers contemporaneously put up their telescopes and "brought down" the last planet. Cruikshank rioted in all the early fun of the present still grinning epoch; some branches of fun he originated, others he improved. He had his little army of black figures; he vivified, like Irving and Dickens, furniture, and all dumb things, from fire-irons to the corks of wine bottles. Apropos of this, we must not forget his Irish faces in the whiskey-bottle corks; and the unequalled, chubby, groggy countenances he devised from the nippy ends of bisected lemons.

For weird force, in an embodied ghost-story, as a flash of light on a dark Rembrandt-night, as showing his imaginative, goblin sombreness, George V. never did anything so admirable and so excellent as his "Will of the Wisp," across which, as across a dying wit's face, passes a ghastly gleam of humour. Talk of Fuseli and his wind-bags, there is real, vivid imagination enough in this to make a whole Academy of Fuselis. It is merely an Egyptian darkness, with, breaking through it above a bog-hole, some black bull-rushes, and athwart them a bending, leathery goblin exulting over some drowned traveller, the meteor lamp he carries casting a downward flicker on the dark water. Such darkness, such wicked speed, such bad, Puck-like malice, such devilry, Hoffman and Poe together could not have better devised. Many a May Exhibition has not half the genius in all its pictures that focuses in that gem of jet.

As a book illustrator, Cruikshank has given many an author life, and doubled the power of many even clever books. Even Dickens, in

his "Oliver Twist," had his fine gold jewelled by Cruikshank. Ainsworth's tawdry rubbish—now all but forgotten, and soon to sink deep in the mud-pool of oblivion—was even illuminated with a false splendour by this greathumorist. He revelled over Smollett's broad, practical joking, and over sea-stories innumerable; but his best work was the "Irish Rebellion," whose horrors he has treated with great dramatic intensity, and a truth to nature which few of our Academicians, with all their bones and muscles and varnishes and receipts, could surpass.

A living critic, with the usual special pleading of a man who speaks either ignorantly of his subject, or too anxious for victory in argument to care much about exact truth, takes on him to lament that Art patronage should still be such in our commercial country that the grave, thoughtful genius of Cruikshank should have been devoted to merely illustrate "Jack Shepherd," and the horrors of the "Irish Rebellion."

Now this is all sophistry, and a mere trick of argument; for the greatest works of Cruikshank, as the clever but willfully blind *arch-critic* very well knows, are neither the illustrations of the Rebellion, nor the Thief Novels, but his Comic Annuals, the Results of Crime, the Will of the Wisp, the *Sic transit*, &c. &c.: merely to dip out a few pauls of the vast ocean of fun that George Cruikshank has been deluging the English world with for the last forty years—anticipating Dickens, forestalling Thackeray, and handing down the torch of national humour direct from Hogarth and Gillray to Leech and Hablot Browne.

The Irish Rebellion sketches, though probably drawn without nature or models, without much knowledge of any Irishmen but the Irishmen of St. Giles's, and any Ireland but the Ireland of stage scenery, are yet wonderful for their dramatic force, their intense pathos, rising even to the frontiers of the horrible, and technically for their admirable *clair-obscur*, and the exquisite needle-point delicacy of their etching. The national face is studied with great, though restricted, truth; and the drawing, though not academic or over-strained, is eminently easy and admirable. With wonderful versatility of imagination (for the mind trained to do everything becomes versatile if it has any power at all, if not, it snaps short at one dull mannerism), the artist shows us many phases of that terrible civil war, with Napper Tandy, and Emmet, and Lord Fitzgerald, flitting like spectres through every scene. There are the peasants in the hidden forge sharpening their pikes, and rude madmen, in frieze coats, dancing jigs of joy on the tables, while other rebels, meditating bloodshed, sit upon powder-barrels, and drink. The strongest bits of Celtic terror in Carleton are here anticipated and surpassed. Then there are sterner scenes, where forty pikes at once are meeting in a soldier's breast, and shrieking, maddened women pray for mercy; and there is an admirable scene (exciting as Cooper's struggles with Indians), where some loyalists are defending a house against the rebels, and some are melting lead for bullets, at the fire-place, and others are firing through holes in the riddled window shutters, while, at a table, an officer sits with all the calmness of professional habit, and gives out ammunition, or writes a despatch for reinforcements. In these illustrations, lurid with battle smoke, and unsurpassed for their realization of the horror, movement, and fury of such scenes, Cruikshank shows himself no longer the mere caricaturist, writing out fun in cyphers, but the true artist, excellent in light and shade, powerful in composition, and in the power of touching the heart.

It is true Leech has, since his climacteric, shown us higher life, more graceful girls, prettier faces, more fashionable and more mo-

dern "swells." Leech draws a horse better, and knows more practically the fun and the *gaucheries* of hunting, shooting, and fishing; Gilbert has more colour, more picturesque-ness, more Rubenesque richness in his draperies; Phiz is more arch and naive; Keane more Duresque and artistic; but in moral purpose, heart, and variety, Cruikshank is still pre-eminent, and technically as an etcher, no needle has ever been found to surpass his. His *Sic transit*, or sketch of the passengers in a Dover boat going on shore, is grand in its breadth of humour as well as in its truth. It makes one almost sea-sick to look at the boat's seesaw, its dreadful upheaving, and then down again; its frightened, head-aching, giddy travellers, and its jolly, careless sailors, who like "a little sea on," because it makes the passengers less inclined to dispute the exorbitant demands of the Dover boatmen.

In a later view of Cruikshank's the artist has given us a fat German baron, half way to Calais, who, beginning to feel the motion, clings to the steamer's rigging, which also, as epitomizing the horrors of sea-sickness, is little short of perfect; showing us that, after all, that wonderful and mysterious, transitory, yet incurable malady, is the best guarantee we have against invasion.

Six folio volumes of fun and pathos are no mean result of a great etcher's life-labours, and it is from a study of these that we deduce the fact that at a certain stage of his career a great moral change came over the humorist,—from that moment the desire to do good became the predominant passion within him, and a noble impulse arose in his mind (pushed to an intolerant extravagance on one philanthropic point) to benefit the world which he had so long amused. He then set himself, tooth and nail, to abate our great national shame of drunkenness, and against vice in general he directed arrows feathered from the humming-bird's wing, but barbed with the keenest and brightest steel.

Among those works with a high moral purpose, which raise him from the amuser to the instructor, I may specially instance the "Progress of Crime," with its series of tableaux of the gradations of sin, with the prison corridors and all the corrective apparatus, ending with the last bitter lesson of the gibbet; and in the centre that dreadful typical sketch of the murderer thrust by a devil over a precipice, the bloody knife still in his hand, with large blocks of stone bound to either of his feet, to sink him swifter into the hell whose licking flames he sees rising eagerly to strike him with their fiery fangs. There seems to me quite as much thought, and heart, and moral power about this work as about any of Hogarth's or Durer's; and I am firmly convinced that Cruikshank, when he dies, will be one of our most venerated old masters.

To rapidly epitomize what I think is most surpassing in Cruikshank's works, I may mention his Rembrandtic nightmare scene of the "Headman sharpening his Axe," from Ainsworth's melodramatic novel, "The Tower of London." A wonderful weird twilight it is, with no light but that which glimmers on the bald scalp of the hideous headman, who, feeling the edge of his axe with his thumb, grins with a devilish foretaste of his pleasure on the morrow. I need scarcely say that all the poetry, dramatic force, mystery, and terror, of the design is attributable to Cruikshank, and not to Ainsworth.

Already I have tried to show that, although in the humour of London life, and, indeed, of life universal, no one but Shakspeare has yet surpassed our Dickens, still, in the special phases of tavern life, thief life, and theatre life, &c., Cruikshank had already attained triumphs when the "Sketches by Boz" proved that a



new genius of boundless comic faculty was rising above the horizon. We have shown that, beginning as a direct descendant and completor of Gillray, lashing George IV. with the serpent whip of satire, Cruikshank passed gradually into the modern book-illustrator, and the modern humorist; passing out of the old conventional, buffoon, scurrilous form of humour (of which Mr. — is at present in prose the only perpetuator), and originating the modern, the more playful and more truthful mode of laughing at social follies—which, after all, are seldom laughed down, and live their foolish life in spite of all protests, however angry. I have shown King Cruikshank commenting on our standard novels, on Smollett's broad drollery, and Fielding's mock heroes, and I have shown him at once the poet and the satirist, the comedian and the tragedian.

I look upon him with veneration as an artist who, if fortune had permitted him, and ambition had driven him, in early life, to devote himself to large collective works, even if he had never painted, would have rivalled, if not excelled, Hogarth in engraving. But, perhaps, he had no motive power of ambition; perhaps he had not a mind sufficiently large and harmonious in its constructive power. Certain it is, his genius has been rubbed into bread-crumbs, by the very necessity perhaps of making bread. He has filled six folios, but he has done nothing like the 'Rake's Progress.' Many of his book-illustrations will perish with the books they illustrate, and have no legs to stand on. Attached to such frivolous inanity as that of Ainsworth's fiction, they remind one of those precious china plates that the early Italian builders sometimes plastered up in their dull stone walls. They are as out of place there as real jewels would be on the dresses of Madame Tussaud's murderers in the Chamber of Horrors. It is always sad to see genius merely adorning fire-screens or carving-knife handles. "Fore George" Cruikshank deserved a better fate than to be half his life painting complexions upon barber's dummies, and trying to render folly immortal. The Regent's age, the Brummel epoch, the short waist and shoulder of mutton sleeves were specially his own. He has lived, like Dickens, to see two epochs: to laugh at coachmen, and to laugh at railways; to show us the skeleton coach and the demon railway engine. He has laughed till he is tired, and now grows serious with his up-as-tree and his Bottle.

But through all his pleasant world of fairy stories, through his Wapping (his sailors are inimitable) and his Whitechapel (for his thieves are the very creatures), there have been always (with few exceptions) two great deficiencies in Cruikshank's work. The first is a Londoner's ignorance of, and indifference to, the country, which makes his backgrounds generally weak and meagre, and prevents him showing nature's sympathy with man; for instance, trees weeping and tossing their arms over the drowned suicide, &c.; and even Hogarth had the same defect. Secondly, his female faces are always mannered and insipid, and generally ugly. He can seldom give any expression to a female face, unless he make it ugly; and of beauty generally he has all the imperfect conceptions of a mind a little warped in favour of ugliness, by a love of caricature, and impeded in expressing even what it knows by an ignorance of the human form in its construction and its changes.

Latterly, I believe, with almost the self-denying wisdom and "pluck" of Cato, who began Greek at seventy, Cruikshank has entered the boys' class at the Academy; and on hard stool, with drawing-board between his venerable knees, has set hard to work to laboriously portray in stippled chalk the matchless graces of the *Medicean Venus*.

## THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

By an order of the House of Commons, a return has been made and printed of all the pictures purchased for the National Gallery during the administration of Sir Charles Eastlake, President, R.A., as Keeper, Trustee, and Director, together with the prices paid for each picture and collection of pictures; and a return of all the pictures sold for the gallery during the same period, with the price obtained for each picture, and the date of sale. From the 1st of April, 1844, until January, 1860, there have been purchased for the national collection 216 pictures, of which thirty-nine have been sold as unsuitable. These acquisitions have been made at an expense of upwards of £79,000—a sum which, with a large augmentation, would undoubtedly be returned, if such a proceeding can be contemplated as the dispersion of the collection by the hammer of the auctioneer. The works which have been sold would not have been purchased as individual works, but they were bought with others, from which the proprietors would not separate them. Thus we find two of the ten purchased of the Baron Galvagna, at Venice, a Titoretto and a Jacopo Bassano, disposed of, the former for £36, the latter for £105. The others were German works, a portion of the Krüger collection, obtained in 1857; many of which could not even be attributed, while the attribution of others was insufficiently grounded from our want of information respecting the Westphalian school, or perhaps more immediately some knowledge of the Liesborn master and his pupils, who are represented more fully at Minden than elsewhere. With the works of the Liesborn painters, the collection is amply supplied—even more might have been spared, but for the ruinous discrepancy between the buying and the selling prices. Indeed, whenever it is known that a purchase is contemplated for our public gallery, the price of the work is at once enhanced to twice its real value. Even M. Guizot lately recommended the transport of some works of Art to this country, with an assurance that we "had more money than we knew what to do with."

The return commences with six pictures, in 1844, of which three were from the collection of Mr. Sharman—"A Jewish Rabbi," Rembrandt; 'The Youthful Christ and St. John,' Guido; and a portrait of Gerard Dow, by himself. Then 'Lot and his Daughters,' Guido, and Rubens's 'Judgment of Paris,' from the collection of Mr. Penrice; and Bellini's 'Doge Loredano,' from that of Mr. Beckford. In the years 1845-6-7 there were only five pictures added: these were, the unfortunate portrait purchased from Mr. Rochard as a Holbein, now described as "unknown;" Mr. Penrice's 'Susannah and the Elders,' by Guido; Lord Cowley's Velasquez, 'Philip the Fourth, of Spain, Hunting the Wild Boar;' and Lord Dartmouth's 'Temptation of St. Anthony,' by A. Carracci. In 1847 there was but one purchase—the small picture by Raffaele, called 'The Vision of a Knight,' formerly the property of the Rev. Thomas Egerton; and during the next three years no addition was made to the gallery.

With the exception of the spurious Holbein, of which enough has been already said, these are all desirable works, although for some of them it would appear that they have been acquired at prices too high. When, for instance, the repaintings and restorations of Lord Cowley's Velasquez are considered, £2,200 is exorbitant for such a work; but when the purchase was made, the previous condition of the picture was not known. Being the last in the market for the purpose of forming a public collection, we must be content to pay prices, if not fabulous, at least conventional. The most famous painters have been the *clientes* of the Popes and the Medici, and the lesser lights that star the page of Italian Art-history; and they enriched their palaces upon a principle something like that of what they considered a fair day's remuneration for a fair day's work, without the intervention of middle-men; and this, in the formation of their galleries, has given them an advantage which yields to their descendants a ten and twenty fold augmentation of the prices originally paid for their works. This is the rate at which we must be content to purchase the best Art-productions. Thus our collection will be formed at an enormous cost, in comparison with that of the great continental galleries; but whereas many of

these contain a deteriorating alloy of works not only doubtful, but positively inferior, we may hope that the National Gallery will continue to receive the addition of none but unexceptionable pictures.

In 1851 a well-conditioned head of Rembrandt, by himself, was obtained from Lord Middleton; and in the same year a small portrait, of infinite beauty, by J. Van Eyck. In 1852 the only work that was purchased was 'The Tribute Money,' by Titian, from the collection of Marshal Soult, for the sum of £2,604. In 1853 there were three additions,—the large Velasquez, 'The Adoration of the Shepherds,' from the collection of the late King of the French, £2,050; and from the same source, Zurbaran's 'Franciscan Monk.' The third was purchased from Mr. S. Woodburn, 'A Warrior adorning the Infaut Saviour'—which was, if we remember aright, purchased as a Giorgione, but is now attributed to the school of Bellini. These, again, are all worthy examples; few of them it is true, are *capi d'opera*, but they are such as presented themselves, and if we wait for rare specimens, a hundred years will not furnish many to the collection.

In 1854 the Krüger pictures were added to the gallery. According to a communication from the treasury, dated the 29th of April, 1854, and read at a meeting of the trustees, on the 1st of May following, they had been "purchased by the Chancellor of the Exchequer on behalf of the public." These are the works of the Westphalian school, to which allusion has been made—the works of the Liesborn painters, and of those of Corvey and Loest. This purchase was effected for £2,800, and more than half the number have been sold for £249 8s.; they were, of course, the least valuable, but the transaction does not redound to the acumen of the chancellor, and Herr Krüger would from no other quarter have received so high a price for his property. These works date about the middle of the fifteenth century, and bear a degree of reference to early German works at Cologne, Frankfurt, Munich, and in the Städelsche Institut at Frankfurt—notably, works by the master of the Lyverberg 'Passion,' 'Meister Wilhelm,' the master of the 'Death of the Virgin,' and a few others. They are all in excellent condition, inasmuch as abundantly to exemplify the dry manner and quaint conceptions of the schools of Cologne and Liesborn. It is necessary in such a gallery as ours must be, that works of this character should appear. They are sufficiently numerous, but not sufficiently various as to times and styles. It would have been desirable that the Swabian and Nuremberg schools had been represented with equally good examples of Holbein, Dürer, and a few others of the highest character.

In 1854 there were also purchased of Mons. de Bammerville, five pictures, of which four were by Italian painters, namely,—Pacchiarotto, Alunno, San Severino, and Fra Filippo Lippi; the fifth is a portrait by Dürer. In 1855 the additions were not less than twenty, among them 'The Adoration of the Magi,' by Paul Veronese, purchased of Signor Tozzoli, of Venice, for £1,977; and a 'Madonna and Child, with Saints,' by Mantegna, bought at Milan, of Signor Roverselli, for £1,125. Of these twenty, ten were the property of the Baron Galvagna, who received for them £2,189, and all are productions of the Italian schools. They were followed in 1856 and '57 by some pictures which will always be esteemed among the most valuable in the collection, because they exemplify the greatest powers of their authors. The first of these is the lustrous Perugino, sold to the gallery for £3,571 by the Duke Melzi, of Milan. Another is a Rubens, from the collection of Mr. Rogers, entitled, 'The Triumph of Julius Caesar, after Mantegna,' purchased for £1,102; and a third is the large and brilliant Paul Veronese, 'The Family of Darius before Alexander,' acquired at the cost of £13,650, of the Conte Vittore Pisani, of Venice, for an ancestor of whom it was painted. This picture has evidently been executed to fill a prescribed space, which was not dignified by a height equal to its length, thus denying the composition that imposing character which it otherwise would have acquired from height. Again, how interesting soever to themselves and their friends may have been the portraits of the Pisani family, in the characters assumed, the title suggests ideas that clash with the red tights worn by the gentlemen, and the rustling padoasoy composing the dresses of the ladies. But in the 'Marriage of Cana,' in the Louvre, we find



the same treatment, and always endeavour to forget the title, and strive to deem the composition a commemoration of the nuptials of some Venetian millionaire.

In 1857 thirty-one works from the Lombardi-Baldi Gallery, at Florence, were obtained at the cost of £7,035; and this selection contains the most eccentric relics of early Art that have been added to the collection—as those by Margaritone, Duccio da Siena, Paolo Uccello, a member of the school of Giotto, and others; but such examples are indispensable, where it is contemplated to illustrate the history of Art. Thus the value of such works is their rarity and authenticity as early examples of painting; pictorial merit, as that quality is now understood, they possess none. Besides these in 1857, '58, and '59, nineteen other works, from a variety of sources, were hung, all of the Italian schools, with the exception of two Ruysdaels, procured from Count Stolberg, at the cost of £2,256, and an admirable Quintin Matsys, from the gallery of the late King of Holland. Among the Italian pictures are valuable examples of Giulio Romano, Girolamo Romano, Antonio Moro, Girolamo da Treviso, Marco Basaiti, Marco Palmesano, and others, whose productions illustrate the progress of schools, and exemplify the relations between them. But many of the best acquisitions that have been recently made are found among the last that have been added to the catalogue—the forty-six pictures of the Beaucousin Collection, purchased at Paris for £9,205: there are a very valuable Titian, a 'Madonna and Child, and other figures'; a 'Portrait of Ariosto,' attributed to Titian; 'Venus, Cupid, and Time,' Bronzino; 'Portrait of a Boy,' Pontorno; 'Portrait of a Venetian Lady,' Bissolo; 'Madonna, Child, and Saints,' Francia; with others all in perfect condition.

Thus, as yet, the formation of the collection has been conducted with a knowledge and discretion which it would be most difficult to find under any other direction than that of Sir Charles Eastlake. For many of the pictures high prices have been paid, but such works are indispensable, and we must possess the most precious that the market affords. Above all, it is most satisfactory that our catalogue can for the most part be authenticated, while those of Dresden, Vienna, Berlin, and others of the continental public galleries, have abounded with notorious errors of attribution, inasmuch that a revision of the catalogues of these collections has been instituted, with results of greater probability, but not yet of confirmed truth.

### THE NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY.

THE Portrait Gallery grows in value and importance, inasmuch that soon will arise the question of its transfer to some suitable and permanent abiding place. In another session or two application must be made to the House of Commons for a further addition to the buildings at Brompton; in historical importance and interest the collection will be worthy the best lodging that can be given to it. Although in cost the least expensive of all our galleries, it will be by no means the least interesting. The anxiety of many persons to place their ancestors in a society so select has stimulated many presentations; but the title to fellowship is reputation and distinction, and the committee exercise a wise discretion in granting admissions to this Walhalla. Into the portrait gallery of Florence many men are more distinguished by appearing there than they ever were during their lives. The Galleria dei Ritratti is their only celebrity, for nobody can remember what they have ever done towards their immortality.

One of the latest additions to the collection is a portrait, by Thomas Phillips, of Charles Dibdin, the writer of the sea songs that have in turn soothed and fired the hearts of our sailors ashore or afloat; for Dibdin had a song for every chequer of the seaman's life. This portrait was a purchase, and thus was it acquired. A portrait, considered to be that of Dibdin, was submitted by Messrs. Colnaghi to the council, but not being satisfactorily identified, it was left for further consideration. In the meantime an engraving was discovered, supposed to have been taken from this portrait; the plate, how-

ever, was not from the work in question, but it reminded Mr. Scharf, the secretary, of another portrait that he had seen, which, on comparison with the plate, proved to be at once the original, and the portrait of Dibdin, and hence the purchase of the picture. It presents the likeness of a man of happy and genial disposition, more of a *bon-vivant* than a shivering child of song; and as for the threadbare livery of the Muses, he is attired in the most modish taste of his time—a blue coat, gilt buttons, and buff waistcoat. The painting of the head is modest, quiet, and life-like in colour. We have also a portrait of Flaxman, by Romney, who has crowded the complaining kitcat with no less than three heads. Flaxman is working at a colossal bust of his friend Hayley, which is given in profile; and young Hayley, who was a pupil of Flaxman, stands with his back to us. It is the head of Flaxman, but without the intellect; Romney has hurried his study—the head of Flaxman were enough for one small canvas. We should not recognise in that head the genius of the only man who has equalled the Greeks in their own *genre*. Flaxman lived either too late or too soon; had he lived during the bloom of Greek art, he had been the friend of Pericles, and the fitting successor of Phidias. Watson knew him better than Romney; the statue at University College does not set before us the little bustling man of Romney's interpretation, but the head is eloquently thoughtful, and it sets the observer thinking. Another portrait is that of John Dunning, Lord Ashburton, presented by Thomas Baring, Esq., M.P. It is a bust portrait, painted by Reynolds, perfect in condition, neither cracked, nor is the colour flown.

The portrait of Hobbes of Malmesbury is an extremely interesting head. It is the work of Dobson, and bears on the upper right hand corner the inscription, "Thos. Hobbes, Malmesburiensis, philosophus scepticus, obiit anno —," the year is omitted, and has not been noted after his death, which took place in 1679. Hobbes was ninety-one when he died; this portrait seems to have been painted when he was about seventy, or it may be more. In vitality and presence it does not in anywise approach Dobson's best works. It is a front face; the head is bald, with yet a garniture of sparse white locks; the upper lip bears a white moustache, and the chin an imperial. In the expression of the features there is nothing inviting; on the contrary, the face is crabbedly forbidding, and the penetrating challenge of the small eyes has in it a look of genuine nature. Dobson was no stranger to the flattery of the brush, but it is very probable that in respect of art the "philosophus scepticus" was a man of Cromwell's temperament, and would be painted as he was.

Pickersgill's portrait of Wordsworth is among the most recent additions. We see the poet seated under a point of jutting rock in a thoughtful attitude, having papers near him, and a pencil in his right hand. The head comes out with force and brilliancy, and the features are an identity.\* Of a portrait of James Bruce, the Abyssinian traveller, the painter is unknown; it is a feeble performance, and if painted by any artist who subsequently rose to eminence, it is not a work that he would, in his palmy time, be proud to recognise. However, inasmuch as it is here very properly ruled that mere excellence in portraiture does not confer a title to selection, so on the other hand, in a genuine portrait, defective execution does not operate in exclusion. The canvas is as full as it can well be; Mr. Bruce, in full dress, is seated writing, with a small table globe by him, which very successfully competes for precedence with the head. There is also about to be hung a portrait of the Earl of Leicester—the Leicester of the court of Elizabeth; it is, however, not yet visible.

Thus the gallery grows apace, and when it is settled in a fitting abode, it is earnestly to be hoped that it will receive from Hampton Court the addition of certain portraits which, though lost there, would become important and valuable in the National Portrait Gallery. The progress of this collection must be highly gratifying to its founder, Lord Stanhope.

\* There is a small engraving of this portrait published in "The Book of Gems of British Artists and British Poets," edited by S. C. Hall, Esq.

### ART IN CONTINENTAL STATES.

PARIS.—M. St. Jean, our great flower painter, has been removed by death in the maturity of his talents; he was the first of that modern school of artists who painted flowers with a free touch and bold handling; his pictures are much esteemed, and sell high. They are found in all great private collections, in the Luxembourg, and other government galleries. In his private life M. St. Jean was amiable, and much esteemed by all who knew him.—Death has also taken away, at an early age, E. P. Pichard, an engraver of great promise and considerable talents; he first attracted notice by a plate representing 'Molière at the Barber's, finding the Original of his "Bourgeois Gentilhomme";' he engraved excellent plates after Schiessinger, Benouville, &c.; he was finishing a large one after Rosa Bonheur, 'The Plough,' when death overtook him.—A commission of *savants* has been named to consider the expediency of different exchanges which may be usefully made between the Imperial Library and others in Paris and the provinces. A writer observes, "would it not be a good thing if some such plan were adopted for paintings, as many fine works may be found in provincial museums which are wanted in the Louvre Gallery, and *vice versa*. In the grand revolutions the Louvre Gallery was overstocked; museums were formed in the departments; and *chefs-d'œuvre* were indiscriminately sent away, oftentimes from want of house-room: thus the German School has nearly totally disappeared from the Louvre. The list of paintings thus dispersed would be too long to detail, but we mention the following list copied from contemporary documents:—1,058 paintings were sent to Lyons, Bordeaux, Lille, Marseilles, Strasbourg, Reims, Rouen, Nancy, Grenoble, &c.; of which three hundred were of the Italian school, and twenty of the German. Many of these paintings are useful only in a large collection, and would prove acquisitions to the Louvre to complete the history of Art, for which that collection is so eminent: the Louvre could afford in return others more useful to provincial museums.—The *Salon* for 1861 is officially announced; all works are to be sent in between the 20th of March and the 1st of April; it will open on the 1st of May, and close on the 1st of July.—At the recent sale of the Art-collections of M. L. Fould, the antiquities, porcelains, bronzes, &c., when fine, sold high. Among the pictures were 'Le Roi de Thulé,' by Ary Scheffer, which realized 5,002 fr.; a mythological subject, by Snyders and Rubens, 1,490 fr.; 'Interior of an Alcove,' by David Teniers, 9,150 fr.; 'Death of the Stag,' by Wouvermans, 8,100 fr.; 'Cattle in a Meadow,' by Brascassat, 7,000 fr., &c.—A discovery interesting in the history of French art has just been made; it is that of a picture by L. David, 'The Stratonice,' by which he gained the 'Priz de Rome,' in 1775; this painting has been taken great care of, and will now be added to the very interesting collection in the Academy of Fine Arts. David failed five times before he succeeded in obtaining the prize, and was so discouraged that he resolved to starve himself; Doyen and Sedaine, however, managed to dissuade him from this melancholy resolution. David left Paris for Rome, with Vien, his master, who was appointed master of the French school there.—The transformation of the flower plantations of the grand avenue of the Champs-Élysées proceeds rapidly. For some days past a considerable number of workmen have been in possession of the square plot of the *Cirque*, where masses of shrubs and flowers are to be placed, as on other portions of this delightful promenade. Meanwhile, the elegant fountain, called Les Quatre Saisons, having been coppered over, is being put in its place again.

BORDEAUX.—The Art-Union of Bordeaux has purchased this year fifty paintings; the amateurs, fifty-five; the municipality of Bordeaux have purchased, for the museum, two, by Trayon and Devilly. The sum thus distributed was 50,000 fr.

ANTWERP.—It is intended to decorate the walls of the Academy with a series of frescoes illustrative of some of the principal events of Flemish history; M. de Keyser, Director of the Academy, is preparing the designs for the paintings. He has recently completed a picture representing Tasso surprising his sister in Sonetto.

NOVONOGOR.—The works for the foundation and pedestal of the monument for the celebration of Russia's Millennium have begun at Novonogor. The pedestal will be erected at an expense of 75,000 silver roubles: the artist, M. Mikeschin, receives 120,000 silver roubles. The galvanoplastic cast, in the manufactory of Messrs. Nikols and Pitinke, will amount to the further cost of 110,000 silver roubles. Government furnishes the bronze. M. Mikeschin's design, which was favoured with the prize, makes in its total the effect of a bell.



# BRITISH ARTISTS: THEIR STYLE AND CHARACTER.

WITH ENGRAVED ILLUSTRATIONS.

No. L.—RICHARD ANSDELL.



NE of the noticeable peculiarities of the English school of painting is, that, with a single exception perhaps, it includes every phase of Art; history, *genre*, landscape, portraiture, animals, fruit, flowers—all are represented, and all right worthily; each has attained a high point of excellence in the works of some one or more of our artists. It is impossible to go through the rooms of our annual exhibitions without seeing satisfactory proofs, in abundance, of this assertion; though it cannot be denied there are some classes in which greater proficiency is attained than in others: this superiority, however, may be accounted for in the fact of a greater demand for such works, and, as a consequence, more attention is given to them, the demand naturally arising from our national tastes, feelings, habits, and sympathies. The exception referred to is of that speciality usually denominated "Christian Art," in its highest form—such as was practised by the great painters of old, when the tenets of the Romish church prevailed throughout Europe, and its influence was felt over the whole world of Art. Now, Protestantism in its purity is antagonistic to everything that Romanism not only permitted, but encouraged, as aids to religious worship; and hence, though a nation deeply sensible of its obligations to promote the glory of the sanctuary, and the honour due to the Supreme Being, England repudiates the feeling which called into existence those noble works of the old masters before which men have stood, and still stand, in wonder and admiration.

We have no popes, or cardinals, or wealthy ecclesiastical communities to give commissions for large pictures of scriptural subjects, but it is singular

that among a people so impressed as we are with the importance of religion, and so strict in the ordinances of worship, sacred Art finds but few patrons, and, therefore, has so few followers. How small a proportion do works of this kind bear to those of any other in our exhibition galleries! there is not one artist we could point out whose talents are generally—far less exclusively—devoted to such productions. Herbert perhaps has of late years done more in this way than any of his brother artists, but he cannot be regarded as a strict disciple of Christian Art; neither can Dyce, who, perhaps, comes next to him; while Maclise, Ward, Cope, Elmore, Hart, Pickersgill, and others who essay historical painting, limit their efforts to the incidents of secular narrative. No, the records of Scripture are not the pages studied, professionally, by our artists; the writings of the historian, the dramatist, the novelist, and the poet, supply themes sufficient for the purposes of some; and the region of fancy, the world of nature, the events of every-day life, the pastimes and pursuits of our rural population, claim the attention of others. The painters of old did but comply with the demands made on their talents; our own do the same, and more cannot be expected of them, however much we may desire to see their thoughts turned sometimes, at least, into other and higher channels.

But, after all, high and low, applied relatively to Art, are only comparative terms, even as they are when applied to other matters. Animal painting, for example, compared with historical pictures, may be considered low Art, but it is not so in itself. Who would be bold enough to designate the works of Cuyp, of Wouvermans, Berghem, and Snyder, of Sir Edwin Landseer, Sydney Cooper, and Ansdell, or of Mdle. Rosa Bonheur, as low Art? The productions of these painters are the highest art, of its kind only; for we willingly admit that, measured by the standard which should guide our decision in everything of an intellectual nature, they must take secondary rank, just in the same way as we acknowledge in literature one class or order of works having precedence of others.

Animal painting—we refer more especially to the representation of domestic animals, or those which are in some degree of a similar nature—is popular only among a people who take particular interest in the living objects; hence it finds favour with us in England because, as a nation, we are lovers of horses and dogs, of the tenants of the farmer's straw-yard, of the green meadows dotted over with flocks and herds, of the glens and mountains where the wild deer roam, and of the parks where the stag and the hind shelter themselves beneath the broad oak. We patronize the turf and the hunt, the nobleman keeps his stud, the country gentleman subscribes to the "pack," the poor man is often seen



Engr. 17

ISLA MAYOR—BANKS OF THE GUADALQUIVER.

[S. A. G. P. H. 2013.]

sharing his scanty meal with the faithful dog that bears him company. These predilections, or fancies, or whatever else they may be called, are a part of our nationality, and one not to be met with to anything like the same extent in any of the continental countries; it is no wonder, then, that the productions of our artists who make such subjects their studies have a particular hold on our regard. We should quite as soon expect pictures of this character to be popular with the Italians of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, as for their Madonnas and saints, and sacred legends, to be really popular with us in the nineteenth century.

We have placed the name of Mr. Ansdell among those animal-painters who have rendered themselves especially conspicuous by the excellence of their productions in this department of Art; and there are few, we suspect, intimately acquainted with his works, who will be disposed to question the propriety of the position here assigned him. Our story of his Art-life is necessarily brief, for there is little to tell beyond what his pictures point to. He was born in Liverpool, in 1815, and was educated at the Blue-Coat School of that town, an institution similar to that in the metropolis. After attempting, but in vain, until he had reached the age of twenty-one, to follow some business or profes-

sion apart from that which he was ultimately destined to practise, the love of Art had so firmly taken possession of his mind, as to leave no other course but to pursue it. What induced him to turn his attention to that particular class of subjects which has always been identified with his name, it is not easy to determine; for, certainly, Liverpool, with its crowded docks and marts of commerce—where he resided till about the year 1847—is not a place suggestive of droves of cattle at pasture, or herds of mountain deer. Art is, however, independent of locality, and oftentimes turns into a channel the very opposite of that in which it might be expected to run. Possibly the works of Landseer might have given the bias to his mind, and rendered him ambitious of treading the same path. Be this as it may, that path was chosen, and neither the artist, nor the public jealous of the credit of the British school, has any reason to regret the decision. Mr. Ansdell's studies were pursued in the place of his birth, nor did he come to reside in London till the year just mentioned.

But he must have travelled far beyond Liverpool for subject-matter long ere he quitted it as a place of residence; for the first pictures he exhibited at the Royal Academy were, 'Grouse Shooting,' and 'A Galloway Farm, the property of the Marquis of Bute,' this was in 1840. In the following year he

exhibited at the same gallery, 'The Earl of Sefton and Party returning from Shooting;' and in 1842, a work which first attracted our attention to his talents. It was a large picture, representing 'The Death of Sir W. Lambton, at the Battle of Marston Moor.' Lambton was a royalist; he is represented as extended in death, while his horse, struck by a ball from one of Cromwell's troopers, is rearing in the agony of his wound; the canvas is perhaps rather large for the subject, but the composition is clever, and very spiritedly executed. 'The Death,' contributed in 1843, would seem to have been suggested by some one or other of Landseer's pictures: a fine stag, hard pressed by the hounds, has taken to the water, but the lake is shallow where he has entered it, and the dogs are on him; the animals are admirably painted, yet the subject is one of a class that must always give more pain than pleasure to contemplate. 'Mary, Queen of Scots, returning from the Chase to Stirling Castle,' is the title of the picture Mr. Ansdell exhibited in 1844. The principal group consists of the queen surrounded by her attendants; Mary is preparing to dismount from her horse. This group of figures is strikingly portrayed, yet the general effect of the picture is weakened by the absence of suitable accessories; there are portions of the canvas which seem to require filling in. 'Fox-hunting in the North,' exhibited in the following year, contains portraits of Mr. James Machell, of Windermere, of several members of his family, his huntsmen, and hounds: it belongs to the class of portrait pictures.

In 1846 Mr. Ansdell contributed for the first time to the British Institution; it was by far the best work he had hitherto exhibited, and different in subject from his previous productions. The 'Drover's Halt, Isle of Mull in the Distance,' is a large picture, showing a numerous group of figures and cattle halting at a roadside bothie in the Highlands; much study was evidently given to the composition, and great care bestowed on its execution: every object is painted with exceeding delicacy, combined with freedom of handling and force of expression. 'The Stag at Bay,' was exhibited in the same year at the Royal

Academy: an idea of the extent of the canvas may be conceived from the fact that the animals are all life-size. The scene is one of the wildest that can be conceived—the rocky bed of a mountain torrent, to which the stag has fled, like Dentatus of old, to defend himself from his assailants, one or two of whom he has already wounded; but the hunter's rifle appears over the rock, and the noble animal is doomed to fall. The dogs are accurately drawn, and display extraordinary vivacity and spirit, while the stag is painted with great power and truth. Landseer has produced a similar subject, but the compositions are wholly different. In the following year Mr. Ansdell sent to the Academy, 'The Combat,' a companion work to that last mentioned: on no former occasion, and we may almost add at no later time, has this artist shown greater power of conception and execution. The combatants, two magnificent stags, are engaged in fierce and deadly struggle; both are nearly exhausted, and yet the battle rages furiously, while there are few accessories of any kind to draw off the attention of the spectator from the combat: a finer work of the kind has rarely been seen on the walls of our public galleries. Both this and the preceding picture must be well known from Ryall's large engravings from them. In the same year Mr. Ansdell sent to the British Institution, 'Turf Stackers—Scene in Glen Lyon, Perthshire,' and 'The Death—Stag Hunting in the Olden Time;' and in 1848, 'The Bogged Pony,' and 'The Wounded Hound.' Of these four pictures we prefer the last, and should like this still better if of half its present dimensions. It represents three or four dogs with their keeper, an old man who is dressing the foot of the wounded animal, which is looking up with an expression of mingled pain and resignation perfectly unmistakable: the man and the animals are all life-size. These large canvases certainly test the ability of the artist, but the subjects do not require them, even for such a purpose. The same remarks apply to 'The Successful Deer-Stalkers,' in the British Institution in 1849; to which gallery he also sent, 'An Old Trespasser,' a very carefully painted picture, representing a pony attacked by dogs in a newly-reaped field of



Engraved by]

THE SPANISH SHEPHERD.

Engraved by J. P. Nichols

corn: the execution of this work can scarcely be surpassed, and the canvas is of a size perfectly consistent with the subject. But we must go back to the year 1848, to notice a picture by Mr. Ansdell, exhibited at the Royal Academy, in which the figures and animals are also of life-size, perhaps we ought to call them of heroic size: but then the subject, 'The Battle of the Standard,' in some degree justifies the treatment. It represents the famous combat of Sergeant Ewart, of the Scots Greys, at Waterloo, with several Polish lancers, one of whom bore the colours of the regiment. The incident is matter of history, and is here brought forward with great artistic skill and with a grandeur of effect worthy of the occasion: we know not where the picture now is, but such a work ought to find a place in a national gallery, dedicated to the deeds of Britain's heroes. 'The Wolf Slayer' and 'The Death of Gelert' were contributed to the Royal Academy in 1849. The former is a composition of wonderful power: the hunter encounters his fierce antagonists in a rocky, mountainous lair; he has seized one wolf by the throat with the left hand, while his right holds the axe uplifted over the head of the animal; two dogs are engaging the attention of another wolf. Nothing can be more spirited and full of energy than the action and drawing of the whole of these figures. The illustration of the well-known Welsh story of the faithful Gelert is too painfully true to be agreeable.

At the British Institution in 1850 was a very charming rural picture called 'South Downs,' painted in conjunction with Mr. Creswick, upon whom, as a matter of course, devolved the landscape portion. These two artists have frequently since worked together, and with unequalled success. Of the 'South Downs' it is only necessary to say that Mr. Ansdell's animals, as true to nature as his wilder or swifter animals, wolves, stags, and dogs. 'The Regretted Companion,' exhibited at the same time and place, is suggested by

Sterne's story of the old man and his dead ass. 'The Rivals,' in the Academy that year, is another version of 'The Combat,' already noticed. 'England, a Day in the Country' (British Institution, 1851), is the joint production of Mr. Ansdell and Mr. Creswick: the title is significant of the subject; a beautiful pastoral scene, with a team of horses in the foreground; it is a charming picture. Another work by these two artists was exhibited at the Academy in the same year: it is called 'The Shepherd's Revenge'; a wolf, having killed a sheep, is about to feast on it, when an arrow, shot by the shepherd, reaches the throat of the marauder. 'Turning the Drove, a Scene near the Grampians,' and 'The Auld Farmer's New Year's Gift to his Auld Mare Maggie,' a subject from Burns, were exhibited with the picture just described. These are Mr. Ansdell's entire work, and are good examples of his truthful pencil. His pictures of 1852 were all pastorals—*revenons à nos moutons* seems to have been the motto adopted by him that year, for he sent to the British Institution, 'The Common,' on which a large flock of sheep is grazing, and 'The Drover's Halt,' the landscape by Mr. Creswick, a large and elaborately painted picture; and to the Academy, 'Lytham Sand Hills, Lanarkshire, peopled with numerous sheep, 'Cattle Fair, Isle of Skye,' and 'Sheep Washing, Isle of Skye;' we can only characterize these works as equal to any of the same kind from the easel of the painter.

'Lytham Common,' (British Institution, 1853,) is a sandy plain covered with herbage, on which a group of three donkeys and a few sheep is grazing, or rather on which they are turned out; for all the animals—and exquisitely they are painted—are not feeding. Two pictures were sent to the Academy that year: one, 'The Sick Lamb,' which an eagle is watching attentively, but the old ewe faces the bird and keeps him at bay; the incident is touchingly and skilfully portrayed. The other, 'The Brave Old Hound,' belongs to the deer-



stalking series; a fine stag, probably wounded by the hunter, lies lifeless in the rocky bed of a river; the hound has tracked him home, and by his action is evidently "giving tongue" to attract his masters to the spot.

Another 'Lytham Common,' from which the sheep and donkeys have not yet wandered—we may conclude therefore the pasturage is sweet and good, though the artist is not so successful in representing the herbage as the animals—appeared in the British Institution in the next year, accompanied by a painting entitled, 'The Interrupted Meal,' the intruder being a collie dog which disturbs a right royal eagle feeding on the carcass of a sheep; the picture is large, and the incident is rendered with point and spirit. 'Sheep Gathering in Glen Higan, Isle of Skye,' was exhibited at the Academy in that year, with 'A Traveller attacked by Wolves,' the subjects differ widely; they may almost be respectively designated 'Peace' and 'War.' Both these works maintain the high character of the painter for truth of nature.

We find Mr. Ansdell and Mr. Creswick once more working together on a picture bearing the title of 'The Park,' exhibited at the British Institution in 1855. Creswick in this had the lion's share of the labour, and merits the same proportion of the honour, though Ansdell's group of startled deer on the green knoll to the left of the picture, adds no little charm to the composition. In the Academy that year, Mr. Ansdell's name appears against four pictures; 'Feeding the Calves,' was painted in conjunction with Mr. Prith, who con-

tributed the caterer, a bonnie maiden, in the act of pouring a quantity of milk into a trough for the young kine. This is a first-rate picture of its kind, for the two painters appear to have vied with each other to impart beauty and delicacy to their respective tasks. In 'The Nearest Way in Summer-Time'—an indefinite title, by the way, unless one can see it explained by the picture, (it has recently been engraved on a large scale,)—Mr. Creswick had again the chief burden to bear, Mr. Ansdell's labours being limited, as we may assume, to a team of horses drawing a timber-wagon. The other two pictures are entirely his own—a pair respectively entitled, 'The Scotch Gamekeeper,' and 'The English Gamekeeper;' men, dogs, and game are in both painted with infinite skill.

'Severe Weather,' a Highland shepherd rescuing some half-frozen sheep, and 'Stray Sheep,' appeared at the British Institution in 1856; and at the Royal Academy were 'Going to be Fed,' a picture in which Mr. J. Phillip had a share, 'The Highland Shepherd,' and 'The Browzer's Holla.' Our space will not permit any comment on these works, nor is it necessary, inasmuch as they are similar in character to many already noticed.

We have now, though we can do so but briefly, to look at Mr. Ansdell away from the glens and highlands of Scotland, the moors and the pastures of England. In the summer of 1856, accompanied by Mr. Phillip, R.A., and again in 1857, alone, he journeyed into Spain, making the province of Seville his sketching-ground. The results of these several visits have been since



THE SPANISH FLOWER-SELLER.

[J. and G. P. Nicholls.]

manifested in the works of both painters; almost all Mr. Ansdell's pictures dating from the period of the first journey are of Spanish subjects; the field was new and fruitful, and if he has not reaped from it additional honours—for he could scarcely surpass what he had previously done—he has given a most pleasing variety to his productions: animals, whether Spanish or English, can only be represented well. The engravings we have selected as illustrations of the works of this artist are all of Spanish scenes: we chose them, first, as possessing greater novelty; and, secondly, because we found great difficulty in getting at his earlier productions, which are scattered in various collections throughout the country. These Spanish pictures excited much and deserved attention from the public; the earliest were seen at the Royal Academy in 1857: 'The Water-Carrier,' 'Mules Drinking,' and 'Ploughing.' These were followed, in 1858, by 'The Road to Seville,' at the British Institution; and by 'Crossing the Ford, Seville,' and 'THE SPANISH SHEPHERD'—engraved on the preceding page—at the Royal Academy. In the British Institution last year were 'Dos Amigos,' two or three Spanish peasants greeting each other on the highway; and 'ISLA MAYOR—BANKS OF THE GUADALQUIVER,' one of our illustrations. The contributions to the Academy exhibition were of Scotch growth, 'The Highland Tod-hunter,' and 'Sheep-Washing in Glen-Lyon.' 'THE SPANISH FLOWER-SELLER,' engraved above, was exhibited at the British

Institution this year; and at the Academy there hang, while we are now writing, 'The Lost Shepherd,' and 'Buy a Dog, Ma'am?'

The pictures we have enumerated constitute the catalogue of Mr. Ansdell's principal works. Art of this kind cannot be subjected to the criticism which may be applied to historical, or even landscape, painting; commentary must be more general than specific; for where there exists so great similarity in the materials of the pictures, there is necessarily little room for variety of description or remark. That Mr. Ansdell has closely studied animal life, that he represents it faithfully, vigorously, and picturesquely, and that his productions are among the best of their kind which our school—and, indeed, any other—has brought forward, is to pay him and them no higher compliment than is merited. If we had no Landseer, Ansdell would, unquestionably, occupy the very foremost place in this department of Art; but there are some of his pictures that may stand in favourable juxtaposition with those of Sir Edwin; if the latter is unequalled in delineating the intelligent qualities of the animal tribes, the former may claim the pre-eminence in delineating their fiercer natures.

On three occasions Mr. Ansdell has received the "Heywood" medal for his works exhibited at Manchester; and a gold medal was awarded to him for pictures in the great Paris Exhibition of 1855—'The Wolf-Slayer,' and 'Turning the Drove.'

J. DAFFORNE.



## THE ROYAL PICTURES.

## THE WIFE OF RUBENS.

Rubens, Painter. J. De Mare, Engraver.  
Size of the picture, 2 ft. 9½ in. by 1 ft. 11¼ in.

BOTH Dr. Waagen and Mr. Smith, in their respective publications; call this picture a portrait of Helena Formann, or Fourment, niece of Rubens, and his second wife, whom he married in 1630, when she, a very lovely girl, was only sixteen years of age, and he had reached the ripe age of fifty-three. We, however, are more inclined to the opinion of Mrs. Jameson, that the lady here represented is Elizabeth Brandt, his first wife, who died in 1626. The portrait is, undoubtedly, that of a woman whose age cannot be less, certainly, than thirty years, and very probably more than that. Rubens died before his wife, Helena, had attained her twenty-sixth year: besides, as Mrs. Jameson says, "the countenance has too much of feeling and matronly sense, and too little beauty, for her." Still, it is the portrait of an exceedingly handsome woman—the face is highly pleasing, the eyes soft and expressive, though not remarkably intelligent, and the general appearance that of a well-born, educated female. She is habited in a yellow satin dress with slashed sleeves, a black mantle, and a rich lace ruff; the hair is adorned with pearls and flowers, and a necklace of magnificent pearls is around her neck. Rubens must have painted the picture as a labour of love, for the greatest pains seem to have been taken with every part of it—the drawing of the upper part is very elegant, and the hands are beautifully modelled: the colour is rich, yet subdued, and, as a whole, it may be regarded as one of this artist's finest female portraits. It was formerly in the possession of a family of the name of Luuden, residing at Antwerp; in 1817, it passed into the hands of a M. Van Havre; and subsequently was purchased in 1820 by George IV., for the sum of 800 guineas.

Though some one has said that the pencil of Rubens was "fed on flowers," meaning thereby, it is presumed, that his works are distinguished by their brilliancy and gorgeousness of colouring, yet, as a portrait-painter, he can scarcely be compared either with Titian or Van Dyck; he lacks the extreme refinement and elegance of the former, and the solid graces of the latter. When looking at a portrait by Rubens, one feels that he is contemplating a fine picture; on the other hand, a portrait by Van Dyck, and many also by Titian, place the spectator, mentally, in the actual presence of the individual—in the first case, the memory of the painter scarcely fails to obtrude itself, in the second, you lose sight of him altogether.

It can scarcely be disputed that a great historical painter must also be a great portrait-painter, yet there are qualities in portraiture, in the sense limited to a mere personal representation, which a great historical painter, like Rubens, has rarely been found to possess. His vivid and fanciful imagination would revel in a group of portraits treated historically or dramatically, as in that of the Archduke Ferdinand of Austria and the Prince of Spain, mounted on chargers, and in that of Sir Belthasar Garbier, his wife and children,—both of which are in the "Rubens Room," at Windsor,—but it seems restrained when limited to a single figure, as if the literal exactness required in such a work were incompatible with freedom of will and action. It is an admitted principle in true portrait-painting, that the face of the individual represented should constitute the picture; and, as a consequence, all accessories ought to be made subordinate to the principal object, so that the attention of the spectator is at once attracted to the person, and not to the costume in which he may be habited, or to any adjuncts that the artist may have thought fit to introduce. Hence, no one can look at a portrait by Holbein, for example—to go back to an earlier period than that already referred to—without the assurance that the work before him is absolute truth, both of likeness and character. It is this which gives a value to his pictures that more than compensates for the hard and dry manner of their execution.

This picture is also in the "Rubens Room," at Windsor Castle.

RECOLLECTIONS  
OF MY CONTEMPORARIES.

BY JOHN BURNET, F.R.S.

## THE EARLY DAYS OF WILKIE.

A GERMAN author says, "Who is able to speak worthily of the fulness of childhood? If children grew up according to early indications, we should have nothing but geniuses." Genius seems the result of close application to any particular study the mind delights in pursuing. All minds are not cast in moulds of equal capacity, nor are they all thrown in the way of fortuitous circumstances for their development; but a mind properly constructed, and nurtured in the most favourable sources for study, seldom fails in producing fruitful results. Both Reynolds and Wilkie, the founders, in their several walks, of the English and Scottish schools of painting, embraced the Johnsonian theory, which pronounced genius to be nothing but a mind of large general powers accidentally determined to some particular object. Professor Porson, the eminent Greek scholar, insisted that "all men were born with abilities nearly equal, and any one," he used to say, "might become as great a critic as I am, if he would only take the trouble to make himself so. I have made myself what I am by intense labour,—sometimes, to impress a thing upon my memory, I have read it a dozen times, and transcribed it six." If we examine how much fortuitous circumstances have to do in forming the mind, we shall perceive this influence upon those of the two great bards of England and Scotland—Shakspeare and Burns. Shakspeare was thrown by accident amongst the players, and turned his talents to dramatic pieces, forming his style on the blank verse of Marlowe, the great favourite of that day; and Burns, studying the poems of Ramsay and Fergusson, formed his style upon their writings—to the last of whom he erected a monument in the Canongate churchyard, Edinburgh, where Fergusson was buried. While we are drawing a comparison between the education of Reynolds and Wilkie, we ought to bear in mind that Reynolds never received an academical education, the want of which he always regretted. Northcote, who was his pupil, in his conversations with Hazlitt, says, "It must be confessed that Sir Joshua was in some degree ignorant of what may be termed the grammatical part of the art, the scholarship of academic skill, which, unless it be acquired in early life, can seldom or never be learned afterwards." Reynolds himself says, "The disadvantages I have been under cannot be enough regretted. I began late, facility of invention was therefore to be given up—I considered it impossible to arrive at it; but not impossible to be correct, though with more labour." And, in another memorandum, he observes that, "The execution of every art requires certain mechanical habits, the mechanical habits of all arts should be acquired when young." With these prefatory remarks, we will proceed to the subject of our memoir.

David Wilkie was born in the village of Culter, in Fifeshire, November 18th, 1785, and, like Sir Joshua, was the son of a clergyman. His father intended bringing up his son to the church, but the early drawings of David on the walls, or even on the margin of his Bible, at church, indicated a different direction to his mental propensities—and in this he resembled Reynolds. The first portrait Sir Joshua ever painted was from a drawing, made on his thumb-nail, of the sitter in church—a mode that the inimitable Hogarth often adopted to catch the character of those that would suit his compositions. But do not let us imagine that either of those early drawings ever engendered any religious feeling; on the contrary, Wilkie, when a professional artist, never painted upon a Sunday, and the writer of this article never saw the palette on his thumb on that day but once, and on his inquiring the reason for thus breaking through the rule, "Well, you see," replied Wilkie, "this is a public character, and can only be spared from his duties on a Sunday." He was the monkey belonging to the Exeter Change menagerie, and whose portrait Wilkie has handed down to posterity sitting on the boy's shoulder in the picture of 'The Parish Bandle,' now in the National Gallery, bequeathed

by Lord Colborne. With regard to Reynolds, we must remember that every day of the week he was employed in taking sittings—four, five, and six frequently the same day, so that Sunday was the only time he could look at his works, either to act honestly to his employers or his own reputation: but when Johnson, the great moralist, was on his death-bed, he sent for Reynolds, and taking his hand, said, "Sir Joshua, I have three requests to make,—one is to forgive me the thirty pounds I owe you, the other to carefully read the Bible, and the last, that from this time you will promise never to put your palette on your thumb upon a Sunday,"—all of which requests Reynolds religiously performed.

What was denied to Reynolds in his early days Wilkie had the good fortune to receive. The Earl of Leven, on seeing some of the boy's drawings, prevailed upon his father to educate him for the profession of a painter, and furnished him with a letter of introduction to the secretary of the Trustees' Academy for the encouragement of the Arts and Manufactures of Scotland; but not till after a little demur, on account of the unsatisfactory appearance of his specimens, was he admitted a probationary student, in 1799. Wilkie, in speaking upon this subject afterwards, said, "I, for one, can allow no ill to be said of patronage—it made me what I am, for it is plain merit had no hand in my admission." And he was also fortunate in having John Graham for a master: the Trustees' Academy had been for a century the college of Art in the north. In the absence of native artists, it was first under the superintendence of a Frenchman, M. de la Croix. The first native artist who held the appointment of master was Runciman, the historical painter, known as the decorator of Ossian's Hall, near Edinburgh, the seat of Sir James Clerk; these designs were from the poems of Ossian (said by Macpherson to be a translation from the original Gaelic), a work much talked of at the time of publication, but now little read. A step towards their decline was a line in Goldsmith's poem of "Retaliation," which Dr. Johnson used to be fond of repeating—

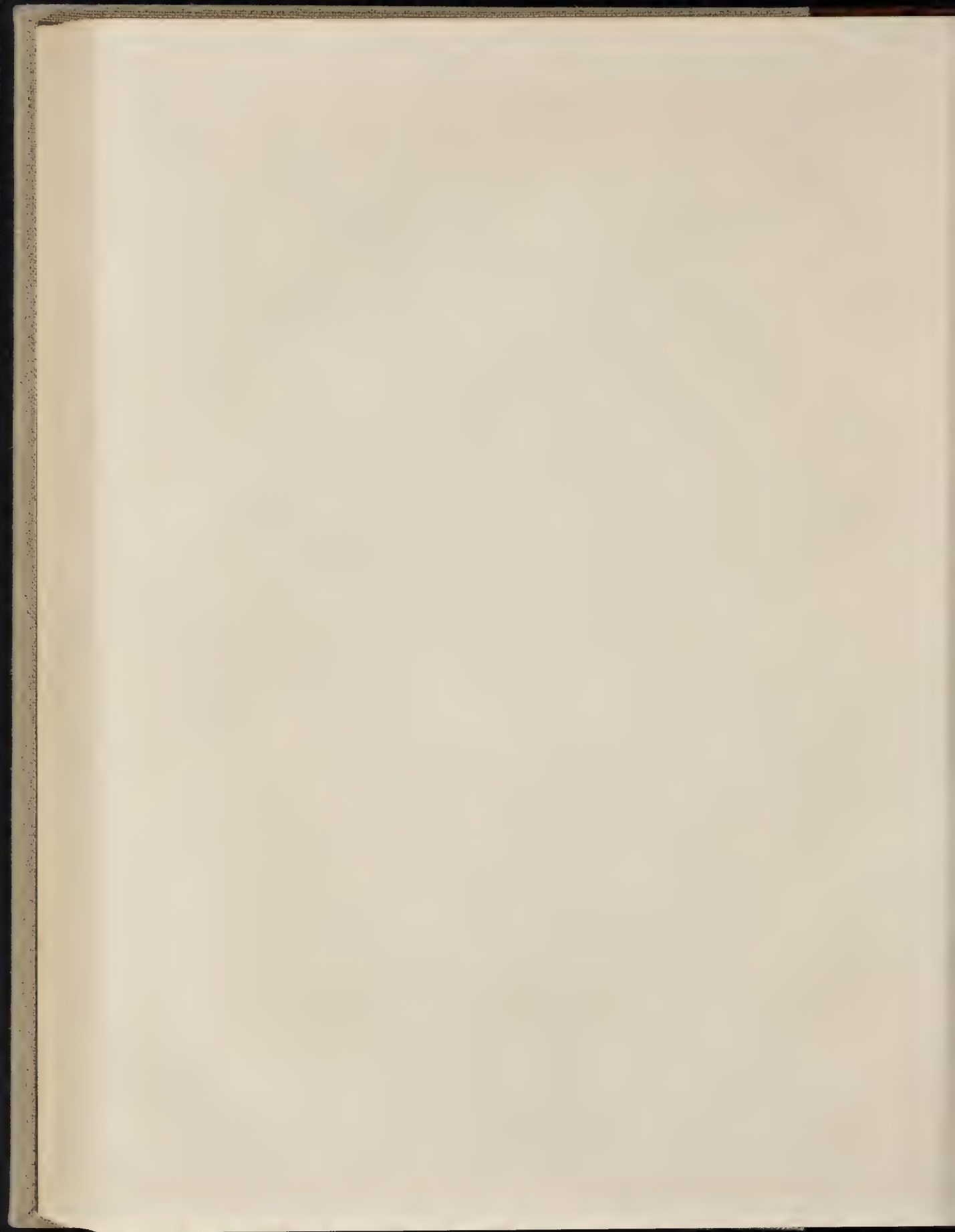
"Macpherson write bombast, and call it a style."

These pictures of Runciman's are somewhat similar to those of Barry, in the Society of Arts in the Adelphi. To Runciman succeeded David Allan, whose delineation of Scottish character Wilkie much admired, particularly the prints in the folio edition of Allan Ramsay's "Gentle Shepherd," and the illustrations of Colonel Hector Macneil's poem of "Scotland's Skith," a work from which Wilkie painted his scene of the 'Village Politicians.' When the Fine Arts in Scotland gathered strength, the Trustees' Academy became exclusively a school for the antique. Now, however, that decorative Arts schools engage more public attention, or at least more of the attention of Government, than their more aristocratic brothers of Fine Art, the governors of this institution have sent it back to what appears to have been its original occupation. Originally a house-painter, John Graham became a painter of historical subjects of a high character, such as his 'Burial of General Fraser,' the 'Murder of David Rizzio,' which he painted in competition with Opie, and 'The Disobedient Prophet Slain.' Amongst his smaller pictures we may mention his designs for Campbell's poem of "The Pleasures of Hope," the first edition of which was thought to be unsafe, as a speculation, without embellishments to ensure its sale. Under the patronage of Dr. Anderson, Mundell and Doig ventured on the publication, giving the poet fifteen pounds for the copyright, the same sum that Milton is said to have received for his poem of "Paradise Lost;" and fifteen pounds was what Wilkie's patron, the Earl of Mansfield, considered a fair price for his picture of 'The Village Politicians.' But the price paid for first works forms but a small item in comparison with the advantages that arise from the sensation they create in society. The writer of this article was acquainted with the author of "The Pleasures of Hope" at this time, and could not but remark the influence the poem had on all people. Even the noble house of Argyll claimed Thomas Campbell, the poor student, as a relation of the family. But the great reward that talent receives is the homage of posterity.

Wilkie, while a student at the academy, was generally the first in, and one of the last out; neither did he hold much converse with any, but went direct to his place, and taking out his paper, black









chalk, and new halfpenny roll, commenced his drawing. The younger boys, especially those who were fonder of fun than study, would often go up to him, and beg a bit of bread, saying that they had forgot theirs, on which he would exclaim, "Eh! Eh! do you think I am to supply the hale Academy with bread?" but having got it, in place of using the gift to put out the errors in their drawings, they rolled it up in little pellets to prop at him, while absorbed in deep study. Wilkie would suddenly turn round, but could never discover the culprit, every one seeming intent on his work. The academy hours at that time were from ten till twelve in the forenoon, and before breaking up, Graham would go his rounds, examining each drawing, the errors in which he corrected with his thumb-nail, making lines that took indelible precedence of every other. The younger students would wince at these marks, knowing their fathers would not consider them marks of approbation; nevertheless Graham was a universal favourite. On leaving at twelve o'clock, Wilkie went direct home, to what he called his life academy, and, placing the looking-glass before him, commenced drawing from his hands—so necessary for the character and expression of the figure, and in which he became so celebrated. His countenance was likewise made subservient to the same purpose, and served as a model for the representation of the various passions "that flesh is heir to." Once, while thus engaged, his laudably passing the door, and seeing his face in the glass, cried out, "Oh, sir! what are you greeting for?" This mode of study enabled him to give correctly those muscles of the face that indicate a mixed expression. A head of this character we see, in the girl leaning on the back of the chair, in his picture of the 'Blind Fiddler'; she chides the boy for mocking the blind man, by playing on the bellows, at the same time cannot refrain from smiling at his drollery. This head, by the way, is the strongest likeness we possess of Wilkie when a young man. In his morning and evening walks into the country he was studying from the great book of nature, marking in his sketch-book the peculiarities of the countryside.

Such intense and constant application made Wilkie a great artist, but it ultimately caused his death. Twice during his lifetime it rendered him incapable of either painting or writing, and at last terminated his existence, the brain becoming too softened, and incompetent to perform the functions necessary for life. Notwithstanding the many warnings he had received, he travelled to the Holy Land, that he might study the scenery and people in Jerusalem; and died on his way home from complete exhaustion, and was buried in the bay of Gibraltar, in the fifty-sixth year of his age. We may here quote the line on the pedestal of his statue, in the hall of the National Gallery—

"A life too short for friendship, not for fame."

I make this digression, that it may be a caution to the young. "We are wonderfully and fearfully made," but we cannot exert any of our organs beyond their capacity without punishment.

The Trustees' Academy was originally founded for that branch of the art connected with the manufactures of the country; under the mastership of Graham it became solely a school of painting; and by a munificent present from George IV. of the best casts from the Greek sculpture, is now a complete antique academy. From drawing from the statues, Graham extended the study to painting in oil, and afterwards to compositions of historical subjects. The board of trustees remonstrated against this extension, alleging that the School was instituted as one of design for ornamental drawing, and patterns for damask weaving; but afterwards, when they saw some drawings executed by the students, they withdrew their opposition, and offered premiums for the best oil-picture of a historical subject.

Hogarth was certainly the greatest moral painter the world has yet seen. What Johnson, Addison, and others have accomplished by their writings, he has done by his pictures; his may be truly said to be word paintings—his 'Marriage à la Mode,' his 'Idle and Industrious Apprentices,' his 'Harlot's Progress,' are all so many lessons showing vice punished and virtue rewarded—they are so many sermons. But people don't like to live entirely in a church, or hang up on their walls pictures that can forcibly remind them of the follies and iniquities of

their fellow-men; consequently he either had to give them away as presents, or submit them to the degrading mode of a raffle. Had he not translated his pictures into prints he might have starved; but by spreading them amongst the million, he was enabled to keep his carriage, and take a house opposite Reynolds, the great flatterer of the aristocracy. If invention is the greatest mark of genius, certainly to Hogarth does this mark belong; neither has he borrowed from any of his predecessors, but is the originator of a style for others to follow. Wilkie engrafted the character and expression of Hogarth upon the works of Ostade, Teniers, and others of the Dutch and Flemish schools, and produced pictures that the eye delights to look on. He modified the severe satire of the one, and the vulgarity of the others, ennobling and refining his compositions by following the principles laid down in the pictures of the Roman, Italian, and Venetian schools. This his academic education enabled him to do, which neither Reynolds nor Hogarth could accomplish: the first from want of versatility of invention, the other from disdaining to fetter his works with the principles laid down by his predecessors. The historical works of Hogarth are certainly failures; but even his portraits were included in the same category. The admirers of Sir Joshua took every opportunity of crying them down; but Hogarth himself was of a very different opinion—he says, "The first portrait which I painted with the most pleasure, and in which I particularly wished to excel, was that of Captain Coram, for the Foundling Hospital; and if I am so wretched an artist as my enemies assert, it is somewhat strange that this, which is the first I painted the size of life, should stand the test of twenty years' competition, and be generally thought the best portrait in the place, notwithstanding the first painters in the kingdom exerted all their talents to vie with it."

The early works of Wilkie, both in Fife-shire and in London, were portraits; but he reasoned in a different strain from Hogarth, in writing to his brother, after the exhibition of his picture of 'The Village Politicians.' "When I first came to London," he says, "I had scarcely a friend: the five recommendations I had were of little or no use, and since then I have had various successions of good and bad fortune; and the only support I had was from painting portraits—a branch of the art in which I luckily failed. But the want of success in this branch made me apply to another, in which I have already established a reputation that will live for ages."

Amongst the letters of introduction that Wilkie brought to London was one to Caleb Whiteford, celebrated at the time as a wit. Whilst opening the letter and looking at the bearer, Caleb asked Wilkie what was his age. "Well, I don't exactly know," was the reply. "What!" said Caleb, "do you come to London to wrestle with so many celebrated men, and don't even know your own age?" This remark made so strong an impression on him at the time, that out of it he afterwards painted his picture of 'The Letter of Introduction.'

Hogarth's 'March to Finchley' may not be improperly compared with the 'Pittessie Fair' of Wilkie, both being their earliest pictures embracing many figures. They are each very much scattered in the composition; but Hogarth indicates a connected thread in the story, which was the burlesque of the guards on their way to Scotland. In 'The Pittessie Fair,' neither is there much attention to grouping as a whole, nor any concentration of light and shade: the picture is an assemblage of incidents painted from nature, forming a storehouse of materials to be worked up into separate pictures, which Wilkie has done in his subject of the 'Blind Fiddler,' and also in his picture of the 'Jew's-harp.'

West's first picture was painted with the colours he found amongst the Red Indians of America. Reynolds's first portrait was painted with the common colours used in a shipwright's painting-shed, on a piece of a boat's sail, and was finished in a boat-house on the beach, under Mount Edgumbe. But I am afraid we cannot give Wilkie's first attempts the same marvellous origin, as to justify our using the words of the immortal bard, who says—

"There's a divinity that shapes our ends,  
Rough hew them how we will."

Wilkie's first canvas and colours were purchased in the shop of Taylor and Norrie, of Edinburgh, the colourmen who supplied our two great Scottish

painters of portrait and landscape—Raeburn and Nasmyth. The vehicle he then used was a mixture of drying linseed-oil and mastic-varnish; but when in London, engaged upon the picture of 'The Village Festival,' Thomson, the academician, called and advised him to use wax, as Reynolds had done. In his journal for 1810, Wilkie writes, "Went to buy some wax from Barclay, in the Haymarket, who, on learning who I was, insisted on my acceptance of a large quantity as a present."

Rembrandt's pictures were the foundation of Wilkie's style of colour. Reynolds and other writers had confirmed him in his choice, from their pointing out the advantage a warm coloured picture had over a cold. 'The Pittessie Fair' and 'The Village Politicians' (especially in the warmth of the shadows) possess more of this character than his picture of 'The Blind Fiddler.' The silvery tone of Teniers was pressed upon his attention by the critics, and while he was engaged upon the picture, a small silvery-toned picture by Teniers, a present from Sir George Beaumont, stood by his side. This certainly influenced its hue of colour, and lowered its effect in the exhibition; and, contributing to this deteriorating quality, was a warm picture by Turner of a blacksmith's shop hanging near it. Wilkie perceived his error, and returned to the groupings of his earlier days. Our old master, Graham, sometimes unrolled to us his large picture of 'The Disobedient Prophet Slain,' as a specimen of warm colour, and, descending upon the advantage of painting from nature, mentioned how much the ass standing by the dead figure was praised by Gainsborough, which I had carried up three pair of stairs to my painting-room as a model.

The silvery tones of Teniers Wilkie relieved by the warm shadows of Rembrandt, and, in his later works, he resigned himself more and more to the influence of his early propensities, witness 'The Parish Beadle,' 'His Majesty George IV. entering the Palace of his Ancestors,' and his 'John Knox Preaching before the Lords of the Congregation'—the treatment of the figures in the gallery in this picture was copied from the background of 'The Woman taken in Adultery,' by Rembrandt, in the National Gallery. While 'Knox' was in hand, Wilkie carried a copy of the Rembrandt into the Academy on the vanishing day, and set it up amongst the pictures in the great room, to see the effect his own would have in the same situation; on which a shout of triumph was set up by the R.A.'s, crying the days of the dark masters were gone, they had been weighed in the balance, and were found wanting; others said it looked like a hole in the wall. But Wilkie saw something they did not see, "and heard a voice they did not hear;" and pondering in his mind, finished his picture as he originally had intended. It may be mentioned as a set-off to the detractors of the Rembrandt school, that when the late Sir Robert Peel was carried up into his drawing-room, after the fatal accident which terminated his existence, he desired that the picture of 'Knox' should be placed in his view, that he might look upon it during the few days he survived.

The lectures of Reynolds upon painting became a text-book for students, especially that upon the arrangement of colour, where he asserts the superiority of warm shadows; and also the influence of warm colour in the lights, for the sake of harmony. So strong a hold had this theory taken possession of my perceptions, that when I first saw the Parma pictures of Correggio, I was struck with the coldness of the lights, particularly in the picture of the 'Holy Family with the St. Jerome.' The objects producing the high-lights, instead of being tinged with yellow, are tinged with blue, giving his works the severity to be found in the Roman school. A specimen of this mode of treatment may be seen in the picture of 'Christ in the Garden,' in the National Gallery: here we have the light of the principal figure, composed of blue and white, repeated in the cold colour of the sky, while the colour of the descending angel is yellow. On viewing this work by twilight, we have the arrangement of the chiaro-oscuro revealed. The science of photography has now taught us that yellow and warm colours absorb light, while blue and white reflect it; hence we find in photographic pictures the green of trees look black, from the yellow mixing with the blue, notwithstanding blue is the greatest reflector of light. Turner alone seems to have been aware of this fact, and, in his later pictures, he gives the true chiaro-oscuro of colour.

## MEDIÆVAL MANNERS.

BY THOMAS WRIGHT, F.S.A.

THE ILLUSTRATIONS BY F. W. FAIRHOLT, F.S.A.

## DINING IN THE MIDDLE AGES (continued from the last Article)—THE HUTCH OR COFFER—USES OF THE RING—PUNISHMENTS.

In a pane of painted glass in the possession of Dr. Henry Johnson, of Shrewsbury, of Flemish workmanship of about the beginning of the sixteenth century, and representing the story of the Prodigal Son, the Prodigal is seated at table with a party of dissolute women, feasting upon a pastie. It is reproduced in our cut (Fig. 1). They appear to



Fig. 1.—FEASTING ON A PASTIE.

have only one drinking-cup among them, but the wine is served from a very rich goblet. We cannot, however, always judge the character of a feast by the articles placed on the table by the mediæval illuminators, for they were in the constant habit of drawing things conventionally, and they seem to have found a difficulty, perhaps in consequence of their ignorance of perspective, in representing a crowded table. Our cut (Fig. 2), taken from MS. Reg. 10 E. IV., and in which we recognise again our old friend the holy-water clerk, represents a table which is certainly very sparingly furnished, although the persons seated at it seem to belong to a respectable class in society. Some cooked articles,



Fig. 2.—A PRIVATE DINNER.

perhaps meat, on a stand, bread, a single knife to cut the provisions, and one pot, probably of ale, from which they seem to have drunk without the intervention of a cup, form the whole service.

We find allusions from time to time to the style of living of the class in the country answering to our yeomanry and to the *bourgeoisie* in the towns, which appears to have been sufficiently plain. In the romance of "Berte" (p. 78), when the heroine finds shelter at the house of the farmer Symon, they give her, for refreshment, a chicken and wine. In the fabliau of the "*Pilain mire*" (Barbazan, vol. iii. p. 3), the farmer, who had saved money, and become

tolerably rich, had no such luxuries as salmon or partridge, but his provisions consisted only of bread and wine, and fried eggs, and cheese in abundance:

"N'orent pas saumon ne peris,  
Pain et vin orent, et oés fris,  
Et du fromage à grant plenté."

A story in the celebrated collection of the "*Cent Nouvelles Nouvelles*" (Nouv. 83), composed soon after the middle of the fifteenth century, gives us some notion of the store of provisions in the house of an ordinary burgher. A worthy and pious *demoiselle*, that is, a woman of the respectable class of *bourgeoisie*, who was, in this case, a widow, invited a monk to dine with her, out of charity. They dined without other company, and were served by a *chambrière* or maid-servant, and a man-servant

pastry, and fruit. An illumination, illustrative of another tale in this collection, in the unique manuscript preserved in the Hunterian Library, at Glasgow, and copied in the annexed cut (Fig. 3), represents a dinner-table of an ordinary person of this class of society, which is not over largely furnished. We see only bread in the middle, what appears to be intended for a ham at one end, and at the other a dish, perhaps of cakes or tarts. The lower classes lived, of course, much more meanly than the others; but we have fewer allusions to them in the earlier mediæval literature, as they were looked upon as a class hardly worth describing. This class was, no doubt, much more miserable in France than in England. A French moral poem of the fourteenth century, entitled, "*Le Chemin de Pauvreté et de Richesse*," represents the poor



Fig. 3.—A BOURGEOIS DINNER-PARTY.

or valet. The course of meat, which was first placed on the table, consisted of *porée* or soup, bacon, pork tripe, and a roasted ox's tongue. But the *demoiselle* had miscalculated the voracity of her guest, for, before she had made much progress in her *porée*, he had devoured everything on the table, and left nothing but empty dishes. On seeing this, his hostess ordered her servants to put on the table a piece of good salt beef, and a large piece of choice

labourers as having no other food than bread, garlic, and salt, with water to drink:

"N'y ot si grant ne si petit  
Qui ne preist grant appetit  
En pain sec, en aux, et en sel,  
Ne il ne mengoit riens en el  
Mouton, buef, oye, ne poucin;  
Et puis prenoient le bacin,  
A deux malis, plain d'eau, et buvoient."



Fig. 4.—TAKING CLOTHES FROM THE CHEST.

mutton; but he ate these also, to her no little astonishment; and she was obliged to send for a fine ham, which had been cooked the day before, and which appears to have been all the meat left in the house. The monk devoured this also, and left nothing but the bone. The course which would have followed the first service was then laid on the table, consisting of a "very fine fat cheese," and a dish well furnished with tarts, apples, and cheese, which also quickly followed the meat. It appears from this story that the ordinary dinner of a respectable burgher consisted of a soup, and two or three plain dishes of meat, followed by cheese,

One of the most important articles of furniture in the mediæval chamber was the hutch or coffer. All portable objects of intrinsic value or utility were kept in boxes, because they were thus ready for moving and carrying away in case of danger, and because in travelling people carried much of their movables of this description about with them. Hence the uses of the hutch or chest were very numerous and diversified. It was usual to keep clothes of every description in a chest, and illustrations of this practice are met with not uncommonly in the illuminated manuscripts. One of them is given in our fourth cut, taken from an illumination in a manu-



script of the fourteenth century, given by Willemin. Jewels, plate, personal ornaments of all kinds, and all descriptions of "treasure," were similarly locked up in chests. In our cut No. 5, taken also from a manuscript in the British Museum (MS. Reg. 2 B. VII, of the beginning of the fourteenth century), a man appears in the act of depositing in a chest fibule



Fig. 5. THE TREASURE CHEST.

or brooches, rings, buttons, and other objects, and a large vessel probably of silver. In Anglo-Saxon the coffer was called a *loc*, whence our word *locker* is derived, or a *cyste*, our *chest*, or an *arc*; from the Anglo-Normans we derive the words *huche* (*huche*) and *coffre* (*coffre*). The Anglo-Saxons, like our forefathers of a later period, kept their treasures in lockers or hutches. In the Legend of St. Juliana, an Anglo-Saxon poem in the Exeter Book, it is remarked in proof of the richness of a chieftain:—

Thæt the feoh-gestreon Although he riches  
under hord-locan, in his treasure-lockers,  
hystra unim, jewels innumerable,  
white ofer corthan, possessed upon earth.  
Cod. Exon., ed. Thorpe, p. 245.

Among the Anglo-Saxons the lady of the household had the charge of the coffers. In one of the laws of Cnut relating to robberies, it is declared that "if any man bring a stolen thing home to his cot, and he be detected, it is just that the owner have what he went for; and unless it has been brought under his wife's key-lockers (*ceg-locan*), let her be clear; for it is her duty to keep the keys of them, namely, her storehouse (*hord-ern*), and her chest (*cyste*), and her box (*legd*)."<sup>1</sup> (*Cnut's Laws*, No. 180.)

In the old metrical romances, when a town is taken and sacked, the plunderers are described as hurrying to the chambers, to rifle the chests and coffers, which were kept there. Thus, in the romance of the "Mort de Garin," where Fromont's town is taken by the followers of the hero of the romance, "the Lorrains," we are told, "hastened to destroy the town; there you might see many a chamber broken open, and many a hutch burst and torn, where they found robes, and silver, and shining gold."

"Loheren poignent por le loro desrochier.  
Là véssez naitte chambre briser,  
Et mainte huche effondrer et perier,  
Et trovent robes, et argent, et or mlier."  
Mort de Garin, p. 168.

So in the romance of "Garin," of which the romance just quoted is the sequel, on a similar occasion, "there you might see them rob the great halls, and break open the chambers, and force the coffers (*eserius*)."

"Là véssez les grans salles rober;  
Chambres briser, et les eserius forier."  
Garin le Lorrain, tom. i. p. 197.

Further on, in the same romance, the fair Beatrix, addressing her husband, the Duke Begues, tells him that he has gold and silver in his coffers—

"Or et argent avez en vos eserins."  
Id., tom. ii. p. 218.

Money was, indeed, commonly kept in the *huche* or coffer. In the fabliau of "Constant Duhamel," when Constant is threatened by the forester, who had detained his oxen on the pretence that they had been found trespassing, he tells him that he was ready to redeem them, as he had a hundred sols of money in his hutch by his bed—

"J'ai en ma huche lez mon lit,  
Cent sols de deniers à vostre oie."  
Barbazan, tom. iii. p. 307.

In the accompanying cut (Fig. 6), from a manuscript

in the British Museum of the fourteenth century (MS. Reg. 10, E. IV.), Joseph is represented counting out the money from his *huche*, to buy up the corn of Egypt, during the years of plenty.

The chests were kept in the chambers, as being the most retired and secure part of the house, and, from the terms in which the breaking open of the chambers is spoken of in the foregoing extracts, we are led to suppose that the chambers themselves were



Fig. 6. JOSEPH BUYING UP THE CORN.

usually locked. The ordinary place for the chests or hutches, or, at least, of the principal chest, was by the side, or more usually at the foot, of the bed. We have just seen that this was the place in which Constant Duhamel kept his *huche*. Under these circumstances it was very commonly used for a seat, and is often introduced as a seat, both in the literature of the middle ages, and in the illuminations of the manuscripts. In the romance of "Garin" (tom.



Fig. 7. SITTING ON THE HUCHE.

i. p. 214), the king's messenger finds the Count of Flanders, Fromont, in a tent, according to one manuscript, seated on a coffer (*sur un coffre où se siet*). So, also, in the "Roman de la Violette," p. 25, the heroine and her treacherous guest are represented as seated upon "a coffer banded with copper" (*sur j. coffre bendé de coivre*). Our cut (Fig. 7), taken from one of the engravings in the great work of Willemin, represents a scribe thus



Fig. 8. THE TOKEN OF THE KING.

seated on a coffer or *huche*, and engaged apparently in writing a letter. Our next cut (Fig. 8), taken from a manuscript of the fourteenth century in the British Museum (MS. Reg. 15, E. VI.), represents a lady and gentleman, seated on apparently a coffer, the former of whom is presenting a ring to the other.

This latter object, the ring, acts also a very fre-

quent and very important part in the social history of the middle ages. A ring was often given as a token of affection between lovers, as may perhaps be intended by the subject of our last cut, or between relatives or friends. In the romance of "Widukind," tom. ii. p. 20, the queen gives her ring to her lover in a secret interview in her tent. So, in the romance of "Horn," the lady Rigmel gave her lover, Horn, a ring as a token. It was

often, moreover, given not merely as a token of remembrance, but as a means of recognition. In the well-known early English romance of "Sir Tristram," the mother of the hero, dying in childbirth of him after his father had been slain, gives a ring to the knight to whose care she entrusted the infant, as a token by which his parentage should be known when he grew up:—

"A ring of riche hewe  
Than hable that love it (*lady*) se;  
Scho toke (*gave*) it Rouhand trewe,  
His sone sche bad it be;  
Mi brother wole it knowe,  
Mi lader yaf it me."

This ring leads subsequently to the recognition of Tristram by his uncle, King Mark. In the romance of "Ipomydon" (Weber's "Metrical Romances," vol. ii. p. 355), the hero similarly receives from his mother a ring, which was to be a token of recognition to his illegitimate brother. So, in the romance, Horn makes himself known in the sequel to Rigmel, by dropping the ring she had given him into the drinking-horn which she was serving round at a feast. Rings were often given to messengers as credentials, or were used for the same purpose as letters of introduction. In the romance of "Floire and Blanceflor" (p. 55), the young hero, on his way to Babylon, arrives at a bridge, the keeper of which has a brother in the great city, to whose hospitality he wishes to recommend Floire, and for that purpose he gives him his ring. "Take this ring to him," he says, "and tell him from me to receive you in his best manner." The message was attended with complete success. In our cut (Fig. 9), taken from a manuscript of the fourteenth century in the British Museum (MS. Reg. 10, E. IV.), the messenger arrives with the letter of which he is the bearer, and at the same time exhibits a ring in the place of credentials.

There was another circumstance which gave value and importance to rings in the middle ages. Not only might rings be charmed by the power of the magician, but it was an article of general belief that the engraved stones of the ancients, which were found commonly enough on old sites, and even the precious stones in general, without any engraving, possessed extraordinary virtues, the benefit of which was imparted to those who carried them on their persons. In the romance of "Melusine" (p. 357), the heroine, when about to leave the house of her husband, gives him two rings, and says, "My sweet love, you see here two rings of gold, which have both the same virtue; and know well for truth, that so long as you possess them, or one of them, you shall never be overcome in pleading nor in battle, if your cause be rightful; and neither you nor others who may possess them, shall ever die by any weapons." In a story among the collection of the "Gesta Romanorum," edited by Sir Frederic Madden for the Roxburghe Club (p. 150), a father is made, on his death-bed, to give to his son a ring, "the virtue of which was, that whosoever should bear it

upon him, should have the love of all men." The ring given by the Princess Rigmel to Horn possessed virtues of an equally remarkable description—"Whoever bore it upon him could not perish; he

interesting subject of mediæval punishments for crimes and offences. The first (Fig. 10) is taken from a well-known manuscript, in the British Museum, of the fourteenth century (MS. Reg. 10, E. IV.), and

ningley (Pudsey), having been convicted some months ago for Sunday gambling, and sentenced to sit in the stocks for six hours, left the locality, returned lately, and suffered his punishment by sitting in the



Fig. 9.—THE DELIVERY OF THE RING.

need not fear to die either in fire or water, or in field of battle, or in the contention of the tournament." So, in the romance of "Floire and Blacelfor" (p. 42), the queen gives her son a ring

represents a monk and a lady, whose career has brought them into the stocks, an instrument of punishment which has figured in some of our former papers. It is a very old mode of punishment, and

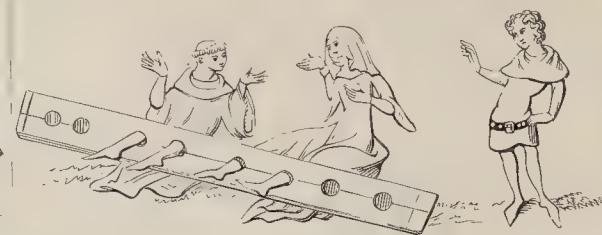


Fig. 10.—A PARTY IN THE STOCKS.

stocks from two till eight o'clock on Thursday last." They were formerly employed also, in place of fetters, in the inside of prisons—no doubt, in order to cause suffering by irksome restraint; and this was so common that the Latin term *cippus*, and the French *ceps*, were commonly used to designate the prison itself. It may be remarked of these stocks, that they present a peculiarity which we may perhaps call a primitive character. They are not supported on posts, or fixed in any way to the spot, but evidently hold the people who are placed in them in confinement merely by their weight, and by the impossibility of walking with them on the legs, especially when more persons than one are confined in them. This is probably the way in which they were used in prisons.

A material part of the punishment of the stocks, when employed in the open air, consisted, of course, in the public disgrace to which the victim was exposed. We might suppose that the shame of such exposure was keenly felt in the middle ages, from the frequency with which it was employed. This exposure before the public was, we know, originally, the chief characteristic of the cucking-stool, for the process of ducking the victim in the water seems to have been only added to it at a later period. Our cut (Fig. 11), taken from an illumination in the unique manuscript of the "Cent Nouvelles Nouvelles," in the Hunterian Library, at Glasgow, represents a person thus exposed to the scorn and derision of the populace in the executioner's cart, which is drawn through the streets of a town. To be carried about in a cart was always considered as especially disgraceful, probably because it was thus that malefactors were usually conducted to the gallows. In the early romances of the cycle of King Arthur we have an incident which forms an apt illustration of the prevalence of this feeling. Sir Lancelot, when hastening to rescue his lady, Queen Guenever, has the misfortune to lose his horse, and meeting with a carter, he seizes his cart as the only means of conveyance, for the weight of his armour prevented him from walking. Queen Guenever and her ladies, from a bay window of the castle of Sir Meliagraunce, saw him approach, and one of the latter exclaimed, "See, madame, where as rideth in a cart a goodly armed knight! I suppose that he rideth to hanging." Guenever, however, saw by his shield that it was Sir Lancelot. "Ah, most noble knight," she said, when she saw him in this condition, "I see well that thou hast been hard bested, when thou ridest in a cart." Then she rebuked that lady that compared him to one riding in a cart to hanging. "It was foul mouthed," said the queen, "and evil compared, so to compare the most noble knight of the world in such a shameful death. Oh Jhesu! defend him and keep him," said the queen, "from all mischievous end."

Our next cut (Fig. 12) is taken from the same manuscript in the British Museum which furnished us with Fig. 10. The playful draughtsman has represented a scene from the world "upside-down," in which the rabbits (or perhaps hares) are leading to execution their old enemy the dog.

Such are a few leading characteristics of the literary and artistic works of the middle ages, illustrating the general manners of the period in which they were executed.



Fig. 11.—AN OFFENDER EXPOSED TO PUBLIC SHAME.

which would protect him against all danger, and assure to him the eventual attainment of every object of his wishes. Nor was the ring of Sir Perceval of Galles (Thornton Romances, p. 71) at all less

appears, under the Latin name of *cippus*, in early records of the middle ages. An old English poem, quoted by Mr. Halliwell in his Dictionary, from a MS. at least as old as the fifteenth century, recount-

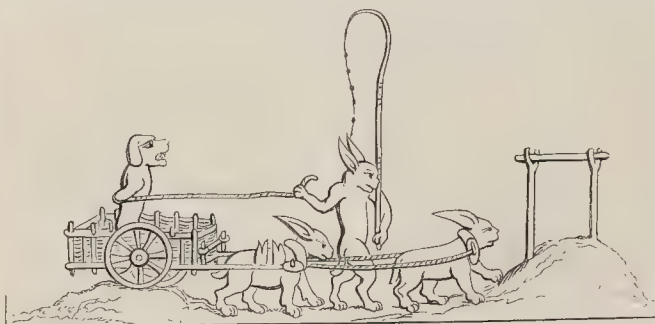


Fig. 12.—A CRIMINAL DRAWN TO THE GALLOWS.

remarkable in its properties, of which the rhyming condemnments to which some misdoers were

"Siche a vertue es in the stane,  
In alle this werlde wote I name  
Siche stone in a ryng;  
A mane that had it in were (scar)  
One his body for to bere,  
Theresholde no dnytye (blows) hym dero (injure),  
Ne to dethe bryngye."

Our three cuts which follow, illustrate the in-

"And twenty of thes odor ay in a pytt,  
In stokkes and feturs for to sytt."

The stocks are frequently referred to in writers of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and they have not yet become entirely obsolete. The *Leeds Mercury* for April 14, 1860, informs us that, "A notorious character, named John Gambles, of Stan-



# THE HUDSON, FROM THE WILDERNESS TO THE SEA.

BY BENSON J. LOSSING.

THE ILLUSTRATIONS FROM DRAWINGS BY THE AUTHOR.

## PART VII.

THE grounds around Van Rensselaer Manor House extend from Broadway to the river, and embrace a large garden and conservatory. There, in the midst of rural scenery, the sounds of a swift-running brook, and almost the quietude of a sylvan retreat, the "lord of the manor of Rensselaerwyck," the final descendant of Killian, the pearl merchant and first *Patroon*, lives in elegant but unostentatious style. Within the mansion are collected some exquisite works of Art, and family portraits extending in regular order back to the first *Patroon*. At the head of the great staircase leading from the spacious hall to the chambers is a portion of the illuminated window which, for one hundred and ninety years, occupied a place in the old Dutch Church that stood in the middle of State Street, at its intersection by Broadway. It bears the arms of the Van Rensselaer family, which were placed in the church by the son of Killian.

That old church, a sketch of which, with the appearance of the neighbourhood at the time of its demolition in 1805, is seen in our picture, was a



VAN RENSSELAER ARMS.

son. And from it the gospel is still preached in Albany. With its bracket, it occupies a place in the North Dutch Church, in that city.

The bell-ropes of the old church hung down in the centre of the building, and upon that cord tradition has suspended many a tale of trouble for Myneher



OLD DUTCH CHURCH IN ALBANY.

Brower, one of its sextons, who lived in North Pearl Street. He went to the church every night at eight o'clock, pursuant to orders, to ring the "suppaw bell." This was the signal for the inhabitants to eat their "suppaw," or hasty-pudding, and prepare for bed. It was equivalent in its office to the old English curfew bell. On these occasions the wicked boys would sometimes tease the old bell-ringer. They would slip stealthily into the church while he was there with his dim lantern, unlock the side door, hide in some dark corner, and when the old man was fairly seated at home, and had his pipe lighted for a last smoke, they would ring the bell furiously. Down to the old church the sexton would hasten, the boys would slip out at the side door before his arrival,

and the old man would return home thoughtfully, musing upon the probability of invisible hands pulling at his bell-rope. He thought, perhaps, those

"People—ah, the people,  
They that dwell up in the steeples  
All alone;  
And who, tolling, tolling, tolling,  
In that muffled monotone,  
Feel a glory in so rolling  
On the human heart a stone;  
They are neither man nor woman,  
They are neither brute nor human,  
They are ghouls!"

Albany wore a quaint aspect until the beginning of the present century, on account of the predominance of steep-roofed houses, with their terraced gables to the street. A fair specimen is given in our Street View in Ancient Albany, which shows the appearance of the town at the intersection of North Pearl and State Streets, sixty years ago. The house at the nearer corner was built as a parsonage for the Rev. Gideon Schaats, who arrived in Albany in 1652. The materials were imported from Holland,—bricks, tiles, iron, and wood-work,—and were brought, with the church bell and pulpit, in 1657. "When I was quite a lad," says a late writer, "I visited the house with my mother, who was acquainted with the father of Balthazar Lydius, the last proprietor of the mansion. To my eyes it appeared like a palace, and I thought the pewter plates in a corner cupboard were solid silver, they glittered so. The partitions were made of mahogany, and the exposed beams were ornamented with carvings in high relief, representing the vine and fruit of the grape. To show the relief more perfectly, the beams were painted white. Balthazar was an eccentric old



STREET VIEW IN ANCIENT ALBANY.

bachelor, and was the terror of all the boys. Strange stories, almost as dreadful as those which cluster around the name of Bluebeard, were told of his fierceness on some occasions; and the urchins, when they saw him in the streets, would give him the whole side-walk, for he made them think of the ogre, growling out his

"Fee, fo, fum,  
I smell the blood of an Englishman."

He was a tall, spare Dutchman, with a bullet head, sprinkled with thin white hair in his latter years. He was fond of his pipe and his bottle, and gloried in his celibacy, until his life was 'in the sere and yellow leaf.' Then he gave a pint of gin for a squaw (an Indian woman), and calling her his wife, lived with her as such until his death."

On the opposite corner is seen an elm-tree, yet standing, but of stately proportions, which was planted more than a hundred years ago by Philip Livingston, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, whose dwelling was next to the corner. It is a monument to the planter, more truly valued by the Albanians in the heats of summer, than would be the costliest pile of brass or marble.

Further up the street is seen a large building, with two gables, which was known as the Vanderheyden Palace. It is a good specimen of the external appearance of the better class of houses erected by the Dutch in Albany. It was built in 1725, by Johannes Beekman, one of the old burghers of that city; and was purchased, in 1778, by one of the Vanderheydens of Troy, who, for many years, lived there in the style of the old Dutch aristocracy. On account of its size, it was dignified with the title of palace. It figures in Washington Irving's story of *Dolph Heyliger*, in "Bracebridge Hall," as the residence of Heer Anthony Vanderheyden; and when Mr. Irving transformed the old farmhouse of Van Tassel into his elegant Dutch cottage at "Sunnyside," he made the southern gable an exact imitation of that of the palace in Albany. And the iron vane, in the form of a horse at full speed, that turned for a century upon one of the gables of the Vanderheyden Palace, now occupies the peak of that southern gable at delightful "Sunnyside."

Kalm, the Swedish traveller, who visited Albany in 1748 and 1749, says in his *Journal*,—"The houses in this town are very neat, and partly built with stones, covered with shingles of the white pine. Some are slated with tiles from Holland. Most of the houses are built in the old way, with the gable-end toward the street; a few excepted, which were lately built in the manner now used. . . . The gutters on the roofs reach almost to the middle of the street. This preserves the walls from being damaged by the rain, but it is



extremely disagreeable in rainy weather for the people in the streets, there being hardly any means for avoiding the water from the gutters. The street doors are generally in the middle of the houses, and on both sides are seats, on which, during fair weather, the people spend almost the whole day, especially on those which are in the shadow of the houses. In the evening these seats are covered with people of both sexes; but this is rather troublesome, as those who pass by are obliged to greet everybody, unless they will shock the politeness of the inhabitants of the town."<sup>8</sup>

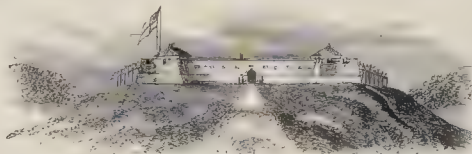
Albany was settled by the Dutch, and is the oldest of the permanent European settlements in the United States. Hudson passed its site in the *Half-Moon*, in the early autumn of 1609; and the next year Dutch navigators



VAN RENSSELAER PALACE.

built trading-houses there, to traffic for furs with the Indians. In 1614 they erected a stockade fort on an island near. It was swept away by a spring freshet in 1617. Another was built on the main; it was abandoned in 1623, and a stronger one erected in what is now Broadway, below State Street. This was furnished with eight cannon loaded with stones, and was named Fort Orange, in honour of the then Stadtholder of Holland. Down to the period of the intercolonial wars, the settlement and the city were known as Orange by the French in Canada. Families settled there in 1630, and for awhile the place was called Beverwyck. When James, Duke of York and Albany (brother to Charles II.), came into possession of New Netherland, New Amsterdam was named New York, and Orange, or Beverwyck, was called Albany.

In 1647 a fort, named Williamstadt, was erected upon the hill at the head of State Street, very near the site of the State Capitol, and the city was inclosed by a line of defences in septangular form. In 1683 the little trading post, having grown first to a hamlet and then to a large village, was incorporated a city, and Peter Schuyler, already mentioned (son of the first of that name who came to America), was chosen its first mayor. Out of the manor of Rensselaerwyck a strip of land, a mile wide, extending from the Hudson at the town, thirteen miles back, was granted to the city, but the title to all the remainder of the soil of that broad domain was confirmed to the Patroon. When, toward the middle of the last century, the province was menaced by the French and Indians, a strong quadrangular fort, built of stone, was erected upon the site of that of William-



FORT FREDERICK.

stadt. Within the heavy walls, which had strong bastions at the four corners, was a stone building for the officers and soldiers. It was named Fort Frederick; but its situation was so insecure, owing to higher hills in the rear,

\* Kalm appears to have had some unpleasant experiences in Albany, and in his Journal gave his opinion very freely concerning the inhabitants. "The avarice and selfishness of the inhabitants of Albany," he says, "are very well known throughout all North America. If a Jew, who understands the art of getting forward perfectly well, should settle amongst them, they would not fail to ruin him; for this reason, no one comes to this place without the most pressing necessity." He complains that he "was obliged to pay for everything twice, thrice, and four times as dear as in any other part of North America" which he had passed through. If he wanted any help, he had to pay "exorbitant prices for their services," and yet he says he found some exceptions among them. After due reflection, he came to the following conclusion respecting "the origin of the inhabitants of Albany and its neighbourhood. Whilst the Dutch possessed this country, and intended to people it, the government took up a pack of vagabonds, of which they intended to clear the country, and sent them, along with a number of other settlers, to this province. The vagabonds were sent far from the other colonists, upon the borders toward the Indians and other enemies; and a few honest families were persuaded to go with them, in order to keep them in bounds. I cannot in any other way account for the difference between the inhabitants of Albany and the other descendants of so respectable a nation as the Dutch."

from which an enemy might attack it, it was not regarded as of much value by Abercrombie and others during the campaigns of the Seven Years' War. From that period until the present, Albany has been growing more and more cosmopolitan in its population, until now very little of the old Dutch element is distinctly perceived. The style of its architecture is changed, and very few of the buildings erected in the last century and before, are remaining.

Among the most interesting of these relics of the past is the mansion erected by General Philip Schuyler, at about the time when the Van Rensselaer Manor House was built. It stands in the southern part of the city, at the head of Schuyler Street, and is a very fine specimen of the domestic architecture of the country at that period. It is entered at the front by an octagonal vestibule, richly ornamented within. The rooms are spacious, with high ceilings, and wainscoted. The chimney-pieces in some of the rooms are finely wrought, and ornamented with carvings from mantel to ceiling. The out-houses were spacious, and the grounds around the mansion, at the present time, occupy an entire square within the city. Its site was well chosen, for even now, surrounded as it is by the city, it commands a most remarkable prospect of the Hudson and the adjacent country. Below it are the slopes and plain toward the river, which once composed the magnificent lawn in front of the general's mansion; further on is a dense portion of the city; but looking over all the mass of buildings and shipping, the eye takes in much of the fine county of Rensselaer, on the opposite side of the river, and a view of the Hudson and its valley many miles southward.

In that mansion General Schuyler and his family dispensed a princely hospitality for almost forty years. Every stranger of distinction passing between New York and Canada, public functionaries of the province and state visiting Albany, and resident friends and relatives, always found a hearty welcome to bed and board under its roof. And when the British army had surrendered to the victorious republicans at Saratoga, in the autumn of 1777, Sir John Burgoyne, the accomplished commander of the royal troops,



GENERAL SCHUYLER'S MANSION IN ALBANY.

and many of his fellow-captives, were treated as friendly guests at the general's table. To this circumstance we have already alluded.

"We were received by the good General Schuyler, his wife and daughters," says the Baroness Reidesel, "not as enemies, but as kind friends; and they treated us with the most marked attention and politeness, as they did General Burgoyne, who had caused General Schuyler's beautifully-finished house to be burned. In fact, they behaved like persons of exalted minds, who determined to bury all recollections of their own injuries in the contemplation of our misfortunes. General Burgoyne was struck with General Schuyler's generosity, and said to him, 'You show me great kindness, though I have done you much injury.' 'That was the fate of war,' replied the brave man, 'let us say no more about it.'"

"The British commander was well received by Mrs. Schuyler," says the Marquis De Chastellux, in his "Travels in America," "and lodged in the best apartment in the house. An excellent supper was served him in the evening, the honours of which were done with so much grace that he was affected even to tears, and said, with a deep sigh, 'Indeed, this is doing too much for the man who has ravaged their lands and burned their dwellings!' The next morning he was reminded of his misfortunes by an incident that would have amused any one else. His bed was prepared in a large room, but as he had a numerous suite, or family, several mattresses were spread on the floor, for some officers to sleep near him. Schuyler's second son, a little fellow, about seven years old, very arch and forward, but very amiable, was running all the morning about the house. Opening the door of the saloon, he burst out a laughing on seeing all the English collected, and shut it after him, exclaiming, 'You are all my prisoners!' This innocent cruelty rendered them more melancholy than before."

Schuyler's mansion was the theatre of a stirring event, in the summer of 1781. The general was then engaged in the civil service of his country, and was at home. The war was at its height, and the person of Schuyler was regarded as a capital prize by his Tory enemies. A plan was conceived to seize him, and carry him a prisoner into Canada. A Tory of his neighbourhood, named Waltemeyer, a colleague of the more notorious Joe Betsy, was employed for the purpose. With a party of his associates, some Canadians and Indians, he prowled in the woods, near Albany, for several days, awaiting a favourable opportunity. From a Dutch labourer, whom he seized, he learned that the



general was at home, and kept a body guard of six men in the house, three of them, in succession, being continually on duty. The Dutchman was compelled to take an oath of secrecy, but appears to have made a mental reservation, for, as soon as possible, he hastened to Schuyler's house, and warned him of his peril.

At the close of a sultry day in August, the general and his family were sitting in the large hall of the mansion; the servants were dispersed about the premises; three of the guard were asleep in the basement, and the other three were lying upon the grass in front of the house. The night had fallen, when a servant announced that a stranger at the back gate wished to speak with the general. His errand was immediately apprehended. The doors and windows were closed and barred, the family were hastily collected in an upper room, and the general ran to his bed-chamber for his arms. From the window he saw the house surrounded by armed men. For the purpose of arousing the sentinels upon the grass, and, perhaps, alarm the town, then half a mile distant, he fired a pistol from the window. At that moment the assailants burst open the doors, and, at the same time, Mrs. Schuyler perceived that, in the confusion and alarm, in their retreat from the hall, her infant child, a few months old, had been left in a cradle in the nursery below. She was flying to the rescue of her child, when the general interposed, and prevented her. But her third daughter (who afterwards became the wife of the last Patroon of Rensselaerwyck) instantly rushed down stairs, snatched the still sleeping infant from the cradle, and bore it off in safety. One of the Indians hurled a sharp tomahawk at her as she ascended the stairs. It cut her dress within a few inches of the infant's head, and struck the stair rail at the lower turn, where the scar may be still seen. At that moment, Waltemeyer, supposing her to be a servant, exclaimed, "Wench, wench, where is your master?" With great presence of mind, she replied, "Gone to alarm the town." The general heard her, and,

the successful establishment of steam-boat navigation on the Hudson, and the completion of that stupendous work of internal improvement, the Erie Canal, by which the greatest of our inland seas (Lakes Erie, Huron, Michigan, and Superior) were connected by navigable waters with the Atlantic Ocean, through the Hudson River. The idea of such connection had occupied the minds of sagacious men for many years, foremost among whom were Elkanah Watson, General Philip Schuyler, Christopher Colles, and Gouverneur Morris; and thirty



THE STATE CAPITOL.

years before the great work was commenced, Joel Barlow, one of the early American poets, wrote in his *Vision of Columbus*—

"Hosaw as widely spreads the unchannelled plain,  
Where inland realms for ages bloomed in vain,  
Canals, long winding, ope a watery flight,  
And distant streams, and seas, and lakes unite.

"From fair Albania tow'rd the fading sun,  
Back through the midland lengthening channels run;  
Meet the far lakes, their beauteous towns that lave,  
And Hudson joined to broad Ohio's wave."

The Erie Canal enters the Hudson at Albany. Its western terminus is the city of Buffalo, at the east end of Lake Erie. The length of the canal is 360 miles, and its original width was forty feet, with depth sufficient to bear boats of eighty tons burden. It was completed in the year 1825, at a cost to the State of nearly eight millions of dollars. The business demands upon it warranting an enlargement to seventy feet in width, work with that result in view has been in progress for several years. It flows through the entire length of the



STAIRCASE IN SCHUYLER'S MANSION.

throwing up the window, called out, as if to a multitude, "Come on, my brave fellows! surround the house, and secure the villains!" The marauders were then in the dining-room, plundering the general's plate. With this, and the three guards that were in the house, and were disarmed, they made a precipitate retreat in the direction of Canada.

The infant daughter, who so narrowly escaped death, was the late Mrs. Catherine Van Rensselaer Cochran, of Oswego, New York, who was General Schuyler's youngest and last surviving child. She died toward the close of August, 1857, at the age of seventy-six years.

Albany was made the political metropolis of the State of New York early in the present century, when the Capitol, or State House, was erected. It stands upon a hill at the head of broad, steep, busy State Street, one hundred and thirty feet above the Hudson, and commands a fine prospect of the whole surrounding country, especially the rich agricultural district on the east side of the river. In front of the Capitol is a small well-shaded park, or enclosed public square, on the eastern side of which are costly white marble buildings devoted to the official business of the state and city. The Capitol is an unpretending structure, of brown free-stone from the Nyack quarries, below the highlands. It is two stories in height, and ornamented with a portico, whose roof is supported by four grey marble columns of the Ionic order, tetrastyle. The building is surmounted by a dome supported by several small Ionic columns, and bearing upon its crown a wooden statue of Themis, the goddess of justice and law. Within it are halls for the two branches of the State legislation (Senate and General Assembly), an execution chamber for the official use of the Governor, an apartment for the Adjutant-General, and rooms for the use of the higher state courts.

Immediately in the rear of the Capitol is the building containing the state library, which includes nearly forty thousand volumes, and some valuable manuscripts. It is a free, but not a circulating, library.

Albany contained only about six thousand inhabitants when it was made the state capital, and its progress in business and population was very slow until



CANAL BASIN AT ALBANY.

beautiful Mohawk valley, crosses the Mohawk River several times, and enters Albany at the north end of the city.\* A capacious basin, comprising an area

\* Near where the last aqueduct of the canal crosses the Mohawk River, the rapids above Cohoes Falls commence. The Indians had a touching legend connected with these rapids, that exhibits, in brief sentences, a vivid picture of the workings of the savage mind.

Oocuma, a young Seneca warrior, and his affianced were carelessly paddling along the river in a canoe, at the head of the rapids, when they suddenly perceived themselves drawn irresistibly by the current to the middle of, and down, the stream towards the cataract. When they found deliverance to be impossible, the lovers prepared to meet the great Master of Life with composure, and began the melancholy death-song, in responsive sentences. Oocuma began: "Daughter of a mighty warrior! the Great Manitore (the Supreme God) calls me hence; he bids me hasten into his presence; I hear his voice in the stream; I perceive his Spirit in the moving of the waters. The light of his eyes danceth upon the swift rapids."

The maiden replied: "Art thou not thyself a mighty warrior, O Oocuma? Hath not thy hatchet been often bathed in the red blood of thine enemies? Hath the fleet deer ever escaped thy arrow, or the beaver eluded thy pursuit? Why, then, shouldst thou fear to go into the presence of Manitore?"

Oocuma responded: "Manitore regardeth the brave—he respecteth the prayer of the

of thirty-two acres, was formed for the reception of the vessels and commerce of the canal, and a safe harbour for its boats and the river craft, in winter, by the erection of a pier, a mile in length, upon a shoal in front of the city. It was constructed by a stock company. The basin was originally closed at the upper and lower ends by lock-gates. These were soon removed to allow the tide and currents of the river to flow freely through the basin, for the dispersion of obstructions. When the Western Railway from Boston to Albany was completed, a passage was made through this pier for ferry-boats, the bridges not being sufficient for the accommodation of travellers and freight. The pier was also soon covered with storehouses; and when the Harlem and Hudson River Railways (the former skirting the western borders of Connecticut, eighteen or twenty miles east of the Hudson, and the latter following the river shore) were finished, and their termini were fixed at the point of that of the Western Railway, the opening in the pier was widened. Ferry-boats now make the passage through continually.

These roads, with the great Central Railway, extending west from Albany, and others penetrating the country northward, together with the Champlain Canal, have made that city the focus of an immense trade and travel. The amount of property that reaches Albany by canal alone, is between two and three millions of tons annually; of which almost a million of tons, chiefly in the various forms of timber, are the products of the forests. The timber trade of Albany is very extensive, amounting in value to between six and seven millions of dollars annually. Manufacturing is carried on there extensively; and the little town of six thousand inhabitants, when it was made the state capital, about sixty years ago, now numbers almost seventy thousand souls.

It is not within the scope of our plan of illustrating the Hudson to do more than offer a general outline of its various features, as exhibited in the forms of nature and the works of man. We leave to the statistician the task of giving in detail an account of the progress of towns and villages, in their industrial operations and their institutions of learning. We picture to the eye and mind only such prominent features as would naturally engage the observation of the tourist seeking recreation and incidental knowledge. With this remark we



THE DUDLEY OBSERVATORY.

leave the consideration of Albany, after saying a few words concerning the Dudley Observatory, an establishment devoted to astronomical science, and ranking, in its appropriate appointments, with the best of its class of aids to human knowledge.

The Dudley Observatory was projected about eight years ago, and is nearly completed. It is the result of a conference of several scientific gentlemen, who resolved to establish at the state capital an astronomical observatory, that, for completeness, should be second to none in the world. General Van Rensselaer, the present proprietor of the Manor House, at Albany, presented for the purpose eight acres of land upon an eminence north of the city. This preliminary step was followed by Mrs. Blandina Dudley, widow of a wealthy Albany merchant, who offered twelve thousand dollars towards the cost of erecting a building. Those having the matter in charge resolved to call it the Dudley Observatory, in honour of the generous lady. She subsequently increased her gift for apparatus and endowments to seventy-six thousand dollars. The chief spring of her generosity was a reverential respect for her husband. With wisdom she chose this instrument of scientific investigation to be his enduring monument. Others made liberal donations, trustees were appointed, a scientific council, to take charge of the establishment, was formed, and the building was commenced in the spring of 1853. A great heliometer, named in honour of Mrs. Dudley, has been constructed; and Thos. W. Olcott, of Albany, who took great interest in the enterprise from the beginning, contributed sufficient money to purchase the splendid meridian circle by Pistor and Martin, of Berlin, the finest instrument of the kind in the world. It is called the Olcott

mighty! When I selected thee from the daughters of thy mother, I promised to live and die with thee. The Thunderer hath called us together.

"Welcome, O shade of Oriaka, great chief of the invincible Senecas! Lo, a warrior and the daughter of a warrior come to join you in the feast of the blessed!" Occuna was dashed in pieces among the rocks, but his affianced maiden was preserved to tell the story of her perils. Occuna, the Indian said, "was raised high above the regions of the moon, from whence he views with joy the prosperous hunting of the warriors; he gives pleasant dreams to his friends, and terrifies their enemies with dreadful omens." And when any of his tribe passed this fatal cataract, they halted, and with brief solemn ceremonies commemorated the death of Occuna.

Meridian Circle. The whole establishment is to be under the superintendence of the eminent Professor Mitchell, of Ohio.

The Observatory is upon the highest summit of the grounds, and commands an extensive view of the Hudson and the adjacent country. It is cruciform, with a front of about eighty feet, and a depth of seventy-five feet. Its massive walls are of brick, faced with brown freestone. All the arrangements within, for the use of instruments, are very perfect. In a large niche opposite the entrance door is a marble bust of Mr. Dudley, by Palmer, the eminent sculptor, on the pedestal of which is the following inscription:—

CHARLES E. DUDLEY,  
BY BLANDINA, HIS WIFE.  
DEDICATED TO THE ADVANCEMENT OF  
ASTRONOMY.

In the Clock-room of the Observatory is the apparatus by which a "time-ball" on the top of the state Capitol, a mile distant, is dropped at precisely twelve o'clock each day, and bells are also rung at the same instant in the senate and assembly chambers. The ball is seen in our sketch of the Capitol. It is four and a half feet in diameter, is mounted on the flag-staff, and is raised each day at ten minutes before twelve. The force of the fall is broken by spiral springs at the foot of the flag-staff. Another but smaller time-ball is dropped at the same instant in Broadway, in front of the telegraph-office, and hundreds of persons may be seen daily holding their watches at the approach of the meridian moment, to regulate them by this unerring indicator.

Immediately opposite Albany is the commencement of fine alluvial "flats," almost on a level with the Hudson, and subject to overflow when floods or high tides prevail. At the head of these "flats" lies the village of Greenbush (*Het Greene Bosch*, "the pine woods," in the Dutch language), which was laid out nearly sixty years ago. It has since crept up the slope, and now presents a beautiful rural village of almost four thousand inhabitants. Many business men of Albany have pleasant country residences there. About a mile from the ferry is the site of extensive barracks erected by the United States government as a place of rendezvous for troops at the opening of the war between Great Britain and the United States in 1812. Provision was made for six thousand soldiers; and there General Dearborn, the commander-in-chief of the United States army, had his quarters for some time. On this very spot Abercrombie and Amherst collected their troops above a hundred years ago, preparatory to an invasion of Canada, or, at least, the capture of the French fortresses on Lake Champlain; and from that same spot went companies and regiments to the northern frontiers fifty years ago to invade Canada, or to oppose an invasion from that province, as circumstances might require. No traces now remain of warlike preparation. The peaceful pursuits of agriculture have taken the place of the turmoil of the camp, and instead of the music of the shrill life and the sonorous drum that came up from the river's brink, where battalions marched away for the field, the scream of the steam-whistle, the jingle of bells, and the hoarse breathings of the locomotive are heard—for at Greenbush are concentrated the termini of four railways, that are almost hourly pouring living freight and tons of merchandise upon the vessels of the Albany ferries. Buildings of



GREENBUSH RAILWAY-STATION.

every description for the use of these railways are there in a cluster, the most conspicuous of which is the immense many-sided engine-house of the Western Road, whose great dome, covered with bright tin, is a conspicuous object on a sunny day for scores of miles around.

The Hudson River Railway is on the east side of the stream, and follows its tortuous banks all the way from Albany to New York, sometimes leading through tunnels or deep rocky gorges at promontories, and at others making tangents across bays and the mouths of tributary streams by means of bridges, trestle-work, and causeways. Its length is 143 miles. More than a dozen trains each way pass over portions of the road in the course of twenty-four hours, affording the tourist an opportunity to visit in a short space of time every village on both sides of the river, there being good ferries at each. The shores are hilly and generally well-cultivated, and the diversity of the landscape, whether seen from the cars or a steamer, present to the eye, in rapid succession, ever-varying pictures of life and beauty, comfort and thrift.

• Albany is seen on the opposite side of the river.



## CORRESPONDENCE.

## THE NUDE IN ART STUDIES.

WE are called upon by the President and Secretary of the Royal Hibernian Academy to print the following correspondence, in order to relieve the Academy "from the odium and censure it would deserve, if the charges brought against it could be sustained."

We quote the following passage from the secretary's letter:—

"You will perceive that the Academy has, in the most unqualified manner, denied the charge, and that Mr. Adderley denies the use of the words 'to indulge a prurient curiosity,' while he most inconsistently adheres to some charge of irregularity, as based upon Mr. MacLeod's reports upon the Royal Hibernian Academy. From the passages referred to, and indeed from the whole report, you will see at once that there is not the slightest foundation for the accusation brought by Mr. Adderley, and which, whatever may have been the language used by him, must either have been altogether foreign to the subject of Lord Haddo's motion, or have involved a charge of immoral irregularities in the schools of the Academy during the sittings of the female model.

"The Academy would at once have sought, by the publication of this correspondence, to set the public right, but that Mr. Adderley has undertaken to bring the matter again under the notice of the House of Commons when the annual vote comes on in committee of supply. The Academy has further taken steps to put the Government in full possession of the groundlessness of the charge, and has always reserved the right of publishing the correspondence, which it regards as a clear proof of such groundlessness, in the event of Mr. Adderley not doing justice to the Academy in his place in the House.

"The delay in the estimates, caused by the pressure of parliamentary business, has, of course, deferred the justification of the Academy, and seeing the importance of a contradiction to Mr. Adderley's accusation in the next number of your Journal, so widely circulated amongst all who take an interest in Art, the President and I have at once deemed it right to put you in possession of the facts, and to request that you will give, on the part of the Academy, an unqualified contradiction to Mr. Adderley's reported statement, as quoted by you.

"GEORGE F. MULVANY."

Correspondence between the President of the Royal Hibernian Academy, Viscount Palmerston, and the Right Honourable Charles B. Adderley, M.P., in reference to Mr. Adderley's observations on the Royal Hibernian Academy in the House of Commons, on the 15th May, 1860.

## LETTER I.

*The President of the Royal Hibernian Academy to the Right Hon. C. B. Adderley, M.P.*

ROYAL HIBERNIAN ACADEMY,  
Dublin, 19th May, 1860.

SIR,—In the *Times* newspaper of the 16th May, you are reported to have said, when speaking to Lord Haddo's motion on the subject of study in schools of Art, from the nude female model, "A few years ago it was reported that in the Hibernian Academy in Dublin the life school had been irregularly conducted; that young men in large numbers had been permitted to be present when nude women were sitting as models, and that they attended, not for the purposes of Art-study, but to gratify a prurient feeling of curiosity." You are further reported to have said that you understood the vote of money for that school was discontinued, and you hoped that the vote would not reappear in this year's estimates.

Immediately on reading that report, I had a meeting of the Royal Hibernian Academy convened, conceiving that the interests of the institution were liable to injury, and the personal reputations of its members must equally undergo discredit and public censure if such a charge could be sustained.

I am requested by the Academy, in the first instance, and in the most unqualified manner, to repu-

diating the charge of positive immorality involved in the words above quoted as reported to have been spoken by you in your place in the House of Commons. The rules and regulations of the life school have always been the same in the Academy in Dublin as in that of London, and no such departure from them, or gross abuse of the privileges of the school has ever taken place, or could have been tolerated by the Academy.

The members of the Academy feel that they have a right to ask, and entertain no doubt of your willingness to say, whether the report to which you refer, as containing charges so derogatory to the character of the institution, was a public or private one, and whether it ever came officially before the Government? And they rely upon your sense of justice for such information as to the origin and nature of the report as will enable them to give it the fullest contradiction, and thus afford you the opportunity of relieving the institution from the deep opprobrium which your reported words involve.

Referring to the vote of money which you state was discontinued, I am in a position to inform you that it was simply withheld last year because the arrangements as to the reorganization, especially as to the precise allocation of the public grant to educational purposes, had not been completed; and further, that no such charge as you have referred to was ever raised in the correspondence between the Government and the Academy as a reason for re-arrangement, or a cause of withholding the grant.

I have the honour to be, Sir,  
Your very obedient servant,

CATTERTON SMITH,  
President, R.H.A.

To the Right Honourable  
CHARLES BOWTER ADDERLEY, M.P., &c.

## LETTER II.

*The President of the Royal Hibernian Academy to the Right Hon. Viscount Palmerston, M.P.*

ROYAL HIBERNIAN ACADEMY,  
Dublin, 19th May, 1860.

MY LORD,—I am requested by the members of the Royal Hibernian Academy to convey, most respectfully, to your lordship their feeling of pain at the undeserved indignity cast upon the Academy by the observations reported in the *Times* newspaper of the 16th instant, to have been used by your lordship in the House of Commons in reference to Mr. Adderley's most offensive charge of immoral irregularity in the conduct of the living model school of the Academy during the sittings of the female model.

I have, at the wish of the Academy, written to Mr. Adderley to give the most unqualified contradiction to the charge thus brought, without notice or inquiry, as far as the Academy is aware, before parliament, and to request that he will give the Academy such information as to the origin of the report to which he alludes, as will enable it to justify itself, and give the most public contradiction to the calumny.

Your lordship is reported to have said:—"With reference to the Irish institution mentioned by the right honourable gentleman, Mr. Adderley, I am informed that it is now under the control of the Privy Council, and so regulated, that no recurrence of the objectionable circumstances he referred to can take place."

I beg to refer your lordship to the recent correspondence between the Lord Lieutenant and the Academy, on the subject of re-organization, to show that no such objectionable circumstance formed the basis of any charge, or entered into the consideration of re-arrangement; that the Academy, receiving a public grant in aid of its schools, admitted the propriety of their being subject to the inspection of the Science and Art Department of the Privy Council, but that the placing of last year's grant in abeyance, arose from the incomplete state of the arrangements as to financial matters, and not from consideration of any such opprobrious charge.

The Academy feels assured that your lordship will take the earliest opportunity of satisfying yourself as to the groundlessness of the charge brought, and, having done so, of relieving the institution from the disgrace under which both it and its members individually are placed by Mr. Adderley's accusation,

and your lordship's observations thereupon, admitting, as they undoubtedly do, such accusation as based upon fact.

I have the honour to be, my lord,  
Your lordship's obedient servant,  
CATTERTON SMITH,  
President, R.H.A.

The Right Honourable  
THE VISCOUNT PALMERSTON, M.P., &c.

## LETTER III.

*Evelyn Ashley, Esq., to the President of the Royal Hibernian Academy.*

10, DOWNING STREET,  
22nd May, 1860.

SIR,—I am directed by Lord Palmerston to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 19th ult., referring to the debate in the House of Commons of the 15th ult., and to the allusions then made to the Hibernian Academy.

Lord Palmerston directs me to say that he made no charge against the Academy, but was, and still is, entirely ignorant of the circumstances to which Mr. Adderley alluded. What he said was, that those circumstances, whatever they might have been, could not occur in future, because the institution is now under control of the Privy Council.

Lord Palmerston took for granted, that Mr. Adderley, considering the official situation which he has held, must have spoken with knowledge of the facts, and his assertion was not contradicted at the time. He is, however, glad that there never was any foundation for the representations made to Mr. Adderley, and which led him to say what he did on the occasion in question.

I remain, Sir,  
Your obedient servant,  
EVELYN ASHLEY.

C. SMITH, Esq.,  
President Royal Hibernian Academy.

## LETTER IV.

*The Right Hon. C. B. Adderley, M.P., to the President of the Royal Hibernian Academy.*

35, EATON PLACE,  
May 23rd.

SIR,—I beg to acknowledge your letter, which only reached me last night.

The remarks I made in parliament on the Hibernian Academy were founded, and I think justly, on the report of Mr. MacLeod of 1858, particularly on pp. 11 and 20.

I will, however, if you wish, bring that report, and the passages on which I based those remarks, before the notice of the House of Commons, when the vote comes on in supply.

The words "to gratify a prurient curiosity" were added to what I said by the reporters, and I must deprecate correspondence on reported speeches.

The Minister of the Department of Science and Art offers a fair channel for dispute or reply in the House itself, when its votes come under discussion.

I am, Sir,  
Your obedient servant,  
C. B. ADDERLEY.

The President of the  
Royal Hibernian Academy.

*Parliamentary Paper, 28th May, 1858, No. 294.*

Extract from page 11 of Mr. MacLeod's Report, as printed by order of the House of Commons, together with correspondence between the Department of Science and Art, the Irish Government, and the President or Secretary of the Royal Hibernian Academy, relative to said Report.

"In the Royal Hibernian Academy's reports of the last ten years, the average daily attendance in the School of the Antique, is given at about four, and that in the Living Model School at about eight; but on inquiry, I found that these numbers convey an erroneous impression of the attendance. I was informed that the book, in which the students entered their names, had not been kept with any degree of accuracy. I was also informed that any person who liked to present himself was admitted,

so that many who came to draw, were not advanced enough to derive any advantage from the exercise. I believe, therefore, I am quite justified in stating that the average attendance of really qualified students, such as a master would have admitted, has never, in the living model class, exceeded four in any one year."

Extract from page 20, being the answer of the Academy to the foregoing:—

"It is only necessary to observe that these books (Registries of attendance) have been most accurately kept, and that, as students wrote their own names, any inaccuracy must have told by negligence against the number in attendance, not in favour of a false average. These books have been preserved for the last twenty years, and are in the library of the Academy, available for inspection. During the session of the living model for 1850-51, the attendance on several evenings amounted to twenty, and amongst those twenty will be found a very high average of persons duly qualified for the study. Indeed, on this point of admission to the living model school, the Academy has generally been very strict in adhering to the rules laid down as regarded its own students; whilst as exhibiting artists have enjoyed the privilege as such, of free admission to the living model school, many persons may have been found there whose performances as draughtsmen might scarcely justify their admission. It would be hard and most unjust, however, on the part of the Academy to exclude men from this the chief study of the artist, because their peculiar tastes in the adoption of branches of Art, or the circumstances of early struggle, had prevented them from acquiring such scholastic power as might be demanded of regular students. On this point the books, accurately kept, will be found to be a record not alone valuable as to numbers, but as to quality and class of students, and not only will the average of qualified persons assumed by Mr. MacLeod be found erroneous as regards past operations, but, with a suitably organized system, a very large increase on that which he estimates may be anticipated."

#### LETTER V.

The President of the Royal Hibernian Academy to the Right Hon. C. B. Adderley, M.P.

ROYAL HIBERNIAN ACADEMY,  
Dublin, May 25th, 1860.

SIR,—I beg to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 23rd instant, which I have laid before the Royal Hibernian Academy.

The Academy is glad to learn from you that the words "to indulge a prurient curiosity" were not used by you; but it is evident that the tenor of your observations, as reported in all the newspapers, and as commented upon by Lord Palmerston, was accepted in that sense.

Referring to the passage of Mr. MacLeod's report, page 11, and of the Academy's reply, page 20, of the "Report and Correspondence," as printed by order of the House of Commons, on which you think your remarks were "justly" founded, the Academy cannot find there or elsewhere, in the Report and Correspondence, any semblance of such a charge, or foundation for an accusation so derogatory.

As you have evidently spoken under a misapprehension of the real state of the facts, the Academy most certainly desires and expects that you will, in your place in the House of Commons, make such a statement as will eradicate from the public mind the unjust impression made by your speech as reported.

I have the honour to be, Sir,  
Your obedient servant,

CATTERSON SMITH,  
President, R.H.A.

To the Right Honourable  
C. B. ADDERLEY, M.P.

#### LETTER VI.

The Right Hon. Charles B. Adderley, M.P., to the President of the Royal Hibernian Academy.

HOUSE OF COMMONS,  
Friday, June 1st, 1860.

SIR,—I beg to acknowledge your letter, but to say that I cannot retract a word of what I said in

this House, nor can I conceive that my remarks were made under any misapprehension whatever.

I have told Mr. Cardwell that I shall bring before the Committee of Supply the passages of Mr. MacLeod's report, to which I alluded, and which, to my mind, show that the life school of the Hibernian Academy was so far improperly conducted as to have more than regular students admitted to it. Unless it can be shown that this is no longer the case, I intend to oppose the grant.

I must again, with all respect, beg you to allow me to decline entering into correspondence in defence of what passes in debate here.

Your obedient servant,  
C. B. ADDERLEY.

CATTERSON SMITH, ESQ.,  
President, Royal Hibernian Academy.

#### PICTURE SALES.

TOWARDS the end of the month of June, and a day or two only after the sheets of our last number were in the hands of the printer, Messrs. Christie, Manson, and Woods sold, at their rooms in King Street, St. James's, the remaining part of the celebrated collection of ancient pictures known as the "Saltmarshes Gallery," the property of Mr. Edmund Higginson, of Saltmarshes Castle, Herefordshire. A large portion of this gallery was sold in the same rooms in the month of June, 1846, and occupied three days in its dispersion. This collection was famed for its fine examples of the Dutch and Flemish painters, and the prices realized by the majority of the works offered for sale showed that they had not been overestimated, and that "genuine old masters" are as eagerly coveted as in days long gone by. Forty-six pictures were brought into the sale-room; we subjoin a list of the principal specimens, with the prices they brought, and the names of the purchasers.

'Portrait of Mademoiselle le Doux,' the artist's niece, Grenze, 100 gs. (Van Cuyck); 'Venus instructing Cupid,' A. Vander Werf, 105 gs. (Fisher); 'A Village Feast,' Jan Steen, 100 gs. (Colnaghi); 'The Duet,' Gonzales Coques, No. 13 in Smith's "Supplement" to his *Catalogue Raisonné*, 200 gs. (Pearce); 'The Piazza di San Marco, Venice, from the Lagoon,' Canaletto, an excellent picture, 255 gs. (Cooper); 'A Winter Scene,' Vander Neer, 90 gs. (Colnaghi); 'The Penitent Magdalen,' Murillo, a fine work, 265 gs. (Beaumont); 'The Broken Eggs,' Jan Steen, from the Boursault collection, 131 gs. (King); 'Theseus seeking the Sword of Ægeus,' N. Poussin, from Mr. Knight's Collection, 275 gs. (Cooper); 'Interior of a Cabaret,' Adrian Van Ostade, a small, but very fine example of this painter, and marked No. 79 in Smith's *Catalogue*, 255 gs. (Fisher); 'Storm and Shipwreck,' W. Vandervelde, from the collection of Jeremiah Harman, 146 gs. (Turner);—this picture sold for 470 gs. at the sale of Mr. Harman's gallery; 'The Departure for the Chase,' A. Cuypp, truly described as "a grand and important work," No. 177 in Smith's *Catalogue*, 550 gs.; 'The Elute Player,' Gerard Dow,\* on panel, 14 inches by 11½ inches, No. 73 in Smith's "Supplement," 305 gs. (Cooper); 'St. John the Baptist Preaching,' Carlo Dolci, cabinet size, from Mr. Hamlet's collection, 118 gs. (Carter); 'Cattle fording a River,' Karel du Jardin, a picture of a high class, size about 2 feet by 1½, 285 gs. (Bennett); 'A Winter Scene,' Isaac Van Ostade, from the Boursault collection, 290 gs. (Hunter); 'Atlantida and Melesager pursuing the Caledonian Boar,' Rubens, from the collection of Lady Stuart, marked No. 275 in Smith's *Catalogue*, and engraved by Bolswert, 240 gs. (Beaumont); 'The Sacking of a Village,' Wouvermans, a small picture, of a very high character, size about 2 feet by 1½, from the Hesse-Cassel, Malmaison, and Boursault galleries, and marked No. 257 in Smith's *Catalogue*, 500 gs. (Bennett); 'An Italian landscape, with Figures and Cattle,' called in Smith's *Catalogue*, No. 81, 'The Stubbom Ass,' N. Berghem, from the collection of M. Lapeyrière, 258 gs. (Cooper); 'Haarlem Wood,' a fine example of Hobbema's pencil, No. 80 in the

*Catalogue Raisonné*, and formerly in the royal collection at Copenhagen, 470 gs. (Ensom); 'Portrait of Catherine Hoogh,' Rembrandt, a most perfect work of the great painter, from the collection of Lord de Spencer, and numbered 546 in the *Catalogue*, 740 gs. (Farrier); 'The Cabaret,' Adrian Van Ostade, and one of his finest known pictures, painted on panel, 24½ inches high, and 22½ inches wide, formerly in the Lapeyrière and Boursault collections, and engraved by Snyderhof, No. 34 in Smith's *Catalogue*, 890 gs. (Carter); 'Landscape, Morning,' Albert Cuypp, regarded as the gem of the Saltmarshes Gallery, formerly in the possession of Mr. J. Knight, and marked No. 138 in Smith's book, 1,500 gs. (White); 'Æneas, with his Father and Son, visiting Helenus at Delos,' Claude; this beautiful picture was painted for M. Passy Le Gout; was in the collection of Mr. Jeremiah Harman, at the sale of whose pictures, in 1844, it realized 1,750 gs.; it now sold for less than half the sum, namely, 850 gs. (Pearce). The forty-six paintings brought £10,371 5s. 6d.

A few good modern pictures, among many of an inferior character, were sold by Messrs. Christie and Co., on June 23rd; the following only are worthy of note: 'A Summer Morning,' the landscape by F. R. Lee, R.A., the cattle by F. S. Cooper, A.R.A., 300 gs.; 'Cattle on the Banks of the Stour,' T. S. Cooper, A.R.A., 110 gs.; 'The Sleeping Page,' D. MacLise, R.A., 70 gs.; 'Landscape,' J. Linnell, 112 gs.; 'Coming of Age in the Old Time,' the engraved picture by W. P. Frith, R.A., 1,750 gs.; 'Sloke by Nayland,' J. Constable, 100 gs.; 'View on the Aron,' W. Müller, 300 gs.; 'An Interior,' W. Müller, 290 gs.; 'Measuring Heights,' W. P. Frith, R.A., 800 gs.; 'Lady Hamilton as Cecilia,' Romney, 390 gs.

A gallery of pictures—to which in our youthful days, we paid many visits, pleasant, if not profitable as stimulating in us a love and a knowledge of Art (for a game of cricket in front of the hospitable Lord Eardley's mansion, Belvidere House, Erith, Kent, or a stroll through the most picturesque park and grounds, was far more agreeable to us at that time than the sight of his small, but fine collection of paintings)—was sold by Messrs. Christie and Co., on June 30th; it attracted, as was fully expected, a large attendance in King Street, for there were a few out of the limited number of works offered for sale, which had almost a world-wide reputation. On the death of the last Lord Eardley, the mansion and its contents passed into the possession of Lord Saye and Sele, and afterwards into that of its present owner, Sir Culling Eardley, by whose directions the dispersal of the collection took place. There were twenty-one pictures to be disposed of, of which the most noted were: 'A Classical Landscape,' Gaspar Poussin, 115 gs. (Rutley); 'Venus, Vulcan, and Cupid in an Apartment,' Tintoretto, 220 gs. (Blake); 'A Manège, or Riding-house, beneath a wooded bank, and a 'Manège' beneath a wall, a pair, by Wouvermans, both containing numerous figures, 180 gs. (Blewett); 'The Marriage in Cana,' Paul Veronese, 115 gs. (Emerton); 'Interior of the Archduke Leopold's Picture Gallery, at Brussels,' Teniers the Younger, 400 gs. (Ensom). Teniers was appointed, in his earlier life, by the Archduke, superintendent of his gallery, and he copied the principal pictures in the collection, which were engraved, and published in a folio volume, known as the "Teniers Gallery." It contains about two hundred prints. In the picture just mentioned, the artist has introduced himself in the act of showing one of the engravings.

'Interior of the Artist's Painting-room,' Teniers the Younger, 440 gs. (the Duke of Cleveland); both of these are fine examples of this esteemed painter's work. 'The Stem of Jesse,' Vander Goe, an old Flemish painter, whose pictures are little known, and a pupil of John Van Eyck, 200 gs. (Gardner). This painting represents St. Anne seated on a throne, and resting her head on the shoulder of the Virgin; David, with his harp, is on the left, and Solomon, holding a sceptre, on the right; sixteen half-length figures of patriarchs, apostles, and evangelists issue from flowers on the branches of a tree which springs from the back of the throne occupied by St. Anne. 'The Goudwin Sands,' E. W. Cooke, A.R.A. This picture was exhibited, under the title of 'Morning after a Heavy Gale—Weather Moderating,' at the Royal Academy, in 1857; it is unquestionably a fine work, but by no means one of the best examples of the painter; yet it was knocked down to Mr.

\* On referring to our notice of Mr. Harman's sale, we find a picture under this title and name knocked down for 405 gs.; and presume, therefore, it was then bought in at that price.



Lloyd for the sum of 730 gs. The next "lot" in the sale was Murillo's 'Immaculate Conception,' one of his noblest productions. Murillo frequently repeated the subject, but none—not even the celebrated picture from the Soult collection, now in the Louvre—surpasses this in beauty of design, and richness and delicacy of colouring; it is, in truth, a *chef-d'œuvre*. It was put up, without the slightest hesitation on the part of the auctioneer, at 5,000 gs., and advanced by successive biddings of 500 gs. each, till it reached the sum of 9,000 gs., at which price it was adjudged to Messrs. Graves, for whom Professor Knölle, of Brunswick, the engraver of the 'St. Catherine,' published in our April number, is executing a large engraving. It was generally understood in the sale-room that the picture was bought in. The Soult Murillo sold for £23,440.

After the sale of the Belvedere collection, which realized the large sum of £22,575, two portraits, by Rembrandt, were offered for disposal: they were the property of the late Rev. Samuel Colby, Rector of Little Ellingham, Norfolk, for whose ancestor, Mr. Ellison, minister of the English church at Amsterdam, in 1634, they were painted, and both pictures bear this date and the artist's signature. Mr. Ellison's daughter married Mr. Daniel Dover, of Ludham, Norfolk, into whose hands these works passed, and from him they descended to his posterity, the Colby family, of Yarmouth, of which their latest owner was the representative. The portraits are those of Mr. Ellison and his wife; they are masterly works, in fine condition, and, being put up together, were knocked down to Mr. Fisher for 1,850 gs.

To these succeeded a pair of elegantly painted pictures, painted for Louisa XV., by Boucher, in 1748; one entitled 'Le Moulin de Charenton,' the other 'Les Oiseaux.' They are large paintings, brilliant in colour, and altogether characteristic of the decorative style of Art practised in France at the time. They became the property of Mr. Ward, at the price of 1,250 gs.

### MODERN PAINTERS.\*

THE preface to this, the fifth and concluding volume of "Modern Painters," is an apology for "the disproportion between the length of time occupied in the preparation of this volume and the slightness of the apparent result;" in the course of which Mr. Ruskin accounts for his time from 1855 to 1860. Everything real and true about Turner is interesting, and Mr. Ruskin tells us that in the lower room of the National Gallery, when the arrangement of the Turner drawings was confided to him, he found seven tin boxes, in which were upwards of *nineteen thousand pieces of paper* drawn upon by Turner, many on both sides, some in chalk, others in ink, rotted into holes, others in various stages of dissolution from damp and mildew. More than the half of these consisted of pencil sketches soiled and blackened, with the dust of thirty years—many with the dust of sixty, we should say, for certainly these books were filled with glimpses of nature as Turner looked on her more than half a century ago. This arrangement occupied Mr. Ruskin, with two assistants, all the autumn and winter of 1857, "every day, all day long, and often far into the night."

The first volume was the extension of a reply to a magazine article; and it was not begun because the author thought himself qualified to write a systematic treatise on Art, but because he knew, and knew it to be demonstrable that Turner was "right and true," and that his critics were "wrong, false, and base." Had Turner been as much in need of a champion as Mr. Ruskin assumes, the enterprise upon his part, undertaken with candour and chivalrous truth, had been hailed with applause by all right-thinking men; but the assumed defence of Turner does not necessarily involve insult to others. Turner as a painter had troops of friends who so gloried in his gigantic power, that it was a cruel and bitter disappointment to them to witness the dotage of his art. They spoke out from their hearts, but we cannot for that con-

sider them "false and base." Mr. Ruskin claims a right to change his opinions, and proceeds to apologise for the admiration of Rubens which he records in the first volume of his treatise. If Rubens has been too much praised, there are other meritorious painters who have been too much censured; it is therefore hoped that they are comprehended in this reversal of opinion.

The volume is divided into four parts—"On Leaf Beauty," "Of Cloud Beauty," "Of Ideas of Relation—of Invention Formal," "Of Ideas of Relation—of Invention Spiritual;" and these chief sections are subdivided into chapters, entitled—"The Earth Veil," "The Leaf Orders," "The Leaf," "The Bud," &c., and so of "Cloud Beauty" and the other divisions. These chapters contain dissertations on the birth and growth of leaves, and the character of parent stems and sprays, under all conditions of the changing seasons, with a view to teach the elementary structure of trees; and, accordingly, to the notice of the reader are presented engravings of spray formation and composition. The elementary structure of what are considered important trees is proposed to be resolved into three principal forms—trefoil, quatrefoil, and cinquefoil, of which the several types are the rhododendron, the horse-chestnut, and the oak; and the relation between trees and beautiful architecture is touched upon.

These chapters, then, did the reader not see the title "Modern Painters," would be accepted as a pleasant botanical prelection, having nothing to do whatever with the practice of Art. In a note to the chapter on "The Stem," Mr. Ruskin says that he "finds nobody ever reads things which it takes any trouble to understand, so that it is of no use to write them." Written, therefore, in this conviction, the text is intelligible enough, requiring small exertion of attention to go on with the writer, the facts which he cites being already familiar to every ordinary observer. The author, since the publication of his first volumes of "Modern Painters," has greatly improved his knowledge of Art—he has been a diligent student; but his studies do not take an available turn, being directed rather to the phenomena of nature than the practice of Art. The engravings of the sprays and leaves which illustrate this part of the book are drawn with perfect truth and exquisite delicacy; but if Turner arrived at the excellence to which he attained without a knowledge of the rules which Mr. Ruskin very questionably, it is implied in the antecedent volumes that Turner knew and was guided by this or that law of nature; but in the volume before us his utter ignorance of certain laws of nature essential to truth is asserted, yet he is held up as a unique master of detail. Year by year do we deprecate in pictures the monotonous and languid descriptions of the foliage of near groups of trees—entire groves, with their various components of oak, elm, or ash, are painted with the same touch. This is one of the vices—indeed, the greatest—that would be remedied by the course of study proposed. To a perfect power of drawing the human figure a knowledge of anatomy is indispensable; but inasmuch as the conditions of tree painting are widely different from those of figure painting, the necessity for a knowledge of botanical anatomy is not apparent.

But let us pass to some of the painters whom Mr. Ruskin considers in couples. When he is writing *beside* the art, then it is that he is powerful and intelligible; but it had been better, and he had been yet more perspicuous, had he not brought his artists out in linked comparisons. He treats first of Durer and Salvator Rosa, and brings them together as types and exponents of the times they lived in—the one as the author of a dark picture entitled 'Umara Fragilita,' the other as the grave and thoughtful censor in his 'Night and Death.' Between these men the similitude ends with that of the tone of their dread allegories. Of Salvator the author writes:—"Of all men whose work I have ever studied, he gives me most distinctly the idea of a lost spirit. Michelet calls him 'Ce damné Salvator,' perhaps in a sense merely harsh and violent; the epithet to me seems true in a more literal, more merciful sense—'That condemned Salvator.' I see in him, notwithstanding all his baseness, the last traces of spiritual life in the Art of Europe. He was the last man to whom the thought of a spiritual existence presented itself as a conceivable reality. All succeeding men, however

powerful—Rembrandt, Rubens, Vandyke, Reynolds—would have mocked at the idea of a spirit. They were men of the world; they are never in earnest, and they are never appalled. But Salvator was capable of pensiveness, of faith, and of fear. The misery of the earth is a marvel to him; he cannot leave off gazing at it. The religion of the earth is a horror to him; he gnashes his teeth at it; mocks and gibes at it. He would have acknowledged religion had he seen any that was true; anything rather than that baseness which he did see. 'If there is no other religion than this of Pope and cardinals, let us to the robbers' ambush and the dragon's den.' He was capable of fear also. The grey spectre, horse-headed, striding across the sky (in the Pitti Palace), its bat wings spread, green bars of the twilight seen between its bones; it was no play to him, the painting of it."

And herein it is that Mr. Ruskin's power appears to stand alone, when writing on the outskirts of painting. In biography and description he is unique, but as a critic he is obscure and unintelligible, and as a teacher he has failed. He declares himself dissatisfied, because his readers do not read that which has cost him the most thoughtful labour. That at which he has most laboured he is least at home in; and he is uneasy that the discovery should have been made by his readers. Claude and Poussin are next treated of with a confirmation of the foibles attributed to Claude in preceding volumes. They are coupled as "classical" painters, and it is Nicholas, not Gaspar Poussin, who is brought forward.

In his chapter on Rubens and Cypri the tendencies of these men are attributed to the influence of the religious movements of their times. "The painters could only associate frankly with men of the world, and themselves became men of the world—men, I mean, having no belief in spiritual existences, no interests or affections beyond the grave. Not but that they still painted scriptural subjects. Altar pieces were wanted occasionally, and pious patrons sometimes commissioned a cabinet Madonna. But there is just this difference between the men of this modern period and the Florentines or Venetians—that whereas the latter never exert themselves fully, except on a sacred subject, the Flemish and Dutch painters are always languid unless they are profane." This is well understood—did we not know that among the most eminent painters of Italy there were monks and churchmen, and among those of Spain even bishops and high church dignitaries, we should learn it from Vasari and the historians of the Spanish school. They painted the articles of their belief, and painted them with a fervency and adoration which could not be equalled by men to whom such articles of belief were a mockery. "Owing to habits of hot, ingenious, and unguarded controversy the Reformed Churches themselves soon forgot the meaning of the word which, of all words, was oftener in their mouths. They forgot that *pietis* is a derivative *παιδομα*, not of *μαρτυρία*, and that '*filas*' closely connected with '*fo*' on one side, and with '*confido*' on the other, is but distantly related to '*credo*.'"

A simple glance at the works of the Giotteschi, even the worst of them, and those who immediately succeeded them, is sufficient to show us that in them their *pietis* was the essence of their life; they painted their Madonnas on their knees in adoration, but this *pietis* was dead to men of a later era.

Thus we find Rubens and Cypri brought together because they fell on evil times. The character of Rubens is amusing; it abounds with trite truths, but is also remarkable for its *suppresso veri*. We read "Rubens was an honourable and entirely well-intentioned man, earnestly industrious, simple, and temperate in habits of life, high-bred, learned, and discreet. His affection for his mother was great; his generosity for contemporary artists unfeigned. He is a healthy, worthy, kind-hearted, courtly-phrased animal, without any highly perceptible traces of a soul, except when he paints his children."

Having read through an essay on "Vulgarity," we are startled by the title of the following chapter, "Wouvermans and Angelico," wherein one is shown as the mere dregs of carnal Art, and the other the rectified essence of the purity of religious painting. But why Wouvermans has been selected we are not told. If the comparison be useful, it had been more forcible with Jan Steen, or Teniers, or perhaps Breughel in opposition to Angelico, than Wouvermans.

\* MODERN PAINTERS, Vol. V, by JOHN RUSKIN, M.A., author of "The Stones of Venice," &c. Published by Smith, Elder, & Co., London.



But we have yet a surprise in "The Two Boyhoods," the youth of Giorgione, and the youth of William Turner, as he was called in his boyhood—the J. M. was an increment which came with the tide of success: Castelfranco and Maiden Lane! Mr. Ruskin does more than justice to the former, and much would be told of the boyhood of Giorgione if it were known; and there is much of the boyhood of Turner that is known, but that is not told. Throughout these volumes we gather a circumstantial narrative of the life of Turner, but in this chapter of the fifth and last volume it would have been well to have spoken of the great painter's early bias for Art. It could have been interestingly told how Turner's father was a hair-dresser and barber, proud of his business connections in "the Garden;" and who, when asked as to the future of his son, loftily replied, "Sir, William is to be a painter."

The concluding volume of the work has been long looked for, with some hope that justice might have been done to those eminent men who have been unfairly dealt with in the early volumes. In this, however, we are disappointed, though the volume has the negative merit of a guarded abstinence from that kind of unmerited censure which prevails in the former books. A period of years has elapsed since the commencement of the work, and the tone of this volume shows Mr. Ruskin a wiser man than when he began it. He might have more directly vindicated the title of his work "Modern Painters," which he leaves merely an abstract life of Turner. He claims to be considered an Art critic, but he is gifted with a power of language which carries him and his reader far beyond the vulgar appliances of painting; and he never condescends to analyse a figure picture. When he claimed the right of changing at will deliberately formed opinions, we thought he was about to rectify much that he enunciated years ago, but his change of thinking has not yet extended to this.

### GOING TO LABOUR.

J. C. Ibbetson, Painter. W. Hulland, Engraver.

IN the unavoidable absence this month of an engraving from sculpture, we have introduced this print; it is from a picture by Julius Cesar Ibbetson—the name, through an inadvertence, is incorrectly given on the plate—an artist who lived in the latter part of the last century and the commencement of this: he died about the year 1817.

Ibbetson was a native of Masham, in Yorkshire, and at one time his works were in considerable request. Benjamin West, the President of the Royal Academy, is said to have called him the "Berghem of England;" but though he was usually regarded as a good painter of landscapes enlivened with figures and cattle, it was an absurdity to place his name in juxtaposition with that of the distinguished Dutchman. Ibbetson, in his choice of subject and in his treatment, evidently studied the works of Gainsborough and Morland; yet, especially as a colourist, he was far behind both. The picture here engraved is a favourable example of his style, and is a pleasing representation of rural life as it was seen in England in the days of our fathers. The composition is simple enough, its interest being limited almost exclusively to the group of peasant children: these figures are carefully drawn, and are of a pleasing character.

The excellence attained by the landscape-painters of our own time, is apt to render us fastidious in our estimation of the works of their predecessors, except, perhaps, those of Wilson, Gainsborough, and some others of the latter. We should remember, however, that our early school of artists had to contend with difficulties unknown to those who came after, and we must judge of their works with due consideration of the time at, and the circumstances under, which they were executed. If Ibbetson had lived in our day he would, doubtless, have produced, from such a subject, a picture widely different from that before us. This remark is not made by way of apology, or extenuation of his productions, but to show that Art has its epochs of style, in each of which some excellence may be discovered.

### ART IN SCOTLAND, IRELAND, AND THE PROVINCES.

GLASGOW.—A special meeting of the Glasgow Architectural Society has been held, to hear a report from a committee as to the stained glass recently put up in the great west window of the cathedral. In the report the committee said:—"Some considered that the beauties of the window more than counterbalanced its defects, while others held opinions quite the reverse. On the whole, however, your committee agree in speaking with much approval of the four pictorial panels which constitute the chief feature of the window. These panels or pictures represent, first, 'Moses giving the Law;' second, 'Priests crossing the Jordan with the Ark;' third, 'Dedication of the Temple;' and, fourth, 'Jews in Bondage at Babylon.' The figure-drawing in these pictures, as well as the grouping and colouring, are unquestionably an embodiment of the high class of Art. Indeed, so far as the Art-conception of these pictures is concerned, and even in some respects the execution, your committee could see little or no ground for fault-finding. And it is while cheerfully making this acknowledgment that we must express our surprise that the head and hands which produced the panels—if it were the same head and hands—should have been satisfied with work so inferior for the other portions of the window. If the design of the window and its general filling up had been at all equal in conception or execution to the panels themselves, this section of our report, embracing, as it does, the purely artistic question, would have contained little else than commendation. Instead of this being the case, however, the design and filling up are not only inferior to the panels, but oppose them in harmony and conception—suggesting, indeed, the idea that after the panels were finished, some mere workman had been entrusted to design and complete the rest." On the question of the suitability of the glass to the cathedral itself, in character, colour, and design, the report said:—"While your committee, as explained, is of diverse views as to the mere artistic merits of the window, they were unanimous, with one exception, on the fact that, be these merits what they may, the glass, as it stands, is neither in character, colour, nor design, suitable for the cathedral of Glasgow." An amendment rejecting the report was moved; but the report was ultimately carried by seven to three.

DUBLIN.—The Art-Union of Ireland has now reached the second year of its existence: a meeting of the subscribers was held a short time ago, to receive the report of the committee, and to distribute the prizes. Though the success of the society has not been so great as might be anticipated, there is no doubt that the institution has given an impulse to the Arts in Ireland. The list of subscribers is, however, larger than that of last year, and would, in all probability, have proved yet more numerous, but for the existence of other associations of a somewhat kindred nature. The total number of shares taken during the financial year just closed, was 1,042, realizing the amount of 1,024l. 2s., of which a sum of 661l. 12s. was allotted for prizes, in number 112. An additional prize, a Parian group, was added by Messrs. Gregg & Son. The principal prizes were one of 100l., gained by Sir Richard Griffith, Bart.; one of 75l., gained by Viscount Strangford; one of 50l., of which Miss E. Kennedy, of Mountjoy Square, Dublin, was the winner; and one of 40l., which fell to the number held by a subscriber in New Brunswick. The prizes given by this society are selected from the current Exhibition of the Royal Hibernian Academy, but not necessarily from those contributed by Irish artists. While referring to the Hibernian Academy, we may remark that the exhibition of this year is of more than average excellence; the younger artists especially being stimulated to improvement by the prospect of selling their works to the prizeholders of the Art-Union Societies. A school of young landscape painters is springing up, which, if adequately encouraged, bids fair to do credit to the country. Pictures to the value of 500l. were sold at the Academy within a few days after the exhibition opened; this may seem an insignificant sum indeed to the picture-buyers of London, but it is not so considered in Dublin.

The "Shilling Art-Union of Dublin" has met with a decided success, considering that this is its first year: the number of subscribers amounted to 27,355, realizing the sum of 1,367l. 15s., of which about 300l. has been absorbed in necessary expenses. The balance was distributed in ninety-eight prizes, commencing with 100l. as the highest, down to 3l. as the lowest. The committee did not purpose to have any below 6l., but as they observed many small works in the Royal Hibernian Academy, "priced" at 3l., "they considered," as the report

says, "that injustice would be done to the artists if they were excluded from any participation in the chances of sale: still they are not anxious to encourage either small prizes or low-priced pictures." Another year we have no doubt the committee will be able, as they appear to be desirous, to increase the value of the prizes, for, certainly, *three pounds* is a very low figure for a painting, or even a water-colour drawing. We are gratified to find, both by the proceedings of this society and of the one previously noticed, that there is every prospect of works of Art finding a home throughout the length and breadth of the sister island.

MANCHESTER.—It is but to justice to say that in so far as concerns the promise of the managers of the Manchester Shilling Art-Union, to distribute pictures and Art-objects to subscribers, that promise has been kept. To what extent, as compared with sales of tickets, we cannot say; but there is undoubtedly a long list issued of prizes awarded, beginning with "a painting," valued at 150l., and ending with "photographs on cardboard." A Mr. Minchin, an accountant, gave some preliminary explanations, stating that "upwards of 3,000 agents had been engaged in distributing tickets in all parts of the kingdom and in the colonies." If it be really so, there are additional reasons why the public should receive assurance of the *bona fides* of the society. If such assurance were given, we should cordially support it; but we confess to suspicion rather than confidence, and shall be glad if the one can be removed and the other augmented.—Mr. Noble's recumbent statue of the late Earl of Ellesmere, a commission from the present Earl, is completed, and will shortly be conveyed to Worsley, the family seat, near Manchester. The figure is of heroic size, represented in the ancient monumental style, with the arms folded crosswise on the breast; the body is habited in the robes of the Order of the Garter. The whole is sculptured from a single block of the finest Carrara marble.

BRIGHTON.—The annual exhibition of the works of living artists, which last year did not take place, will be resumed in the forthcoming month of October, under the patronage of the Mayor, supported by many of the most influential inhabitants of Brighton. The committee are actively engaged in making arrangements for the exhibition, which will be held in the large room of the Pavilion, the use of which for three months has been courteously granted by the town council. Promises of pictures have been received from several of the most distinguished artists of our school; and as it is estimated that fifty thousand visitors usually assemble in Brighton during the autumn months, there can scarcely be a doubt of the exhibition proving in every way successful.

OXFORD.—In the studio of Mr. Munro, Upper Bear Place, there is a set of six statues, now completed, for the embellishment of the Oxford Museum. Three of them, those of Galileo, Leibnitz, and Newton, are presented by the Queen; that of Sir Humphry Davy, by the Marquis of Lothian; James Watt, by Mr. Boulton; and Hippocrates, by Mr. Ruskin. They are executed in Caen stone, and may be said, for sculpture, to be small life-size. One of them, that of Hippocrates, was exhibited a few years ago, in plaster, at the Academy. As in all cases of posthumous stone portraiture, the artist's difficulty has been personal resemblance; in some of the statues, however, identity is established independently of this—as in the statue of Newton, who is represented contemplating the apple at his feet; as in that of Sir Humphry Davy, whose lamp appears in the composition. The whole of the figures are treated with propriety, and, wherever it is practicable, with some direct allusion to the qualifications of the person represented.

TAUNTON.—The bust of Admiral Blake, executed by Mr. Papworth, from a model by Mr. Baily, R.A., has been placed, for the present, in the Shire Hall of Taunton, the chief town of the county in which the brave old seaman of the Commonwealth was born: its ultimate destination is not yet determined. Another of England's worthies, the great Locke, who was also a native of Somersetshire, will also, it is expected, be commemorated in a similar way.

LEICESTER.—Extensive restorations, under the superintendence of Mr. Scott, are at present being carried on in the fine cathedral of this city. "The magnitude of the work," says our contemporary, the *Builder*, "may be judged of by the fact that more than 11,000l. will be expended to complete those portions now in hand, exclusive of gifts, and leaving a considerable amount of ornamentation in abeyance. The heaviest item in the work now being carried on is that for the oak ceiling, which has been entrusted to Mr. Evans, of Ellastone, Staffordshire. The chair screen has been confided to Mr. Skidmore, of Coventry. The entire restorations will add much interest to this venerable edifice."









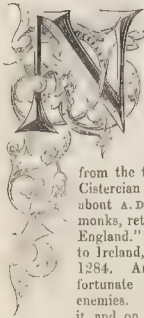
## THE COMPANION-GUIDE

(BY RAILWAY)

IN SOUTH WALES.

BY MR. AND MRS. S. C. HALL.

## PART VII.



NEATH is now a town of smoke, through which its rare and venerable antiquities are too often but dimly visible. It is a very ancient town, "called by the Britons Nedd, and by the Romans Nidum. When Robert Fitzhamon conquered Glamorgan he gave this town to Richard de Granville, one of the twelve knights who assisted him.

The said Richard, about half a mile from the town, and on the river Neath, built a Cistercian abbey, dedicated to the Holy Trinity, about A.D. 1130, and giving his share to the monks, returned to a plentiful estate he had in England.\* King John rested here on his way to Ireland, in 1210; so did King Edward I., in 1284. And in this castle and abbey the unfortunate Edward II. took shelter from his enemies. He was, however, compelled to leave it, and on his way to the castle of Llantrissant was betrayed by a monk, in whom he had trusted as a guide.

The Town is busy and prosperous. The various works in its immediate vicinity give employment to its population, and the quays receive vessels of moderate size, the river being navigable thus far from the sea.† It has good streets, good houses, good shops, good public rooms, a good library, a "philosophical institution," a good market-house, and needs only a good hotel. Moreover, two railways augment its population and its wealth; and the neighbourhood abounds in collieries, iron-works, and copper-works. It is auspiciously situated, protected by lofty hills, which shelter without confining it; and, before science had filled the mouth of the valley with dense and unwholesome vapours, the place must have been healthy as well as beautiful. The old monks selected it wisely then, although now-a-days there is no one of them who would not avoid it, as a melancholy foreshadowing of a destiny it was the professed purpose of their lives to avoid.

It is said that "Neath was destined for the seat of a University just prior to the Reformation, and that a charter was actually obtained for its foundation. Its deeds of arms were not, however, to be succeeded by those of learning. Of the former it had its share, several sanguinary battles having been fought in the neighbourhood between the Britons and their Norman oppressors. In the reign of Stephen, the British forces, headed by the sons of Caradoc ab Jestyn, whose lordship extended from the Tawe to the Afan, here attacked the Norman lords with great spirit, and put them to the rout so completely, that all who escaped the sword fled for an asylum to the various castles of Gower. Three thousand men are said to have been slain in this conflict. In 1231 Llewellyn ab Iorwath, and Morgan Gam, enraged by some injustice of Hubert de Burgh upon the marches, laid siege to the castle, and burnt it, destroying many of the inhabitants, and setting fire to their houses. What a contrast to these turbulent scenes of horror is presented in the pacific course of events, upon which we are happily borne along, under more benign auspices, and the institutions of a wiser government."

The Abbey is distant about a mile from the town, and the ruins are of large extent.‡ It was originally a convent of Grey

\* "We learn from Bishop Tanner that Richard de Granville and Constance, his wife, gave their chapel in the castle of Neath, the tithe belonging to it, a large tract of waste land and other possessions, in the time of Henry I., the eldest and youngest of Savigny, near Lyons, that they might build an abbey here in Wales. And a very fair abbey, dedicated to the Holy Trinity, was built accordingly on the west side of the river, a little below the town of Neath, for monks of the order of Savigny, in France. Hubert, who soon afterwards became Archbishop of Rheims."

Malcolm states, but does not give his authority, that Richard de Granville, returning from a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, brought with him a person named Lales (or Lalya), "a man very skilful in the art of building, who in his employment constructed the abbey of Neath." "It is said that he afterwards sold to L. men, and became a architect to the king, Henry I."

† In our descriptions of Neath and its fair valley we shall be much indebted to an excellent "Handbook," written by Mr. C. H. Waring, a gentleman of the neighbourhood, by whom we had the pleasure and advantage to be accompanied to the various attractions in the vicinity, and especially to the Vale of Neath.

‡ "The Welsh call this abbey 'Abaty Glyn Nedd' or 'Abaty of the Vale of Neath, and Nedd is properly the name of the river running through it, being descriptive of the gentle course of its stream compared with most of the neighbouring waters."

Friars, but afterwards came into the possession of the Cistercians, who retained it till the Dissolution, when the fraternity was reduced to eight monks.

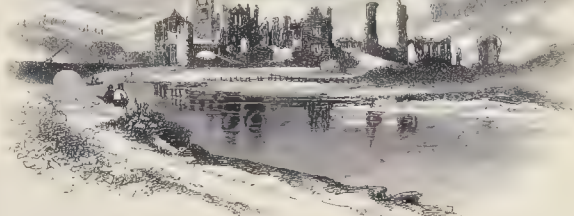
On approaching the abbey the visitor is suddenly struck by a singular mingling of styles of two epochs.\* He learns however, that the old priory-house had been converted into a residence by the Hoby family, subsequent to its use as a religious house, these comparatively new buildings being of Tudor architecture. Within, the only portions that retain their early character is THE CRYPT, and the remains of the church. There are evidences enough, however, to show the vast extent and gorgeous ornaments of the fine structure, to bear out the statement of Leland, that it was "once the fairest in all Wales," and almost to realize the description of an early bard—"Weighty the lead that roofs this abode—the dark blue canopy of the dwell-



NEATH ABBEY.

ings of the godly. Every colour is seen in the crystal windows; the floor is wrought in variegated stone; here is the gold-adorned choir, the nave, the gilded tabernacle-work, the pinnacles worthy of the three fountains; the bells, the benedictions, and the peaceful songs of praise, proclaim the frequent thanksgivings of the white monks."

The church, although a mere shell, "still looks stately," and the so-called chapter-house, refectory, and some of the chief apartments, also "present interesting architectural studies." Huge masses of masonry are scattered about the inner courts; the eye may readily detect remnants of



NEATH ABBEY, EASTERN VIEW.

coracles, quoins, and other ornaments of the structure. The ivy grows but little about them, the copper smoke preventing its spread; indeed the effect of this fog to verdure we mark all about the neighbourhood, most of the trees having blighted tops. The place is peculiarly quiet;

\* Francis's "Neath and its Abbey." The ruins of Neath Abbey have been placed by J. M. Dymally (to whom they belong) under the care and custody of the North Philosophical Society, its lordship's liberality from time to time enabling the society to effect repairs, restorations, "highly advantageous to the preservation of its existing remains." A rustic diet resides in an ancient cage, and the ruins are examples of neatness and order.

idlers and spoilers being effectually kept out. It is, therefore, a scene for reflection and thought; imagination may revert to its days of gorgeous splendour, when monarchs were its guests, and learn from the shattered walls a lesson as to the mutability of the works of man.

"We do love these ancient ruins.  
We never tread upon them, but we set  
Our foot upon some reverend history."

Strange sights and strange sounds are these that would greet the venerable abbot—earliest or last—if permitted to revisit earth and tread among old familiar places! The air is close and the sky is dark; dense columns of smoke are curling even round the broken relics that still soar upwards. There is no breath of nature from the hills, over the meadows, or from the river that still runs beside its walls to meet the sea.



SEAL OF THE ABBOT.

Where the matin hymn was sung, and the solemn vespers chanted, is heard the perpetual clang clang of the noisy hammer: forges, furnaces, and tall chimneys, mingle unearthly and unnatural sounds, and the dale resembles rather a pandemonium than a sanctuary from the cares and turmoils of the world.

It may interest the archaeologist to examine the two seals and the effigy we borrow from Mr. Francis's valuable and interesting contribution to the history of the locality, "Memorials of Neath and its Abbey," the first is that of the Abbot of Neath, the second that of "the Abbey of St. Mary of Neath." The arms at the foot are those of De Granville, the founder. In a field adjacent to the ruin is a mutilated stone figure, that of Adam de Caermarthen, Abbot of Neath, A.D. 1209. He holds in his hand the model of a church—



ABBOT'S SEAL.

as its re-founder. It is a curious relic, which all visitors to the place would desire to see removed from its present rest to the interior of the ruin; we believe it would be removed, if a hint of the propriety of the act were conveyed to Lord Dynevor. He who has done so much for the preservation of the venerable remains, would, we are assured, gladly attend to any suggestion for increasing their interest.

The old Castle of Neath must be visited. It is in the centre of the town—a shell merely—surrounded by the low dwellings of artisans. The artist has pictured the gateway. There was here "an ancient castle" when, in 1090, Richard de Granville built this stronghold.

Before we leave the neighbourhood we may examine a curious and interesting church—that of LLANTWIT JUXTA NEATH, which stands on a bank between the river and a canal; it has been lately "restored." Fortunately, however, for lovers of the picturesque, our artist saw it before its renovation.

Who could imagine this gloomy town—over which, like a pall, too often lowers a cloud of dense and unwholesome smoke—the gateway to a very paradise of rock and river, hill and valley—THE VALE OF NEATH. To this charming valley we must ask the reader to accompany us on a brief tour, but he may prolong it, if he pleases, and can be content with a limited supply



THE CHRYPT, NEATH ABBEY.

of "creature comforts," for the inns are to-day little better than they were a century ago, and are certainly not constructed "expressly for the accommodation of tourists."

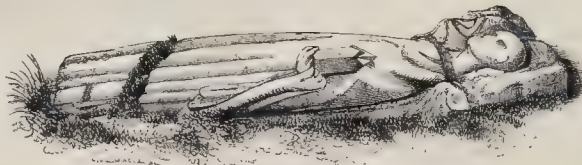
The river Neath rises south-westward of the mountain called Ban Gylhyrich, and falls into the Bay of Swansea a little below Briton Ferry. Its origin is two brooks; it collects the



LLANTWIT JUXTA NEATH.

waters of several tributaries previous to reaching Pont Neath Vaughan, where, properly, the river assumes the name of Neath. Thus, old Drayton—

—"When nimble Neath anon  
(To all the neighbouring nymphs for her rare beauties known,  
Besides her double head, to help her stream that hath  
Her handmaids—Melta sweet, cleere Hepsey, and Tragath)  
From Brecknock forth doth breake."



THE ABBOT'S EFFIGY.

These tributaries, as well as the river, have many falls—some hidden among woods, known only to the guide or frequent visitor; others in the direct course of the stream, and others descending from steep banks upon its sides. It is to these falls that the Vale of Neath is chiefly indebted



for its renown; but it has other attractions: abrupt mountains, huge cliffs, grotesque rocks, wooded glens, rustic bridges, dingles, and bosky dells—all, in short, that contribute beauty to a wild district, in which nature is but little trimmed and fashioned by the hand of Art. Justly, therefore, may one of its ardent admirers say that "tourists, painters, poets, anglers, and meditative lovers of the romantic, are alike charmed by the attractions of this Vale, which only requires to be better known, that its fame may equal its beauty."

A short distance from Neath are two of the most famous of the Cascades—those of Aberdulas and Melincourt; but the tourist need not pause to visit them now, for the iron lords have ruined their picturesque. That of Aberdulas is altogether gone—"works for the manufacture of tin plate have encroached up to the very point where the stream takes its plunge; and the air, formerly so sweet with woodland fragrance, and tuneful with the song of birds, is now contaminated by smoke, and disquieted by the clang of machinery;" while that of Melincourt, although not so entirely ill-used, has lost much of its fine character—its fame is of the past.\* We must go further up the Vale, therefore, before we can escape the sights and sounds of the furnace and the foundry; and a railway conveys us to the station—GLYN NEATH—at which we commence our tour, among the beauties of the river and the Vale.†

It is at Glyn Neath that the tour of the Vale properly commences, and the railway conducts the tourist thus far; but long before his arrival he will have obtained views, on either

of its neighbouring hills." In 1802, Southey proposed to become its tenant; but he desired some additions or improvements; these the owner, Williams of Aberpergwm, declined to make; the arrangement, consequently, did not take place, and in a letter to Mr. Waring, the poet thus expresses himself: "Had this wish been complied with, my lot would have been fixed in the Vale of Neath instead of here, among the mountains of Cumberland, and my children would have been Cambrians instead of Cumbrians." The real motive of Mr. Williams in declining to accept Southey as a tenant was the ill repute of the poet, who was at that time the avowed



VIADUCT, VALE OF NEATH.

advocate of revolutionary principles. "Much and deeply as he afterwards became attached to the lakes and mountains of Cumberland, he would often speak with something like regret of Maesgwyn and the Vale of Neath."

Aberpergwm, the seat of Rees Williams, Esq., is seen among surrounding trees. The family of Williams, of Aberpergwm, is illustrious; for eight hundred years they have held domains in this valley, and have their descent from Rhys, the son of Jestyn, the last prince of Glamorgan. Of this family, that of Oliver Cromwell was a collateral branch, the original name, when they settled in Huntingdon, being Williams. The name of Williams was adopted in the reign



NEATH CASTLE.

side, of rare and surpassing beauty—tree-clad hills, looking down on the fair river, with vistas, here and there, through rugged passes, into charming glens. His attention will also be directed to many unobtrusively situated mansions and small churches in pleasant dells. "Ynysgerwn, the ancestral mansion of the Llewellyns of Penllegare, is seen on the left, shrouded in trees." The little church of Resolven is on the right, near the station of that name. A few miles onward, on the opposite side of the valley, stands Rheola, the beautiful seat of N. V. E. Vaughan, Esq., one of the most lovely residences in Glamorgan. It has a fine mountainous background, and the glen behind the house has walks of great beauty. Proceeding onward, the retired house of Maesgwyn is barely visible near the river-side, and beneath the towering grandeur



AT NEATH VAUGHAN.

of Henry VIII; previously it was De Avon. It was the father of the present proprietor who corresponded with Southey concerning the house at Maesgwyn, and one of whose sisters contributed the Welsh Fairy Stories to Crofton Croker's Fairy Legends.\* The lady is an

\* Malkin (1804) speaks of the Cascade of Melincourt as the largest in South Wales, and "unrivalled in its accompaniments, considered as an enclosed scene." "the rich clothing of the precipice, the overcast hue of the objects, the foliage intercepting the view, and preventing the whole from being exhausted, conspire with the magnitude of the principal features to increase the interest of the spot." Donovan (1805) describes it as a fall of "most majestic character," which "passes over the verge of a dark precipitous rock, eighty feet above the spectator."

† The only tolerable inn of the district is here. It is called the "Lamb and Flag," and is sufficiently comfortable for those who are not over-particular. The charges are moderate, but bed accommodation is limited. Ponies may be here obtained, and a sort of "fly" for those who shun both pedestrian and equestrian exercise. It is, however, obvious that without much walking few of the attractions of the Vale can be seen, inasmuch as they for the most part lie out of the beaten track.

\* The late Mr. Williams, according to Mr. Waring, "is well known to Welsh poets and scholars, under the bardic name of Gwddur (pron. Goolldoor). The glen which conducts the brook of Pergwm to its confluence with the Neath is well worthy of a survey. Access to this part of the domain is readily granted by the proprietor, who has formed a road up the glen, by which the summit of the mountain is reached. On the ascent a stone seat has been placed, with the following inscription—

"Gorffwysfa i Gymro glan,  
Rho ddolch i Ddaw,  
A chwr yn y blaen."

"A resting place for Welshmen true;  
Let him thank God, enjoy the view,  
And then his onward way pursue."



accomplished Welsh scholar, and not "a Welsh scholar" only. Her immediate neighbourhood bears testimony to her value; but her intellectual gifts have not been limited in their influence to her own beautiful vale.

We are now on the borders of Brecknockshire; it is in that county we find most of the leading attractions of the district. We pass along a narrow lane, and reach PONT-NEATH-VAUGHAN, previously, however, obtaining a view of a fine and picturesque viaduct over the river, pictured by Mr. Harding; the hills that look down upon it are especially grand and beautiful. Immediately above is the majestic mountain, Craig-y-Llyn, "king of the Glamorganshire mountains."

PONT-NEATH-VAUGHAN is a small village; the inn here is called "the White Horse." It is small, "coarse," externally and internally, and sitsuate in about the worst situation that could be chosen; so, indeed, is the inn at Glyn Neath, while removal a hundred yards or so might have secured a perpetual view of combined grandeur and beauty. It is here, however, the guide is to be obtained—a necessity, inasmuch as, without one, it would be difficult to find the way to the Falls, through almost impervious woods. Welsh guides are very different from those who "ply the trade" in Ireland. In Wales, the guide seems to think he has no other duty than to walk before you, and open gates; if he has stories to tell, or legends to rehearse, he keeps them to himself; to wit or humour he makes no pretence; he has no anecdote to lighten the way, no pleasant word to smooth a rugged path, no kindly greeting for any peasant you meet, to draw out information; he receives you with a nod, and parts from you with another, when you have paid his fee of seven shillings—that is all; he will have no memory of you thenceforward, nor you of him.

What a contrast between him and his Irish brother! The Irish guide lets you miss nothing; ever ready with a joke when a joke is welcome, and a serious caution when it is requisite. If you exhaust his budget of veritable "legends," he will invent new ones. Ask him any question you please, and you will have an answer; never does the "be dad I don't know" come in reply to aught upon which you require information. Is a lady of your party, Paddy is always at her side, her cloak upon one arm, and the other prepared to assist in all emergencies; he is ever at hand when needed, with his kindly smile, lively jest, and active zeal to render service.

The tourist will rest awhile at Pont-Neath-Vaughan, ascending one of the heights above the village, to obtain a glorious view of the vale and surrounding hills; he will also descend into the dell, through which the river wildly rushes, and stand on a picturesque bridge, on either side of which the close scenery is very beautiful. Pont-Neath-Vaughan is the starting-point of those who visit "the Falls," and the Falls are the great objects of attraction in the Vale of Neath. Other valleys may boast of rivers as lucid, of hills as rugged and as grand, of woods as varied and as rich, of dells as fair and as fertile, of meadows as green and as productive; but there is no valley in our island that contains waterfalls so many or so magnificent.

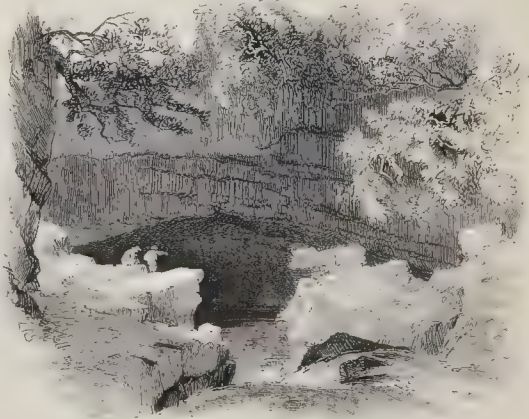
To some of these falls, therefore, we desire to conduct the reader—aided, as we shall be, by the artists, Mr. Harding, Mr. McEwen, and Mr. Wimperis. We shall first, however, ask him to accompany us to the singular cave Porth-y-r-ogor, "the gate or mouth of the cavern." Porth-y-r-ogor is a cave into which enters a river—the river Melite—to be lost for a time, and then to issue forth and run *through a valley* into the Neath. Its course is not under a hill, but under a dell; a steep road of some extent leads down to it, high rocks envelop it on all sides, some of them clothed with thick underwood; the water is deliciously pure. The cavern is about fifty feet wide, and in height thirty feet: into this cavern the river rushes, finding an exit some five hundred yards away, but filling on its passage a variety of lesser caves, which have never yet been explored, for although some attempts have been made to examine its singular recesses, none of them have been successful. These recesses branch off in all directions—some, it is said, lead to passages three or four miles long; and if the guides are to be credited, they have explored one of them so far, during seasons of unusual drought. We borrow a description from Mr. Waring:—"The rapid Melite, after many tumultuous writhings amongst huge blocks of limestone, disappears beneath a gigantic mass of rock, extending, nearly on a horizontal level, from one bank to the other. When the river is swollen by heavy rains, its foaming waters preclude all human access to the cave; but in customary summer weather, the entrance is easy. The interior presents a lofty concavity, adorned with stalactical concretions, in a great variety of forms, which produce a somewhat ghastly effect, seen by the broken gleams of daylight, and when illuminated by candles, throw back a brilliant reflection. The Melite is heard murmuring among the pebbles, and rocky fragments of the floor, as it hurries into the recesses of the cavern, where it plunges

into a dark pool, awfully profound, filling the "subterranean" with an appalling roar. There is an unspeakable fascination allied both to the sublime and the horrible, in the combination of sounds produced by the hollow babbling of the waters near the entrance, and the deep stern bass of their descent into the invisible abyss. At the lower extremity of the pool, where it becomes accessible, there is a singular formation of calcareous spar, on the face of a rock, which is sufficiently like a skeleton child to give the name of Llyn y Baban (the Lake of the Baby) to this mysterious-looking watery chasm." This baby is a vein of carbonate of lime, kept white by the continual rush of water. The guides have a legend of child murder, or some miraculous restoration of a drowning infant from this black abyss, to deepen the thrilling interest of the place. But



PONT-NEATH-VAUGHAN.

the guides, as we have elsewhere remarked, are, if inventive, certainly not communicative—their legends and traditions are, when you obtain them, of the veriest commonplace. The cavern is exceedingly picturesque; Mr. McEwen's sketch may convey some notion of it, but to its solemn and impressive grandeur Art cannot do justice. Not only is the cave itself singularly effective—the neighbourhood is full of pictorial episodes. A pretty village, with its graceful church, attracts the eye as we descend the hill; at its base are huge rocks covered with ivy and other creepers, among which gorgeously green ferns shoot from intervening crevices; while the river, though gentle and musical in summer, rushes with terrific force in winter, and having no exit but this cavern, then rises rapidly, often flooding the whole of the adjacent valley.



PORTH-YR-OGOR.

On the hill and in the dale, wherever we ramble through this delicious valley, we find nature abundantly bountiful of grace and beauty: wild flowers grow in rich luxuriance; trees of all ages, and of infinitely varied character, give their shade to tangled hedgerows and to plots of green sward; streams as "nimble" as the Neath rush from hill-tops, singing on their way, over huge rock-stones, to mingle with the river; and, in especial, the numerous waterfalls, encountered almost at every step in this district—"wild and untrimmed"—give to it a peculiar charm that very few of the vales in Great Britain equal, perhaps none surpass. These waterfalls we are now approaching.



## ART-UNION OF LONDON.

The following works of Art have been selected, up to the time of our going to press, by the prize-holders at the last drawing of the Art-Union of London.

## From the Royal Academy:—

An English Pastoral, by H. B. Willis, 210*l.*; Foli Ripe, C. Lance, 160*l.*; The Nile Kaf, F. Dillon, 120*l.*; Chastity (marble statue), J. Durham, 160*l.*; Morning on the Dee, H. J. Roddington, 100*l.*; The River D-vey, T. Danby, 80*l.*; The First Step in Life, Mrs. E. M. Ward, 75*l.*; The Volunteer Movement, J. Ballantyne, 65*l.*; The Sexton's Sonnet, H. S. Marks, 65*l.*; The Little Florist, T. F. Dickson, 60*l.*; Fisherman's Cottage, J. Cassin, 50*l.*; A Fisherman's Hut, W. Hensley, 47*l.* 5*s.*; Sweet Summer Time, F. W. Hulme, 40*l.*; Loch Faeo, Dute, G. F. Buchanan, 31*l.* 10*s.*; Under the Cliff at Bonchurch, J. F. Cropper, 30*l.*; Happy Moments, J. T. Peele, 30*l.*; Fruit, Miss E. H. Stannard, 25*l.*; A Cottager, Wanstead, J. W. Haynes, 25*l.*; The Sister's Prayer, J. A. Fitzgerald, 20*l.*; The Mother's Lesson, G. W. Brownlow, 20*l.*; The Lutes at Goring, P. J. Soper, 20*l.*; Going a Milking, W. Thomas, jun., 20*l.*; Landscape, F. W. Watts, 15*l.*

## From the British Institution:—

Italy on the Meuse, G. Stanfield, 84*l.*; Spending a Holiday, J. Ritchie, 68*l.*; C. R. F. Duce, 52*l.* 10*s.*; The Lace Maker, A. Provis, 30*l.*; Brewster Mill, N. O. Lupton, 25*l.*; Maternal Affection, C. Dukes, 21*l.*; View down the Trent, W. E. Turner, 21*l.*; A Nap, R. Hollingdale, 20*l.*; The Lesson, C. Dukes, 20*l.*; Preparing the Village Guy, Miss E. Brownlow, 20*l.*; The Orange Girl, T. P. Hall, 20*l.*

## From the Society of British Artists:—

Tantallon Castle, J. Syer, 200*l.*; Summer on the Thames, W. W. Gosling, 100*l.*; River View, J. C. Ward, 60*l.*; Mounts Bay, G. Wolfe, 45*l.*; A Trawler in a Stiff Breeze, H. K. Taylor, 40*l.*; Deer and Deerhound, T. Earl, 35*l.* 15*s.*; A Sea Breeze, J. Russell, 35*l.*; Fishing-boats off Lundy Island, W. West, 35*l.*; Nook on Kie's Den, A. Ferigal, 30*l.*; A Welsh Lane, G. Cole, 30*l.*; A Scene in Brittany, E. J. Gribbs, 30*l.*; A Shepherd's Home, E. A. Pettit, 30*l.*; The Mountain Stream, J. B. Smith, 30*l.*; Girl with Blackberries, J. T. Peele, 30*l.*; Village Scene, H. Desvignes, 30*l.*; The Rialto, S. G. Toovey, 30*l.*; The Daughter of Jerusalem, J. Bouvier, sen., 25*l.*; On the River Looe, W. Pitt, 25*l.*; A Lane Scene, J. C. Ward, 25*l.*; Waiting for the Tide, H. K. Taylor, 25*l.*; At Montreux, J. P. Pettit, 25*l.*; St. Michael's Mount, G. Wolfe, 25*l.*; Funt Abory, J. Skeggle, 25*l.*; Sea Coast, E. Hayes, 20*l.*; On the Tarsar, W. Williams, 20*l.*; At Willsborough Lees, J. J. Wilson, 20*l.*

## From the Water-Colour Society:—

Venues from the Rialto, by W. Callow, 70*l.*; Moor Shabod, S. P. Jackson, 42*l.*; Auld Robin Grey, Mrs. C. Middle, 30*l.*; Clovelly, S. P. Jackson, 30*l.*; Old British Camp, G. A. Fripp, 30*l.*; Fruit, G. Rosenburg, 21*l.*

## From the New Water-Colour Society:—

Interior of the Cathedral of Cefala, Carl Werner, 75*l.* 15*s.*; A Salmon Leap, D. H. McKewan, 52*l.* 10*s.*; Port Madoc, H. C. Pidgeon, 40*l.*; Place Puella, Rouen, G. Howse, 40*l.*; View on the Swale, W. Telbin, 35*l.* 15*s.*; Win's-bridge on the Duddon, D. H. McKewan, 31*l.* 10*s.*; East, T. L. Rowbotham, 30*l.*; At Weir Gifford, P. Mitchell, 25*l.*; Village Point, J. G. Philips, 25*l.*; Tort Demanded, H. Warren, 25*l.*; An Old Tower, C. Vacher, 15*l.*

## From the Institution of Fine Arts:—

The Prodigal Son, E. Walton, 52*l.* 10*s.*; The Cover Side, A. F. Rolfe, 40*l.*; Self-Defence, H. P. Parker, 35*l.*; The Close of a Summer Day, G. A. Williams, 25*l.*; Head of Leek Lomond, J. T. Walton, 20*l.*; A Sunny Afternoon, B. W. Leader, 20*l.*; The Hunt of the Kingfisher, J. Adam, 20*l.*; Welsh Lake Scene, B. Shepham, 20*l.*; Carriekergus Castle, E. Hayes, 20*l.*; Carisbrook Castle, J. Godet, 20*l.*; An Interesting Topic, H. King, 20*l.*

The list contains a larger number of good pictures than we expected, the result, we imagine, of prompt reference to the several galleries soon after the prizes of the society were drawn. Still, we adhere to our early view of this matter—a belief that the leading purpose of the institution would be best answered by selecting a certain number of works, to be distributed as "prizes," instead of money amounts. We have, every year, evidence of the difficulty of selecting high-class paintings; such as are not "commissioned," are "gone" before prizeholders can avail themselves of their privilege; and were it not that, in many instances, the task of "selecting" has been accorded to the honorary secretaries, or to some member of the council, the collection would be of far less merit than it will be when brought together, as usual, in Suffolk Street.

The society's offer of a premium of 100 guineas for the best series of designs illustrating Tennyson's "Idylls of the King," has produced forty-two sets of drawings; these will be exhibited to the public, with the selected prize-pictures, when the various galleries, now open, in which the latter still hang, are closed.

## MINOR TOPICS OF THE MONTH.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.—An hebdomadal literary contemporary, who is "fortunate" enough to penetrate into the secret doings of this august body, publishes a statement of what took place at a recent meeting of the Academicians, who attended "to hear and receive a special report from the council on the past history and present prospects of the Institution, setting forth (1) the Relation of the Royal Academy to the Crown, (2) the Relation of the Royal Academy to the Public, (3) the Relation of the Royal Academy to the Professors of Art. This report, which was already in type, was read and received. In due time, we presume, it will be distributed to the world." It has, however, fallen into the hands, as we judge, of the conductors of the journal in question, who briefly comment upon its contents: we prefer waiting till the document shall come officially into our possession, if it should do so, for a subsequent meeting appears to have been called to discuss the question of giving the report publicity through the press; so that it is just possible, though scarcely probable, that the public will hear nothing of the matter, except what is derived from indirect sources.

CRYSTAL PALACE PICTURE GALLERY.—Our pages for the last two or three months have been so occupied with the picture exhibitions of the metropolis, that we had no space for noticing the recent additions of good works to this gallery, and the excellent arrangement, under the directorship of Mr. C. W. Wass, of the entire collection. Next month we hope to go into the matter somewhat in detail.

PARLIAMENTARY GRANTS FOR ART-PURPOSES.—The following sums appear in the civil service estimates for the current year:—£2,000 for the National Portrait Gallery; £2,500 for the purchase of drawings by the old masters for the British Museum, from the Lawrence Collection; £5,000 towards the Irish National Gallery, at Dublin; £5,000 towards an Industrial Museum at Edinburgh; and £15,000 for alterations in the National Gallery, in London.

THE FEMALE SCHOOL OF ART CONVERSATION.—The meeting at the Kensington Museum was eminently successful; there was an attendance of upwards of 1,500 ladies and gentlemen, and much interest was manifested as to the progress of the subscription for sustaining the school in Gower Street. That subscription, however, does not yet reach the half of the sum required. We trust we may not have to incur the reproach of abandoning such an institution; the call is not to try an experiment; it has been tried, and not found wanting. Hundreds of young women are now honourably and creditably obtaining maintenance, who would have been idlers, or worse, but for the means thus afforded them; and hundreds—nay, thousands—are waiting eager to profit by the instruction hence supplied. Yet, if so small a sum as £2,000 cannot be raised, the institution, it appears, must be given up, and the many whose hopes are here stimulated and sustained, be thrown on the world to live how and where they can. The abandonment of this school would be a national disgrace: surely we shall not be called upon to endure it; surely the immensity of "talk" concerning help to women is not to be mere talk. The subscriptions, up to the commencement of last month, reached £932 9*s.*, including £200, the proceeds of the conversation.

THE SOANE MUSEUM, LINCOLN'S INN FIELDS.—This museum was visited by 2,097 persons during the year 1859. It is open for three days a week in April, May, and June, and once a week in the two months before and two months after that period. "The rules require a previous application for admission, but the regulation is not strictly observed." This museum, be it remembered, is in "the heart of London," yet very often at South Kensington the admissions have been greater in a day than they have been at Lincoln's Inn Fields in a year. Surely, this fact is worth something as regards the contest for removing the National Gallery farther west.

THE ART-UNION OF ENGLAND.—The report, read at the first general meeting of subscribers to this society on July 10th, at the Gallery of Illustration, is not very encouraging. The society has certainly only been in existence about four months, still, with a staff of 160 agents scattered through the country, as it was stated, we should have anticipated a longer

list of subscribers than the report gives, namely, 1,452. The amount of the subscriptions was £764 18*s.* 6*d.* The sum expended, including the reserve fund of 5 per cent., was £348 18*s.* 3*d.*, leaving £416 5*s.* 3*d.* available for distribution in prizes. The committee has resolved to carry over 100 guineas of the amount of the preliminary expenses to next year's account, leaving £528 for immediate distribution. Two hundred tickets for the year 1861, representing £110, were distributed to the first two hundred names, after the drawing, to which prizes had not been awarded this year, and the amount would be charged against the income of 1861 on account of preliminary expenses. When we recollect that the subscribers to the Art-Union of London, in 1837, the first year of its existence, only reached, in guinea tickets, £489 6*s.*, and expended but £390, we must assume that this new society is not altogether unsuccessful, seeing that in half guinea tickets it acquired upwards of £764 in four months, while the former had been in operation a considerable time longer. Still we cannot augur for it any very brilliant prospect, with such rivals as those of London and Glasgow.

MR. JOHN WATKINS, the eminent photographer, of Parliament Street (by the way, the oldest photographic room in England, and perhaps the best), was honoured by a commission from the Queen to take several portraits of the Prince of Wales, a day or two prior to his departure for Canada. He had also the honour to obtain sittings from the Duke of Newcastle, General Bruce, Captain Grey, and others, who are the companions of his Royal Highness on this interesting and practically useful voyage to our great American colony. These portraits, though, of course, not intended for circulation, may be seen at the rooms of the photographer; they are certainly among the best that have been taken; but there are few of the "profession" who are so successful as Mr. Watkins, in combining accuracy of likeness with the artistic thought and manipulative skill, that preserve what is agreeable, and "abate" what is otherwise. This has been the result of long practice; his portraits are counted by thousands, including peers, prelates, statesmen, judges, officers, clergymen, members of all learned professions, artists, and men of letters—nearly all the leading artists being in his printed list, together with a large number of authors. His powers, however, have been far more severely tested: to men it matters little that the actual is more conspicuous than the possible; not so with women, where, to sacrifice a grace, is an offence against nature, and to lose a beauty, and perpetuate a blemish, is to commit a crime. Few can bear the trial of the photograph without peril; but, certainly, Mr. Watkins can, if any one can, make a plain woman content, and a handsome woman pleased, with the semblance of what she actually, and at the moment, is. No doubt there is, as there ought to be, some "after-touching" always; but—by what means obtained we cannot say—the "beauties" in Mr. Watkins's gallery are beauties, although photography has "given the world the copy."

THE MUSEUM AT SOUTH KENSINGTON has recently been enriched by some important Italian acquisitions, among them the "Cantor," or singing gallery of the Church of Santa Maria Novella, at Florence, the well-known work of Baccio d'Agnolo, which was executed about 1500, and recently taken down for modern "renovations." A fountain of grand design by Rovezano and Sansovino, a chimney-piece by Donatello, an altar-piece and tabernacle by Peruzzi, are all from the same neighbourhood, are of the same early date, and of the same artistic importance. In fact, such works in marble, for size and quality, have seldom before been imported. Of the famous terra-cotta popularly known after the name of its originator Della Robbia, there are also fine examples, and a most remarkable circular relief in enamelled terra-cotta, from the exterior of the Villa Ximenes, near Florence; it is eleven feet in diameter, representing the arms of the family, surrounded by a border of fruit and foliage of grand design—one of the largest works of its class ever executed—a noble example of ceramic art.

THE EXHIBITION OF 1862.—The guarantee fund now exceeds £335,000. It will be recollected that the minimum amount was fixed at £250,000; the excess renders, therefore, the risk less; but we have no idea of there being any risk at all. Much of the issue will, no doubt, depend on the state of



Europe: if peace happily continue, the exhibition cannot be other than a great success; if war be again the curse of civilization, it would be unsafe to prognosticate prosperity for the experiment. We again, however, warn manufacturers of the danger of procrastination.

**THE CHAPEL ROYAL, WINDSOR.**—A charming series of stereoscopic views has been issued by Mr. Frederick Jones, of 146, Oxford Street, exhibiting all the more striking and interesting points in this singularly beautiful and time-honoured structure. The chapel of St. George ranks among the best preserved, as well as the most perfect, of our ecclesiastical remains; it has been guarded from the iconoclast of all ages. Even Cromwell's soldiers were compelled to respect the saints whose effigies were here: the dust of a succession of sovereigns has been held "sacred" for generations; and as immediately a part of Windsor Castle, there have been always "keepers" at hand when Vandals were seeking to destroy. There is, consequently, no better theme for photographic art. Mr. Jones has skillfully dealt with it: the selected prints are of value to the architect and the archaeologist, and cannot fail to interest visitors. The series indeed yields to none, within reasonable compass, as a means of instruction and enjoyment.

**MR. J. C. ROBINSON, F.S.A.,** Superintendent of the Art-collections of the South Kensington Museum, has recently published a descriptive notice of the works of Mediaeval and Renaissance sculpture, decorative furniture, &c., purchased in Italy during the last year, and now deposited in the Museum. These works are quite an acquisition to the student of decorative art, and Mr. Robinson's remarks upon them are characterized by judgment and knowledge.

**JERUSALEM, ANCIENT AND MODERN.**—Mr. Beechford, the print-publisher of Scarborough, has communicated with us on this subject; and, influenced by his statements, supported by documentary evidence, we feel it only right to say that Mr. Selous was occupied, not twelve but twenty months in producing the two works exhibited; that he was amply supplied with sketches, personal descriptions, and other valuable aids; that, in a word, nothing whatever was "borrowed," either directly or indirectly, from the pictures of similar subjects, previously painted and exhibited. The character of Mr. Selous, both as an artist and a gentleman, stands too high to render this fact for a moment doubtful: and of his great ability to deal with these interesting themes there can be no question. Indeed there are few, if any, living painters better qualified for so important a task; and the praise we bestowed on these works, high as it was, is by no means over his due. While, therefore, we hold to our opinion, that the publisher cannot justify the course he took, in issuing these prints so soon after similar subjects had been produced by another publisher, we are perfectly ready to admit that the themes—ancient and modern Jerusalem—are patent to the world; that, indeed, they have been more than once, heretofore, taken by artists; and may be—we hope, will be—taken hereafter often again.

**THE ART MOVE IN "THE CITY."**—Several circumstances have occurred of late, to render this theme one of no trivial importance; the arrangements at "Painters' Hall" have been especially encouraging. We have preferred dealing with this subject at length, and as a whole, to treating it "piecemeal," and intend making our "report" next month.

**A STEREOGRAPH OF THE MOON** has been issued by Mr. Samuel Fry, of Brighton: it is a marvellous work, curious and deeply interesting. It was taken by him at the Hove Observatory. The two pictures which constitute the stereographic combination were taken at intervals of about eleven months, which, in consequence of the variations of the moon's libratory motion, is sufficient to give an angle of 64°. The period of the moon's age chosen for the purpose, is about 40 hours past the full, and sufficient shadow is thereby secured to give powerful relief to the elevations and depressions of the lunar surface. At the left hand of the picture may be seen, along the gibbous edge, a great number of craters and volcanic mountains, and in many of them so minute is the detail that not only the inequalities of the mountain itself, but even the central cone of eruption may be observed. An explanatory pamphlet which accompanies the picture contains, as a frontispiece, a photograph of the full moon, with

numbers referring to a list of the principal objects of interest on the surface, and by means of this the observer can trace on the stereoscopic picture every striking particular which attracts his attention.

**STATUE OF LORD HARDINGE.**—The following members of the Royal Academy have consented to act as honorary secretaries to the fund which is being collected to secure for this country a copy, in bronze, of Mr. Foley's noble equestrian statue of Lord Hardinge, namely, Messrs. MacDowell, Malclise, Calder Marshall, and Roberts.

**MR. WILLIAM BUTLER,** the master of the School of Art, at Swansea, having been commissioned by the "authorities," has produced a very remarkable drawing of the ceremonies incident to opening, in September, 1859, new docks in that now famous seaport. It is of large size, and of great merit, not only as to general design and character, and in judicious management of light and shade, but as conveying interesting "portraits" of the various objects and several subjects connected with the event. The docks occupy the centre of the drawing; these docks are so convenient and capacious, as to rival the best in the kingdom. Ships, yachts, and steam-boats are entering, one of them being adorned with flags from topmast to deck. On all sides are crowds of animated and applauding spectators. The sands are in front, and the hills that look down on the vale of the Tawe occupy the extreme background; while the sky, charmingly painted, is such as we do not often see, but ever wish to see, at Swansea—luminous and clear. The picture does great credit to the artist, and will be a valuable "archive" in a town that contains many rare relics, brought together mainly by the enterprise of G. G. Francis, Esq., F.S.A.

**STEREOGRAPHS OF THE FRANKLIN RELICS.**—An accomplished officer of the navy, Lieutenant Cheyne, has published a series, consisting of fourteen stereographs, representing the various relics conveyed to England by Sir Leopold McClintock—all that were found to indicate the fate of the brave and enterprising Franklin, for whose loss a nation mourned. They are undoubtedly painful, though very interesting, records of the terrible close of life of so many gallant men, not the less terrible because there is scarce a fact to guide imagination. These scraps of clothing, broken weapons, weather-stained books, rusty nails, and—bleached bones, are all! The rest is but a sad brooding over manly patience, indomitable resolution, suffering, and death! As we pass them, one after another, through the stereoscope, what material we find for thought! Honoured be their names, the humblest among them, although no stone will indicate their graves, among the ice mountains where they perished. The art has given us no scenes so remarkable or so interesting; sorrowful, but instructive; they are monuments to the memory of true heroes. Our thanks are due to Lieut. Cheyne, for a welcome, though a painful, gift.

**THE GUARDS' MEMORIAL.**—The grey granite pedestal in Waterloo Place has at length experienced a change: the three soldiers in bronze have mounted guard there. They look well, in good keeping, and give us reason to hope the memorial will be creditable to British art. The sculptor, John Bell, is a man of rare ability; he has had a fine opportunity, and we have no doubt of his entire success. We shall, however, watch with some anxiety the further progress of the monument—for such we may regard the memorial that is to record the heroic deaths of many brave soldiers. It is stated, by the way, that the government has proposed a site for the memorial on the circular reservoir in Hyde Park, instead of Waterloo Place, for which, from its size, it is considered unsuitable. This should have been thought of before a large expense was incurred, and an evil sustained by so long defacing the neighbourhood.

**THE WESTMINSTER CLOCK.**—It appears that this very needless affair has cost, or is to cost, the country upwards of £22,000. We copy some remarks on the subject from *The Builder*:—"Mr. Cowper stated that the present stoppage was caused by the necessity of cleansing, for, owing to the works for illuminating the clock at night, a good deal of dust had got into it. A delay had also been caused by the fracture of one of the hands, and much difference of opinion had arisen as to the best means of repairing that defect." In the conflict of opinion the Astronomer Royal had to be called in, and under that gentleman's superintendence the alteration of the striking of the clock will take place.

The expenditure upon this work is enormous, and without consideration of the future cost of cleansing and necessary repairs, the interest at five per cent. on the present outlay would amount to upwards of £1,100 per annum. This, irrespective of maintenance and of attendance, is no matter for mirth, but would less require notice were it not a type of the mode in which public money is expended.

**THE PRINCE OF WALES AT LAMBETH.**—His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales may be said to have commenced public life by laying the first stone of the Art School at Lambeth: it is a good augury, and as such we accept it. There is neither man nor woman in England who does not pray for the long postponement of the hour when the prince begins his reign; but there are very few who do not earnestly hope and devoutly believe he will preserve in our children's children that loyalty to the throne, and that affection for the Sovereign, which so happily mark the period of his youthhood. On the occasion to which we refer, he looked well, and spoke well; there was in his air and manner just enough of conscious superiority, without a particle of assumption. He seemed in excellent health; his features are highly intelligent; his appearance is manly; and there was in all he did and said a graceful ease, far removed from either bashfulness or arrogance. The impression he made on his limited audience was exceedingly gratifying. No doubt he will have hundreds of similar duties to perform hereafter; but this, his first public act, will be remembered to his advantage.

**DRINKING FOUNTAINS.**—London, east and west, has been ornamented—in some instances deformed—by drinking fountains, generally the gifts of liberal and considerate benefactors. We shall endeavour soon to pass them all under review.

**SKETCHING TENT.**—A portable tent, designed and manufactured by Messrs. G. Rowney and Co., is worthy of the notice of artists meditating a sketching tour at this season of the year. It is of ample dimensions when set up, about six feet square, is made of substantial material, and, including the necessary poles and supports, weighs little more than eight pounds. When packed together, it may be conveniently carried by being strapped to a knapsack. Its comparatively capacious size renders the tent, moreover, suitable for picnic parties, or other country excursions, to whom shelter from sun or shower is desirable.

**CIRCULAR TABLE CLOTHS.**—It has long been obvious, that a design in diaper that would suit circular or oval tables, was exceedingly desirable; the usual designs, being square or oblong, having an ill and ungraceful effect when used on tables circular or oval. This is no slight evil now-a-days, when Art is so generally made an element, as it ought to be, in objects that are seen daily; the more especially, as a table is now seldom covered with heavy dishes, but is made light and pleasant by vases and flowers. It was a "want," but one that was unheeded, although continually new and often beautiful and appropriate designs have issued from the towns of Belfast and Dunfermline; one marvels how it could so long have escaped the thought of manufacturers, usually eager enough for improvements. Now that it is done (reminding one of the story of the egg of Columbus), it is seen how simple and easy it was to do it. This object has been accomplished by Messrs. Dickens and Jones, of Regent Street. It would be difficult to convey, by writing, an idea of the effect produced, the harmony hence obtained, and the agreeable character thus given to the table. The introduction is a decided improvement, that cannot fail to obtain extensive use.

**HENRY HALLAM.**—The memorial, to be erected by public subscription, in honour of this distinguished historian will be a full-length statue in St. Paul's Cathedral: the Dean and Chapter have offered an eligible site in the sacred edifice for the purpose.

**JAMES HOGG.**—A statue of the "Ettrick Shepherd," as Hogg was popularly called, has just been erected on the banks of St. Mary's Lake, at the head of the vale of the Yarrow. It is rather above life-size, and represents the poet seated on a grassy knoll, with his shepherd's staff in hand, and a plaid shawl thrown carelessly over his shoulder. Three of Hogg's daughters were present at the inauguration of the statue, which is the work of Mr. Currie, a Scottish sculptor.



## REVIEWS.

ANCIENT ARMOUR AND WEAPONS IN EUROPE: from the Iron period of the Northern nations to the end of the Seventeenth Century. By JOHN HEWITT. Published by J. H. & J. PARKER, Oxford and London.

The second and third volumes, completing Mr. Hewitt's researches in a field seldom investigated, are now before us. The second volume is descriptive, like the first, but the third may be considered as pictorial, as it is made up of a series of one hundred and forty-eight engravings, selected to show varieties in arms and armour during the period treated, accompanied by such elucidation as each required. The selection is very varied and curious, and has been made from monumental effigies or drawings in ancient manuscripts, at home and abroad. It is, therefore, a good fund of authority, to which all may resort who desire to investigate facts. Though many of these engravings have appeared in other works they have their due value here as good examples of certain styles of armour, and such as are new are welcome additions to our engraved authorities—those, for instance, from the Romance of Meliadus, and from continental manuscripts.

In this investigation of foreign authorities consists the chief value of the book, inasmuch as it aids to a clearer comprehension of many features in military costume, less frequently seen in English examples, but still occasionally found, and not to be understood without reference to the original source of their invention. Germany and Italy seem for a long time to have monopolised the armourer's art, and from Augsburg and Milan came the most coveted suits for the battle-field. Simplicity and strength in time gave way to luxury of display, and knightly armour ended in being so enriched and costly that the life of the wearer was sometimes sacrificed for the sake of plundering the body of its coat of plate. It was no unusual thing to emboss the entire suit with military and other scenes, and to inlay it with gold and silver ornament. Large as the prices may seem to the uninitiated which are occasionally given by collectors for specimens of such fine works, they must be far beneath the original cost for design and hand labour. The famed Ambros collection at Vienna, and that at Dresden, contained suits that are equal in elaboration and beauty, to the work bestowed on plate for the table. The sixteenth century was the gorgeous era of armour, and just at the time of its approaching disuse, owing chiefly to the improvement in firearms, exhibited a splendour it had never before reached. The pages of this volume evince, in the many extracts given from old documents, that the noble chevaliers of past time were by no means the "rough and ready" personages that heroic inventors make them, but really exhibited as much foppery in preparing for the field as for the festive chamber. Cloths of gold and silver, silks of rarest kind and gayest hue, combined with glittering plate and emblazoned surcoat, went to the equipment of a knight; and it may be questioned whether he displayed the most gorgeous figure in the field or at the feast.

It is of course impossible here to quote details from Mr. Hewitt's book, many of them are necessarily dry, and only useful to the student who would fully study details; but all are valuable as furnishing a complete picture of the armourer's art, as practised at a time when he was probably the most important artisan. It was impossible to value too highly a good suit; few could afford one, and not all were allowed to possess them, for there were grades in the army to whom certain portions only of armour were permitted: hence a man fully armed in plate had a great advantage over ordinary soldiers with simple helmets and body armour. We can understand the easy and large slaughter of the revolvers in Ghent and other Flemish towns, as we read the vivid pages of Froissart's Chronicles, when we remember the badly-armed populace trodden down by knights encased in steel. We could have wished that Mr. Hewitt had given us a few more specimens of the ordinary soldiery, the great body of the army, and not confined his illustrations so much to their leaders. As in general history we hear too little of the people and their actions, although they make the life of a country, so here we see too little of the stalwart yeomen, the unerring archers, and the bold men at arms, whose undaunted prowess conducted their commanders to victory.

We think, too, that the book would have had greater value if selections had been made of examples of arms in armour from the great collections of Paris, Vienna, and Dresden, in preference to copying from books, or using representations from monumental effigies done for other purposes. Very many interesting points are consequently not exhibited, while a monotony of representation occasionally

appears which could have been avoided. Throughout, as it seems to us, too few real specimens of armour have been engraved; it has been almost ignored as regards illustration, but in many instances armour can only be understood correctly by the examination of existing specimens.

Mr. Hewitt has read abundantly for his subject, every page of his book exhibits great research, and if he has cared little for contemporary armour, he has cared much for contemporary notice of its peculiar feature as given in the pages of the historian and the romancer, or the dryer detail of the maker of inventories. This is the really valuable part of the book, and many a quaint and curious picture comes vividly forth in the stirring lines of these old writers. We can in reading them enter into a feeling somewhat akin to that felt in the lonely castle-hall of the middle ages, when some wandering minstrel strayed in unexpectedly, and dissipated the dreariness of the mansion by a lay of knightly prowess, in which impossible valour was insisted on as probable to the heroes of his tale. Giants and Pagans disappear in shales, like chaff before the wind, when such heroes appear; and we cannot but admire the union of bravery and simplicity that could enjoy such tales, and gravely record them, as did the good knight Sir Thomas Mallory in "La Morte Arthur," or still more recently Thomas Delany in the marvellous history of "The Seven Champions of Christendom." No wonder that the good knight of La Mancha went distracted over such books.

Mr. Hewitt's volumes will be found, like other works issued by the same publishers, most useful reference-books; and they have the advantage of a portability and cheapness over other works which have appeared on the same subject—no slight matter in these days of condensation.

CAXTON SHOWING THE FIRST SPECIMEN OF HIS PRINTING TO KING EDWARD IV. AT THE ALMONRY, WESTMINSTER. Engraved by T. BROMLEY, from the Picture by D. Macclise, R.A. Published by HENRY GRAVES & Co., London.

A glorious memory is that which dates from the year of our Lord 1470; compared with it even the fields of Crecy and Poitiers are but "shadows of substantial things;" it was the dawn of a light that gave life and freedom to England, and has spread these over the world.

"Peace hath her victories as well as war."

It is "too bad" that while statues of soldiers, sailors, and statesmen abound in the neighbourhood of Westminster, there is nothing, not even a tablet as yet, in this ancient city to keep in remembrance one of the greatest benefactors of a great nation; that when it was sought to remove this reproach, sufficient funds could not be gathered in all England to do so; that although people are found to give a thousand guineas for one of his books, the subscriptions altogether to raise a monument to his memory amounted to scarcely the half of that sum. Macclise, however, has done his part in paying a debt of gratitude: it was a worthy theme for the artist, it is to his honour that he selected it, and it was well to engrave it, so that many may possess a copy as a reminder and a record.

The genius of the painter has never been more worthily employed; he has felt his subject, and treated it with consummate ability. It is a fine print from a fine picture, and ought to be popular, popular at all events among those who read and value books.

The picture is so emphatically described by the master-pen of Sir Bulwer Lytton, that we cannot do better than quote it:—

"That monk, with his scowl towards the printer and his back on the Bible, over which his form casts a shadow—the whole transition between the medieval Christianity of cell and cloister, and the modern Christianity that rejoices in the daylight, is depicted there, in the shadow that obscures the Book—in the scowl that is fixed upon the Book-diffuser; that scowl, missing face of Richard, Duke of Gloucester, with the beauty Napoleon, darkened to the expression of a fiend, looking far and anxiously into futurity, as if foreseeing there what antagonism was about to be created to the schemes of secret crime and unending fury—the valiant head of the accomplished Rivers, seen but in profile, under his helmet, as if the age when chivalry must defend its noble attributes, in steel, was already half passed away; and, not least grand of all, the rude thews and sinews of the artisan forced into service on the type, and the ray of intellect, fierce, and menacing revolutions yet to be, struggling through his rugged features, and across his

\* Another step has been taken in this right direction: the Westminster Palace Hotel stands on the site of the Almonry: the precise spot occupied by the old building is known. The sculptor Durham has been commissioned to execute a statue of the first English printer, to be placed exactly over the ground on which he often set his type, and it is needless to say that this also will be a fine work of Art, worthy of the man and the event it is intended to commemorate.

low knitted brow—all this, which showed how deeply the idea of the discovery, in its good and in its evil, its saving light and its perilous storms, had sunk into the artist's soul, charmed me as effecting the exact union between sentiment and execution, which is the true and rare consummation of the idea in Art. But observe, while in these personages of the group are depicted the deeper and graver agencies implicated in the bright but terrible invention—observe how little the light epures of the hour heed the scowl of the monk, or the restless gesture of Richard, or the troubled gleam in the eyes of the artisan—King Edward, handsome *Poco caritate*, delighted, in the surprise of a child, with a new toy; and Clarence, with his curious yet careless glance—all the while Caxton himself, calm, serene, untroubled, intent solely upon the manifestation of his discovery, and no doubt supremely indifferent whether the first proofs of it shall be dedicated to a Rivers or an Edward, a Richard or a Henry, Plantagenet or Tudor,—"is all the same to that comely, gentle-looking man."

MEMORIALS OF THOMAS HOOD. Collected, arranged, and edited by his Daughter, with a Preface and Notes by his Son. 2 Vols. Publisher, MOXON.

This is a graceful tribute to the memory of one of the most estimable men that ever honoured, and derived honour from, the profession of letters. It was his due, somewhat too long delayed, but now paid fully. From any source it would have been welcome—as an offering of filial affection it is doubly so. The children of Thomas Hood were mere children when their great father died,—

"Dead he is not, but departed,"—

and their admirable mother followed him so soon, leaving them orphans, but not altogether unprotected by their country, which owed the man so much; for the pension he enjoyed only a few months, and his wife retained but a short while longer, was continued to them—a privilege of which they may be rightly and justly proud, for it is the annual acknowledgment of a debt for large services rendered not alone to a people but to humanity.

Our limited space permits us to do little more than notice this deeply interesting book, but we should neglect a duty if we failed to greet it cordially as a valuable addition to literature. Of original matter there is not much. It is, however, just what it ought to be—simple, natural, and unpretending. There are hundreds of thousands in Great Britain and in America to whom laudation of the writings of Thomas Hood is needless; but the volumes give us insight into the inner man, and into the man who wrote so nobly, and has bequeathed so glorious a legacy to mankind, was thoroughly good in all the relations of life. They do, indeed, that which they ought to do and were designed to do—make the reader esteem and honour the writer whose poems have long been sources of intense delight. Alas! it is not of all authors it can be said, that to know them better is to love them more.

We are proud to rank ourselves among the friends of Thomas Hood: we knew him before the world knew him, and held in ours his thin hand but a few brief days before his death. To us his memory has been always sacred: we rejoice to know that these volumes will make it so to the many to whom he was known only by his wonderful works.

What a life it was!—perpetual toil, daily labour for daily bread, sunlight seldom coming from without though always shining within. Physically, a long disease, borne with fortitude and resignation inconceivable to men in health: cheered, it is true, by home-love, the tender care and continual thought of wife, children, and friends, but needing many of the comforts that are necessities to men so constituted and so circumstanced.

We might write pages concerning this poet, of high soul and pure heart, but we must content ourselves and our readers by this brief notice, recommending a work that is a noble and worthy monument to the memory of Thomas Hood.

ON OBSCURE DISEASES OF THE BRAIN, AND DISORDERS OF THE MIND; their Incipient Symptoms, Pathology, Diagnosis, Treatment, and Prophylaxis. By FORBES WINSLOW, M.D., D.C.L., &c., &c. Published by J. CHURCHILL, London.

If this were a purely medical treatise we should hesitate before expressing an opinion of its merits or demerits, from a conviction of our inability to deal with a subject so distinct from our province and profession; but it is a work that may be profitably read by all classes, for it addresses itself to all, and more especially to those whose occupation necessarily demands the almost continued exercise of the cerebral organs—

"The Dome of Thought, the Palace of the Soul,"

as the poet beautifully and expressively calls the brain. It is a fact, we believe, borne out by the statistics of our Lunatic asylums, that madness has of late years been fearfully on the increase, that



these asylums are filled, almost to repletion, with victims of this terrible disease; and the increase is attributed by the most skillful medical practitioners to our social condition, the peculiar position of which, in the constant strain on the mental faculties, so frequently terminates in aberration of mind. We are all, in fact, living, or striving to live, at the pace of an "express train."

"From morn to eve, from eve to dewy morn," men labour for existence, or to heap up riches, without knowing who "shall gather them." We have arrived at such a period in our history that work, and hard work too, is the rule of life—rest and recreation are the exceptions.

The origin of insanity, as we learn from Dr. Winslow's volume, is often so obscure as to be almost untraceable; while the disease frequently progresses as silently and unregarded as if it had no existence. Some terrible outburst at length occurs, and the poor victim is consigned to a mad-house; thence, not seldom, to an early grave—one such instance has come within our immediate notice only recently. The principal object at which Dr. Winslow aims in the book before us, is to explain the more prominent incipient symptoms of the various forms of cerebral and mental disorder; to show the necessity of careful watching where there is presumptive evidence of the existence, however slight, of disease; to urge the importance of seeking a remedy without the least delay; and to prove that where proper means are promptly used, the disordered organs may, in the majority of cases, be speedily brought again into a healthy condition. A morbid condition of the brain, whatever form it assumes, must never be allowed to pass unnoticed.

We do not recommend this work as one to amuse, the subject is far too painful; but the author has gathered into its pages so much which is really interesting, though sad, and so much it is important every one should know, that its utility cannot be questioned. A question forced itself upon us while reading the cases of incipient insanity Dr. Winslow adduces—it is one that has frequently occurred to us when reading in the daily journals some of the police reports—may not the crime with which a person is charged for the first time, and under inexplicable circumstances, be the first indication of cerebral disease?

THE POETICAL WORKS OF JOHN EDMUND READE.  
4 Vols. Published by LONGMAN & Co., London.

These volumes justly claim a notice at our hands, not alone for their merits, which are of a high order, but as text books for the artist, on subjects which are continually his themes. This is more especially the case with the opening poem, "Italy," reprinted for the fourth time—a sure proof of the favour with which the public has regarded it. It is but one of many, however, to which the observation may apply: in a series so large there is material in abundance to which reference may be advantageously made. There are few poets whose destiny it is to see so extensive a collection brought together, evidence of industry no less than of intelligence. Many of the poems are charming, and all are good—moral, intellectual, and refined, always graceful and often vigorous. The volumes are such as any author may own with pride, as the valuable fruitage of a life.

A GUIDE TO THE HEALTHIEST AND MOST BEAUTIFUL WATERING PLACES IN THE BRITISH ISLANDS, including all the information generally wanted by those seeking a temporary or permanent change of abode. Illustrated.

BLACK'S TOURIST'S GUIDE THROUGH THE COUNTIES OF GLOUCESTER, HERFORD, AND MONMOUTH. Maps, Charts, and Illustrations.

BLACK'S GUIDE TO KENT AND SUSSEX. Maps and Illustrations.

Published by ADAM & CHARLES BLACK, Edinburgh.

These little works are, on the whole, well and prettily got up; the printer, at all events, has done his work worthily. The paper is good, the type clear, and the price, considering the amount of matter given, remarkably low. For the compilers, however, we cannot say as much. The books are frequently defective in accuracy, which in guide-books is certainly "somewhat" desirable. The writer of the first on our list—presuming that his readers are often perplexed with the question "Where shall we go?" and that at such times they take up books for enlightenment in the same way as they consult a friend—informs us that to be such a friend is the aim of his little volume, and that "it attempts to answer the question already put by placing, in alphabetical order, notices of every sea-side or inland watering-place in the United Kingdom and Ireland of the slightest pretension." Such is the aim of the writer, but we are afraid those who consult him as a friend cannot be recommended to put strict reliance

on his communications. Let us for instance accompany him to Tenby, a watering place with which we happen just at present to be well acquainted. "Tenby," we are told, "is romantically situated on a rocky peninsula which stretches out into the British Channel, and is crowned by the ivy-grown ruins of a castle." This is a slight error. Tenby is not situated on a peninsula that stretches out into the British Channel, but into the Bristol Channel; the ivy-grown ruins are not those of a castle but of a national school. "The Isle of Galdy and Carmarthen Bay can be seen from here [not very unlikely, seeing that the town is in Carmarthen Bay], and in fine weather even the coast of Devonshire and Sandy Island." We have seen Devonshire, but of Sandy Island have never even heard. Amongst the list of "Recreations" given, there is "a small theatre." It must be a long time since Tenby has had a theatre; it has had none since we have known it. We are told, too, that "Mail and stage coaches run daily to Haverfordwest, Carmarthen, Swansea, and other places." Such, however, is not the fact, coaches run only to the railway stations at Narberth and Pater. Besides those we have given there are many other grave errors in the two pages devoted to Tenby, but we have no space to point them out. The maps and illustrations are by no means bad, and the former have the railways distinctly marked, some of them, indeed, too distinctly, since they are as yet only contemplated, not completed. Some of the illustrations we recognise as old acquaintances, and are sorry to see them rather the worse for wear.

We repeat, the first requisites of guide-books are clearness and accuracy: these books are neither accurate nor clear.

CHROMO-LITHOGRAPHIC PRINTS. Published by GEORGE ROWNEY & Co., London.

Messrs. Rowney & Co. continue to make large and valuable additions to their stock of "imitation drawings," already, we believe, the most extensive and varied in the trade. The latest examples which have come before us are, 'The Grand Canal, Venice,' from a drawing by E. A. Goodall: this is such a favourite subject with our travelled artists that it has become as familiar to the eyes of us Londoners as the bridges over the Thames or the dome of St. Paul's; and if Mr. Goodall has not given us any new version of an old theme, which it is almost impossible for any painter to do, he shows the well-known locality under a bright and sunny aspect, which, with his handling, is faithfully copied in the print. 'Melrose Abbey,' after J. B. Smith: this is in pure landscape, a view of the country surrounding the old abbey, which forms an imposing feature almost in the centre of the composition; the colouring is rather too gay for nature, but it tells effectively throughout a very picturesque subject: these two prints are of large size. 'Swansea Harbour' is faithfully copied from a brilliant little drawing by S. F. Jackson; 'Alessio, Coast of Genoa,' after T. W. Bowdler, is sketchy; too much so, we think, to be worthy of reproduction; there are, however, some nice bits of colour about it. 'A Water-gate on the Rhine,' from a drawing by S. Prout, is among the best of the numerous chromo-lithographic prints from the works of this esteemed artist; there is a breadth of light and shade, and a boldness of manipulation, which render his drawings admirably adapted for reproduction by this process.

A MANUAL OF BOTANY; Being an Introduction to the Study of the Structure, Physiology, and Classification of Plants. By JOHN HUTTON BALFOUR, A.M., M.D., &c., &c., Professor of Medicine and Botany in the University of Edinburgh. Published by A. and C. BLACK, Edinburgh.

If we are not, we certainly ought to be, a most learned and scientific people, for there seems to be no limit to the multitude of books of an instructive character, and upon all subjects, which the press sends forth to enlighten and teach us; ignorance is inexorable at a time when so many, and so readily acquired, means are at hand to prevent its growth. But there are some sciences which have a more inviting address than others; Botany is one of them, and hence the books which treat of this subject appear to us the most numerous. It is not an easy one thoroughly to master, but enough of it may be learned to render the study most pleasant and profitable, especially with the aid of such a grammar as Dr. Balfour's "Manual," which is both lucid and comprehensive in description and arrangement. The plan follows the books which treat of this subject in view of all departments of the science, including the microscopical structure of plants and their morphology, or organic metamorphoses, the functions of their various organs, their classification,

and distribution over the globe, and their condition at various geological epochs. Care has also been taken to notice the plants used for commercial or economical purposes, and particularly those having medicinal properties. The principles which prevail in the vegetable kingdom have been prominently brought into view, with their bearings on symmetry and arrangement.

We may remark that this is not a new work; it is a new edition of one published not very long since, and which the author has revised. It cannot do otherwise than materially assist in the promotion of a science, the study of which so manifestly tends to enlarge and elevate the mind, while it is so well calculated to contribute to the enjoyment and well-being of our fellow-creatures.

A NEW LIST OF THE FLOWERING PLANTS AND FERNS GROWING WILD IN THE COUNTY OF DEVON. With their Habitats and Principal Stations. By THOMAS F. RAVENSHAW, M.A. Published by BOSWORTH & HARRISON, London.

Wild flowers!—to the true lover of nature these words are significant of a healthy and cheerful mind, the floral productions of the horticulturist rarely call forth. Indeed, it is not asserting too much to say, that if many of the flowers which grow unnoticed, save by the frequenters of the hedge-rows, meadows, and dells, were inhabitants of the conservatory, and required the skilful hand of the gardener, they would be as much valued as those which are "reared daintily in king's houses." It is a true remark that common objects of whatever kind are held in little esteem, though they may be excellent in themselves. Thomas Campbell did not so consider wild flowers when he wrote,—

"Earth's cultureless buds! to my heart ye were dear,  
Ere the fever of passion, or agony of fear,  
Had soothed my existence's bloom;  
Once I welcome you more, in life's passionless stage,  
With the visions of youth to revisit my age,  
And I wish you to grow on my tomb."

The picturesque county of Devon is famed for the variety and beauty of its wild plants: the author of this little work does not profess to give more than a list of them, with the localities where they are found. The catalogue is arranged according to the botanical order of the plants, and must prove a useful guide to the lovers of the science.

PRACTICAL GUIDE-BOOKS: SWITZERLAND, ITALY, THE RHINE, &c., &c., By Englishmen Abroad. Published by LONGMAN & Co., London.

These very useful guides, which we duly noticed a year or two ago, when they made their first appearance, have found the favour they merit, for they have passed through several editions. A new one has just been published, in which we perceive many improvements, and much additional matter; the information contained in them can only be described as *multum in parvo*; and the compiler exhibits his thorough knowledge of what a traveller in a foreign land requires, by showing him at once, and in a few words, where and how to find it.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF TRADES. By CHARLES TOMLINSON, Lecturer on Natural Science, King's College School. Published by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, London.

The utility of a work like this to the young generation of both sexes admits not of a question. In Prussia, we believe, every boy, whatever his rank in life, is taught some useful trade as a part of the educational system adopted in that country; and a very wise ordinance it is, though the instruction received may be of no practical use to the boy in after-life. It would be well if some such system were employed in this country, if only for the purpose of making our children acquainted with the labours of our manufacturing population,—with what they see, or handle, or taste. Children of larger growth may, too, learn something from such a work as this that may interest them, at least.

The trades selected in these illustrations refer to the supply of food, of shelter, of clothing, furniture, locomotion, and education, a comprehensive list when branching out into the various ramifications of each. The engravings are admirably executed, and Mr. Tomlinson's descriptions are clear, though, perhaps, somewhat too brief; still they are sufficient to enable the reader to attain a general knowledge of the operations of the labourer, in field, garden, workshop, dwelling, &c., &c. The size of the book, a rather large quarto, is inconvenient for the use of the young; it was adopted, we presume, for the sake of including at one view as many illustrations of one trade as could be placed on a single page.



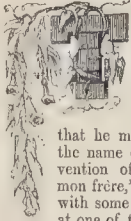
## THE ART-JOURNAL.



LONDON, SEPTEMBER 1, 1860.

## "UNA GONDOLA, SIGNOR?"

## PART I.



HEY who perseveringly adhere to the hope that the protracted obscurities, the hydra-like mysteries, of the third Napoleon will, in the end, clear up well, would be pleased to find hereafter that he made some attempt to keep the name of Venetia out of the convention of Villafranca. "Monsieur, mon frere," he might surely have said, with some propriety, after a calm puff at one of those cigars of peace which the two emperors smoked together, "why should I expressly guarantee to you Venetia, any more than Carniola or Styria? Do not require my sanction to your august title to parts of your dominions which no one (as matters shall stand between you and me) can practically weaken the value of a five-franc piece." Some such protest would have been only decent; for certainly, so far as Venetia is concerned, Villafranca but adds a new rivet to the chains of Campo Formio—but deals another blow by the very hand from which reparation was most due. Bitter the consequences, as we constantly hear! An ill-suppressed cry from Venetia every now and then rises up to us; and left more utterly alone, as she is, than ever with the morose power that rules her, the gloomy contrast between her condition and that of the rest of northern and central Italy, is something indescribably humiliating and sad. We hear of an emigration of more than 40,000 inhabitants of the Venetian territory during the last year; of military insults to noble ladies whose patriotic sympathies carried them a little beyond the bounds of prudence; of impotent outbreaks of ungovernable discontent, and petty jealous severities in dealing with them. The aspect of things in the lovely city of Venice herself seems to be especially melancholy. The political gloom, we are told, keeps away those visitors who were wont to bring a little life into her public places, and a little money into the pockets of several classes of her people; so that we cannot help picturing to ourselves St. Mark's solitary, with cafés shut up, and unemployed waiters and half-starved gondoliers staring at each other dismally on the quays. Furthermore, her mouldering edifices and pictures can scarcely, under the circumstances, be expected to receive from an incensed and bankrupt government that attention which can alone retard their decay; and consequently we were in no way surprised to hear, the other day, of an important ceiling of the Ducal Palace—where the spirit of Jacopo Tintoretto yet lingers in deep, sullen despondency—falling to pieces in damp ruins. Such reports of a city endeared to us by delightful recollections, fill us with no merely fanciful sympathy and sorrow. She seemed

decaying enough, indeed, when we were there. But now we fear we must think of her as sinking more and more rapidly into the slime and salt sea ooze, trodden down by the imperial boot-heels of Villafranca; and consequently our vivid recollections of her precarious beauties (some of them undoubtedly since vanished) derive an additional value in our eyes. We will make some effort to fix certain of them firmly. If but a few bright and beautiful things, which else had flitted away into oblivion—if but one fresh hue and feeling of that delightful time—may thus be safely treasured up, our reward will be not only ample, it will be something even magnificent.

Our first visit to Venice was by Styria and the Adriatic, incomparably the most striking approach. The morning after leaving Vienna awoke us to a beautiful prospect, through the dewy window-panes of the railway carriage, of some hilly part of Styria. Villages and turrets besprinkled numerous heights, covered with dew like hoar-frost, and rising against a rosily flushing horizon; and woody dells every now and then receded, having streamlike forms of unrisen cloud, and pool-like expanses of pallid mist, lying along their shadowy depths. The lawns and steep brightening sunnily behind these vapours were lovely and cheerful; but in Carniola the landscapes became more interesting, more charming still. Between Gratz and Laibach, indeed, they deserve a reputation fully equal to that of many countries far more famed for loveliness. The nymph of the spot, who has a rooted aversion to pencilers by the way, called out to me, and more than once too, not to discredit her retreats by vague hyperboles and commonplaces of unmeaning praise; but there is much temptation to disobey her. Our route nearly all day—and by the railroad too—continued beside a river, bordered by a succession of numberless hills, covered with foliage with a complete luxuriance but rarely equalled. Even abruptly-pointed hills form a mass of the densest trees; and lawn slopes project from them below, scattered with bright villages, churches, and ruins. Often these hills part into vistas, where the trees seem lavishly bent on filling up every hollow and steep with their myriads and myriads of softly-rounded sunny forms. At Sagor, where the landscapes attain a bolder character, broken pinnacles of rock shoot upwards from some of these countless sylvan steeps; we saw them encircled by wreaths of soft white vapours, and the immense woods were sometimes cloven by the steepest inclined planes, down which the wood-outters were precipitating what they had cut towards the river. And there barges were being tugged by numbers of oxen and sturdy peasantry against a strong current, green in colour like the cairngorm or aquamarine, except where it foamed and sparkled over its rocky bed. Nor in that bright and happy day's travelling, were ideal attractions wanting, rendered more captivating by the expectation that they were soon to be followed by the realities from which they rose. The blue Adriatic, in my mind's eye, often filled up the openings between the green hills of Carniola, with Venice extending aerially beyond it; and immediately at hand, the mythological figures of Titian were beginning to glance vividly past in the evening light through the greenwood shade, superbest mirrors of the lingering western glow; and the pensive lovers of Giorgione appeared seated more deeply in the sylvan recesses, charmed to a mute tenderness of feeling by the suspended tones of pipe or mandolin. Not that there were at all wanting some very authentic representatives of Adam and Eve, to enliven the landscapes for those who prefer and insist on that kind; for many of the rural population came for short lifts by our train. It must have been some

fête day, for at every station we were taking them up and setting them down in numbers, in their holiday attire. The Carniolian women have an odd white headdress, some ends of which hang down their backs, and others are tied in a large bow on their foreheads. A certain sleek little youthful black-eyed dame, a very picture of rural good management, prosperity, and contentedness both with herself and with her fortunes, and an unusually tall nymph of most meagre proportions, illustrated the variously expressive powers of this peculiar headgear in an amusing manner. Their silver ear-rings and other ornaments, and the gaily-glancing colours of their quaintly complicated attire, were highly precious in their effect on the green and retiring tones of that Titianesque landscape; neither was the Tyrolean dress of the men (bluff, honest, and independent farmers they many of them seemed) without a similar value. An immensely long railway tunnel in a rock closed this long continuance of most magnificent and rememberable landscapes; for on emerging from it, we found nature everywhere more quieted down to her humbler, every-day ministries.

It was a lovely bright morning when we crossed the Adriatic to Venice; and a light breeze hurried us on most rapidly. Some outer ridges of the Alps, the Julian range, rose along the northern horizon all the way in multitudinous steeps and precipices, backed by a complication of peaks and other summits, which shone with so pure, so white a light, that it was not always easy to discern whether they were covered by snow or not. The whole mountain-chain rose in aerial faintness, though sharp and clear,—raised into divineness by the all-pervading suffusion of light,—from a dark sapphire-tinted sea; and a few bright little groups of cloud, the only ones abroad anywhere, now unveiling one summit, and then covering another, dappled them over with rapidly-gliding flocks of the most delicately grey shadows. Sometimes a low line of sandy shore appeared far nearer in an intense amber light, with a few trees, or a fort, or cluster of buildings, projecting like a little island, and soon retired again, very soon bade us adieu. But at length the Euganean mountains rose in insulated peaks from the horizon of the waters right in front; and between two of these most stately landmarks we were told to look out for Venice. On this I fixed myself in the bows, and kept watch as earnestly, I dare say, as some Istrian corsair of old on the look out for a Venetian argosy, or as some noble sea captain for one of those terrible *Uscocchi*, who, as we read, were wont to cement their piratical brotherhood by feasting together on the hearts of their captives; the only impediment in my observations being that vile stomachic precariousness and awe, which arose from the too deep undulations of the sparkling hills of brine that flew away around us. I had never been to Venice in the body, yet now felt as if my fancy were awakening from a long sleep, and hastening home. Presently, just where the Alps slope down to the horizon at their southern visible termination, a tiny line of domes and spiral towers seemed to rise and float lightly along the waters, between the scattered azure pyramids of the Euganean hills, and I was not long in recognising my old acquaintances, the domes of San Giorgio Maggiore and Santa Maria Salute, and beyond them three of the cupolas and great bellry tower of St. Mark's. And soon after this, we were winding about amongst the sand-bars beside Lido, and entered a tranquil lake studded with little islands of forts and convents, and girt ahead by that still nearing city. And then we found ourselves passing Canalettoish wharves and skimming gondolas—there they were, indeed, gliding how smoothly and fast, along and across each other—a most



suddenly busy scene! And, finally, came forward, in *surprising* reality and distinctness, that old dream, the Ducal Palace, and its neighbouring façades, now composing the wide cemetery, or mausoleum, of departed Venetian greatness.

What a spectacle, as the first to rise and greet your eyes after a day's voyaging on the open sea! To find yourself at once fronting this strange and magnificent city of the waves, and steering, tacking about, right in the face of the most splendid of its structures! Yes, there they are, an airy dream no longer, those façades of the renowned oligarchy—the Gothic arcades of the Ducal Palace, crowned, apparently, by the mosque-like domes of St. Mark's, the classic elegance of the Libreria Vecchia, the bridges linking some of these long ranges together, and other palaces and towers around, all flashing their warm colours deep into the green waters that just tremble before them; their colours silvery-grey and delicately ruddy, like the pure lip of some Adriatic queen, the annually espoused of Venice—like her *submarine* arcades and palaces, and domed and pinnacled metropolis, yet not like those glimmering shadowy, underneath the ever-wavering green and golden network of water, but shining most splendidly in the very sunniest and purest of all-radiant daylight. And now our snorting, tourist-crammed steamer is nearing the quay, where we do not by any means approach the two ill-omened columns of the executioner in a fog, as did the ill-fated Marino Faliero; and the receding Piazzetta expands and spreads itself before us. And beyond it the Campanile soars, a vast pillar of ruddy light, whilom the intended study of Galileo (till the troublesome curiosity of the flocks of idlers drove him away to Padua), the observatory of the stars, and also of the Sphais of Mahomet II. ravaging with fire and sword the Friuli; or of nearer Genoese fleets, manœuvring threateningly amidst the tumbling waves on the very verge of the sandbanks, or *murazzi*. These ever (we turn to look towards them) protect the calm green lake of the lagune, amidst which the city rears its wondrous palace-covered islets, in this respect resembling the cities of Montezuma, bailed with wonderment by Cortes and his adventurous band, but far more dignified and beautiful, of course, than that.

And yet, perhaps, we are somewhat hasty in this preference; for those *chinampas* of Tenochtitlan, especially, must assuredly have been very lovely—those floating gardens, framed on wide-spread rafts—those islands of gay flowers and herbage, sometimes overshadowed by even tall trees, and yet gliding—gliding across the waters of the lake, and sometimes rising and falling with their gentle undulation. These, piloted along by plummy Aztecs, must have had the effect of enchantment on the advancing Spaniards, when first they beheld them, with the large towns for a background, resting on piles, and reaching far into the water; the terraced roofs of the nobles' palaces, also laid out in parterres; and the pyramidal temples soaring above them, crowned with ever-burning altars, where the human sacrifices took place in the full view of the people. All these must have presented a strange beauty and mystery to Cortes and his men, when they first descended upon them from the bleak ravines and snow-storms of the fiery Popocatepetl. They must have resembled some scene of lovely magic, as Venice herself surely did in her palmy days, when her façades were crowned with lines of gold and silver spiral parapets, glistening afar under the azure heavens, like tongues of fire in the sunset; when her palaces (seen nearer) gleamed with variegated marbles, carved with a sprightly quaintness, and with the utmost grace of fancy; and their Byzantine richness, or elegantly-branching Gothic

traceries framed in the open air—in the open air!—the still more precious frescoes of Giorgione, Titian, Pordenone, and Paul Veronese. In those days, surely the rude traders from the Baltic and the Caspian, from the Volga or the Tay, must have returned home with stories scarcely less wonderful than those of "the Marquis" and his cavaliers, when they expatiated on the cities of the Mexican lake, the first of which, though it reminded them of the weird retreats in Amadis de Gaul, they yet named, it will be well remembered, *Venezuela*, or Little Venice.

Meanwhile, approaching the veritable Venice, our steamer, cropfull of tourists, ran fuming and roaring alongside the Molo, and disembogued a quantity of them at Danieli's. But we were obliged to seek accommodation elsewhere; and accordingly went in our first gondola—the first of many happy ones—up a narrow canal, where we found, in a quiet situation, a highly desirable Albergo, its accommodation commodious, and the maître d'hôtel (a channel not only of good fare, but likewise of obliging inquiries and useful information) really and truly the very pink and model of his class. Our chamber opened upon an interior cortile, which, though sufficiently retired, was by no means without its picturesque attractions, since the statue-crowned façade of a church, and a campanile, not unlike the great one of St. Mark's, look down contemplatively on its quietness. How clear was the atmosphere, when first we looked out of our window into this dear little court! All was shadow below, but shadow so pale and unobtrusive in the bright serene air, that you would scarcely have suspected brighter light to rest on any other object, till you raised your eyes, and suddenly beheld that campanile above, shining like a pillar of golden fire against the pale and cloudless ether—shining verily, like the old golden, wealth-seeking ambition of Venice—shining like a flame rising up suddenly in the incantations of some Arabian enchantress-queen, such as the wandering traders of the Lagune often heard of in those far eastern lands, whence they returned with that wealth. Then, and not till then, as you gaze upward at this, do you perceive how really subdued in tone is all below. In this little court, too, there is an ill-trained vine drooping away from a certain balconied window, which throws out very broad hints, if not decided promises, of stealthy glimpses of a fair, brown-eyed, amber-tressed Signorina, by and by; but, alas, a Venetian window seems ever as a vacant frame for an expected beauty, if not a lovely mural monument of one. However (all the more, doubtless, if she comes not), this shady retirement and silence here, we then consoled ourselves with saying, will afford a pleasingly quiet relief, sometimes, from the heat and glare elsewhere, and the bustle and babble of St. Mark's. Here, where rarely a sound penetrates but the warning cry of the gondolier, "*Ah stali!*" or "*Ah prali!*" before he turns a corner of the narrow canal close by, or the echoing jar and clatter of his boat, as it comes along, striking the basement of the walls in its progress, or the vesper-bell of yonder tower, grown melancholy because so few attend to it, may we rest placidly, and send home, on the wing of the pen, some glimpses of those impressions which most delight us.

But it will not be supposed that we remained long in this quiet corner now; no, having arranged our preliminaries, we were at once in the Piazzetta, thinking, as of course every one does on such occasions, of many great events and persons, all vanished into a name, and so utterly contrasted by everything around *having life!* Nevertheless, the buildings are still superbly monumental of them. On the one hand, Sansovino's ornate and most beautiful

Biblioteca Antica, his masterpiece, commemorates the period of the revival of ancient literature and art, when Bembo wrote, and Sansovino and Titian feasted with Aretino, enduring his egregious vanity and rhodomontades, less, perhaps, for the sake of his occasional sparks of humour, than of his undoubtedly lavish hospitality, the delicacy of his Apician cheer, and the intellect and beauty assembled to do justice to it. For at these Venetian *Noctes*, were there not transcendent Ferrara finocchi, and mostacciata in spices, sent by cardinals and noble signors, in deprecation of his quill's venom; and, oh more than all, had they not the honour and happiness of being gently devoured by those "most pleasing, beautiful, and excellent-mannered ladies of Cupid's court, la Violante, and the divine la Spadara Angela," as well as of being more largely appreciated by "the Soul of Colours and the Breath of Marbles," and the choicest spirits of neighbouring courts and universities, the latter "the radiating suns of the most exquisite scholarship?" In this most enviable, delicious society, the "Soul of Colours" was Titian, of course; the "Breath of Marbles" being the Florentine architect and sculptor, Sansovino. Scared away from Rome on the sacking of the city by the Constable Bourbon's army, he was detained at Venice on his way to France by the Signory, and fairly commenced the Renaissance movement of architecture in their city, according to the classical taste of the day, and in heedless neglect of her Byzantine and original Gothic beauties. Yet, though that age was far too exclusively fascinated with the Five Orders, and perverted them into numberless combinations which would have excited in the Greek nothing but wondering ridicule, we cannot but contemplate with complacency this building of Sansovino's, so refined and beautifully ornate; with its line of graceful and varied little statues shining against the sky, and figures leaning on every arch, and its bas-reliefs covering the soffits beneath with the excellent moral stories of Midas and Phaeton, told by a hand second only to Michael Angelo's in its day, with unusual vivacity and interest, and much in the spirit of the antique. These last deserve more attention than they seem to receive; and, indeed, the whole structure has been recently thrown far too much in the shade by the Gothic arcades of the Ducal Palace opposite, in consequence of the enthusiastic *renaissance* of the mediæval architecture, which has been recently advocated much too exclusively.

Yet are those Gothic wreathings, perhaps, even more graceful and beautiful. But though Gothic of the fourteenth century, the structure which they adorn has, from its spiry Arabian cornice, something of an oriental air, reminding one characteristically of those who had commercial transactions at Cairo and Damascus. And still more eastern in effect and character is that rich mass jutting and rising aerially beyond it—St. Mark's Byzantine cluster of arches and cupolas.

At first we hurried here and there, to take a cursory view; and it was some time before we could settle our minds sufficiently to pay much attention to any particular object. At length, however, fairly wearied, we sat down under the piazza at the other end of the square opposite the church, and began to gaze at the glorious old Byzantine masterpiece deliberately. There was not a cloud in the air, not a vapour; all was brightness and tranquillity; and we soon became fully sensible of a picture before us most intensely characteristic of the place, and such as cannot surely be easily forgotten.

It was now evening. The whole of St. Mark's Church and the Campanile before it on one side, were one broad mass of yellow light, except one giant tower of dark shade which



the latter cast on the former. The winged lion over the central arch of the church, amidst a field of azure and gold stars, and the gilt bronze horses of ancient renown, and the gold grounds of those gaudy modern mosaics in every wide circular porch and arch, glittered like—some ancient sultan's pageantry seen distantly, shining in the sunset across the palmy plains of Syria. They were then tinged like the gorgeous fame of Titian and Calisi. And the silvery-grey clustering cupolas above, rising into the most luminous and cloudless of blue skies, seemed, on their western face fronting the setting sun, all gilded too. Never saw I any structure so splendid of hue, or more thoroughly romantic than this one, radiant—nay, almost blazing—in the highest glories of the evening hour.

As we sat dreamily regarding it, and the troop of grey sober-coated pigeons dedicated to St. Mark, who almost alone were busily promouing the grand square in front, these latter happened to remind me of their ancestor (as he very probably may have been), who was the means through which (as certain of the chroniclers have related) the Venetians, under their doge Domenico Michieli, with their fellow-crusaders, won the city of Tyre, somewhere about the time when yonder façade was being reared. Highly romantic were the incidents which led to that occurrence. On nearing the Syrian coast, Michieli defeated the Saracens in a great naval fight, won chiefly by the resolution of the Venetians in boarding. The first operations on shore were referred by lot to the guidance of Heaven. The names of Tyre and Ascalon, inscribed on slips of parchment, were placed on the high altar of the church, and after mass, an orphan child, in the presence of the breathless assembly, drew forth the name of Tyre. Tyre was accordingly invested, but for a time fruitlessly. The troops who begirt the city by land soon began to murmur at the comparative ease and safety of the Venetians, whose part it was only to blockade the place by sea. Besides, what security was there, ran the complaint, that if dangers thickened, they would not quietly slip away some dark night, or other tempting opportunity, and leave their allies to prosecute the enterprise alone. But Michieli, indignant at these suspicions, immediately himself took all the sailing tackle of his fleet to the crusader's camp, with stern outspoken remonstrances; on which, of course, ungenerous surmises were wholly shamed away, vanished in dumbness and stammering protestations. Still, however, was the siege unsuccessful; when, lo, (at least so the more romantic chroniclers tell us, and we are by no means inclined to withhold poetic faith from so pleasing, so Tasso-like an incident), one morning, a carrier-pigeon flying towards the city, terrified by a loud shout which the crusaders raised for the purpose, dropped fluttering into their hands. The despatch, eagerly, with absolutely trembling hands, untied from its wing, announced speedy assistance from the Emir of Damascus; but the crusaders turned this most opportune discovery to such account as effectually frustrated the Emir's friendly project. Craftily they substituted for his letter an announcement that, being hard pressed himself by the enemy, he was compelled to abandon Tyre to her own resources, and then despatched the bird, thus laden guilefully, to its original destination. The garrison, deceived by the forgery, and despairing of their own unaided power to prolong resistance, at once surrendered. A huge block of granite, for an altar of the baptistry of this church, is said to have been brought by the doge from the captive city, as a memorial of his wily success.

The first aspect at a distance of St. Mark's Cathedral is indeed like some dream of oriental

romance; but as you approach nearer, and following less your fancy, look a little more with your eyes simply, you soon discover the Christianity of the pile distinctly. Yes, you see it imaged forth conspicuously in those little figures of saints shining so vividly in the blue air, and peopling numerously that many-pointed tiara with which the Gothic art of a later period has crowned the older Byzantine face beneath. The mid-most of those oggee-shaped gables is surmounted by a figure of St. Mark, and edged by crockets, alternate with other figures, which stand in profile; some looking up to the evangelist, and others gazing on the crockets before them, which, large, wild, and straggling, look like bushes ruffled by the wind. These, we suppose, are saints before the ever-budding trees of Paradise. Each end of the façade also is crowned by an open Gothic tabernacle, within which is a figure kneeling at a desk, and also turned towards the St. Mark in the centre. This arrangement of the figures, with others as lively, has a highly animated fanciful character; and delightful is the effect when, as then, the Campanile casts his giant shadow over some of these open tabernacles and foliated peopled gables, and they stand out in forcible dark relief against the bright cupolas behind, which are themselves images of smooth serene celestial summits, adorned with lightly ornamented figures of the cross.

But in conversing with these objects, you insensibly draw near enough to observe more distinctly the superb details beneath—the rims or archivolts of the outer arches of the porch, sculptured with figures amidst magnificent scrolls and bosses of foliage—the various doorways within, of quaint arches, which seem borrowed fresh from the Arabian mosques of Damascus or Alcairo, enriched with exquisite old knot and starry work, twinkling dimly with gold and the remains of bright-tinted enamel. And not less you begin to form acquaintance with that numerous grove of columns which, in a double tier, run along all the broad recesses of the sevenfold porch—those pillars of porphyry, and verd-antique and alabaster, whose capitals in rich variety are precious instances of the fresh rich fancy of Byzantine art. Of those near the central porch, the foliage is ruffled, as if a wind coming from San Giorgio disturbed it; others are shaped like baskets, with doves seated on them (are any of these commemorative of the winged neophyte that won Tyre?) Such capitals, and others in which the sharp thistle-like foliage seems taken fresh and lively from nature, show that the degenerate Byzantines were not slaves in architecture, at all events. In the details of this art they seem to have indemnified themselves for the most strict restraint imposed on them by the iconology of the church, in the representation of sacred persons and events, by mosaic and painting. And with the capitals of these columns, admire their colours, their sober green and plum colour, and shell-like hues of tender russet and grey, apt to receive fine tones from the different complexions of the atmosphere, from the delicate silver of the morning, the gold—and now the ensuing mellower richness—of evening, in each reminding us of the choice harmonies of some admirable Venetian colourist, especially the tones of Giovanni Bellini, and some of the quieter pictures of Paul Veronese.

Such is the façade of St. Mark's Church, as if utterly barbarous, scarcely glanced at in the age of exclusively classical criticism, by those who turned to expatiate, in the most current style of rapture, on the irrational, cold, and barren church compositions of Palladio, near at hand. Recently we have been making amends with a vengeance, ignoring reverentially much that is rude and clumsy in parts, as if the

temple itself were something to be worshipped. Steering, however, a more moderate course, we see that so far from barbarous is it on the whole, as to be rich in graces and refinements both of form and fancy, and intensely characteristic in its religious significance; having, indeed, more of these kinds of merits in one of its porches than all the Palladian churches put together. Assuredly, whatever its defects, it is one of the most picturesque and entertaining of buildings.

Within is first the Byzantine narthex, allotted to unabsolved penitents, catechumens, and others, who were for the present not to be admitted further—a narrow vestibule running nearly all along the front of the pile. Above are low domes, and semidomes, and ponderous soffits, all covered with mosaics, whose golden ground glitters in the dim solemn light with a pale uncertain sheen, on which stand before you the stiff and rigid grey shadowy forms of prophets, or saints, staring abroad with hard unspeculative eyes. Beneath them are ranged marble columns, with capitals of birds' and lions' heads more intricate and quaint than those outside. Never saw I in architecture such lovely tones and harmonies of tender grey colours, as in the cool-shining precious shafts of this vestibule—dove-colour varied with silvery greys, anon deepening into black, mottled and marbled like the sweetest hues of shells—beautifully delicate as the colours of St. Mark's pigeons (the descendants, as I am determined to believe, of the carrier-pigeon who was the means of taking Tyre), which, even whilst we were gazing, came freely trooping in, like a flock of little grey-coated catechumens, and perched themselves, as if thoroughly at home, beside their marble likenesses on those richly-quiet capitals.

The mosaics on the cupolas of this vestibule are, as usual, taken from the earlier events of the Old Testament, such subjects being considered the most appropriate introduction, on first entering, to the events of the Gospel imaged within. These particular mosaics are certainly of the rudest design; the little figures of Adam and Eve, so often repeated, being ridiculously like those which children now draw in their earliest efforts. It seems, indeed, as Lord Lindsay conjectures, as if the fine mosaists of the times when they were made, were not to be tempted from their luxurious snug homes on the Bosphorus, for the hardships and privations of a long voyage, and sojourn here amongst rough sea-faring men. But a dim light much concealed the sacred imagery, so that the religious character of the pile was wont to fade and die away, and it assumed, again and again, even in my eyes, that ultra-romantic character, which my imagination, nurtured in childhood on the immortal deliciousness of the "Arabian Nights," and more maturely fed by the "Faerie Queene" and other poems of the kind, had, at the first glimpse, most eagerly hailed in it. Those dim cupolas reminded me, in their evening shades, of the inverted caldrons of some arch-image enchanter, suspended in his cavern-like palace, and inwrought with strange figures; and to such richly obscure columns as those beneath, might Amoretta have been bound, when the bold Britoness rescued her from the knife of the dark wizard Busyrane.

Nor when we looked forward into the body of the church, still through that same dreamy focus of the glasses of sight with which beautiful things should be at times regarded, were the impressions of this class at all diminished. The gold-grounded cupolas, at airy height, but dimly lighted by the rings of little windows round their bases; the warm umbery gloom of ampler spaces beneath, all mosaics and marble apparently, ending in ponderous cave-like recesses of impenetrable darkness, and



glimmering elsewhere, in peculiar arch; in lustrous shafts, in gilded capitals, rich and quaint, with the very architectural forms which the Mahometan conquerors adopted from their originals in the Eastern empire; all these seemed to the immortally childish half of my fancy, not parts of some abstrusely symbolical Christian church: no, they rather reminded me, waywardly, of the dwelling of some pre-adamite giant, where he keeps snugly to himself some abducted princess, the most charming of Eve's daughters; or of some subterranean palace, such as that to which the Second Calendar, descended through the trap-door, deep amidst the gnarled roots of the forest, to consummate involuntarily with the knife which he dropped from the shelf, the tragical destiny of the young prince, who, forewarned of a certain impending fate, had there concealed himself. From these errant fancies we were aroused by a memorial at our feet of historical events not less splendid. Here, in an ancient pavement, is the red lozenge which denotes the spot where the Emperor Barbarossa abased himself beneath the foot of Pope Alexander III. The silence and the retired loneliness of the spot at the present moment were made by this recollection deeply solemn and impressive.

And yet another circumstance tending to dispel my orientalism, had been an imagined murmur of contempt from learned ecclesiologists and mediaeval ascetic moralizers, obliterative of me and my simple aims, because that I could wander into such mere childishness, instead of surrendering myself to the close and clear study of the Byzantinisms, and the high theological symbolism, or "suggestiveness," in the objects before me. Indeed, such a censure might be justified by too long a continuance in the same vein, and so, removing the soft and dim oriental *coulour de rose* glass from the optical medium, I presently substituted a pure Byzantine crystal, under which everything at once assumed a very different character. A light then fell far more clearly on the figures in mosaic standing in the domes. Some of them have quite a look of grave Byzantine emperors, with their eucroplatas, protospathares, and logothetes beside them. Yet they are heavenly princedom (prophets and saints), some robed royally, and some in paler vestments, but all with fixed spectral eyes, like phantom dignitaries, standing in shroud, or haides, between phantom trees and faded flowers, all spiritless and wan, till the Saviour shall descend, to draw them up, or vivify them with brightest hopes and prospects. Beyond, at the east end of the church, you see that His figure, in colossal mosaic, predominates with the earlier truthfulness and purity of faith, not here, as afterwards, and even at the same time in many other places, driven back to infancy by the pastoral staff of the Church, and put again to nurse in the arms of his mother, who is herself dishonoured not less by undue and unseemly exaltation. In the first or western dome, the Pentecost is represented, with a highly ingenious adaptation of the composition to the forms of the architecture. At the top of the cupola, the Holy Spirit, in the form of a dove, shines on a throne; and rays of light issue from him, dividing the dome beneath into many compartments, and each ending in a flame, which rests on the heads of the apostles, seated around in pallid ghostly conclave. And beneath these, between the little windows (whose deep golden soffits are mosaiced with beautiful flowers), are their auditors in pairs, Medes, Parthians, Arabians, and the rest, each in a strange, but characteristic costume, to signify his nation. And still lower, on the pendentives which support the dome, are angels with tablets; and on these tablets are the leading words of a hymn, the rest of which is continued all round the rim of the dome.

Such an arrangement, ingeniously adapted to the different parts of the cupola, is worthy of the Byzantinism, whose solemnly impressive choice and arrangement of incidents may frequently be traced through every age of Italian Art, even up to the noblest compositions of its consummate and greatest period. The figures themselves, however, wrought in a degenerate period of the mosaic art (the eleventh century), by those who could only deaden through merely mechanical processes the compositions of more inventive ages, are lifeless and rude—meagre shadows, fixed by coarse outlines, and cadaverous tints but sparingly heightened. And the architecture around them is clumsy in its leading forms, and too invariably flat; construction in this style being concealed overmuch, for the sake of the smooth rich-coloured incrustation which is its principal characteristic. Yet the ornamental details are often of most exquisite richness of fancy; and the colour and the imaginative picturesqueness abounding in parts, have a deep fascination for the mind. The lower half of the walls everywhere is cased in marble of a warm, brownish, general tone, veneered as we venerate beautiful wood in our drawing-room tables, so that the cloudings in adjacent pieces correspond, and form an approach to regular patterns. Rows of pillars on each side, porphyry and precious alabaster, with gilded Corinthian capitals, shine with an uncertain lustre, and support arches massy and cavernous, but all overlaid with warm umbery-toned marbles, and some of them adorned with balconies of quaintly elegant device. The pavement is inlaid with peacocks, having trees between them (the soul and the tree, of life, as we conceive), and other birds pecking hares, and patterns wavy like the sea, and minute rough chequers, resembling a pebbly beach. Indeed, the whole (which is much worn, too, with age) undulates slightly like such a beach so raised by the flowing and ebbing of the tide. In the Cathedral of the Sea there is something poetically appropriate in this. It is as if the Adriatic herself had entered, and assisted in paving it with her gentle, benignly exploring waves.

Advancing to the choir, we began to admire the somewhat rude old preciousness almost covering it—things which Rembrandt would have worshipped for colour and a *rabbinical* kind of picturesqueness. But it was too late. Some priests, who had been chanting there in dialogue, in harsh tones, which resembled the uncouth gabbling of some necromancer's spells, or the loud angry seethings and brazen ringings of his caldron—and so were responsible for a recurrence of my barbaric imaginations—these priests, we say, having finished their allotted point of evening service, came hurrying out, and the shadowy pile was being closed for the day. So we left it by the door of the northern transept, which, from its beautiful singularly Arabian character, illustrates so strikingly the aptitude of the early Venetian architects for modifying their Byzantine style from oriental, rather than northern examples. Like the very city itself, it shows us Venice with her face to the east, and her back turned distastefully on the west—far more at home in Cairo and Damascus than on the Rhine or in Suabia. In this porch, however, it is quite manifest that the Saracen is turned Christian. There is no doubt of it. His wavy, flame-shaped arches are still fantastic, as at Cairo or Bagdad, but filled with Christian imagery. In the very middle of his tympanum—or *cranium*, we should rather say—is the Nativity, ass, manger and all, quite clearly, firmly established; and angels and saints, looking forth amongst the stars and knotwork, animate the interweaving mazes of the outer circles of his thoughts.

W. P. B.

## THE ROYAL PICTURES.

THE ROYAL PRINCESSES, CHILDREN OF GEORGE III.

J. S. Copley, R.A., Painter. R. Graves, A.R.A., Engraver. Size of the picture, 8 ft. 8½ in. by 6 ft. 1 in.

IN the year 1774, there arrived in England, on his way to Italy, an American artist, named John Singleton Copley. After an absence of about sixteen months on the continent, he returned to England, set up his easel at No. 25, George Street, Hanover Square, where, at the present time, resides his venerable son, Lord Lyndhurst, whose eloquence, though he is now in his eighty-eighth year, still delights and astonishes the legislative assembly of which he has been so long an ornament. The mansion is adorned with very many of the pictures painted in it, and which his lordship has collected in honour of the memory of his father's genius.

Copley was born at Boston, in the United States, in 1737, and there practised painting—portraits chiefly, many of which were exhibited at our Royal Academy, so that his reputation was tolerably well-established by the time he reached England. West, his fellow-countryman, was then president, and had promised, if he came here, to aid him, so far as he could, to gain admission into that institution, and to introduce him to the chief patrons of Art; and he kept his word. In 1777 Copley was elected Associate of the Academy, and in 1783, Academician.

The attention of this artist, very soon after his settlement in England, was directed chiefly from portraiture to historical painting. Among the first of this class of works—and it may, perhaps, with one exception, be pronounced his best—is the 'Death of Lord Chatham,' now in the National Gallery—a picture of value, if only for the number of portraits of distinguished members of the House of Lords, which appear in it. The exception just referred to is the 'Death of Major Pierson, in the Streets of St. Helier, Jersey,' when the French invaded the island, during the Revolutionary war in 1781. Allan Cunningham says of this painting:—"The first print I ever saw was from this picture. . . . I was very young, not ten years old; but the scene has ever since been present to my fancy. I thought then, what I think still, on looking at the original, that it is stamped with true life and heroism; there is nothing mean, nothing little; the fierce fight, the affrighted women, the falling warrior, and the avenging of his death, are all there; the story is finely told." It was painted for Alderman Boydell, bought back again by the artist, and is now the property of his distinguished son.

The Corporation of the City of London is in possession of another of Copley's historical pictures, 'The Defeat of the Spanish Floating Batteries at Gibraltar,' by Lord Heathfield. For Boydell's large work, illustrative of incidents in English history, he painted 'The Assassination of Buckingham,' 'Charles signing Strafford's Death Warrant,' 'The Five Impeached Members brought back in triumph to Westminster,' 'Mr. Speaker thanking the Sheriffs of London for protecting the impeached Members,' 'The Visit of the House of Commons to the Army at Hounslow,' and several others. Considering that Copley was almost a self-taught artist, most of these pictures are very creditable to his talents.

The picture here engraved was painted for George III., and exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1785; it is marked No. 80 in the Catalogue of that year. The portraits are those of the Princess Mary, born in 1776, afterwards Duchess of Gloucester, who died about three years since; the Princess Sophia, born in 1777; and the Princess Amelia, born in 1783, died in 1810: the last was the youngest, and the favourite child of the king; her death, it has always been said, brought on the sad malady with which the monarch was afflicted shortly after her decease.

This is one of the most graceful portrait-groups we have ever seen from the hands of any artist; nothing constrained or artificial appears in the composition; even the dogs, though they are not of the Landseer order of animals, partake of the joyous character of the scene.

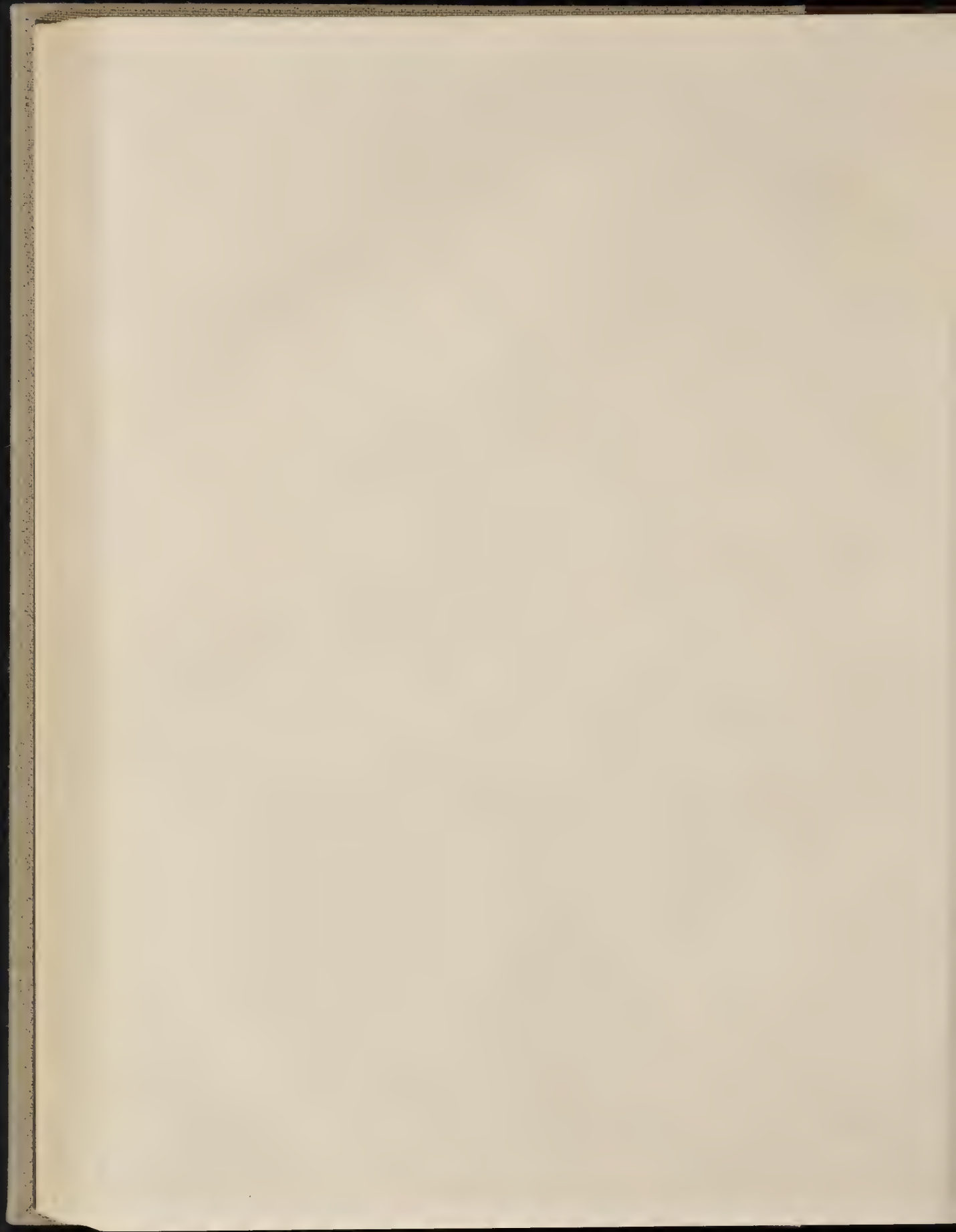
It is in the Royal Collection at Buckingham Palace.





THE LADY SEATED IN THE GARDEN BY JAMES WATSON

From the Original in the Collection of the Earl of Argyll





## ROME, AND HER WORKS OF ART.

## PART IX.—RAFFAELLE—No. 4.



HERE stands in that quarter of Rome which is known as the *Transtevere*, a palace of somewhat inconsiderable size, but of great architectural beauty, called *La Farnesina*: it was erected by Agostino Chigi, to whom we have before alluded when writing of the frescoes by Raffaello in the Church of *Santa Maria della Pace*. Chigi, a native of Siena, had amassed immense wealth as a banker and merchant in that city, but business frequently calling him to Rome he ultimately fixed his residence there, and obtained the favour of popes and princes, while he became the *Mecænas* of artists and literary men: with Raffaello he was on

terms of intimate friendship. This merchant-prince, desirous of possessing, like many of the Roman nobility, a country mansion on the banks of the Tiber, purchased a piece of ground on the right side of the river, near the spot where in the old days of the city the gardens of Geta, the gentle and humane son of Nero, flourished in all their beauty. The Sienese architect, Baldassare Peruzzi,—who has been designated the "Raffaello of architecture," from the refined taste and elegance of the buildings he erected,—was requested to prepare designs for the mansion, which Chigi wished to be not only worthy of his own princely fortune, but should also serve as an example of the state of the arts in Rome at that time. Hence arose, about the year 1506, the palace in question: here the banker entertained Leo X. in a style of the utmost magnificence, and it is stated by historians, that the Pope was treated with such devotional homage, that all the valuable cups and dishes used by his holiness at the banquet were afterwards thrown into the Tiber. Subsequently the palace came into the property of the Farnese princes, and thence, with all their other possessions, passed into the hands of the King of Naples; it is at present, we believe, occupied by some of the members of the Neapolitan diplomatic corps.

The great attractions of the Farnesina now are the internal decorations; some idea of their value may be formed from the fact that many of the most eminent artists at that time in Rome were engaged on them—Raffaello, Sebastiano del Piombo, who, however, was especially summoned from Venice to assist in their execution, Giulio Romano, Giovanni da Udine, Francesco Penni, Raffaello del Colle, and others. The principal decorations are in two apart-

ments, one of which may be entitled the "Chamber of Cupid and Psyche," and the other the "Chamber of Galatea," from the subjects of the frescoes respectively. The first of these apartments faces the garden, and on its vaulted ceiling Raffaello designed a series of pictures representing the chief incidents in the romantic history of "Lucius, or the Golden Ass," by the old Roman writer Apuleius. In this story is introduced, as an episode, the fable of Cupid and Psyche. Three kinds of spaces, varying in form, presented themselves for the purpose of decoration, namely, the lunettes between the arches which separate the general construction, the feet of these arches, and the ceiling; the whole of them were accordingly filled.

The spaces between the arches, ten in number, contain a continuous series of allegorical pictures bearing the following titles:—"Venus ordering Cupid to avenge her on Psyche," "Psyche presenting to Venus the casket she had commanded her to steal from Proserpine," "Cupid showing Psyche to the three Graces," "Venus enraged with Juno and Ceres for protecting Psyche," "Venus in a car drawn by doves, ascending to the skies to demand justice from Jupiter," "Jupiter giving audience to Venus," "Psyche, borne by geni, conveying to Venus the phial of water from the Styx sent by Proserpine," "Cupid receiving assurances from Jupiter of protection against the anger of Venus," "Mercury flying forth with a message from Jupiter to convoke the council of the Gods," and, lastly, "Psyche transported by Mercury to Olympus." The flat part of the ceiling is decorated with two grand compositions, that, as a critic has observed, "show us the highest point which the poetry of painting has ever attained—a very restoral of the painting of Greek poetry; assuredly Homer never had a clearer or closer revelation of Olympus and its inhabitants." The subjects of these two frescoes are, "The Council of the Gods," who have met to hear the appeal of Cupid, and "THE BANQUET OF THE GODS;" the latter appears as an engraving on this page. "Certainly the most difficult labour," writes De Quincy upon these compositions, "the most weighty undertaking of the painter, transported to the regions of the mythological world, must be the representing to the eyes that series of personages, so various in nature, physiognomy, character, proportion, age, costume, with which the imagination of the Greeks peopled the sky, borrowing from humanity the diversity of forms, by means of which all moral qualities, all intellectual ideas, were rendered sensible to the eye." As in the picture of "The School of Athens," described in a former page (p. 73, ante), there is visibly represented to the imagination the renowned philosophers of ancient Greece, so that one may almost fancy he is standing in their immediate presence, so in these two compositions, which share the whole extent of the ceiling, Raffaello places the spectator before the assembled host of mythological deities,—Jupiter, Neptune,



THE BANQUET OF THE GODS AT THE MARRIAGE OF PSYCHE AND CUPID.

Pluto, Minerva, Diana, Bacchus, Apollo, Hercules, the Graces, and the Muses, "giving to each of these personages his or her peculiar physiognomy and form, the degree of idea corresponding with the rank of each, and, so to speak, the measure of his or her divinity." The creative power of Raffaello's genius, and his capability to adapt it with equal force and beauty to whatever subjects his mind was exercised on, must strike all who are acquainted with his greatest works. No theme appears to have been beyond his grasp; the most solemn and the sublimest narrations of sacred history, the fabulous stories of heathen writers, and the poetical fancies of his own imagination, found alike in his pencil an interpreter vivid, graceful, and impressive.

De Quincy notices a peculiarity in the manner in which Raffaello adapted the pictures just noticed to the ceiling of the apartment, without any appearance of their forming the ceiling, or being what is called *plafonné*. They are, in fact, designed, and the figures are drawn, as if the position of the picture was vertical: an ingenious device justifies this disposition. The artist, at once painter and decorator, has arranged his works to look like tapestries, to which he has given apparent borders, and which seem fastened up by nails, painted on

the edge. Thus the series has the effect of stretched tapestry, attached horizontally to the upper ceiling.

The lunettes are ornamented with groups of Cupids, which aid in carrying out the leading idea of the whole decoration. These little figures are variously occupied, but all in a way to show the power of Love over his opponents; one group plays with the thunder of Jupiter, another with Neptune's trident, another with the club of Hercules, and another with the lance and buckler of Mars. The pendants, or feet of the arches, are embellished with smaller pictures, from the same story, than those already referred to; and their terminations are hidden under festoons and branches of flowers, fruits, and plants, designed with exceeding grace and painted with great delicacy by Giovanni da Udine.

Unfortunately these magnificent frescoes have lost much of their original beauty of tone and colour, but the grandeur and power of Raffaello's imagination are as visible as when the works were first executed. Towards the end of the seventeenth century Carlo Maratti was entrusted with the responsible task of restoring them, and there is little doubt that to him posterity is indebted for







an annual pension being granted to the clergy of the church of San Pietro, as a compensation for their loss.

Criticism has almost exhausted itself on this noble work, so that it would be next to an impossibility to offer any novel remarks upon it. Instead of attempting to do so, we prefer introducing a few observations from one or two writers, whose opinions and judgment must have greater weight than our own. De Quincy says, "The picture of the 'Transfiguration' put the finishing stroke to the glory of Raffaele, not only because it was the last fruit of his genius, the greatest of his compositions in oils, but also because it is the work where are found in combination the greatest number of the highest merits peculiar to painting. It is that wherein he carried to the greatest perfection the excellency of the pencil, the energy of colouring, the magic of *chiar-oscuro*, and other practical qualities, of which language alone cannot give an idea; let us add, without prejudice to the moral qualities, which we are accustomed to praise in his other productions. This painting, regarded under various points of view, arising from various combinations of mind, sentiment, and imagination, has often exercised the observing spirit of the critics and connoisseurs."

The composition, from the nature of the subject, as the painter chose to treat it, is necessarily divided into two parts, according to the text of the sacred narrative; but it has, at the same time, a general and connecting theme. In the upper scene, Christ has left the earth, and is, as it were, suspended in the air, for he is not flying, but seems to be stationary between the visitants from heaven, Moses and Elias, whose floating garments show them to have just descended. "This," we quote De Quincy again, "is what must be called the luminous part of the painting, Christ being himself the focus of the light shed over the figures. Such a subject, treated with the idea of merely giving the effect of a dazzling brightness, emanating from a radiant body, might, no doubt, have offered to a painter, who was merely a colourist, the opportunity for a more brilliant effect; but it was not in Raffaele's practice to appeal in this manner to the eye, as Correggio or Rubens would probably have done. . . .

We cannot fail to recognise there the idea and the realization of a luminous harmony, aerial, ably elaborated in the person of Christ, happily shed upon his head, his vestments, and upon the surrounding objects. This merit, perhaps, yields to that offered in the expression of divinity, glowing throughout the whole scene, the aerial disposition of those truly celestial figures, which contrast so well with those of the three apostles, struck with dazzled amazement, and prostrate on the top of the mountain. What gestures and attitudes could better indicate the marvellous brightness, which it was necessary, if not to represent, at least to give the idea of? One of them has thrown himself with his face to the earth; the other turns away his head, and is in the act of falling; the third covers his eyes with his hands, as if to shield them from the light, which his sight cannot endure." This part of the composition is in itself a glorious picture, and if it had been executed with so much of power in colour and *chiar-oscuro* as the artist would have thrown into it to render it effective as a distinct picture, nothing more would be required for the purpose. Some critics object to the entire representation on this very ground, that it forms, in fact, two separate pictures; but how could it be otherwise consistently with the facts related in the Scripture narrative? Raffaele may, in

his treatment, have infringed the principles of composition usually recognised in Art; he did so in the 'Dispute of the Sacrament,' and, in a less degree, in the 'School of Athens,' in both of which works there is not the same urgent considerations for the latitude taken as exists in that of which we are speaking. The subject imperatively demands the subdivision, inasmuch as there are two distinct groups spoken of as separated from each other; one on the summit of Mount Tabor, the other at its base; while the incidents illustrated take place at two consecutive periods of time. St. Luke speaks of the lunatic child being healed on the "next day, when the disciples had come down from the hill." Raffaele, with a painter's licence, has made them contemporaneous, though the multitude below did not witness the Transfiguration. To suppress the summit, as some writers would have had the artist do, and place the scene upon the level ground, would be to deprive it of all that is picturesque in its physical aspect, of the interest of its ideal effect, and, finally, of its presumed fidelity

to historical truth. But Raffaele, with strict propriety as regards the rule of Art, has not made this upper portion, though it is that wherein the chief interest of the event is fixed, the principal; it keeps its right place, subordinate to the lower, yet illuminating it by its almost magical brightness.

Let us now consider this lower half, in which the principles of pictorial composition are admirably carried out—the two side groups being connected by a third in the centre, the whole so united as to form a complete, harmonious representation. The first thing that must obviously strike the spectator who critically examines the whole work, is the contrast between the close massing of the figures in the lower part, occupying and filling the entire space, and the distribution of those in the upper part; the intention of Raffaele evidently being to give to the latter, by the contrast, a large amount of aerial effect, as well as to convey the idea of a distinct separation of the human family from the heavenly visitants and those who are associated with them. The left side, and the centre of the lower division, are filled with the disciples of Christ, who had followed him and their more favoured companions to the foot of Mount Tabor; on the right is a crowd of people gathered together to receive his instructions or to seek his aid in their trouble: conspicuous among them is the man with his young son, a lunatic, and "sore vexed with a devil." The father appeals to the disciples to heal the boy, who is terribly convulsed by de-

monic power; two women, both of them kneeling, are also urgent in their supplications; while others in the crowd show by their actions their interest in the recovery of the sufferer. The disciples appear astonished and bewildered; they are faithless, and have not the gift of healing; all they can do is to sympathise with the unhappy father, and direct his attention to the mount whither He is gone who can alone render effectual aid, their object being to intimate to the parent that the divine healer will speedily return and restore his son. "The two-fold action," Kugler remarks, "contained in this picture, to which shallow critics have taken exception, is explained historically and satisfactorily merely by the fact that the incident of the possessed boy occurred in the absence of Christ; but it explains itself in a still higher sense, when we consider the deeper, universal meaning of the picture. For this purpose it is not necessary to consult the books of the New Testament for the explanation of the particular incidents; the lower portion represents the calamities and



THE TRANSFIGURATION.



miseries of human life—the rule of demoniac power, the weakness even of the faithful when unassisted—and points to a superior Power. Above, in the brightness of divine bliss, undisturbed by the suffering of the lower world, we behold the source of consolation and redemption from all evil. Even the judicious liberties dictated by the nature of the art, which displease the confined views of many critics—such as the want of elevation in the mountain, the perspective alteration of the horizon and points of sight for the upper group (in which the figures do not appear foreshortened, as seen from beneath, but perfectly developed, as if in a vision), give occasion for new and peculiar beauties." It may be doubted whether Raffaele's mind entertained the idea which Kugler would attribute to him; for we do not suppose that the great painter ever intended to make his picture a kind of allegorical representation of human griefs and heavenly happiness, but simply to depict the sacred narrative as its history suggested itself to his imagination: and this is done with such grandeur and depth of thought, power of expression, beauty of form, precision and truth of drawing in all the details, that it may be said to surpass all that Raffaele ever did; and if so, all that ever has been produced by Art in the class to which this picture belongs. Vasari, speaking of the head of Christ, says—"It was the greatest effort of an art which could advance no further." We may remark concerning the manner in which the picture is painted, that while the manipulation is broader and more free than most of his previous works, it is yet finished with greater care, and the light and shade is

managed with an effect rarely seen from the hands of Raffaele; giving evidence that, if his life had been prolonged, his after productions would have shown a style of painting assimilating to this rather than to his earlier works.

The gallery of the Borghese Palace, to which allusion has just been made, when writing of the portrait of Cesare Borgia, has been enlarged and rearranged within the last few years, and now contains upwards of seven hundred pictures, many of which are of a high class: we shall have occasion to refer to some of them hereafter; at present our attention must be directed to one only, but that one a fine example of Raffaele's earlier pencil, the "ENTOMBMENT," which bears the date of 1507, in gilt letters, with the painter's name; it has always been considered as among the most remarkable productions of the time, and is regarded as the chief ornament of the gallery in which it hangs. This picture was painted, when Raffaele was only twenty-four years of age, for the Baglioni Chapel, in the Church of San Francesco, in Perugia: it was the first great historical work he attempted, and was a commission from a Perugian noble, Atalanta Baglioni, whose relative, Giovanni Paolo, had regained the sovereignty of the city. The first object that emphatically arrests the eye when looking at the picture, is the nude figure of the dead Christ, which shows much of the dry and severe manner of the earlier schools, and is not greatly unlike the same subject in the celebrated *Pieta* by Michel Angelo; and yet it is eminently beautiful in the truth of its form, and the death-like, rigid expression apparent throughout. The two men who carry the body are placed in



THE ENTOMBMENT.

rather exaggerated attitudes, which savours somewhat more of dramatic effect, rather than of genuine physical effort; still, considering the period when the picture was painted, and the youth of the artist, allowance must be made for any slight excess of action. Immediately behind the body are St. Peter, St. John, and Mary Magdalene, whose heads are fine in conception and execution. To the right is a group of weeping females, among whom is the Virgin, in the attitude of one fainting. The arrangement of these figures is most masterly; they occupy a prominent place in the composition, and yet are rendered subordinate to the principal group. As a whole, the picture makes a forcible appeal to the heart by its touching and solemn character. Raffaele must have studied the subject very closely ere he commenced painting it, for many of the sketches and drawings he prepared for the work are still in existence: several of these were in the possession of Sir Thomas Lawrence, and were sold after his death. The *lunette*, formerly a portion of the altar-piece, and representing the First Person of the Trinity with upraised hands, among angels, is now placed over an altar-piece by Orazio Alfani, in the Church of San Francesco, in Perugia. The subjects of the *predella* are in the gallery of the Vatican. They are small *chiaroscuro* pictures of Faith, Hope, and Charity, in circular medallions, with geni at their side, graceful, pleasing compositions, light and spirited in execution.

It is when contemplating the character of such works as those just alluded

to, that one is tempted to ask what benefit can accrue to Art from the endeavours made by so many of our modern painters to carry it back to the state in which Raffaele and his immediate predecessors found it: what comparison is there, or can there be made, between the pictures of the sixteenth century and those of the fifteenth? Take the landscapes of the latter period, what are they but representations totally devoid of everything which constitutes picturesque beauty?—crude in their forms, erroneous in perspective, unnatural in colour; in short, works that Nature herself would utterly repudiate; even Raffaele and his contemporaries were often unable to see her in her true aspect. Again, look at the portraiture of the earlier period—that of the renovation of Art, as it is very properly called—what other pleasure is derivable from them than that which is produced by the contemplation of an exact image, doubtless, of the individual portrayed, yet too often formal, and expressionless, without even the mechanism of Art to atone, in some small degree, for the absence of more inviting and valuable qualities? While those works which assume to be of an historical character, show still more intelligibly the inability of mere imitations to satisfy the mind, and the incapacity of those early painters to make Art what it was designed to be. Their errors arose from the darkness which surrounded them; our artists are sinning against the light that centuries have revealed to us,—a light so pure and brilliant, as to render all previous illumination feeble in comparison with it.

J. DAFFORNE.



## THE CRYSTAL PALACE PICTURE GALLERY.

THE spaces here occupied by pictures constitute a gallery of very imposing character, and the light being uniformly good, the works, even those wherein the manipulation is most minute, are seen to the greatest advantage. Under the able administration of Mr. Wass, the collection, both in quality and extent, has greatly advanced. The works comprehend oil pictures, in number six hundred and thirty; water-colour drawings one hundred and eighty-eight; and sculptural essays forty-nine; in all eight hundred and sixty-seven works, the majority of which are of the British school. To this collection a catalogue has hitherto been wanting, but the deficiency is now supplied—an indispensable auxiliary to even a cursory examination of works of Art. In the earlier days of this gallery it contained many pictures familiarised to us by previous exhibition; these are still numerous, but they do not now form a feature so conspicuous as before, as there are many interesting productions that have never, till now, come under our notice. As to sale—that most important question to artists and exhibitors—that is steadily on the increase, inasmuch as this season to have attained to a considerable amount.

Among the works of our school we find pictures by Etty, Creswick, Millais, J. Ward, J. Holland, Buckner, Lance, E. A. Goodall, A. Johnstone, Abraham Cooper, Topham and Bright, Hemsley, Haghe, J. H. S. Mann, J. C. Horsley, and a host of others whose works stand well in public estimation. Of the larger pictures are some well known to the *habitués* of exhibitions, but they are distinguished by qualities that never pall upon the eye. There are—'The Alderney Bull,' by the late James Ward, R.A., much augmented in value since the decease of the painter; 'The Trial of Archbishop Laud,' Alexander Johnstone; 'Joan of Arc praying before the Shrine,' W. Etty, R.A.; 'The Mountain Torrent—Morning,' T. Creswick, R.A.; 'The Widow's Mite,' J. E. Millais, A.R.A., an early picture with certain eccentricities, but no tendency as yet to 'Pre-Raphaelism'; with some others so far beyond the cabinet size as to entitle them to the rank of 'gallery' pictures. 'A View in Westmoreland,' 'The Scenes on West Water,' and another small picture of 'Lake Scenery,' by J. B. Pyne, of the artist's early and later times, are curious as showing the beginning and the end of a 'style.' 'A Scene from The Antiquary,' by J. Cross, that in which Lovel and the blue-gown beggar rescue Isabella and Sir Arthur from the advancing tide, presents no quality predicative of the famous 'Death of Richard I.,' which long ago introduced Mr. Cross to public notice. 'Prince Henry assuming his Father's Crown,' J. C. Horsley, A.R.A., is, we believe, the picture for which the artist received a premium of £200 from the Royal Commission some years ago. 'The Refectory of St. Onofrio, Rome,' by Louis Haghe, is one of the painter's oil-colour works as forcible in effect and judicious in composition as any of his water-colour drawings. Miss A. F. Mutrie's 'Flowers,' and 'Gorse and Heather,' studies from uncultivated nature, have a natural truth and reality far beyond the formality of artificial composition. There is in Mr. Buckner's 'Roman Boy and Pitcher' too much refinement in the features; otherwise, and especially in execution, the work is masterly. 'A Reminiscence of Scotland,' by A. Johnstone, contains two figures, certainly Burns and his Highland Mary; it is only a sketch, but extremely rich and harmonious in colour. 'Fruit,' is a title common to two small pictures by Lance; both are sketches, but they are a class of study unique and attributable to Lance only. 'A Welsh Girl,' P. F. Poole, is an early sketch, apparently made in Clipstone Street years ago. 'Cupid Asleep,' W. Etty, R.A.—a brilliant piece of flesh-painting, but the *pose* of the boy is such as none but Etty would venture to paint. In the 'Return from Deer Stalking,' and other works, by A. Cooper, R.A., wherein horses are introduced, the best qualities of this painter are shown. 'An Awkward Pause,' C. Earles, is a chapter of the old story—two young people are standing at the window of a drawing-room, talking of everything, but thinking only of themselves. The relation between the

figures is evidently that of lovers. 'Cock Mill, Whitby,' Niemann, is a study of a commonplace subject, but remarkable for vigorous execution. 'A Cornfield,' N. O. Lupton, a literal transcript from a given locality, realized with the same material truth that obtained the author the Turner medal for landscape. 'On the Thames,' A. Gilbert, a small picture, in composition resembling others by this artist, from the same source, but presented under a dark and threatening aspect. 'Pet's Holiday,' Mrs. Anderson. The 'pet' is, perhaps, a canary, that a girl is tending with affectionate care. This composition is remarkable for the rare finish of its upholstery and accessories. A lifetime were not long enough to work out many pictures with such intensity. 'A Water Carrier,' J. H. S. Mann, a study of a single figure in which movement and vital expression are very pointedly signified. 'A View in Ireland,' by Topham and Bright, is an example of Art such as seldom now finds its way into our exhibitions. 'A corner of the Studio,' J. D. Wingfield, is a nook in the old school in Clipstone Street—the best of the artist's subjects, drawn from 'that ilk.' 'The Fish Market at Rome,' E. A. Goodall—one of the best subjects within the entire patrimony of St. Peter. 'A View at Rotterdam,' J. Holland, is a very carefully worked picture of a quay side with boats, buildings, and a distant view of the Church of St. Lawrence. Other works of merit are—'The Entrance to Yarmouth Harbour,' W. E. Bates; 'The Bandit's Mother,' W. D. Kennedy; 'The Great Eastern,' Niemann; 'The Croppie's Grave,' M. Anthony; 'Scene in Norway,' W. West; 'Tough and Tender,' Miss E. Osborn; 'View near Borrowdale,' H. Moore, &c.

Many of the foreign pictures are of first-class excellence, as those of Van Schendel, 'On the Quay, Moonlight,' 'The Rich Man's Kitchen,' De Noter; 'Landscape,' Furmois; 'Cattle,' Hoedt; 'Murder of Thomas à Becket,' Mücke; 'Norwegian Girl,' Leu; 'Waiting the Result,' Merz; 'The Student,' Billotte; 'An Episode of the French Revolution,' Moulignon; and others by Lachenwitz, Papelen, Thomas, Ternberg, Roehn, De Gempt, &c.

Among the water-colour drawings we find, 'The Upper Terrace, Haddon Hall,' Collingwood Smith; 'Street Scene, Dinon, Brittany,' and the 'Barrack Entrance to the Château at Blois,' J. Burgess; 'The Greenwood Shade,' H. Mapleton; 'Cyclopean Masonry at Norbs, Pontine Marshes,' Carl Werner; 'Fountains Hall,' J. Chase; 'The Wayside,' T. Dalziel; 'At Bolton le Sands, Lancashire,' Mrs. Oliver, &c.; and the sculpture affords examples of John Bell, J. Darham, E. G. Physick, F. J. Miller, Professor Wichmann, of Berlin, Geefs of Brussels, &c. Thus the catalogue, if it be not thronged with the highest names of our school, is extremely attractive, and the collection has signally grown in interest since we last saw it.

## THE ART SEASON.

On the last Saturday in July, by a coincidence which we do not remember to have fallen out before, all the Art-institutions closed their doors—the Royal Academy, both the Water Colour Societies, the British Artists, and the National Institution, generally exulting in the most successful season which their annals yet record. As far as Art was concerned, the year opened with unusual gloom. Patrons pictured their future as darkened by a war-cloud, themselves immediately groaning under an increase of war taxes, and resolved to close their eyes against the charmer; but the closing of the accounts shows that their resolutions have been cast away, and are gone to lengthen that famous pavement of which the proverb tells us. But all is now settled; the pictures have disappeared and the painters are scattered—some (the sad and weary ones, for the pictures tell us locally that there must be such) to those ten feet by ten under a skylight, which they figuratively call their studios and their homes; others, in happier ease, to Rome or Florence, though politics there may have forced themselves into the ascendant; or, it may be, to Munich or Nuremberg, or some others of the lethargic cities of Germany that form a *Kunstverein* of such very different materials. Some are gone

to the Swiss mountains, some to the Italian lakes; and, to the tastes of not a few, Spain, Greece, and Egypt have strong attractions; but from these far and wide wanderings little do they bring back that is in anywise comparable to the freshness of our home scenery. Thus, as the season just past, will the next come, with its thousands of pictures.

The sum of the catalogues of the year is four thousand and sixty works of Art. The catalogue of the British Institution gives six hundred and forty-nine productions in painting and sculpture. The Society of Female Artists exhibited three hundred pictures and drawings. The number of drawings hung by the Society of Water Colour Painters was two hundred and eighty-one, of which two hundred and eight were sold, leaving only seventy-three unsold. Thus the pictures sold are about three-fourths of the whole; last year the proportion was about two-thirds. This season all the large and important drawings have been purchased, and there have been nearly five thousand visitors more this season than last. The drawings in the gallery of the New Society of Painters in Water Colours amounted to three hundred and seventy-two, of which one hundred and forty were sold, realizing the sum of £3,000. The catalogue of the Society of British Artists gives a total of eight hundred and sixty-nine pictures and drawings, of which two hundred and twenty-four were sold, returning nearly £7,000; and of four hundred and eighty works, the National Institution has sold one hundred and forty, which have returned nearly £3,000, that is, about £1,000 below the average of former years.

The numbers in the catalogue of the Royal Academy terminate this year at one thousand and ninety-six, about three hundred short of the numbers given by recent catalogues, and all the pictures of real merit were sold.\* The omission of the upper tiers was in all respects an advantage, as pictures placed so high could not possibly be seen; there were, however, this year works selected by purchasers from the upper lines, and the per centage of sales was perhaps beyond the general average. If we consider the two thousand rejections from the Academy, and (at a very low estimate) the seven or eight hundred from other exhibitions, it will afford a total of upwards of six thousand eight hundred works of Art offered for exhibition. It must, however, be remembered, that of the unexhibited pictures the refusal of a great proportion was justified by their inferior merit, but yet among them there were productions of a high degree of excellence.

With respect to the tone and tendencies of our figure painting, we may be said to be settling into a state of prosaic domesticity. It is a risk to paint from Shakspeare or Milton, or to yield to the inspirations of the immortal verse of any of those whom we have niched in Poets' Corner. The sanity of a man who ventures upon a "historical" essay is reasonably questioned, for historical Art has broken every heart that was ever devoted to it. If there be a Moloch among the Muses it is Clio, for her worship, as far as Art is concerned, is ever consummated by human sacrifice. Cottage interiors, rustic gossips, and humble life, have always been popular; but the power of execution and faultless drawing that are now exercised upon such subjects has elevated them immensely in public estimation. Devoted mothers, happy olive branches, cradles and nurseries, constitute a staple that enriches those who deal in it, while every exaltation down to the vein of King Cambyzes is a delusion and a snare. "Pre-Raphaelism" is out of the field; we do not remember an essentially Pre-Raphaelite work in any of the exhibitions—we hear of it only in whispers. Its votaries have set up a temple somewhere in Waterloo Place, and their rites are mysteries, for none but the elect are admitted to assist at them. But there is a pregnant significance in the predilection for domestic subjects shown by the public, for, after all, the public taste directs the labours of the painter. It is the evidence of a widely-spreading love of pictures among classes that can feel every-day incident more pointedly than poetic narrative; and indeed, from the marvellous finish whereby sometimes these pictures are distinguished, no lover of any *genre* of Art could withhold his cordial admiration.

\* The monies received for admission to the Exhibition this year reaches the enormous amount of £11,000—the largest sum ever obtained during one season.

## NATURAL HISTORY ILLUSTRATED.\*

SINCE the time of Thomas Bewick, the eminent restorer of engraving on wood, we have had no

illustrated work on natural history at all worthy of the subject, till the appearance of Mr. Wood's publication, now being issued by Messrs. Routledge and Co., in serial parts. Our readers will doubtless remember seeing a reference to it on one or two

occasions lately; they have now the opportunity of testing the quality of the illustrations from the examples, on this and the following page, placed at our disposal by the publishers.

Bewick's works, the "History of Quadrupeds,"



THE NEWFOUNDLAND DOG (CANIS FAMILIARIS).

and the "History of Birds," appeared at the close of the last century, though the artist's laborious and valuable life did not close till the year 1828.

But these books, excellent as they are, and, perhaps, unapproachable in the exquisite delicacy of the engravings, are comparatively limited in their scope, and are besides, out of print and rare: at least we do not remember to have seen it for many years. A new work was therefore demanded; and it was



THE GAMBIAN LION (LEO GAMBIANUS).

necessary in this age of popular literature, that such a publication should be both cheap and good: this

appears to have been the aim of the proprietors of the "Illustrated Natural History" we have now

\* ROUTLEDGE'S ILLUSTRATED NATURAL HISTORY. By the Rev. J. G. Wood, M.A., F.L.S., &c. &c. With new

Designs by Wolf, Zwecker, Weir, Coleman, &c. &c. Engraved by the Brothers Dalziel. Published by Routledge, Warne & Routledge, London.

before us, and who very wisely placed the conduct of it in the hands of the Rev. J. G. Wood, whose studies and previous writings eminently qualified him for the task. The plan adopted in carrying it out is calculated to render it serviceable to all



classes of readers, to the naturalist as well as others; for the body of the work has been studiously preserved in a simple and readable form, while the

more scientific portions are treated of in a separate chapter, at the end of the volume, under the title of "Compendium of Generic Distinctions;" the

first volume only, which describes the *Mammalia*, is at present complete. Not by any means the least interesting parts of Mr. Wood's history—to



HOOD'S MARMOT (*SPERMOPHILUS*).

unscientific readers especially—are the anecdotes of the various animals which he has incorporated

with his anatomical descriptions and zoological character: these anecdotes are ample and instructive.

The illustrations, in the specimens here introduced, tell their own story: the best draughtsmen



THE MONKEY TRIBE (*QUADRUMANA*).

of such objects that can be procured are engaged upon them; even Landseer could not do the like

on wood, whatever he might do on canvas: and the well-known reputation of Messrs. Dalziel is

advanced by the truthful and spirited manner in which they have engraved the numerous drawings.



## THE ART-UNION OF LONDON.

The annual exhibition of the prizes was held, as usual, in the rooms of the Society of British Artists, and the selection was characterized by better taste than has of late years prevailed in the choice of prizes. The council gave their prizeholders a wide field to choose from, but, nevertheless, two circumstances militate against a satisfactory choice. These are, the delay occasioned by determining on a work at a fixed value, and the fact that all the best works are sold in the earliest days of exhibition. The number of prizes allotted has been altogether 1,012, of which there were two of £200, one of £150, three of £100, five of £75, six of £50; the scale descending to thirty-six of £10 each. And to these are added a picture selected by the Council, entitled 'Sardinia,' and painted by Harry Johnson; thirty porcelain groups of Venus and Cupid; thirty silver medals of Lawrence; five hundred chronolithographs; and three hundred photographs of edifices and ruins in Rome, illustrating 'Rome Pagan,' and 'Rome Christian.'

One of the prizes of £200 is 'An English Pastoral, from a scene in Surrey,' by H. B. Willis, selected from the Royal Academy; the second does not appear in the catalogue. That of £150 is, 'Full Ripe,' by G. Lane; those of £100 are—'Summer on the Thames,' W. W. Gosling; 'Morning on the Dee,' H. J. Boddington; the third is, 'Tantallon Castle,' J. Syer, the price of which was £200, the prize-holder, Mr. W. Hopkins, having paid the difference. Those of £75 are—'The Prodigal Son,' by Elijah Walton, the price of the picture being 50 guineas; 'The River Dovey,' T. Danby, the price of the picture £80; 'The First Step in Life,' Mrs. E. M. Ward; 'Interior of the Cathedral of Cephalia, in Sicily, High Mass,' and 'Chastity,' Durham's exquisite marble statuette, the price of which was 100 guineas—the prize-holder is Miss Rose Allason, whom we compliment most cordially on the precious acquisition she has made. The six prizes of £50 are—'Spending a Holiday at Hampstead,' J. Ritchie; 'The Little Florist,' T. F. Dicksee; 'The Volunteer Movement in the Studio,' J. Ballantyne; 'The Sexton's Sermon,' H. S. Marks; 'River View, the Trout Fisher, Lancashire,' J. C. Ward; and 'Venice from the Rialto,' W. Callow. The most liberal and spirited instance of selection we remember, is that of Mr. Strugnell, of the Edgeware Road, who, having drawn a prize of £20, has chosen from the Society of Painters in Water Colours, Newton's beautiful drawing 'Glencoe,' the price of which was 250 guineas. Other prizes are—'Esa, coast of Nice,' T. L. Rowbotham; 'Moel Siabod, from the Dolwyddelan, North Wales,' S. P. Jackson; 'Port Madoc, Carnarvonshire,' H. C. Pidgeon; 'A Salmon Leap, on the Duddon, Cumberland,' D. H. McKean; 'Place Pucelle,' G. Howse; 'The Cover Side, 1st of October,' A. F. Rolfe; 'Fishing-boats off Lundy Island, North Devon,' W. West; 'A Sea Breeze,' J. Heazell; 'Cordelia,' T. F. Dicksee; 'Welsh Lane, near Bettws y Coed,' G. Cole, &c.

On the 10th of January last, the council of the Art-Union offered a premium of 100 guineas for a series of designs in outline, slightly shaded, illustrative of Tennyson's poem, "The Idylls of the King," and in competition for this premium, forty-two sets of outlines have been submitted, and are exhibited in one of the smaller rooms. With respect to the number of the set, the minimum limit was twelve, and this is the number of the sets generally. The sum offered is not an irresistible temptation to men who could worthily make the designs, yet it might have allured into the arena artists better qualified than the majority of those who have come forward. If we are surprised at those who have not appeared, we are more than surprised at those who have presented themselves. Outline is the severest test to which an artist can be put, yet some of these sets of drawings are the productions of persons utterly incapable of drawing the figure. Conception, as a rare gift, is infinitely more estimable than drawing—a mechanical acquisition—but the latter is indispensable as the exponent of the former. Line, also, as the analysis and frame-work of composition, is a difficulty which can be dealt with only by masters of the art. It was a condition that the artist's name should be sent with his drawings; but

if they have been sent they are not published. This is as it should be, but we think that had a monogram or a device only been required, the council would have received works more satisfactory. Of the whole, there are not more than four sets in any wise eligible, and even then by these, Tennyson's verse ought to be better illustrated. Also on the 10th of January the council advertised a premium of 70 guineas for a group, or statuette, to be subsequently executed in bronze, or in parian, representing some subject from English history; and 50 guineas are to be given to the author of the work second in merit. The premiums to be competed for by finished models in plaster. In reply to this advertisement, eleven works were submitted, of which some of the subjects are, 'The First Prince of Wales,' 'Cromwell dissolving the Long Parliament,' 'King Alfred as a Harper in the Danish Camp,' 'Lady Godiva riding through Coventry,' 'Non Angli, sed Angeli,' &c.

The total sum which has been expended by the Art-Union of London, on pictures, is £118,765; and for bronze and porcelain statuettes, medals, &c., £19,897 have been paid. The number of bronze statuettes and busts that has been distributed is 313; that of porcelain and other statuettes and busts, 2,553; and of tazzas and vases in iron, 230. A very beautiful reduction in bronze of Mr. Foley's statue of Caractacus is exhibited as intended for future allotment; and as a companion to the very popular bust of Clytie, a bust of the Apollo Belvedere has been commissioned; and the series of medals is being continued, by a judicious selection of those of our worthies who are most entitled to such commemoration.

## ART IN CONTINENTAL STATES.

PARIS.—The indefatigable M. Petit has got up another exhibition of the French school in the Salon on the Boulevard; it consists of a very excellent collection of the older painters, and gives us a pleasant review of those artists now no more—Boucher, Greuze, Latour, Prud'hon, Fragonard, Vanloo, Madame Rosalba, Boilly, Chardin, Claude Lorrain, Desportes, Laucet, Juvénat, Largillière, Louthbourg, Lemoine, Le Prince, Natoire, Nattier, Fater, Audry, Rigaud, Vernet, N. Pousin, Watteau, and others. It is instructive as well as interesting, to study in a collection so well chosen the different styles and periods of French Art.

BERLIN.—Monuments in honour of Goethe and Schiller are to be erected by public subscription in this city; that to Goethe is the first which will be executed. The Prince Regent of Prussia has contributed a considerable sum towards it.

BRUXELLES.—The Belgium Government has postponed, till the 1st of next month, the day for receiving the competitive designs for a new *Palais de Justice* at Brussels.—Our contemporary, the *Athenæum*, speaks of several sculptures in memory of men famed in the annals of the Low Countries, which are about to be erected in various cities and towns of the country. The statue of Artervelde, by M. Devigne Guys, is to be placed in one of the public squares of Ghent; M. Pickery is commissioned to execute that of Van Maerlant; and M. Duesjou the group of Boduognatus, chief of the Nervii in the wars with Julius Caesar. A monument to John Van Eyck is to be placed in Maaseyk, the town of his nativity; and statues of Baldwin of Constantinople, of Philip de Comines, and of Mercator, are also talked of, as well as a monument in honour of Counts Egmont and Horn.

ROME.—Accounts from Rome state that Raffaele's 'Apollo and Marsyas' continues to excite unbounded admiration in that city. Among the artistic notabilities who have visited it are Professors Tommaso, Minardi, Nicola Consoni, L. Cochet, G. Sanguinetti, G. B. Conevari, &c., each of whom, on inscribing his name in M. Morris Moore's visitors' book, has added some glowing words expressive of his feelings. All declare the picture to be one of the most exquisite works of Raffaele, as displaying in the highest degree that refined perception of beauty and expression by which Raffaele towers above all other painters. No one in Rome dreams of discussing its authenticity, since to hint a doubt would be a proof of the crassest ignorance—*dell' ignoranza la più orosa*. To have seen Raffaele paint it, say they, could add nothing to their convictions. It is pronounced well worthy to stand with the Borghese 'Entombment,' the 'Dispute del Sacramento,' or any work of the most classical period of the master.

## THE TURNER GALLERY.

## PEACE—THE BURIAL OF WILKIE.

Engraved by J. Cousen.

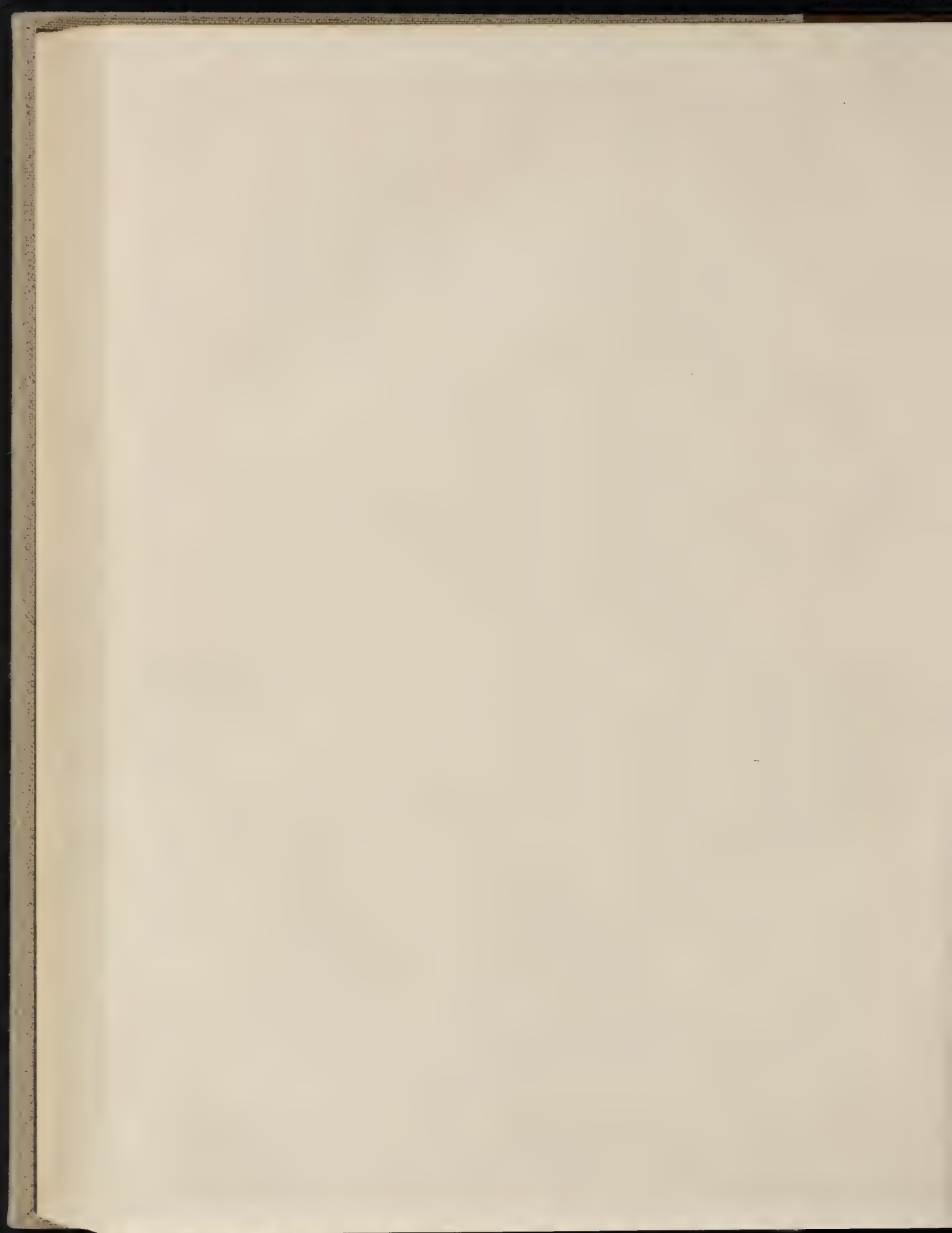
ON the 31st of May, 1841, the steamer *Oriental*, homeward bound, entered the Bay of Gibraltar, having among other passengers Sir David Wilkie and his companion, Mr. Woodburn, who were returning from their tour through Turkey and Palestine. A report had reached England, a month or two previously, that Wilkie had died of the plague, at Alexandria; this rumour proved incorrect; he had enjoyed general good health during his stay in the East, and not until the *Oriental* had quitted Malta, did he complain of indisposition. On the 27th of May he was suffering from an attack of fever, but of so slight a nature that little was thought of it. The vessel having received her despatches at Gibraltar, resumed her course the same day on which she reached the place. On the following morning, his friend, Mr. Woodburn, went into Wilkie's cabin, expecting to find him able to join the breakfast-table, but, unhappily, the great painter was in so prostrate a condition as to require prompt medical aid. Two medical gentlemen on board, Dr. Browne and Mr. Gattie, were immediately in attendance, and exerted all their skill and attention to arrest the progress of the disease, which ultimately proved to be an attack of cholera; indeed, it is said, by eating too freely of water-melons while the fever was on him. Every effort to save so valuable a life was, however, ineffectual; he gradually sank, and breathed his last about eight o'clock the same evening. The passengers immediately assembled, to consult what was best to be done under these melancholy circumstances, and they requested the captain to return at once and land the body at Gibraltar, being, probably, apprehensive of contagion. He put back, but the orders of the governor proved to be so imperative, that the remains were not allowed to be landed, and the funeral obsequies were performed by committing them to the deep, as the *Oriental* steamed out of the bay, late in the evening, on her way to England.

Such is the subject which Turner chose, in the year following the occurrence, for the picture here engraved. There is, however, little observable of the sad ceremony: in substance the painting is only a steam-boat temporarily at rest on the broad bosom of the silent waters; the spectators must imagine a "burial at sea;" for even the glare of the torches, which light the sailors to perform their melancholy task, fails to render visible the work they have in hand. Yet, nevertheless, the picture is a grand poetic conception, a noble contribution to the memory of Wilkie, and a work that cannot but arrest the sympathies of all who look at it. The canvas shows little colour, it is covered only with mere modifications of black; and this, perhaps, more than anything else, exhibits the greatness of Turner's mind. Other painters would, doubtless, have found some means, notwithstanding the time and circumstances, to have varied the sombre, funeral tints with others of brighter hues: there are none, except in the torch-lights, and the signal-rocket thrown up from the shore. The steam-ship is suggestive of nothing but a huge hearse, surmounted by black banners, while the smoke from the funnel may be compared to a gigantic plume, tossed and driven by the night wind; ship, and sails, and smoke casting their dark shadows over the surface of the sea, and thus sustaining the idea which the artist desired to work out. As a slight relief to the surrounding gloom, the crescent moon sheds a pale light on a portion of the sky, and partially illumines some feathery clouds floating lazily over the vessel, where the last rites are being performed over a great man in his vocation. Wilkie might have found a grave, to visit which the feet of the pilgrim would in long-after years doubtless have turned, but certainly none that could have so drawn forth the genius of a brother artist, as that which Turner has immortalized. How strange is it to hear people say, they "can see nothing in Turner, but the fruits of a disordered imagination!" Such persons have not attained to the art of seeing, or are willfully blind; whatever the painter undertook to represent, no matter how comparatively poor in subject, he invested it with a magical beauty that elevated it to a work of grandeur: there are few finer pictorial poems than 'Peace—the Burial of Wilkie.'





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# THE HUDSON, FROM THE WILDERNESS TO THE SEA.

BY BENSON J. LOSSING.

THE ILLUSTRATIONS FROM DRAWINGS BY THE AUTHOR.

## PART VIII.

THE first village below Albany is the pretty one of Castleton, on the Hudson River Railway, about eight miles below Greenbush. Around it is a pleasant agricultural country; and between it and Albany, on the western shore, flows in the romantic Norman's Kill (the Indian *Tawasentha*, or Place of many Dead), that comes down from the region of the lofty Helderbergs. Upon the island in the Hudson, at the mouth of this stream—a noted place of encampment and trade for the Iroquois—the Dutch built their first fort on the Hudson in 1614, and placed it in command of Captain Christians. The island was named Kasteel, or Castle, and from it the little village just mentioned received its name. The alluvial "flats" in this neighbourhood are wide, and low islands, partly wooded and partly cultivated, divide the river in channels. They stretch parallel with the shores, a considerable distance, and the immense passenger steamers sometimes find it difficult to traverse the sinuous main channel. These, and the tall-masted sloops, have the appearance, from the Castleton shore, of passing through vast meadows, the water that bears them not being visible.

In this vicinity is the famous hidden sand-bar, called Overslagh by the Dutch, so formidable to the navigators of this part of the river, not because of any actual danger, but of tedious detentions caused by running aground. Some improvements have been made. In former years the sight of from twenty to



VIEW NEAR THE OVERSLAGH.

fifty sail of river craft, fast aground on the Overslagh at low tide, was not rare; and the amount of profanity uttered by the vexed sailors was sufficient to demoralize the whole district. This bar is formed by the sand brought in by the Norman's Kill and other streams, and large sums have been expended in damming, dredging, and dyking, without entire success. As early as 1790, the state legislature authorised the proprietors of Mills and Papskni Islands to erect a dam or dyke between them, so as to throw all the water into the main channel, and thus increase its velocity sufficient to carry away the accumulating sand. It abated, but did not cure the difficulty. This bar is a perpetual contradiction to the frequent boast, that the navigation of the Hudson is unobstructed along its entire tide-watercourse. The Overslagh is the only exception, however.

About four miles below Castleton is the village of Schodack, a derivative from *ischoda*, a meadow, or fire-plain. This was anciently the seat of the council fire of the Mohegans upon the Hudson. They extended their villages along the eastern bank of the stream, as high as Lansingburgh, and their hunting grounds occupied the entire counties of Columbia and Rensselaer. As the white settlements crowded there, the Mohegans retired eastwardly to the valley of the Housatonic, in Massachusetts, where their descendants, known as the Stockbridge Indians, were for a long time religiously instructed by the eminent Jonathan Edwards. They embraced Christianity, abandoned the chase as a means of procuring subsistence, and adopted the arts of civilised life. A small remnant of these once powerful Mohegans is now living, as thriving agriculturists, on the shores of Winnebago Lake, in the far north-west.

About seven miles below Schodack is Stuyvesant Landing, the "port" of Kinderhook (*Kinders Hoeck*), the Dutch name for children's point, or corner. It is derived, as tradition asserts, from the fact that a Swede, the first settler at the point at Upper Kinderhook Landing, had a numerous progeny. The village, which was settled by Dutch and Swedes at an early period, is upon a plain five miles from the river, with most attractive rural surroundings. There, for

twenty years since his retirement from public life, the Honourable Martin Van Buren, a descendant of one of the early settlers, and the eighth president of the United States, has resided. His pleasant seat, embowered in hedges, is called "Lindenwold;" and there, in delightful quietude, the retired chief magistrate of the republic is spending the evening of his days.

The country road from Kinderhook to the Cocksakie Station passes through a rich and well-cultivated region, and leads the tourist to points from which the first extensive views of the magnificent range of the Katsbergs may be obtained.

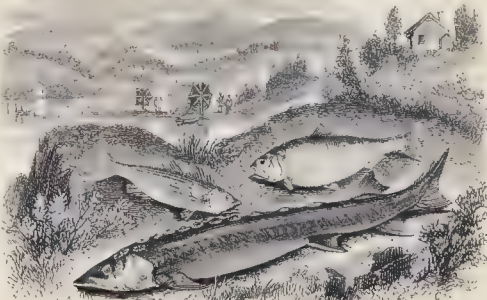
Cocksakie village is upon the west side of the river, partly along the shore for a mile, in three clusters. The more ancient portion, called Cocksakie Street, is upon a beautiful plain a mile from the river. The latter was originally built upon the post road, as most of the old villages along the Hudson were, the river



COCKSAKIE.

traffic being at that time inconsiderable. The name is the Iroquois word *Kurakee*, or the Cut Banks, Anglicised. Its appropriateness may be understood by the form of the shore, whose banks have evidently been cut down by the rushing river currents that sweep swiftly along between an island and the main, when the spring freshets occur. From a high rocky bluff at the ferry, on the east side of the river, a fine view of Cocksakie, with the blue Katsbergs as a background, may be obtained. Turning southward, the eye takes in a broad expanse of the river and country, with the city of Hudson in the distance; and northward are seen the little villages of Coeymans and New Baltimore, on the western shore. The site of the former bore the Indian name of *Sanago*. It was settled by the Dutch, and received its present name from one of its earlier inhabitants.

It was in blossoming May, when the shad fishers were in their glory, drawing full nets of treasure from the river in quick succession, when the "tide served," that I visited this portion of the Hudson. On both sides of the river they were pursuing their vocation with assiduity, for "the season" lasts only about two



FISHING SEAT N.—SHELTON, SHAD, BARN.\*

months. The immense reels on which they stretch and dry their nets, the rough, uncouth costume of the fishermen, appropriate to the water and the slime, the groups of young people who gather upon the beach to see the "catch," form interesting and sometimes picturesque foregrounds to every view on these shores. The Shad† is the most important fish of the Hudson, being very

\* The largest fish in the picture is the sturgeon, the smallest the striped bass, and the other a shad. The relative sizes and proportions are correct.

† *Alosa prestabilis*. Head and back dark bluish; sides of the body greenish, with blue and yellowish changeable metallic reflections; belly nearly white; length from one to two feet. It resides in the northern seas, but comes to us from the south to deposit its spawn. It appears at Charleston in January or February; early in March at Norfolk and Baltimore, and at New York at the latter end of March.



delicious as food, and caught in such immense numbers, as to make them cheap dishes for the poor man's table. They enter the Hudson in immense numbers towards the close of March or beginning of April, and ascend to the head of tide water to spawn. It is while in their passage up that the greater number and best conditioned are caught, several hundreds being sometimes taken in a single "catch." They generally descend the river at the close of May, when they are called Back Shad, and are so lean and almost worthless, that "thin as a June Shad" is a common epithet applied to lean persons.

The Sturgeon\* is also caught from the Hudson in large numbers at most of the fishing stations. The most important of these are in the vicinity of Hyde Park, a few miles above, and Low Point, a few miles below, the city of Poughkeepsie. These fish are sold in such quantities in Albany, that they have been called, in derision, "Albany beef," and the inhabitants of that ancient town, "Sturgeonites." They vary in size from two to eight feet in length, and in weight from 100 to 450 pounds. The "catch" commences in April, and continues until the latter end of August. The flesh is used for food by some, and the oil that is extracted is considered equal to the best sperm as an illuminator. The voyagers upon the Hudson may frequently see them leap several feet out of water when chasing their prey of smaller fish to the surface; and they have been known to seriously injure small boats, either by striking their bottoms with their snout in rising or falling into them. Bass and herring are also caught in abundance in almost every part of the river, and numerous smaller fishes reward the angler's patience by their beauty of form, if he be painter or poet, and their delicious flavor, if the table gives him pleasure.

About thirty miles below Albany, lying upon a bold, rocky promontory that juts out from the eastern shore at an elevation of fifty feet, with a beautiful bay on each side, is the city of Hudson, the capital of Columbia County, a port of entry, and one of the most delightfully situated towns on the river. It was founded in 1784 by thirty proprietors, chiefly Quakers from New England. Never in the history of the rapid growth of cities in America has there been a

scenes. Near its banks, a few miles from Hudson, are mineral springs, now rising into celebrity, and known as the Columbia Sulphur Springs. The accommodations for invalids and pleasure-seekers are arranged in the midst of a fine hickory grove, and many persons spend the summer months there very delightfully, away from the fashionable crowd. The tourist should not omit a visit to these springs, nor to Lebanon Springs further in the interior. The



ATHENS, FROM THE HUDSON RIVER WORKS.\*

latter may be reached by railway and stage-coaches from Hudson, with small expenditure of time and money.

The Lebanon Springs are the resort of many people during the summer months, but the chief attraction there to the tourist is a village two miles distant, upon a mountain terrace, composed entirely of celibates of both sexes, and of all ages, called Shakers. They number about 500, and own and occupy 10,000 acres of land, all of which susceptible of tillage is in a state of highest cultivation. The sect or society of this singular people originated in England a little more than 100 years ago. Ann Lee, the young wife of a blacksmith, who had borne several children, conceived the idea that marriage was impure and sinful. She found disciples, and after being persecuted as a fanatic for several years, she professed to have had a direct revelation that she was the female manifestation of the Christ upon earth, the male manifestation having been Jesus, the Deity being considered a duality—a being composed of both sexes. She was, and still is, called "Mother Ann," and is revered by her followers with a feeling akin to worship. With a few of them she came to America, planted "the church" a few miles from Albany, at a place called Niskayna, and there died. There are now eighteen distinct communities of this singular people in the United States, the aggregate membership numbering little more than 4,000. The community at New Lebanon is the most perfect of all in its arrangements; and there the hierarchy of the "Millennial Church" reside. Their strange forms of worship, consisting chiefly in singing and dancing; their quaint costume, their simple manners, their industry and frugality, the



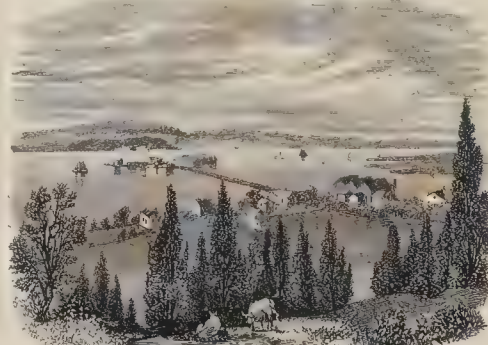
VIEW FROM THE PROMENADE, HUDSON.

more remarkable example than that of Hudson. Within three years from the time when the farm on which it stands was purchased, and only a solitary storeroom stood upon the bank of the river at the foot of the bluff, 150 dwellings, with wharves, storehouses, workshops, barns, &c., were erected, and a population of over 1,500 souls had settled there, and become possessed of a city charter.

The principal street of the city of Hudson extends from the slopes of a lofty eminence called Prospect Hill, nearly a mile, to the brow of the promontory fronting the river, where a pleasant public promenade was laid out more than fifty years ago. It is adorned with trees and shrubbery, and gravelled walks, and affords charming views up and down the river of the beautiful country westward, and the entire range of the Katzebergs, lying ten or twelve miles distant. In the north-west, the Helderberg range looms up beyond an agricultural district dotted with villages and farm-houses. Southward the prospect is bounded by Mount Merino high and near, over the bay, which is cultivated to its summit, and from whose crown the Highlands in the south, the Luzerne Mountains, near Lake George, in the north, the Katzebergs in the west, and the Green Mountains eastward, may be seen, blue and shadowy, and bounding the horizon with a grand and mysterious line; while at the feet of the observer, the city of Hudson lies like a picture spread upon a table. Directly opposite the city is Athens, a thriving little village, lying upon the river slope, and having a connection with its more stately sister by means of a steam ferry-boat. It was first named Lunenburg, then Esperanza, and finally was incorporated under its present title. Behind it spreads out a beautiful country, inhabited by a population consisting chiefly of descendants of the Dutch. All through that region, from Coxsack to Kingston, the Dutch language is still used in many families.

The country around Hudson is hilly and very picturesque, every turn in the road affording pleasant changes in landscape and agreeable surprises. A little northward, Claverack (*Hel Klauwer Rack*, the Clover Reach) Creek comes down from the hill in falls and cascades, and presents many romantic little

\* The Short-nosed Sturgeon (*Acipenser brevirostris*) is a large agile fish without scales, the smooth skin covered with small spinous asperities scattered equally over it. Its colour is dusky above, with faint traces of oblique bands; belly white, and the fins tinged with reddish colour.



VIEW AT KATZ KILL LANDING.

perfection of all their industrial operations, their chaste and exemplary lives, and the unsurpassed beauty and picturesqueness of the country in which they are seated, render a visit to the Shakers of Lebanon a long-to-be-remembered event in one's life.

About six miles below Hudson is the Oak-Hill Station, opposite the Katz-Kill (Cats-Kill) landing, at the mouth of the Katz-Kill, a clear and

\* The Hudson Iron Works are at the entrance of the South Bay, on a point of low land between the river and the railway. They belong to a Stock Company. The chief business is the conversion of the crude iron ore into "pigs" ready for the manufacturer's use. Two kinds of ore are used—hematite from West Stockbridge, and magnetite from the Forest of Dean, Mines, in the Hudson Highlands. They produce about 16,000 tons of "pig-iron" annually.



beautiful stream that flows down from the hill country of Schoharie County for almost forty miles.\* Here the tourist upon the railway will leave it for a trip to the Katzbergs before him, upon which may be seen, at the distance of eight miles in an air line, the "Mountain House," the famous resort for hundreds of people who escape from the dust of cities during the heat of summer. The river is crossed on a stean ferry-boat, and good omnibuses convey travellers from it to the pleasant village of Katz-Kill, which lies upon a slope on the left bank of the stream bearing the same name, less than half a mile from its mouth. At the village, conveyances are ready at all times to take the tourist to the Mountain House, twelve miles distant by the road, which passes through a picturesque and highly cultivated country, to the foot of the mountain.† Before making this tour, however, the traveller should linger awhile on the banks of the Katz-Kill, from the Hudson a few miles into the country, for there may be seen, from different points of view, some of the most charming scenery in the world. Every turn in the road, every bend in the stream, presents new and attractive pictures, remarkable for beauty and diversity in outline, colour, and aerial perspective. The solemn Katzbergs, sublime in form, and mysterious in their dim, incomprehensible, and ever-changing aspect, almost always form a prominent feature in the landscape. In the midst of this scenery, Cole, the eminent painter, loved to linger when the shadows of the early morning were projected towards the mountain, then bathed in purple mists; or at evening, when these lofty hills, then dark and awful, cast their deep shadows over more than half the country below, between their bases and the river.‡

The range of the Katzbergs rises abruptly from the plain on their eastern side, where the road that leads to Mountain House enters them, and follows the

in swift rapids or in little cascades, it hurries to the plain below. The road is sinuous; and in its ascent along the side of that glen, or more properly magnificent gorge, it is so inclosed by the towering hills on one side, and the lofty trees that shoot up on the other, that little can be seen beyond a few rods, except the sky above, or glimpses of some distant summit, until the pleasant nook in the mountain is reached, wherein the cabin of Rip Van Winkle is nestled. After that the course of the road is more nearly parallel with the river and the plain, and through frequent vistas glimpses may be caught of the country below, that charm the eye, excite the fancy and the imagination, and make the heart throb quicker and stronger with pleasurable emotions.

Rip's cabin is a decent farm-house, with two rooms, upon the road half-way from the plain to the Mountain House, at the head of the gorge, along whose



ENTRANCE TO THE KATZBERG.

margin of a deep, dark glen, through which flows a clear mountain stream seldom seen by the traveller, but heard continually for a mile and a half, as,

\* It was near here that the *Half-Moon* anchored on the 20th September, 1609, and was detained all the next day on account of the great number of natives who came on board, and had a merry time. Master Juet, one of Hudson's companions, says, in his Journal,—"Our master and his mate determined to take some of the chiefs men of the country, whether they had any treacherie in them. So they took them down into the cabin, and gave them so much wine and aqua vite that they were all merrie; and one of them had his wife with him, which sate so modestly, as any of our country women would doe in a strange place. In the end, one of them was drunke, which had been aboard of our ship all the time that we had bene there: and that was strange to them; for they could not tell how to take it. The canoes and folke went all on shore; but some of them came againe, and brought stropes of beades [wampum, made of the clam-shell]: some had sixe, seven, eight, nine, ten; and gave him. So he slept all night quietly." The savages did not venture on board until noon the next day, when they were glad to find their old companion that was so drunke, quite well again. They then brought on board tobacco, and more beades, which they gave to Hudson, "and made an Oration;" and afterward sent for venison, which was brought on board.

† Charmed with Katz-Kill and its vicinity, Cole made it at first a summer retreat, and finally his permanent residence; and there, in a fine old family mansion, delightfully situated to command a full view of the Katzberg range and the intervening country, his spirit passed from earth, while a sacred poem, created by his wealthy imagination and deep religious sentiment, was finding expression upon his easel in a series of fine pictures, like those of "The Course of Empire," and "The Voyage of Life." He entitled the series, "The Cross and the World." Two of them were unfinished. One had found form in a "study" only; the other was half-finished upon the large canvas, with some figures sketched in with white chalk. So they remain, just as the master left them; and so remains his studio. It is regarded by his devoted widow as a place too sacred for the common gaze. The stranger never enters it.

‡ The Indians called this range of hills *On-ti-O-ra*, signifying, Mountains of the Sky, for in some conditions of the atmosphere they are said to appear like a heavy cumulous cloud above the horizon. The Dutch called them Katzbergs, or Cat Mountains, because of the prevalence of panthers and wild-cats upon them. The word Cats-Kill, is partly English and partly Dutch: Katz-Kill, Dutch; Cats-Creek, English.



RIP VAN WINKLE'S CABIN.

margin the traveller has ascended. It is so called because it stands within the "amphitheatre" reputed to be the place where the ghostly nine-pin players of Irving's charming story held their revel, and where thirsty Rip Van Winkle lay down to his long repose by "that wicked flagon," watched by his faithful dog Wolf, and undisturbed by the tongue of Dame Van Winkle. As one stands upon the rustic bridge, in front of the cabin, and looks down the dark glen, up to the impending cliffs, or around in that rugged amphitheatre, the scene comes up vividly in memory, and the "company of odd-looking personages playing at nine-pins" reappear. "Some wore short doublets, others jerkins, with long knives in their belts, and most of them had enormous breeches, of similar style with that of the guides. Their visages, too, were peculiar: one had a large head, broad face, and small piggy eyes; the face of another seemed to consist entirely of a nose, and was surmounted by a white sugar-loaf hat, set off with a little red cock's tail. They all had beards, of various shapes and colours. There was one who seemed to be the commander. He was a stout old gentleman, with a weather-beaten countenance; he wore a laced doublet, broad belt and hanger, and high-crowned hat and feather, red stockings, and high-heeled shoes with roses in them. What seemed particularly odd to Rip was, that though these folks were evidently amusing themselves, yet they maintained the gravest faces, the most mysterious silence, and were withal the most melancholy party of pleasure he had ever witnessed. Nothing interrupted the stillness of the scene but the noise of the balls, which, whenever they were rolled, echoed along the mountains like rumbling peals of thunder."

Such was the company to whom hen-pecked Rip Van Winkle, wandering upon the mountains on a squirrel hunt, was introduced by a mysterious stranger carrying a keg of liquor, at autumnal twilight. And there it was that thirsty Rip drank copiously, went to sleep, and only awoke when twenty years had rolled away. His dog was gone, and his rusty gun-barrel, bereft of its stock, lay by his side. He doubted his identity. He sought the village tavern and its old frequenters; his own house, and his faithful Wolf. Alas! everything was changed, except the river and the mountains. Only one thing gave him real joy—Dame Van Winkle's terrible tongue had been silenced for ever by death! He was a mystery to all, and more a mystery to himself than to others. Whom had he met in the mountains? those queer fellows that reminded him of "the figures in an old Flemish painting, in the parlour of Dominic Van Schaick, the village parson. Sage Peter Vonderdonck was called to explain the mystery; and Peter successfully responded. He asserted that it was a fact, handed down from his ancestor, the historian, that the Kaats-Kill Mountains had always been haunted by strange beings. That it was affirmed that the great Hendrick Hudson, the first discoverer of the river and country, kept a kind of vigil there every twenty years, with his crew of the *Half-Moon*, being permitted in this



way to revisit the scenes of his enterprise, and keep a guardian eye upon the river and the great city called by his name. That his father had once seen them, in their old Dutch dresses, playing at nine-pins in a hollow of the mountain; and that himself had heard, one summer afternoon, the sound of their balls, like distant peals of thunder." Rip's veracity was vindicated; his daughter gave him a comfortable home; and the grave historian of the event assures us that the Dutch inhabitants, "even to this day, never hear a thunder-storm of a summer afternoon about the Kaats-Kill, but they say, Hendrick Hudson and his crew are at their game of nine-pins."

The Van Winkle of our day, who lives in the cottage by the mountain road-side as long as a guest lingers at the great mansion above him, is no kin to old Rip, and we strongly suspect that his name is borrowed; but he keeps refreshments that strengthen many a weary toiler up the mountain—liquors equal, no doubt, to those in the "wicked flagons" that the ancient one served to the ghostly company—and from a rude spout pours cooling draughts into his cabin from a mountain spring, more delicious than ever came from the juice of the grape.

There are many delightful resting-places upon the road, soon after leaving Rip's cabin, as we toil wearily up the mountain, where the eye takes in a magnificent panoramas of hill and valley, forest and river, hamlet and village, and



MOUNTAIN HOUSE, FROM THE ROAD.

thousands of broad acres where herds graze and the farmer gathers his crops,—much of it dimly because of distance—a beautifully coloured map rather than a picture. These delight the eye and quicken the pulse, as has been remarked; but there is one place upon that road where the ascending weary ones enjoy more exquisite pleasure for a moment than at any other point in all that mountain region. It is at a turn in the road where the Mountain House stands suddenly before and above the traveller, revealed in perfect distinctness—column, capital, window, rock, people—all apparently only a few rods distant. There, too, the road is level, and the traveller rejoices in the assurance that the toilsome journey is at an end; when, suddenly, he finds himself, like the young pilgrim in Cole's "Voyage of Life," disappointed in his course. The road that seemed to be leading directly to that beautiful mansion, upon the crag just above him, turns away, like the stream that appeared to be taking the ambitious young voyager directly to the shadowy temple of Fame in the clouds; and many a weary step must be taken, over a crooked, hilly road, before the traveller can reach the object of his journey.

The grand rock-platform, upon which the Mountain House stands, is reached at last; and then comes the full recompense for all weariness. Bathed—immersed—in pure mountain air, almost three thousand feet above tide-water, full, positive, enduring rest is given to every muscle after a half hour's respiration of that invigorating atmosphere; and soul and limb are ready for a longer, loftier, and more rugged ascent.

There is something indescribable in the pleasure experienced during the first hour passed upon the piazza of the Mountain House, gazing upon the scene toward the east. That view has been described a thousand times. I shall not attempt it. Much rhetoric, and rhyme, and sentimental platitudes have been employed in the service of description, but none have conveyed to my mind a picture so graphic, truthful, and satisfactory as Natty Bumppo's reply to Edwards's question, "What see you when you get there?"

"Creation!" said Natty, dropping the end of his rod into the water, and sweeping one hand around him in a circle, "all creation, lad. I was on that hill where Vaughan burnt Sopus, in the last war, and I saw the vessels come out of the Highlands as plainly as I can see that lime-scow rowing into the Susquehanna, though one was twenty times further from me than the other. The river was in sight for seventy miles under my feet, looking like a curled shaving, though it was eight long miles to its banks. I saw the hills in the Hampshire Grants, the Highlands of the river, and all that God had done, or man could do, as far as the eye could reach—you know that the Indians named me for my sight, lad—and from the flat on the top of that mountain, I have often found the place where Albany stands; and as for Sopus! the day the royal troops burnt the town, the smoke seemed so nigh that I thought I could hear the screeches of the women."

"It must have been worth the toil, to meet with such a glorious view."

"If being the best part of a mile in the air, and having men's farms at your feet, with rivers looking like ribands, and mountains bigger than the 'Vision,'

seeming to be haystacks of green grass under you, give any satisfaction to a man, I can recommend the spot."

The aerial pictures seen from the Mountain House are sometimes marvellous, especially during a shower in the plain, when all is sunshine above, while the lightning plays and the thunder rolls far below the dwellers upon the summits; or after a storm, when mists are driving over the mountains, struggling with the wind and sun, or dissolving into invisibility in the pure air. At rare intervals, an apparition, like the spectre of the Brocken, may be seen. A late writer, who was once there during a summer storm, was favoured with the sight. The guests were in the parlour, when it was announced that "the house was going past on the outside!" All rushed to the piazza, and there, sure enough, upon a moving cloud, more dense than the fog that enveloped the mountain, was a perfect picture of the great building, in colossal proportions. The mass of vapour was passing slowly from north to south, directly in front, at a distance, apparently, of two hundred feet from the building, and reflected the noble Corinthian columns which ornament the front of the building, every window, and all the spectators. The cloud moved on, and "ere long," says the writer, "we saw one pillar disappear, and then another. We, ourselves, who were expanded into Brobdingnags in size, saw the gulf into which we were to enter and be lost. I almost shuddered when my turn came, but there was no eluding my fate; one side of my face was veiled, and in a moment the whole had passed like a dream. An instant before, and we were the inhabitants of a 'gorgeous palace,' but it was the 'baseless fabric of a vision,' and now there was left 'not a wreck behind.'"

As a summer shower passes over the plain below, the effect at the Mountain House is sometimes truly grand, even when the lightning is not seen or the thunder heard. A young lady, now at the side of the writer, who recently visited that eyrie, recorded her vision and impressions on the spot. "The whole scene before us," she says, "was a vast panorama, constantly varying and changing. The blue of the depths and distances—clouds, mountains, and shadows—was such that the perception entered into our very souls. How shall I describe the colour? It was not mazarine, because there was no blackness in it; it was not sunlit atmosphere, because there was no white brightness in it; and yet there was a sort of hidden, beaming brilliancy, that completely absorbed our eyes and hearts. It was not the blue of water, because it was not liquid or crystal-like; it was something as the calm, soft, lustre of a steady blue eye. . . . And how various were the forms and motions of the vapour! Hills, mountains, domes, pyramids, wreaths and sprays of mist arose, mounted, hung, fell, curled, and almost leaped before us, white with their own spotlessness, but not bright with the sun's rays, for the luminary was still obscured. . . . We looked down to behold what we might discover. A breath of heaven cleared the mist from below,—softly at first, but gradually more decisive. Larger and darker became a spot in the magic depths, when, lo! as in a vision, fields, trees, fences, and the habitations of men were revealed before our eyes. For the first time something real and defined lay before us, far down in that wonderful gulf. Far beneath heaven and us slept a speck of creation, unlighted by the evening rays that touched us, and colourless in the twilight obscurity. Intently we watched the magic glass, but—did we breathe upon its surface?—a mist fell before us, and we looked up as if awakened from a dream."

Although the Mountain House is far below the higher summits of the range, portions of four States of the Union, and an area of about ten thousand square miles, are comprised in the scope of vision from its piazza. From the top of the South Mountain near, and three hundred feet above the Mountain House,



VIEW FROM SOUTH MOUNTAIN.

and of the North Mountain more distant and higher, a greater range of sight may be obtained, including a portion of a fifth State. From the latter, a majestic view of mountain scenery, and of the lowlands southward, may be obtained at the price of a little fatigue, for which full compensation is given. The Katers-Kill\* lakes, lying in a basin a short distance from the Mountain House, with all their grand surroundings, the house itself, and the South Mountain, and the Round Top or Liberty Cap, form the middle ground; while in the dim distance the winding Hudson, with the Esopus, Shawangunk, and Highland ranges are revealed, the borders of the river dotted with villas and towns appearing mere white specks on the landscape.

\* Kater is the Dutch for *He-Cat*—He-Cats Creek.



## ART IN THE CITY.

THE "City of London," distinctively so called—that is to say, the most important portion of that part of the British metropolis which is situated to the east of Temple Bar—is gradually assuming a new architectural aspect, altogether worthy of its rank and its reputation amongst the cities of the world. One only condition of architectural splendour of the highest order is wanting in that eastern London, which is so happily superseding the "city" of the last half century: there is a grievous deficiency of space—space sufficiently ample to admit of broad squares, like the *fora* of antiquity, and of streets which leave a wide expanse open between noble buildings. The ground is by far too valuable for the sites of the edifices themselves, to allow more than a *minimum* portion of it to remain unoccupied. The merchant princes of London have wisely accepted this circumstance, incidental to the building of the "city" afresh, as a fact which it is impossible to set aside, and they have dealt with it accordingly. They have determined that their "city" shall be a grand city, notwithstanding the necessity that it should be a city traversed, with rare exceptions only, by narrow streets. These narrow streets are to be lined, on either side, with civic and mercantile palaces; and, as if to demonstrate most conclusively the spirit of the "city" builders of our day, a large proportion of the best and worthiest of the new buildings are situated in the very narrowest streets—those which, in token of the close proximity of their two sides, still retain their original appellation of "lanes."

It is with the utmost pride, as well as with the most sincere satisfaction, that we now invite attention to the present condition and the future prospects of "Art in the city;" and we feel assured that, in the time to come, we shall repeatedly have occasion to revert to the same subject, in terms equally gratifying to ourselves and honourable to the citizens of our metropolitan city.

Without attempting, on the present occasion, to pass in review before our readers any minutely detailed notice of even the principal streets which are most distinguished by their advance towards re-edification, we shall be content to illustrate with a few examples our general remarks upon the important character of the architectural works that have recently been completed, or that are still in progress in the "city." The solid and enduring manner in which the greater number of the new civic edifices have been planned and erected, is worthy of particular notice. They are evidently intended for both endurance and utility. Their decorative features also aim far higher than a mere showy display. These decorations are designed to harmonise with the buildings, and to give them character and emphasis; and, at the same time, these decorated buildings are designed to constitute the components of a great architectural city. And, we must be careful to add, that architecture is far from being alone in the Art-revival of eastern London. The Arts have discovered that a cordial welcome awaits them *all* in the "city." Pictures of the highest order have ceased to travel almost exclusively towards the sun-setting. Sculptors find that commissions are as freely and as liberally given in the east as in the west. The art of engraving flourishes as vigorously in Cornhill and Cheapside, and Gracechurch Street, as it does in Pall Mall. And the decorative arts have lately received, in the Hall of the Painters' Company, an impulse at least equal to anything that has been done for them of late years at Westminster, and which ranges with the operations of the Museum and Art-schools at South Kensington. Such a comprehensive encouragement of the Arts in the midst of the greatest mercantile community in the world, coupled with a judicious as well as generous liberality, cannot fail to be productive of results of the very greatest importance. The example thus set in London will be felt beneficially throughout the empire. This movement, in addition to its direct and definite influence for good, encourages our artists and Art-workmen, of every order and class, to feel that they have a becoming interest in the increasing wealth of the mercantile community of England; and, on the other hand, it shows that wealthy English merchants are animated by a noble

spirit, and desirous to distribute their wealth in a manner calculated to advance the best interests of their countrymen.

Foremost amongst recent architectural works in the city, the restorations of the CHURCH OF ST. MICHAEL, CORNHILL, by Mr. G. G. Scott, A.R.A., will long maintain an eminent position. This church now shows what a judicious restoration may be enabled to accomplish, from a thoroughly able architect having at his disposal both abundant means and accomplished Art-allies. Mr. Scott was fortunate in both these conditions of successful working: the parochial authorities reposed in him a wise confidence, and Mr. Scott is always able to command the cordial co-operation of such men as Messrs. Bell and Clayton, the artists in glass, and Mr. Phillip, the architectural sculptor. The result of Mr. Scott's labours is not one of the least of his many successes, and it couples the city church of St. Michael with Ely Cathedral, as an admirable ecclesiastical restoration. Everything is really good, really consistent, and really well done. There is no extravagance, on the one hand, nor is there any trace of superficial treatment on the other. Every detail bears the impress of thoughtful consideration, of artistic feeling, and of skilful execution; and the whole harmonizes admirably as a whole, enhancing the individual worthiness of the several details through their felicitous combination. It is to be regretted that so small a portion of the present Church of St. Michael, Cornhill, should be visible from Cornhill itself: and yet, perhaps, we ought rather to congratulate the occupants of that important street, and all who traverse its ever-busy area, that the porch of St. Michael's Church, as Mr. Scott has left it, is open at all times to observation. This porch is richly decorated with sculptured foliage, in the several orders of the recessed arch, and between the polished granite shafts by which the arch-mouldings themselves are carried. The actual doorway opens under a horizontal lintel, thus leaving above it, and within the innermost order of the pointed arch, a tympanum, which is appropriately filled with a group, representing the triumph of St. Michael, sculptured in bold relief. The whole of this porch is worthy of careful study, as a pure and truly beautiful example of what Gothic art is able to accomplish, and actually has accomplished in our own times, and at the hands of living artists and workmen. We must not quit this church, however, without a word of just compliment to Mr. G. Rogers, who has executed the internal wood carvings—many of which are of a highly decorative character—in a most able and artistic manner. The inside of St. Michael's is worth a visit if only to inspect these works. It will be, however, our pleasant duty, at no distant period, to pass these productions under more detailed review—probably with engraved copies of some of them, for they are admirable and valuable suggestions and examples to all classes of artists and artisans, being truly great works by one who is a great master.

From Cornhill we pass on further towards the south-east, and in Mincing Lane (a genuine urban "lane," with granite pavement and two rows of lofty continuous edifices, in the place of the gravel and twin hedgerows of "lanes" in the country) we stand before the oriel front of the new HALL OF THE CLOTHWORKERS' COMPANY. It is somewhat difficult to obtain a satisfactory view of this front, because Mincing Lane is very narrow, and consequently it is necessary to look up at an angle not by any means favourable to the personal comfort of the observer. But this is a condition as inseparable from London *lane* architecture, as "lanes" themselves are inevitable in London; so we are content to look up accordingly. The impression thus obtained is sufficiently agreeable in itself; indeed, we are tempted to look to the right and the left, as well as directly before us, for this is a truly palatial "lane;" and when the "city" shall have become throughout what Mincing Lane is already, London will be something to be looked at with admiring surprise for its civic architecture, no less than because of its mercantile pre-eminence.

The business buildings (as we suppose we must designate them) of Mincing Lane vary very considerably in their style and character: but there is an air of reality and of definite purpose about them all, combined, in many instances, with decidedly

pronounced architectural features, which produce a powerful effect. Clothworkers' Hall, as would be expected, is the principal edifice in this group. The width of the frontage of the hall is comparatively small, the principal mass of the building extending back to a very considerable depth, at right angles to the lane. This hall is a new building, and it has been erected entirely from the designs and under the direction and superintendence of Mr. Angell, the contractors for the works having been Messrs. Jay. The style of the architecture is that of the classic Renaissance, and it has been handled by the architect with singular freedom and boldness, so that his success is far greater than is usually accomplished in our country in this style. Mr. Angell has dared to think and to design for himself, instead of merely striving to adopt or to imitate certain stereotyped ideas and forms. He has made his style subservient to his own genius, and to the special requirements of the edifice which he had to erect. It has very naturally followed that the edifice is precisely what it was desired to be. It fulfils well the expectations of the company and the intentions of the architect; and it demonstrates the facility with which a competent architect, who is an artist in the true acceptance of the term, may produce an excellent building in whatever style of architecture he may adopt.

This edifice comprises a magnificent hall, 80 feet in length by 40 feet both in width and height (a double cube of 40 feet), two spacious drawing-rooms, of equal excellence with the hall, a grand staircase, a court-room, and a series of other apartments required for various purposes, together with a most complete group of domestic offices; to which must be added a very cleverly planned entrance corridor, leading from the outer to the inner vestibule, and having a succession of official apartments on its left-hand side. The distinguishing characteristics of this edifice are its completeness, and the perfect harmony which pervades its component parts. A single walk through the building is sufficient to produce the conviction that everything is complete, and also that each individual part is essential to every other. Before he began, the architect had evidently made himself master of every detail of the structure that he was to call into existence. The plan, consequently, is carefully adjusted with the view to a definite general result. The different rooms and the corridors, with their respective details, are well arranged and appropriate both to their own duty and to their position, and also for their association with one another. The same thoughtful care is apparent throughout the entire building; and everything is no less commendable in its Art-character, than it is in its constant adaptation to what is required from it. A more artistic edifice we do not believe to have been erected in our times in England. The furniture and fittings, the heraldic stained glass in the windows, the granite columns attached to the inner faces of the walls of the banqueting-hall, and all the sculptures and carvings, are alike in contributing their own becoming part to the general excellence that pervades the whole. Let us not omit to notice with special admiration the beauty of the Aberdeen granite of the noble columns in the hall, and also their perfect harmony of colour. The stained glass also claims its own especial notice. Much of it is old, but a very considerable portion has been recently added by Lavers and Barraud, and some by Bishop. The heraldic glass of Mr. Lavers (himself a member of the company) is the very best of its kind that we have seen; and heraldic glass is second, in interest and value, to none of the productions of this beautiful department of Art. The spandrels of the half vault of this splendid hall contain a series of sculptured figures, allegorical of the principal commercial cities of England. The full effect of this hall, we must add, remains to be produced when the subsidiary decorations of gilding and colour shall have been added to its sculptured and carved details. Before we again descend the stairs to the vestibule and corridor, with their rich pavements of Minton tiles and diapered Kampulicon, we must render a tribute of just praise to the kitchen department, replete as it is with cunningly contrived fittings for producing feasts of marvellous magnitude as well as of most *riche* delicacy; and the steward's and the butler's rooms must be mentioned—rooms which give such signi-



ficient promise of their abundant and prompt resources. We take our final leave of the interior of Clothworkers' Hall, however, not with a lingering expression of admiration for its first-rate kitchens, butteries, and other accessories of the purveyor's department, but, faithful to our proper calling, we devote our last words to a strong expression of our admiration for the pure and really artistic taste which is apparent in the draperies, carpets, and furniture of the drawing-rooms. The skill shown in the selection and combination of various colours and tints, and in their association with gilding, deserves the most unqualified commendation, and it exemplifies in the happiest manner the great advance that has been made since 1851 in the Art-manufactures of this country. The glass chandeliers are equally worthy of praise, and they add in no slight degree to the general effectiveness of the tastefully splendid apartments, which they serve to fill with such brilliant light.

The exterior of Clothworkers' Hall, on its front towards Mincing Lane, has received from us but a very slight notice. This is not in consequence of its having been in any degree neglected by the architect, or because it is not in keeping with the interior of the building. Constructed entirely of stone, the exterior is much enriched, and is a successful specimen of the modern treatment of the classic Renaissance style, without presenting any peculiarities or special characteristics. Perhaps it may be considered to be somewhat too much elaborated for its association with the other new buildings of the same locality; but, however that may be, its elaborate ornamentation gives it a distinctive individuality in Mincing Lane, even though it may leave it to take equal rank with other much ornamented classic Renaissance exteriors in London. These edifices are never altogether satisfactory. They have not the appearance of being exactly the right buildings in the right places. From Messrs. Saris' soaring establishment in Cornhill downwards, our Renaissance street architecture always leaves something to be desired. That "something" appears to have been latent in the architecture, which associates bricks in large quantities with more precious materials, and which would build, not after a classic style, but in a Gothic spirit. Possibly the abundance of stucco Renaissance work in western London may serve to depreciate the worthiness of structures in the same style erected, whether in the west or in the east, in stone, and dressed with granite and marble. It would indeed be but a weak parody of the boast of Augustus, to point to Regent Street, and to claim honours for a prince who found London a city of bricks, and left it a city of stucco. After all, the real worthiness of the edifices of any city does not consist in the preciousness of the materials from which they may be constructed, but in the Art that is apparent in their architecture. The marble Rome of the Augustan era we must consider to have risen high above the brick city of the consuls, from the fact that the imperial marble architects were *artists*, while their predecessors were *builders* merely—heapers up of masses of fire-hardened clay and well slaked lime. It is the Art in the architect which ennobles both the constructive and the decorative materials he may employ. Thus, in a mere builder's hands, the marble may prove ignoble, while the true architect may develop nobleness from bricks. It seems that this last process is now actually in the course of realization amongst us. And, from whatever cause, it is certain that the noble brickwork is decidedly more effective than the Renaissance work, even when executed in stone, with the aid of marble and granite. It is true that the architect who builds with bricks, invites the co-operation of stone and marble and granite; and hence, from this combination of materials, together with the happier influences of Gothic art, he may, in all probability, be considered to have achieved his success.

Noble brickwork is not by any means easy to be produced; nor does it follow that a high architectural aim in brickwork should necessarily be successful. London can produce many examples of recent failures in brickwork, which certainly have not failed through any want of pretension. It is also by no means difficult to adduce instances of unsuccessful street Gothic in London, where the aim of the architect has been to produce what might

be esteemed as typical structures. The insurance office, near Blackfriars' Bridge, by Deane and Woodward, would have challenged unqualified admiration, had not the architects appeared to rely too much upon the precious nature of their materials, and had they not also most unfortunately preferred to assimilate their street Gothic to certain mediæval relics, instead of adapting the Gothic style to the existing condition of things. A mediævalizing Gothic in the streets of London will always inevitably fail, simply because it seeks to belong to a period that is past, instead of one now present. But, happily, some of our architects have discovered that they may build in the spirit of Gothic art, without even a trace of any mediæval association. And these gentlemen will, in all probability, solve the problem, as to what may be the best and most effective architecture for the streets of English cities and towns in the second half of the nineteenth century.

We readily and gladly admit that we are favourably disposed towards brick architecture, *provided that it is architecture*. Accordingly, we have watched with much interest the rapid progress of a brick building of considerable size, that has been reared during the last six months in Cheapside, near King Street. Without going so far as to hold it forward as an example of brickwork perfection, we are prepared to claim for this edifice a place of honour amongst the present Art productions of the "city." The building in question is destined to form a group of shops, and it is constructed of red and yellow bricks, with a considerable admixture of stone-work in the ground story and in the first story above it. The effect, which is truly excellent, is produced by the skill and judgment with which the bricks have been adjusted, those of each of the two colours to one another, and all of them in their combination with the stone-work; and also from the ability displayed in producing true decorative construction from the bricks, with the least possible aid from the stone. This last remark is particularly exemplified in the corbelling and general execution of the cornice. The whole of the stone-work also exhibits a truly masterly treatment, and it is particularly happy in its association with the brick portions of the work. It is to be hoped that, when these buildings are completed, their interior fittings will all be carried out in conformity with the style of the architecture, after the manner of Chamberlain's carpet warehouse at Birmingham. The architect of the Cheapside edifice, which constitutes so valuable an addition to the productions of "Art in the city," is Mr. Warren, of 6, Whitehall Place; and the work has been chiefly executed under the personal direction of the proprietor, Mr. Farlar.

From Cheapside a walk of three or four minutes, down Queen Street towards the river, leads us to another very admirable example of brickwork in association with stone, and, in this instance, in association also with granite and various marbles, now being rapidly advanced towards completion by Messrs. Tress and Chambers. This building, which is intended to form the rectory-house of the parish of St. Thomas the Apostle, is characterized by great refinement, as well in the brickwork as in the details and accessories in more precious materials. The style is rather after the Gothic manner than strictly Gothic, while, at the same time, the whole is both designed and executed in a thoroughly Gothic feeling. The utmost care is being bestowed upon the carving of the foliage and other enrichments, both in marble and stone; and what is already executed leaves nothing to be desired as architectural carving. It could be improved only by a greater breadth and freedom of treatment in some parts of the design, and more particularly in the arrangement of the groups of single leaves. A porch yet remains to be added. It will consist of a bracket-like projection over the adjacent footway, carried by shafts of polished granite, and it will constitute at once a striking and an eminently successful feature of the composition. This work, while it differs in many important respects from the Cheapside edifice of Mr. Warren and Mr. Farlar, corresponds with it in its general character. Both buildings may rely with confidence upon their own intrinsic merits, and they both will assuredly exert a beneficial influence upon the street architecture of London. The architects of the St. Thomas' rectory-house have the satisfaction of seeing it situated immediately opposite their own offices.

We trust that so favourable an example of their professional powers may prove to be beneficial to them, as certainly it is a most gratifying illustration of the present condition of their "Art in the city." We may remind our readers that the same architects are in the course of erecting other buildings, at the present time, in the same style and on a larger scale, at Hoxton.

Not far from Queen Street, near the north bank of the Thames, and in the neighbourhood of Southwark Bridge, stands the old *HALL OF THE PAINTERS' COMPANY*, which has lately been taking what we believe will prove to be an influential and beneficial part in the Art-movement in the "city." It is not, however, by any architectural effort on its own behalf, that this hall of one of the earliest of the civic guilds of London has come forward to do good service in a good cause. The building itself is content to remain in its existing condition—to remain as it has been transmitted to our day from the days that have long passed away: but it has been the scene of a truly noble effort to render the halls and guilds of London available for advancing the interests of the citizens of London, by raising them to higher positions in their several occupations and professions. Mr. Sewell, the able and intelligent Master of the Painter Stainers' Company, has formed a plan for holding a yearly public exhibition in the hall of his company, of works produced in London by "workmen, artificers, and artists connected with painting and decoration;" such works to be submitted to the judgment of competent persons for criticism and reward. This admirable scheme has been already tried in practice with the most gratifying success. A numerous and varied collection of decorative works was brought together during the last two months, and exhibited in the Painters' Hall. Many of the specimens were distinguished by great excellence.\* The experiment has realized the most sanguine expectations of the projector, and of all who sympathise with his project; and it has also impressed the exhibitors themselves with a conviction of its importance, so that the exhibition of another year may be expected to confirm the successful issue of that which is just closed. This is a truly judicious revival of the practical operation of an institution, which for all purposes of public utility had been considered almost obsolete. It is another step taken in the right direction, with the view to render Art available for the improvement of our manufactures and our national mechanical productions; and, consequently, it is another step towards rendering Art a beneficent agency in the amelioration of our Art-workmen and the actual producers of various decorative processes. The civic guild thus ceases to exist simply as a time-honoured relic of the past, and as a shadowy illustration of departed usages; for it rises to a renewed vitality, as the means of effectually encouraging "Art in the city," and of fostering its progress and development; and once more it exercises a present influence, and it again vindicates its claim for fresh support and sympathy, from the fact that it now stands honourably forward in the effort to impart an intellectual and artistic feeling to the practical workmen of London, to cultivate their taste, to strengthen their mental faculties, and to elevate both their intellectual and their social position. Such a project cannot fail to be completely successful. We heartily bid Mr. Sewell "God-speed," and we shall cordially support him in his future efforts to lead on his plaus to their full maturity. Meanwhile, with a view to facilitate the practical efficiency of his scheme, we venture to suggest to Mr. Sewell that he might perhaps form one or more classes of Art-workmen for the study of Art in the hall of his company, during the next winter season; and with such classes he might associate a course of descriptive and illustrative lectures upon the same subject. It is unnecessary for us to do more than to offer such a suggestion: should it prove worthy of his attention, we are assured that Mr. Sewell will accept it in a right spirit, and work it out far more effectually than we could hope to do ourselves.

\* The successful competitors—viz., Messrs. Kershaw, Simkin, Edmett, and McDouall—were, at a full court, presented with the freedom of the Company and certificates of merit for specimens of decorations in Arabesque, marbling, graining, and writing. 876 persons visited this exhibition during the month it was open.



THE  
SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM.

THE Report of the House of Commons has been issued: it is a document so lucid and explanatory, presenting so comprehensive a history of the position and purpose of the Museum, that our readers cannot fail to thank us for printing it—abstracting but a few unimportant passages.

The Committee consisted of the following members: Mr. Hutt, Mr. Blackburn, Mr. John Locke, Mr. Stirling, Mr. Kinnaid, Lord William Graham, Sir John Shelley, Mr. Alderman Cubitt, Mr. Joseph Locke, Mr. John Cole, Mr. Haukey, Mr. Adderley, Mr. Beamish, Mr. George Cavendish Bentinck, Mr. Lowe.

The Committee met thirteen times, examined various persons, and almost unanimously agreed to their Report.

"Your Committee, looking to the terms of the reference, have limited their inquiries, as far as possible, to the South Kensington Museum, and have not thought it their duty to enter at any length upon the many large and important subjects involved in the institutions for promoting Science and Art; namely, the School of Mines, the Geological Museum and Geological Survey, the Museum of Irish Industry, the Royal Dublin Society, the Industrial Museum of Scotland, the twelve Navigation and Science Schools, and the eighty Art Schools, throughout the United Kingdom, all of which are under the Science and Art Department. The general superintendence of, and pecuniary grants to, these institutions are administered by the lord-president of the council, and the vice-president of the Committee of Council on Education, at South Kensington; but these institutions did, and might, exist quite independently of the South Kensington Museum itself, which, indeed, was added to them as late as 1857. The Art schools, however, have direct relations with the museum, in respect of the collections and books of Art; and your Committee have accordingly investigated these relations.

"Your Committee proceeded, in the first instance, to ascertain the nature, cost, and uses of the objects deposited in the South Kensington Museum, and the reasons why they had been placed in that locality. They find that the collections consist of—1. Objects of ornamental art, as applied to manufactures, with an Art library; 2. British pictures, sculpture, and engravings; 3. Architectural examples; 4. Appliances for scholastic education; 5. Materials for buildings and construction; 6. Substances used for food; 7. Animal products; 8. Models of patented inventions; and, 9. Reproductions by means of photography and casting.

"It is on behalf of the ornamental Art collections of various kinds that the state has made the principal outlay. The system of purchase commenced as early as 1839, in accordance with the recommendation of a Committee of the House of Commons of 1835-6.

"A sum of £10,000 was voted in 1840 to purchase examples of Art for the Schools of Design; £5,000 was voted to buy examples from the Exhibition of 1851; and in 1855, parliament granted £20,000 to buy specimens from the Bernal collection. It appears that the state has expended during the last twenty-two years on purchases of Art specimens and books, now in charge of the South Kensington Museum, nearly £50,000. Mr. Cole produced an inventory which shows the classes of objects which have been deposited in this department of the museum. They illustrate various manufactures, pottery, glass, metal-working, furniture, woven fabrics, and the like; and their date extends from the 12th century to the present time. The Committee of the House of Commons, in 1836, recommended that 'specimens from the era of the revival of Arts, everything in short which exhibits in combination the efforts of the artist and the workman, should be sought for in the formation of such institutions. They should also contain the most approved modern specimens, foreign as well as domestic.' This recommendation has been carried into effect by the South Kensington Museum.

"The system by which purchases are made was fully described by various witnesses; it is the duty of Mr. Robinson, the superintendent of the Art-collections, to find out and select suitable specimens,

which, after consultation with the inspector-general for Art, Mr. Redgrave, R.A., and the secretary and general superintendent, Mr. Cole, are submitted to the lord-president or the vice-president. If they are approved, a minute is made either for an absolute or conditional purchase. If the purchase be conditional, the object is exhibited in the museum, pursuant to a minute passed by Mr. Henley, President of the Board of Trade in 1852, and public criticism is invited upon it. All purchases are registered, and an inventory of them is published and sold, which enables the public to know the history, the date, and the price which has been paid for each article. The objects are well arranged for public instruction, as far as the limited space allows. Every article is fully labelled in the museum, so that the visitors are not obliged to refer to a catalogue. The collection seems to have been economically made. Sir Francis Scott, chairman of the Birmingham School of Art, and a collector himself, considers that the objects would fetch from seven to ten per cent. more than has been paid for them. Mr. Webb would 'like to give double the price paid for many things.' Mr. Cole produced a letter written by Mr. Hope, which stated, 'that if Government is inclined to speculation, it will realize a handsome profit on the sums originally expended.'

"Your Committee have investigated a complaint often made against the South Kensington Museum and British Museum, to the effect that the officers of these institutions compete with each other at public sales. After examining Mr. Panizzi, the officers of the South Kensington Museum, and Mr. Webb, the agent who buys for both institutions, your Committee find not only that such competition has never occurred, but that a concerted action has been always taken between both institutions, by the employment of one buyer for the two, to prevent any such competition. The report appears to have originated from the fact, as stated by Mr. Webb, that the British Museum and the Ordnance Department once competed for a suit of Greek armour, the British Museum being in entire ignorance that the Ordnance Department contemplated such a purchase for the Tower of London.

"Evidence was produced to your Committee showing the great extent to which the public are disposed to co-operate with the state in assisting exhibition. Exclusive of the Koh-i-noor diamond, and the British pictures, the liberality of the Queen and of private individuals, during the last seven years, has given the public the benefit of loans and gifts of ornamental art, which have been estimated at a value exceeding £400,000.

"The objects have not been merely exhibited in the metropolis, but a system of circulation, first recommended by the Committee of 1836, has been matured, and very successfully carried into effect by means of a travelling museum, the exhibition of which offers many advantages to schools and museums in provincial towns.

"Her Majesty has been pleased to allow objects of great value and very fragile nature, such as Sèvres porcelain, to be circulated in this manner; and her example has been followed by many private gentlemen, benefactors to the museum. It is remarkable that although the collection has travelled through the United Kingdom, and been packed and unpacked fifty-six times, not a single article has been lost or broken.

"Alderman Dunn, chairman of the Sheffield School of Art; Sir Francis Scott; Mr. Minton Campbell, chairman of the Stoke (Potteries) School of Art; Mr. Thomas Fairbairn, chairman of the late Art-Treasures Exhibition at Manchester, and several other witnesses, testified to the public importance of the principle of circulation, by which public collections are not circumscribed to a merely metropolitan use, but are rendered national. Your Committee are glad to find that the trustees of the National Gallery are willing to permit the circulation of national pictures which may not be necessary to the central collection.

"The Fine Arts Committee of the House of Commons expressed, in 1841, an opinion that, 'independently of the beneficial and elevating influence of the Fine Arts upon a people, every pecuniary outlay, either for the purpose of forming or extending collections of works of Art in this country, has been directly instrumental in creating new objects of industry and of enjoyment, and therefore in adding

at the same time to the wealth of the country.' Evidence, illustrated by actual specimens, was brought before your Committee, which proved the soundness of these views, and showed how by a judicious cultivation of the taste of purchasers and manufacturers, and by their action on each other, new branches of ornamental manufactures had been created within the last few years.

"The Art collections when first formed were placed in Somerset House, then transferred temporarily to Marlborough House, and were removed to South Kensington, when it became necessary to give up Marlborough House for the residence of the Prince of Wales.

"The collection of British pictures at South Kensington was commenced by Mr. Sheepshanks, who in giving them to the nation stipulated that his pictures must be kept either in the immediate neighbourhood of Kensington in a suitable building, or, failing this, at Cambridge. This gift of some of the choicest pictures of the British school has been valued at £52,595. It has lately been followed by a gift of water-colours by Mrs. Ellison, valued at £2,996, and other gifts to the nation are in prospect if parliament is disposed to find room to receive them. Mr. Sheepshanks approved of the building erected from Captain Fowke's design to receive his pictures, which are admirably displayed in it, both by day and night. He also expressed his desire that the local schools of Art should derive some benefit from his pictures, and some of the drawings of his collection are now in circulation. The specimens of British sculpture are valued at £7,180, and have been entirely contributed by gift or loan. The collection of engravings and etchings has also been formed by gift or loan, without expense of purchase to the public.

"Other British pictures are exhibited to the public at South Kensington. They form part of the collections belonging to the trustees of the National Gallery, and consist of the bequests of Messrs. Vernon, Turner, Jacob Bell, and others, together with the British pictures purchased with the Angerstein Collection. They were first exhibited in the basement of the National Gallery in Trafalgar Square, and were then removed to Marlborough House. When it was necessary to give up possession of Marlborough House to the Prince of Wales, it was proposed to fit up the old Riding School at Carlton Terrace, and to remove the pictures to this building, which was not fire-proof. It was held to be a better plan to erect fire-proof buildings of a plain and very economical character at South Kensington, and this was done at a cost less than would have been incurred by a provisional arrangement at Carlton Terrace, if the value of the land on that site be taken into consideration. The transfer of these pictures from Marlborough House to South Kensington has been attended with increased facilities to the public for seeing them; they are now open to view by day, every day in the week, and also on three evenings.

"The collections illustrating architecture are partly the property of the public and partly belong to the Architectural Museum Committee. The collections of that Committee are valued at £3,000, and were brought from some lofts in Cannon Row to commence a national gallery of architecture. These collections, for want of room, are at present ill-arranged and crowded. They are much consulted by artisans employed in architecture. The same want of room has hitherto prevented the Department from taking possession of the architectural casts obtained as models for the Houses of Parliament, purchased by the public at £7,000, and now costing the Office of Works £402 a year for house room at Thames-bank.

"The collection of books, maps, diagrams, models, and apparatus used in primary education both at home and abroad has been made chiefly by private liberality. This collection was begun by the Society of Arts, and first exhibited at St. Martin's Hall in 1854, and at the close of the exhibition numerous objects were presented to the Government to form the nucleus of an educational museum. The collection remained for some time afterwards unexhibited for want of room, and was sent to South Kensington. It has cost the public £2,101, whilst the value of the gifts and loans is estimated at £5,085. It is now chiefly supported by the producers of educational works, who voluntarily send



them for exhibition. The catalogue of the collection shows its comprehensive and practical nature. It excites great interest among the visitors, and is attended by clergymen and others especially interested in schools. Your Committee regard it as a highly useful collection.

"The collections of reproductions by photography and casting have been made primarily to furnish models for the use of the eighty Art schools in connexion with the Department of Science and Art: they are obtained from public collections at home and abroad. After providing for the Art schools, it has been thought right to give the public at large the benefit of the photographs at cost price, for the promotion of general Art education. The Science and Art Department express a desire to avoid any competition with professional photographers by limiting their sales to photographs taken from government collections, to which, except in rare and special cases, the trade is not admitted; but it has been objected by one commercial firm, enjoying peculiar privileges of admission to collections, and by Mr. Feuton, a photographer of eminence, that even such a limited sale by the Department is an improper interference with private enterprise.

"There is an obvious distinction between copying and photographing pictures and works of Art belonging to the public. Copying is attended by no very serious inconveniences, while photography almost invariably requires the removal of the object, deprives the public of the exhibition of it, exposes it in the light, to the risks of breakage, rain, &c., which can only be guarded against by great vigilance, requires a special apparatus of considerable bulk, and uses chemicals which are always unpleasant, and often dangerous. Mr. Panizzi shows that the only fire ever known at the British Museum was caused by the negligence of a photographer. Under such circumstances all the witnesses agree that a general right to photograph cannot be conceded to all like the right to copy. Mr. Fairbairn stated, that at the Manchester Art-Treasures Exhibition the photographic professors were pests, and that it was found absolutely necessary to limit the privilege to one person. In order to execute photographs in public collections there must be a monopoly somewhere. If it be proposed to grant this privilege to a limited number of competent persons, as was at one time the practice at the British Museum, the difficulty arises which was felt by the trustees, of deciding who is competent. Mr. Panizzi considers it 'a very difficult thing to determine who is competent,' and the trustees were forced to say, 'We will only admit our own photographer.' For a public department to attempt to determine this question in the case of every application would lead to constant difficulties and heartburnings. Moreover, the favoured persons having the monopoly among them might league among themselves to make the public pay an unfair toll for the use of their own property. These objections would apply all the more strongly to the appointment of a single private individual or firm, as the monopoly would be all the closer. The experience obtained at the British Museum, as well as at the South Kensington Museum, has led to the conclusion that the only feasible course for public interests is to employ one responsible public officer; and by harmonious co-operation between these two departments, one photographer is employed for both. A tariff of moderate prices is published, at which the public may obtain negatives, and print positives for themselves. Any publisher may thus produce and publish, at his own prices, any object in the British Museum or the South Kensington Museum.

"Your Committee find that the total cost of the South Kensington Museum in its collections, land, and buildings, has been £167,805. This amount is exclusive of the annual cost of management, which, so far as it can be separated from the cost of the general administration of the Science and Art Department, and the cost of the Art Training Schools, exclusive of the supply of furniture, and postage, and official stationery, is estimated at about £7,000 a year.

"Your Committee are informed that above one million and a half of visitors have inspected the museum during the first three years since its opening, on the 22nd of June, 1857. Such a result, in so short a time, proves that the museum has met a public want. This success is clearly due to the

great care taken to meet the convenience of the public, especially by admission in the evening. The returns show that very nearly half the number of visitors attended in the evening, although the hours for admission in the evening are less than one-fourth of those in the day time. Much cost for lighting and vigilant superintendence arises from opening in the evening; but as the arrangement makes the museum accessible to labouring men and their families, who would otherwise scarcely be able to visit it, your Committee consider the money well laid out, and the experiment deserving of imitation. The success of the museum has also shown that an institution, although it may be situated in the suburbs, may be rendered so attractive as to compete in point of the number of visitors with other institutions nearer the centre of the metropolis.

"Having arrived at the opinion that the South Kensington Museum, in respect of its action, as well throughout the United Kingdom as in the metropolis, is exercising a beneficial influence, and that it is fully deserving of continued parliamentary support, your Committee next turned their attention to the state of the buildings at South Kensington.

"The South Kensington Museum is situated on a plot of ground consisting of about twelve acres, which, under the Act 21 & 22 Vic. cap. 36, have been reserved by the Treasury for the use of the Science and Art Department, at the original cost, namely, £5,000 an acre. The land has therefore cost the country £60,000. The land is at present occupied by various buildings, the nature and uses of which are shown by different colours on a plan attached to this report.

"In 1855 parliament voted £15,000 for the erection of a temporary iron structure to receive various collections presented to the public. The object in view was to obtain the greatest amount of covered space at the least possible cost. So large a building of iron, applied for the first time to such purposes, was altogether a novelty in this country, and experience has shown, both in this case and at the Art-Treasures Exhibition at Manchester, that an iron building, owing to its variations in temperature, and the difficulty of keeping it water tight, is not suitable for the preservation of works of Art. Mr. Braidwood, also, does not consider it secure from fire. Much expense is required to keep it in good order. The officers of the Department report that the more delicate and valuable works of Art suffer from cold, heat, damp, and the leakiness of the roof, and ought to be removed out of it as soon as possible.

"In 1856 parliament voted £10,000 to remove the offices of the Science and Art Department and the Art Training Schools, the latter built of wood, from Marlborough House to South Kensington; and this amount was expended, as well on this object as in rendering four old houses useful for class rooms and official residences.

"The wooden schools are not secure from fire, and a fire has recently occurred in them. If they were not public property, they would be condemned under the building act. The old houses are dilapidated, full of dry rot, and built in such a way as to be extremely liable to fire; one of them was on fire a few weeks ago, owing to the presence of a wooden beam in a chimney; another has had a story removed to save it from falling. They should be taken down without delay.

"In 1857 parliament voted £3,500 to erect a permanent building to receive Mr. Sheepshanks' gift of British pictures; and in 1859 a sum of £8,198 was voted for fireproof buildings to afford accommodation for the Vernon and Turner pictures, which it was necessary to remove from Marlborough House. These are solid and convenient buildings, and have been erected as part of a general plan which was laid before your Committee by Captain Fowke, and is appended to this report.

"It results from the account above given of the state of the iron building, that additional space for the accommodation and exhibition of the Art collection should be provided at once. Captain Fowke states that the cheapest mode of obtaining this space would be to complete the quadrangle of brick buildings which was commenced by the Sheepshanks, Vernon, and Turner galleries, and to glaze it over. He estimates that this might be done for £17,000, and by doing so the Art collections now in the iron

museum would be placed in safety, others not properly shown would be efficiently exhibited, whilst space would be provided in the iron museum to receive and exhibit the architectural casts procured as models for the Houses of Parliament, which at present lie unexhibited in buildings at Thames-bank, costing an annual rent of £490.

"The danger arising from the use of the wooden schools and dilapidated houses renders it equally necessary to remove these buildings, and instead of them to provide at once safe buildings for official residences and the Art Training Schools. The cost has been approximately estimated by Captain Fowke at £27,000.

"Your Committee recommend these works as matters of extreme urgency, the completion and covering in of the quadrangular court as a means of rescuing much valuable public and private property from a receptacle quite unfit for it, the removal of the wooden schools and the dilapidated houses from considerations of safety, and therefore of real economy. The iron building and the temporary brick buildings your Committee see no occasion to disturb at present; they can be usefully employed, and may well be allowed to stand for some years to come.

"Your Committee are by no means anxious to involve the revenue in large expenses for mere ornament. The museum is yet in course of formation, and they think it unwise to commit the country to a heavy expense in anticipation of its wants. The Committee recommend that any plan which may be adopted for the buildings to be erected should be capable of being worked into a general plan which would at once fully occupy the ground, and be susceptible of a proper amount of decoration. Such a plan has been laid before the Committee by Captain Fowke."

There is a passage in the Report which we do not print in *extenso*, but which is too important not to be taken notice of: it refers to the desirability of having museums in other parts of London and the metropolis, which, if properly managed, hold out fair prospects of success; and it states that "it would be within the means of the South Kensington Museum to facilitate the formation of such institutions by loans of objects." We know that a large and influential meeting was lately held at Kennington for the purpose of asking the aid of Government for a museum in the borough of Lambeth.

## PREPARING FOR THE BATH.

FROM THE STATUE BY J. GIBSON, R.A.

It is quite possible that the attitude of this figure, as seen in our engraving, may strike some of our readers as constrained and inelegant. The fault of this, if it be so considered, lies neither with the sculptor nor his copyist. The statue is in the possession of the Earl of Yarborough, and adorns his lordship's house in Arlington Street; but it is so placed, in an angle of the apartment in which it stands, that our artist found it quite impracticable to procure a favourable view of the work; such a view, that is, as would have enabled him to do full justice to a really graceful and beautiful production. We consider this explanation necessary, in order to account for what might otherwise be deemed, by some, an error of taste or judgment, in the manner in which it appears in the engraving; for it certainly is amenable to critical remark.

But passing from the copy to the original, it must be admitted that the sculpture is one of a high character, well worthy of the distinguished reputation of Gibson. The upper part of the figure, especially, is finely modelled, and the pose is easy and graceful, taking into consideration the action of the right leg, which is bent at a natural, but not elegant, angle, to permit the unlacing of the sandal. The elevation of the head and the expression of the face intimate that the nymph is presumed to have companions in her bath, one of whom is probably addressing her, for the attitude is significant of listening. The Greek type is visible throughout the entire composition, and Grecian customs are symbolised in the vase containing oil, with which it was not unusual for bathers to anoint themselves after bathing.









## THE COMPANION-GUIDE

(BY RAILWAY)

## IN SOUTH WALES.

BY MR. AND MRS. S. C. HALL.

## PART IX.



LET us pause awhile in the midst of these natural beauties—the glories of the Vale of Neath—to change our theme, and examine the peasantry we see going to, or returning from, market; and then let us note them as they form picturesque groups, vending in the market-places the produce of their gardens, their farms, their dairies, or the looms which so many of them continue to ply at home, producing the flannel and woollen stuffs for which Wales has long been famous.

On market-days, the roads leading to the market-town are thronged with country-folk from surrounding districts. Those who live at remote distances are "on the road" at an early hour; they are soon joined by others, and every by-way and farm-house contributes to swell the number. Some are in their own carts, some in those of their neighbours, but the greater part, men and women, are on foot—for they are a hardy people, and can walk long distances with little fatigue. Of the men—some are engaged in leading or driving the horse and cart; others are carrying across their shoulders long rods, from which is suspended a

market-place, though she has had to carry it for miles in her hand, or tied to her arm or apron-string.

The Welsh are, among themselves and in their own tongue, prodigious talkers. Here, on the road, even if you are familiar with the language, you would have very great difficulty in making out what is said, for the conversation is so animated, and so many speak at once, that in the hum of voices the connection of the discourse is lost. They seem to be eminently a religiously-disposed people; whatever be the subject of their conversation, whether speculating



GOING TO MARKET.

on the prices they are to ask and receive for their goods, or the capability likely to be displayed by some newly-married couple or other in the management of their farm—whatever it be—in the end, if there is no occasion for haste, the conversation generally turns upon religious topics. They are perpetually discussing the merits or canvassing the defects of their various preachers and class leaders, or telling about the wonderful manner in which some bright young acquaintance lately answered the "points" of the minister.



AT MARKET.

seemingly countless number of pairs of stockings, or are loaded with rolls of flannel of their own manufacture. Our sketch pictures one who jogs along on his sturdy Welsh pony, carrying on his arm the basket of the aged woman to whom he has good-naturedly given a "hit" beside his wife in a cart, which, except that the shafts are attached to the wrong end, much resembles one of the ancient British war-chariots. The men wear low-crowned hats, and are for the most part clothed in coats and vests of deep blue cloth, home spun and with brass buttons, have knee-breeches of corduroy, and are very partial to showy silk neckcloths. The dress of the women varies. The national costume, as our readers are aware, is a short-sleeved cloth jacket, and the petticoat, which is short and sensible, particularly in rainy weather. But flannel, stuff, and cotton gowns of different shapes are also common; in all cases, however, the checked flannel apron is indispensable, and a long blue cloak with a capacious hood is, even in warm weather, not thought superfluous. They frequently wear high-crowned, broad-brimmed hats; these are usually of beaver, and ornamented with fringed bands; but straw hats are prevalent—some of the same form as the beavers, others less steep-crowned, and some again nearly of a scuttle shape. These hats must be a sad encumbrance to a woman who is loaded with a large heavily-freighted market-basket on her head; but, on such occasions, a genuine daughter of Cambria would not be restrained by the trouble she experiences on the way, from the pleasure of wearing her national head-dress in the streets and



THE MARKET.

At length they reach THE MARKET, which is more like a German than an English market, except that it is much cleaner, and they have not yet learned the Continental art of wrenching and binding up flowers. All attention is now turned to business; the stalls have to be put in order, scales to be adjusted, cheese, poultry, vegetables to be arranged, and the white napkin to be thrown back from the butter.

The Welsh market is always a pleasant place in which to study character, and assuredly all tourists will visit one at least of these crowded, talking, bustling places of universal resort; but if they desire to see it in perfection, they must be there at an early hour.



To visit the waterfalls in the VALE OF NEATH, the tourist must make up his mind to a day of toil—to be largely repaid. There are so many that it will be impossible to see them all, nor is it requisite he should do so; generally, they bear so close a resemblance one to the other, that to examine a few of them will suffice to gratify curiosity: "curiosity," however, is far too weak a word to express the intense delight he will experience in this region of cataracts. Those which hold highest rank, and are perhaps the most accessible, are—"the Crooked Fall," "the Lady's Fall," "the Upper Clyngwyn," "the Middle Clyngwyn," "the Lower Clyngwyn," "the Upper Cilhepste," and "the Lower Cilhepste."

The Crooked Fall—"Yscwd Einon Gam," and the Lady's Fall—"Yscwd Gwladis," are nearest to Pont Neath Vaughan: the former is "a fall of exquisite beauty, precipitating itself seventy or eighty feet from the mouth of a deep ravine, fringed on one hand with the mountain ash and hazel, and prescoting on the other a wall of naked rock. The stream first rushes over a slope of rock, and then changing its direction (whence its name) at an obtuse angle, plunges sheer into the pool below, out of which the foaming and eddying waters hurry onward over a rocky ledge into a second and more capacious basin. An oak gracefully curves its boughs just over the top of the fall." The Lady's Fall presents a strong contrast to the Crooked Fall. It descends in a broad and nearly unbroken sheet, under the shadow of a steep hill, and midway between rocks, trees, and underwood. "The name is supposed to be derived from Gwladis, one of the twenty-six daughters of Brychan, King of Gleviosog."\*

The MIDDLE CLYNGWYN and the UPPER CILHEPSTE are the only others to which we need conduct the tourist. At the first named, the river takes "a two-fold leap," sending up its vapoury spray among the wild wood and over the ivy-mantled rocks, then falling in a broad sheet into the pool below. This is its peculiar character, and in which it differs from its proud rival, the Upper Cilhepste. Here the cataract descends about fifty feet in a single sheet, gliding over a projecting ledge of rock, and then dashing forward and down into the dell, sending its spray above the tree-tops. With so much force is it impelled, and so far forward is the jutting rock, that a pathway has been formed under it—the only pathway by which foot-passengers can cross the river without wet feet. It chanced to us, as it did to a long-ago tourist, to find shelter from a shower under this waterfall. While Mr. Wimperis was making his sketch, it came on to rain, and the place was the only one at hand, or at all events the best, where we could be safe from its effects. Just at that moment, the fall had divided into three distinct parts; but, very soon afterwards, the three united and descended in one broad sheet.

We have seen many waterfalls in England, Scotland, and Wales, but few to equal this in grandeur or in beauty: the rocks at either side are clothed with evergreen creepers, trees in great variety cover the hill sides, every tint of foliage is there; the utter loneliness of the place adding to its charm. A toilsome descent conducts to it, and a steep ascent leads from it—for it is in an isolated dell. At all seasons, nature is rich in this locality, and lavish in her gifts of beauty; while the angler, we are told, may obtain abundant enjoyment in the many pools to which the rapid river runs. We wandered through pleasant lanes, up hills and down dales, and along picturesque hill-sides, climbing one ascent to obtain a view—second perhaps to none in the Principality. Hence "the eye ranges through a magnificent vista of many miles, down the Vale of Neath, with its mountains now in shadow and now thrown out into strong light, till it reaches Swansea Bay, with the Mumbles Lighthouse, and opposite, the coasts of Somerset and Devon." Rarely have we found the lines of the poet, Coleridge, more appropriate than here:—

"O what a goodly scene! Here the bleak mount,  
The bare bleak mountain speckled thin with sheep;  
Grey clouds, that shadowing spot the sunny fields;  
And river now, with bushy rocks o'erbrow'd,  
Now winding bright and full, with naked banks;  
And seats, and lawns, the abbey, and the wood,  
And cots, and hamlets, and faint city spire:  
The channel there, the islands, and white sails,  
Dim coasts, and cloud-like hills, and shoreless ocean—  
It seem'd like Omnipotence! God, methought,  
Had built him there a temple; the whole world  
Seem'd imaged in its vast circumference."

The bare mountain glen through which the path now lies is popularly known as "the Devil's Glen." It is the scene of many tales of "ghosts, goblins, and witches," and leads to the famous Dinas Rock—CRAG-Y-DINAS—so long the stronghold of superstition, and said to be the last spot in Wales

\* "Until within the last few years, there was an interesting specimen of the Logan, or Rocking Stone, near this fall. Its weight was calculated at seventeen tons, and it was so delicately poised on the subjacent rock, that a push of the finger would move it, and the writer has cracked nuts, gathered in the neighbouring coppice, beneath its ponderous, yet gentle vibrations. When the railways were constructing, a gang of ignorant navvies made a Sunday frolic of overturning this stone, and fracturing it, so that no human skill could replace it in its original position."—WARING.

frequented by the fairies. We borrow once more a passage from Mr. Waring. The name Crag-y-Dinas "was, no doubt, originally bestowed in consequence of the natural position of this singular rock, as a place of defence—*dinas* meaning a fortified hill, or bold promontory employed as a defensive station. Crag-y-Dinas is, however, simply a stronghold of nature's formation, and stands, in isolated majesty, an object of unusual interest to the painter and the geologist, who may gaze long upon its rugged features with admiration. A precipitous path



THE CROOKED FALL.

leads along the face of the rock into the valley below. In order to get the most striking view of the Dinas, the bridge should be crossed, and at a short distance below it, and near the remains of a mill for grinding fire-clay, is the best point of view." The day was closing in when we visited this singular rock, of which we present two views,—one from the pencil of Mr. McEwen, the other from that of Mr. Harding. Unhappily, the quarrymen have been at work



THE LADY FALL.

here—and that very lately; they have impaired, and will probably destroy, its picturesque character: worse than that, if the fairies return to Wales, they will lament over their ruined dwellings in caves and crevices, and must seek new habitations farther up the dell.

The occasion is a fitting one for the supply of some brief account of the peculiar superstitions of the Welsh. They are not all peculiar, however, for many of them bear a close affinity and an



intimate relationship to those which prevail in Ireland, and in Scotland, and in several of the English shires.

Wales has always been the home of many and strange superstitions. Whether the fact is owing to the mountainous and secluded nature of the country, or to the race from which the people derive their origin, or from both causes conjointly, we are unable to say; but that such is the case none, who have any acquaintance with the inhabitants, will think of gainsaying. The belief in the efficacy of charms is still very prevalent; "corpse candles" and "spectral" funerals are frequently seen; the "White Lady" often makes her appearance; witches are still objects of dread reverence; and "wise men" are yet to be occasionally found who can foretell future events, or indicate the whereabouts of stolen property.

Early in the present century, it was a usual thing, in many districts, on All Soul's Eve, for the young women of the parish to resort after dark to the church, and there to watch, with much anxiety, the burning of a candle with which each had come provided. If it burned clearly and brightly, the lot of the owner would be prosperous and happy; if the reverse, trouble and misfortune would be her fate. If, however, the light went out before it reached the socket, then the fair one to whom it belonged would, it was believed, most assuredly taste of death before the advent of another All Soul's Eve.

Fairies, strictly so called, all the world over, are of one family, and in form, character, and habits, bear a general resemblance each to the other, whether in the north or in the south. Although some writers on Wales speak of them there as of larger growth, we prefer the authority of those who describe them as "the little people,"—as in England and in Ireland, but a few inches high, semi-transparent, so light in substance that they can dance on dewdrops, with draperies formed of thistle-down, and wearing as a head-dress one of the flowers of the foxglove; as usually the friends, and sometimes the enemies, of man, but generally befriending the sorrowful and the oppressed: and thus it is they are mostly spoken of as the "little good people."

The "Twylwth Teg"—the fair family—fairies of Wales are believed to be the souls of such as were, while on earth, "not so depraved as to merit hell, nor so divested of evil as to be admitted into heaven." Scott conveys the same idea in "the Monastery"—

"That which is neither ill nor well,  
That which belongs not to heaven or hell."

The stories that are told of them vary but little from those that are related of their "ways" elsewhere: their rings, their merry meetings, and their gifts, are such as are common to the race. Busy, tiny, frolicsome they are, rewarding friends with silver pennies, loving music and dancing, occasionally stealing babies, and sometimes luring louts into their circles, amusing them apparently for an hour, and sending them home again at the end of a hundred years. Stories are common of youths who, thus circumstanced, have returned to find their poor cottages tall mansions, and their lord's castle an ivy-clad ruin, and who, presently, while conversing with great grandchildren, crumble into "timblebush of black ashes."

Many of the old writers allude to these beliefs.\* The earliest anecdote we can quote is told by Giraldus Cambrensis, himself a Welshman, who, A.D. 1188, accompanied Bishop Baldwin on his mission through Wales to preach the crusade. One of his stories is of a shepherd boy, who, having run away from discipline, and concealed himself beside a river's bank, was met, when nearly starved, by two men of "pygmy stature," who offered to lead him into a country "full of delights and sports." He followed them, and lived a long time in their "pleasant land of Faerie," occasionally visiting his home on earth. Having told his secret to his mother, she prevailed on him to steal for her a ball of gold: as he crossed her threshold he stumbled, the ball fell from his hand, was at once recovered by his acquaintances, "the pygmies," and afterwards he was never able to find the entrance to the fairy realm. It is added by Giraldus, that the man in after life became a priest, and that David, the second Bishop of St. David's, often talked with him of this event, "of which he could never speak without shedding tears." "This, and any such that might occur," writes Giraldus, "I should place among things which are neither to be strongly affirmed nor denied."†

\* We find in the *Cambrian Quarterly Review* a curious tradition:—"When our Saviour was upon earth, there lived a woman who had a great many children, how many I cannot say, but a great many. Once she saw our blessed Lord coming towards her house, and, by some unaccountable impulse, hid half her children, so that the Saviour should not see them. When he had departed from her dwelling, the mother went to look to the children she had hid, and found they had disappeared, and she never saw them again. These children became the first fairies."

† Local tradition holds a mysterious faith respecting the ancient Lake of Crymlyn (near Britton Ferry), as having swallowed up a large town, and being still the resort of fairies, who have splendid subaqueous palaces in its hidden depths. There are several parts of Wales pools that are said to cover towns, over which the waters

We had some "fairy talk," during one of our excursions in the neighbourhood of Swansea, with a group of girls whom we encountered on the road. The girls were MUSSEL GATHERERS, and were



THE MURDER CAVE, SWANSEA.

bound for the coast, in search of shelly treasures. From town and country they were hurrying to the shore: those who live near, with bags or baskets in their hands; whilst those from



THE MURDER CAVE.

a distance come provided with donkey carts, or asses bearing panniers. The artist has pictured a group on the coast engaged at their work. It is March; the wind blows fresh, and

had passed suddenly; now and then the walls of strong castles are visible underneath; and occasionally, to the ears of a favoured few, the chiming of church bells rise and float above the surface. Thus, also, in Ireland, the peasant sees

"The round towers of other days  
In the wave beneath him shining."



the tide, for a short time only, has laid bare the mussel ridge; haste must be made, for the returning wave will swallow up the treasures before they are collected. One woman, on her knees, is busily employed in taking off the fish from the rocks, and placing them in her basket; some, having filled their baskets, are carrying them away, to deposit their contents in carts, which are stationed at no great distance; others, again, just arrived on the ground, are hesitating as to which spot they shall choose for their operations. To see these women at their work, with cheerful countenances, full of repartee and playful wit, one would be inclined to fancy they were amusing themselves, and not providing for their daily bread, as, in fact, the greater number of them are. Indeed, throughout the long winter, cockles and mussels form staple articles of food with poor families along shore, or furnish them with means to procure others. And in proper season, mussels are not unpalatable—much superior to the cockle, and inferior only to the oyster. Cockles, again, are gathered by persons, similar to the group we have sketched, not from beds or ridges, as mussels, but are picked or raked up from off the sandy shore, where they are sown broadcast, and partly embedded. They are then washed in an adjoining pool, and carted away for disposal about the country.

The tourist in South Wales cannot fail to encounter groups like this we have pictured, if his route be by the South Wales Railway, at the stations of which, in Glamorganshire or Carmarthenshire, one or more women of this class are mostly to be seen, in their peculiar costume, "lugging" their large baskets into a third-class carriage. He will often see, too, women of a more dignified type—the descendants of those Flemings, who bore such an important part in the past history of Wales. Their costume is admirably represented in the accompanying cut, which is from an accurate sketch of one of them, in her walking dress. The features are expressive of the character of her class. The delicate lines, that add beauty and sweetness to the faces of genuine Welsh girls, are wanting in her. The face, inquiring and observant, and, often, not without beauty of a certain kind, is coarse, however, when compared with the delicate features—expressive of feeling and poetry—of her sisters of the mountain. She, too, possesses a stronger frame than they. Descended from the Tontonic warriors and workers, who won the district, in which she now lives, from its Welsh possessors, she retains the robust *physique*, which so often contributed to their success in the field. Her occupation is such as you alone see the Welsh engage in. She comes from Gower (the terra de Gower of the Plantagenets), and is on her way to Swansea, to dispose of the oysters and prawns she carries in her baskets. She is clean, clever, and importunate in disposing of her goods, will make many a sale and good bargain before the day is over, and, at night, will return with the money to her quiet and cleanly home, where she trains up her children in her own habits of business and industry.

The group we met near the Mumbles was thoroughly Welsh; bronzed as they were, there was more expression, more animation, more life in their features than is generally found among the ponderous descendants of the heavy Flemings. This people certainly have to this day but small affinity with the dapper, intelligent sons and daughters of the Cymri. The men and women who slouch or amble along the sea street that skirts the bay at the Mumbles, are nothing more than oyster-dredgers and the wives of oyster-dredgers. But our mussel girls were much brighter specimens of humanity; one in particular attracted our attention, perhaps by the evident interest she took in our conversation, dropping away from her companions to draw near us. She was a good listener. We were talking of the affinity between fairies of all lands—the German and Irish, the Scotch, and those of Devon, and of Wales; we spoke of the enduring nature of superstition, confessing, that though not believers in what are technically called "fairies," we hold the belief that beings of other spheres not only visit, but are at times visible to, those who continue chained to the world—the birthplace of the hope that is realized in eternity.

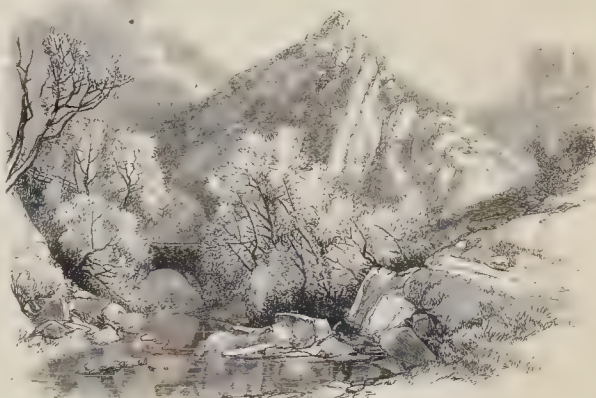
With a pleasant smile she said, "There used to be fairies here long ago; indeed, my mother's brother followed one, at the full moon, more than a mile—it was a fairy, if not worse. First of all came a whirl of dust and dry leaves before him, rising in a gust, though there was no wind—indeed it did; and then, out of the middle of the dust and leaves, came a ball, like a ball of fire, rolling before him, until at last it made a jump over a stone wall—about that height; and, nothing frightened, my uncle went over after it, and, instead of the ball of fire, what was there on the other side but a horrid black thing tumbling along—now head first, now tail first, sometimes on two legs, sometimes on three legs—and it set off across the meadow, as the ball of fire had done along the road. Well, my uncle took after it—and he was a fine runner, as fine a runner as could be, indeed, between this and Swansea—but he might as well have chased a wave. At last it didn't seem

to touch the earth at all; and, when my uncle was fairly broken-winded, and forced to stop from the pain in his side and want of breath—because he went after it over everything, just like a shot—it perched itself on the bend of a bramble, as if it was no more weight than a feather, though indeed my mother says it was as big as her hat. Well, there it twisted and rolled like an adder—sometimes stretching out one leg, sometimes another; sometimes changing its head for its tail, and its tail for its head; then setting its head and tail together, as a cat does going to sleep, and—indeed and it's true, for my uncle never took his two fine eyes off it—it grew smaller and smaller in his sight. 'I'll have you now, my fine fellow,' he says, taking off his hat to put over it—a fine new oil-skin it was, a 'nor-wester' he called it, for he was a real seaman, not a gravel rake like the men of the Mumbles—I'll have you!' and he got closer and



CLAG-Y-DIVAN, VALE OF NEATH.

closer, until down went his hat on it, and his hand, that was as broad as a shoulder of mutton, over it. Well, he was as proud, he said, as if he had been draughted into a flag-ship, and turned back on his path, talking to it and bragging, the moon shining like day, and he thinking that before he'd give it liberty, he'd make it tell where the people that were here—indeed long enough ago—buried their gold. And he ran over in his mind what he'd do for his own old mother, and for my mother, and how he'd marry a girl he well liked, if she'd give her consent for him to go to sea again. He could make up his mind to marry, but he could not make up his mind to give up the sea; and he thought, that any way he'd marry, and if she wouldn't consent to let him go, why, he could run away! And as he thought, he fancied the hat grew lighter



DINAS ROCK, VALE OF NEATH.

and lighter, and then, when he reached the wall—just where the ball of fire sprang over—he rested the crown of the hat on a stone, and peeped between his fingers. Bright as the shine was, he could see nothing; and so he moved up one finger after another, and at last took off his hand. There was nothing in the hat—indeed, no—nothing! But, when he lifted the hand fairly up, you might have heard the shout and the laugh that ran through the air, a mile off—and all about him was filled with dancing stars—and something gave him a blow at the back of his head, that flung him right over the wall! My mother always said it was the bad thought of leaving his wife that lost him the gold. The bad thought set the fairy free. Mother says good thoughts have great power over them."

We imagine our young friend's "ball of fire" must have been nearly connected with the



fairies seen at night by a worthy man, who was travelling over the Bedwellty mountains, near Aberystwith, who saw the fairies at each side of him—some dancing to the echoing music of the bugle-horn, others bounding about like persons hunting—but, recollecting that if any person should happen to see fairies, and draw out a knife, they will vanish directly, he did so, and saw them no more. We asked the mussel merchant if she had ever heard that the fairies would vanish at the sight of an open knife? She replied "yes, indeed," and that there were "many places which nobody, even now, would travel at night without a knife ready opened, as the 'little hill people' could not bear the sight of cold steel!" This aversion to the knife, we believe to be a peculiarity of Welsh fairydom, at least we never heard of it before, and therefore set it down as belonging exclusively to the fairies of the Principality.

The library of Swansea, among its more valuable treasures, contains a quaint little book about Welsh apparitions and their belongings;\* one of the most original being an account of the apparition, on Llanhyddel mountain, of an old woman, with an oblong four-cornered hat, ash-coloured clothes, her apron thrown across her shoulder, and a pot or wooden can in her hand: such as she is described, she would be fit bride for the Irish Cleiricann, being quite his equal in love of fun and mischief. This perplexing old lady would sometimes cry "wow up," and who ever saw her, by night or day, would be certain to lose their way, imagining they were going to their journey's end, when, in fact, they were returning to its commencement. Sometimes they would hear her cry "wow up," when they did not see her. Sometimes when they went out by night to fetch coal or water, they would hear the cry very near them, and presently would hear it afar off, on the opposite side of the mountain, by Aberystwith. She has been heard and seen on other mountains, as far up as the Black mountain of Brecknockshire, where Robert Williams, of Langatock, Crickhowel, "a substantial man, of undoubted veracity," saw her, and having lost his way, called her to stay for him, but receiving no answer, thought she was deaf. He then hastened his pace, thinking to overtake her, but the swifter he ran the farther he was behind; at which he wondered, not thinking it was a spirit he saw and heard. In making another effort, his foot slipped in a marshy place, at which his vexation increased; but Robert Williams was hardly master of himself when he heard the old woman laugh and chuckle over his misfortune; his mind was greatly troubled and perplexed; he began to think she was anything but "right," and hardly knew what to do, when, happily, he drew out his knife for some purpose—still keeping his eyes fixed on his mysterious guide—but the moment he did so, she vanished! Here again was another proof of the virtue of cold steel.

Alas! there are now, except in the most out of the way places, no more fairies in Wales: whether steam and railroads have driven them forth, or whether, according to some authorities, it was the "Methodist preachers," they are all gone; and Dinas Rock hears no more the music of their melodious voices, or the soft echoes of their feet upon the ever-green sward—

"In old time of King Arthour  
All was this land fulfilled of Faerie.

I speak of many hundred years ago,  
But now can no man see no elves mo."

The Crag-y-Dinas, however, as we have intimated, has been the chosen realm of Faery for many generations; and who can say how soon the quarryman who now blasts and breaks the time-honoured rock will receive due chastisement for his unhallowed labour? In Ireland, even now-a-days, it is hard to find a peasant bold enough to put his spade into a green "Rath." In Wales, we imagine, veneration or apprehension to be equally rife, but, probably, the labourers who are destroying the habitations of "the little good people" having been corrupted by the utilitarian spirit of the age, care as little for the dwellings of the Tlwyth Teg as for shells of the limpets that cling to the sea cliffs on their coasts.

Under Dinas Rock it is believed there yet lie in sleep a band of heroes, who are to awaken "some time," and by their valour change the destinies of Britain. Concerning this band there is one of the most striking and interesting of the Welsh legends. A shepherd boy cut a hazel stick from a tree that grew upon the hill; when far away from the spot, he was encountered by a stranger who asked him where he obtained it. The lad led the way to the place, and received instructions how to act. Passing through a narrow passage, he entered a lofty chamber, in which knights, fully armed, lay in sleep. Accidently disturbing a pile of armour, the chieftain Owen Lawgoch awoke, and demanded of the intruder, "Is it

day?" The boy, as he had been taught to do, answered, "*Nagyw, nagyw, cysgwch etto*," (No, no; sleep again.) When they resumed their attitudes of repose, waiting until the call comes, "*It is day*." From under the couch of the chief he took a casket of treasure, which he delivered to his guide, and entered again for more, but all had vanished—cave, warriors, treasure, all, and he found himself alone under the shadows of Crag-y-Dinas. Since then there has been no attempt to rouse the heroes of the Cymri from their enchanted sleep, but if some lucky or unlucky excavator discover the secret of their dwelling, no doubt the newspapers will inform us thereof.



OYSTER WOMAN.

Superstition is most rife, as in all cases everywhere throughout the world, with regard to the only thing certain in life—death. The Cyhirasth is a doleful cry, ominous of approaching departure, generally heard by some person nearly related to the person doomed; it proceeds from the house in which lies the sick, and stops at the place of burial. These cries are warnings, and ought to be taken as such. In an old book in the library at Swansea, we found a striking



MUSS-EL GATH B.B.S.

and interesting anecdote, which we condense:—A great and wealthy lord, rich in possession of land, and houses, and much gold, enjoying all the luxuries of life, suddenly heard a voice proclaim thrice distinctly: "The greatest and richest man of this district will die to-night." At this he was sadly troubled, for he knew that the greatest and richest man of that district could be no other than he; so he sent for the physician, but made ready for death. Great, however, was his joy when the night passed, the day broke, and he was yet alive. At sunrise the church bell was

\* "A Relation of Apparitions of Spirits in the County of Monmouth and Principality of Wales," by the late Rev. Edmund Jones, of the Tranch.

heard tolling, and the lord sent in haste to know what soul had departed; and answer came, that an old blind beggar man, who had asked, and been refused, alms at the great man's gate, was dead. So the lord knew the meaning of the warning voice he had heard: that very great and very rich man had been the poor beggar—great and rich, for his heritage was the kingdom of heaven. So he took the warning wisely to heart, endowed religious houses, relieved all who were in poverty, distributing and doing good, and only hoping, when death came in mercy, to join the beggar man in Paradise, and to sit at his feet. And in process of time, as he was dying, the voices of angels were heard to sing a hymn of welcome, and he was buried, according to his wish, in the aged beggar man's grave.

Ghosts are, of course, objects of entire and very general faith; and cases are very numerous where funerals of shadows have been seen on roads to churchyards,—sure heralds of death,—and of processions of actual mourners, proceeding on the same road a few weeks afterwards. A story, in illustration, was related to us at Tenby.

Some years ago, the then occupier of Holloway farm had a pretty servant-girl, with whom the "man" of the rector of Penally fell in love: he used to steal out in the night-time to visit her. His master was much displeased, and forbade the continuance of this sly sort of wooing; but such prohibitions are not always attended to, and the lover continued to scale the wall, and woo by moonlight. One night, coming home, he had passed the turn of the road leading from Holloway to Penally, when, to his astonishment, he saw a funeral coming along the road towards the church, and recognised several of his neighbours among those who carried the coffin and "followed." They came on noiselessly, and he stood close against the hedge to let the funeral pass; but the "bearers" jostled so rudely against him, that they hurt and bruised him severely, not heeding his entreaties or cries. After they had passed on, he saw, to his still greater perplexity, the whole procession go over a hedge into the next field, make a detour, and return into the road farther on. Considerably "shaken" in every way, he sought his chamber, and in the morning was so ill, from the beating he had received, that he entreated his master to come to him, which he did, but placed no faith whatever in the man's story, saying he must have been drinking and fighting, and received a sound "drubbing." The servant stoutly denied this, and begged that, when he was able to walk, his master would accompany him to the spot, and he would show him where the funeral passed and re-passed the hedge, which might be easily seen, as they must have trodden down the fence foliage. His master still refused to believe him, though he named the neighbours who were present, and the exact places they occupied in the procession. When the man was able to leave his bed, the master yielded to his entreaties: yet no trace of the funeral could be found! But when the story got abroad, the old people looked grave, declaring it was a foreshadowing of death, and that within a month there would be a funeral in Penally churchyard. It was now December, and an exceedingly heavy fall of snow lay upon the ground. It froze also bitterly, and the snow drifted in such a manner that all trace of hedge enclosure was in many places obliterated: it was a cold, sad time. Only a week or two had passed since "the parson's man" had seen the spirit-funeral, and the worthy farmer of Holloway farm lay dead in his long-loved home! There would be, certainly, every one said, a large funeral, for he was greatly respected. The clergyman heard, with much astonishment the names of the "bearers": they were the same who had been named by his servant as having borne the coffin the night he had been so severely buffeted. But the most extraordinary circumstance remains to be told: the night before the funeral was one of such intense frost, that the snow was frozen over field and hedge-row, as hard as if they had been the queen's highway—the bearers missed the road—passed unwittingly over the hedge, in the exact spot the servant had pointed out to his master, as that where he had seen the midnight funeral pass—made the same detour in the field, and returned also to the high road precisely at the place he had pointed out. This singular story was corroborated by the clergyman, who always said it was one of those facts for which he could not account, but of its being a fact he was ever ready to pledge his veracity.

Many persons, we find, have the unfortunate gift of being able to perceive these "funerals" otherwise than by the sight. Not long since, somewhere in a secluded part of Glamorganshire, a man going to his work at early dawn was suddenly arrested by strange and unusual sounds. He listened and distinctly heard the rustling of dresses, the hum of voices, and even the breathing of persons passing close by him. But nothing was to be seen. Nearly sinking from the effect of his fright, he ratched home and related the circumstance to his family. They immediately conjectured that it was a "spectral" funeral, and resolved to watch for the event. That day week, at the same hour, a large funeral procession

passed the spot, indicated by the man, on its way to Carmarthenshire, of which county the deceased had been a native. And it is not only men and women who are endowed with second sight. Many domestic animals are thought to have the "gift," and often a keener perception than mankind. Carriage horses, usually very quiet, have been known suddenly to snort, run in alongside the hedge, pull up, and stubbornly refuse to proceed for a few minutes, when they will go on their way as before. After such an occurrence a funeral is always expected shortly to pass that spot.\*

The Cwn Wybir—dogs of the sky—are heard in the dead of night, frightfully yelling over mountain and moor. They are believed to be the spirits of those who have lived evil lives, and are doomed to endure this punishment—

Till the foul deeds done in their days of nature  
Are burned and purged away!

But the most peculiar superstition of the Welsh is that of the "corpse candles"—"canwyll corph"—lights that are seen moving slowly and steadily towards graves that are about to receive occupants. They vary in brilliancy and size, according to the age and growth of the party doomed: sometimes there are two—one large, the other small; a mother and child are sure to die somewhere in the neighbourhood, whenever these two candles are encountered.

The Welsh have a spirit that resembles the Banshee of Ireland: in Wales the spirit is named "Cyoraeth," or "Gwrachyrbin," and is described as an old woman, with long, lank, dishevelled locks, whose shrieks curdle the blood; she is often heard, but seldom seen, and her unearthly voice is the sure herald of evil.

Another is the "White Lady," who haunts the precincts of hidden treasure, and who, having selected some individual to whom to communicate its whereabouts, never gives him rest till she has accomplished her purpose. She suddenly appears—a bright vision—clothed in white, with her glossy, coal-black locks dishevelled over her shoulders; her face is pale and careworn, and wears an expression of intense pain. She never speaks to mortal man, but by signs indicates what she has to communicate. Though perfectly harmless, indeed frequently of great service, she is an object of great fear to the neighbourhood she haunts, and, to him she has chosen as an unwilling confidant, of perpetual dread. One man who occupied such a position informed us, that for years he had no peace night or day for her. She appeared to him with an agonizing expression of countenance, at unexpected times, and in unexpected places. Once in a field, to which there were several entrances, she appeared and opposed his exit. Trembling, he sought another, but there, too, was she. He fainted, and did not leave the field, till he was found there by persons who happened to pass. At last, some considerable jewels and other valuables were found by the man, who is a carpenter, in the secret drawer of an old escritoire, which he was repairing for a family that resided near. The valuables were handed over to the owner of the escritoire, and the "White Lady" has not since appeared.

Of all superstitions, the grandest is the legend of the Banshee (we term it a "legend" in compliment to received opinion); but who shall say it is nothing more? The gaunt mysterious presence, sweeping over moor and mountain in the pale moonlight, or in the misty darkness, to mourn over the dead of some time-honoured house, becomes almost sublime in its grandeur. The wail is so full of melancholy music, yet so unearthly, that no human creature ever heard it without terror, no animal of the lower world without instinctive trembling. There is no escape from the sound—those who listen to its dismal prelude must hear it to the end.

We do not desire to detract from the dignity of the "Green Lady" of Caerphilly, but she does not seem to us so wide apart from the denizens of fairyland as the Irish Banshee, whom Lady Morgan calls "the white lady of sorrow." The Green Lady is described as light and "airy" in her movements, "flitting" from "turret to turret," and sporting in the "wood-green wild." She may, for anything we know to the contrary, be of kin to the "pixies" of Devonshire, who "sport" in Lincoln green, and do not disdain acquaintance with the "Brownies," "Kelpies," "Cluricawns," or even "Robin Goodfellows" of the north and the south. With these the "Banshee" holds no communion; she does not relinquish earthly form even in the spirit world. Some believe her to have been the foundress of the particular family over whom she mourns; others, that she was appointed their "follower," as a reward for some act of fidelity, accomplished while in the flesh. Some, learned in superstitions, say that though the Banshee can pass a river, she cannot cross the sea. We have little evidence to guide us on this head, but we have treasured up a story told to us in South Wales, to induce a belief that the Banshee has power to "cross" salt, as well as "fresh" water.

Among the Irish haymakers who had for many seasons turned

"The fragrant grasses of the field"

to the scorching sun, was the "ruin" of what must once have been a singularly fine-looking man: his name he said was Blane—Martin Blane; but no one believed that grand old man, so erect, with such an eagle eye, and so naturally well-bred, was ever baptized "Martin." His countrymen always called him "the Master," and when asked why they did so, only answered, "it was a way they had." But whatever his name, the old man was foremost at his work. He was generally reserved, and, for an Irishman, silent; but sometimes the natural wit of his country would break forth, and woe to the Welsh wight who provoked it: his usual mood was, however, silent. His comrades treated him with affectionate respect,—the "white bread," the drop of "sweet milk," the "bit of meat" on Sunday, seemed by common consent "the master's" share; no matter how frequently and earnestly it was refused, the best "bit and sup" was forced upon the dignified old Irishman.

A gentleman farmer—one of those kind-hearted men who increase the fortunes of others by decreasing their own—always threw open his large barns to the haymakers and harvesters; they had room and clean straw, all prepared for them without cost; and it was pleasant to hear their songs, and see them dancing when their day's work was done, to the abominable, so called, "music" of an old bagpipe, which seemed common property, and had crossed the channel dozens of times. During these festivities the old "master" would sit away, generally under a tree at the far end of the farm-yard, his "cotamore" fastened with a skewer round his throat, the sleeves hanging loose, his arms folded over his chest, his head thrown back, and the breeze blowing his hair at its pleasure—that hair changing year after year from "iron grey" to silver. Many an artist tried to bribe the old haymaker to sit or stand for his portrait, but the offer was always indignantly refused, and once, when it was overheard by a group of paddies who were lounging near, they threatened the astonished painter to duck "him, body, bones, and books," in the cow-pond, if he "ever dared to insult 'no master' again."

The last time the poor master visited our friend it was evident his days were numbered,—the noble head was bent, the step feeble, and he could no longer do his summer day's

\* "An inhabitant of Carnarvonshire, who, like most of his countrymen, was very superstitious, went to the vicar of his parish, and declared he had seen the ghost of his friend Taffy Jones, a convivial ostler, who had died a month before. 'And, how did you know,' inquired the clergyman, 'that it was the ghost of Taffy, friend Owen?' 'Oh,' answered Owen, 'because *hur* was staggering drunk!'"



work. It was a sorrow to see him sitting under a hedge, or at the barn-door, instead of leading in the hayfield. When the ricks were finished, and the haymakers departing, the old man came to the window where the people were paid, and asked in a feeble voice if "his honour" would grant his request, and let him "rest his bones in the barn until he gathered a little strength, when, instead of looking after the harvesting, he would go home, and cross the water for the last time." The request was at once granted, and several little comforts were arranged for him, or, we should say, for *them*, for a dark-eyed, dark-haired lad was left to take care of "the master." A question was asked one morning, when he entered the kitchen for the usual supply of "sweet milk," if "the master" was his relative.

"Is it, is he anything to me? sure, he's the master."

"Yes, we know you call him so; but is he kin to you?"

"He kin to the likes o' me? what—the master? Ye might as well ask if the nigle is father to the sparra? I'd lay down my life for him, and so would any of us; but it's little I can do for him."

The summer waned towards autumn, and it was plainly seen that the old haymaker would never return to "old Ireland." He never complained, never asked for anything, and received the kindness offered with a faint smile, or a stately inclination of his noble head. Daily the shadow darkened, and when the harvest-moon was shedding its rays on the golden corn, the pulses of life beat so feebly that each day was expected to be his last; suddenly, however, he rallied, and dispatched his attendant on

some secret mission, saying he could not return until late that night, or probably not until the next morning. These were almost the only words he spoke for many hours, though the farmer and his servant were constant in their attendance. There was a splendid view of the sunset from the barn-door, and he requested it might be left open that he might see it. As the night advanced, he desired to be left alone; and, feeble as he was, he expressed so much irritation at the kind farmer's presence, that the good-natured man retired to his room, which commanded a view of the barn-door and farm-yard, opening his window so that he could hear the slightest noise. He had not fallen asleep, when, without so much as a footfall on the straw, he was startled by a clapping of hands, followed immediately by a wail so loud and unearthly, that he shivered as if with ague. He left his bed, however, and crept to the window. The moon shone so brightly into the barn that he could see the clasped hands of the old haymaker, as if in prayer. That was a first glance, for almost at the moment his attention was rivetted by a female form shrouded from head to foot in a cloak, crouching by the door, sobbing piteously; while ever and anon she repeated the loud cry the farmer had first heard, extending her emaciated arms, and clapping her hands with a fleshless, hard, "bony" sound. This was repeated at short intervals, the moon holding on her way, until the barn-door and its awful visitant were in shadow, the soft silver light illuminating the roofs of the out-buildings, and glistening like a bright hoar frost on the old weather-cock. The farmer was so paralysed that it was not

until afterwards he remembered that none of the farm-dogs had barked; the calves, so restless at noise, never moved; the stillness of death overawed, as it were, every material thing—no sound disturbed that solemn chant, filling, as it swelled, all beneath the heavens with its lamentation. It chilled, he said, "the marrow in his bones," and he heard the beating of his heart louder than the ticking of the kitchen-clock. Suddenly the dark form arose,—it was very tall and awful,—folded its cloak around it close—close as a bat its wings, crying still, but faintly. And after it had faded away in the darkness, he heard the wail, now creeping along the earth, then rising into the heavens: he listened breathlessly, but at last it was gone—quite gone. He had no need to call his servants, they were crouched in one huge heap at his door, trembling like himself, and entreating him not to go near the barn. But, after the lapse of a little time—just as the chill, cold hour before dawn was passing into that fathomless time, so insatiate, so reproductive—just as "the dark hour before day" was expanding into light, he took his way towards the barn, in the full conviction that the old haymaker had entered a better land. Yes, he was quite dead!

The farmer walked to the yard-gate, and leaned upon it. The dogs barked now—they barked at the boy, who was striding towards him. He, too, was trembling, and his eyes glittered with excitement—"He's gone! I know it! I heard the keen of his own Banshee! and she passed me like an arrow on the road! Glory!" said I, "she loved the last of the race well enough to cross the salt water to sing his soul to heaven!"

### THE LUTHER MONUMENT.

We have, on a former occasion, briefly referred to this grand memorial, which is now being completed, from the design of E. Rietschel, the distinguished German sculptor, for the town of Worms. An opportunity is afforded us, by the introduction of an engraving from the work, of again noticing it; and we do so more especially, for the purpose of inviting subscriptions to enable those charged with its execution to carry out their object. The sum of £17,000 is required, of which £12,000 have been collected within three years, from almost all parts of the globe where Protestants reside, except England. An appeal for assistance is now made to this country, the great home of Protestantism,—

which appeal cannot be made in vain: the noble champion of the Reformation has too firm a hold on our gratitude and affections to render it possible that such an application can pass unheeded. A committee, with the Archbishop of Canterbury at its head, has been formed in London, whose office is at 14, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, where subscriptions are received. The monument may be thus described:—The central position is occupied by the chief of this heroic group, Luther, on an elevated pedestal; he is represented in that solemn moment of his life, when, before the Diet of

Worms, the 18th April, 1521, he pronounced those ever memorable words which were the challenge to the Papacy. The upper part of the plinth of the pedestal is ornamented with medallions of the most famous early promoters of the Reformation, and the lower with scenes from Luther's life, and with the arms of the eight princes and cities who signed the "Augsburg Confession." Around the plinth sit four champions of the faith, who, in their time, battled for church reform, and who may be considered as representatives of their nations—to the right Huss, to the left Savonarola; behind them (hidden by the pedestal), Wickliffe and Peter Waldus. Four large upright figures surround this



central group, viz. to the right of the spectator stands Philip the Magnanimous, of Hesse, with uplifted gaze, his whole attitude expressive of boldness and energy; behind him the benign Melancthon, with characteristic humility; to the left, Frederic the Wise, of Saxony, raising the electoral sword of the empire, as if in resolute maintenance of the sacred cause; behind him the learned Reuchlin, stepping forth with courageous self-confidence. The artist has most successfully portrayed in these four men the principal lay and clerical agents who

actively assisted in the work of the Reformation. Between these last-mentioned statues sit three female figures, symbolical of the cities most famous in the history of the Reformation, viz. Magdeburg, with broken sword, mourning her sufferings and disastrous siege; Augsburg, with the palm of victory and the momentous scroll of the "Augsburg Confession" in her hand; and Spire, commemorating the decisive manifesto from which the reforming party derived the name of Protestants—a title recognised as honourable by all its churches, and which was

inscribed in glowing colours on their banners. This latter figure is, on our woodcut, covered by the pedestal of Luther. Thus, the heroic Luther stands like the presiding genius of the spiritual and temporal warfare, in the midst of his fellow-combatants, and of the cities which played an important part in the great event.

We hope this brief notice may aid in procuring the funds necessary to complete Rietschel's fine work: every Protestant country, whatever minor differences of creed exist, should unite to accomplish it.

# PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF GREAT ARTISTS.

BY THE LATE E. V. RIPPINGILLE.

No. 9.—SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE.

SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE was an example of that happy combination of the artist and the gentleman, which is so favourable to the high position he attained both in Art and in life. As an artist he was studious and indefatigable; as a man, self-possessed, amiable, courteous, and yielding. His education must have been very slender, but his conversation betrayed no marks of it, nor did he in the little he was called upon to do as an orator and a writer appear to make any attempt to shine. A temper of gentleness and moderation distinguished him in all things. In his very trying position as the President of the Royal Academy, no man ever passed through the ordeal with so little excitement, either as regards himself or others. Amiablely supple, Lawrence was the most favourable example possible of a man of the world.

In person he very much resembled the great statesman George Canning. His stature was exactly what might be called middle-size; his look was always a reflection of his character—mild and gentlemanly, devoid of pretension and any outward marks of energy. He spoke in a soft, pleasant manner, and, even where his knowledge gave him authority, as in matters of Art, his opinions and remarks were ever made in a tone of modesty and humility. In early life I had frequent intercourse with him, and taking advantage of the freedom this passiveness of manner allowed me, I have sometimes tried to rouse him to speak with his native force, but never with success. There is a story told of him and a clever enamelist (I think Mr. Moss), which exhibits a different phase in his nature. This gentleman, it is said, took one of his large early works to Lawrence, for his opinion upon it. It happened that some visitors were present, and taking the picture into his hand, Lawrence commenced, in his gentle way, to extol its merits, and to speak in high praise of the boldness of attempting so difficult a task upon so large a scale. When the visitors were gone, as artists are in the habit of speaking very freely to each other, Moss, it is said, expressed himself very grateful to Lawrence for what he had said "before company," but begged he would give him his own true and honest opinion, which he considered he had not yet heard. Moss begged to have the faults of his work pointed out, upon which Lawrence commenced such a scarification of its defects, tearing the whole to tatters in such a way that the poor enamelist begged of him for mercy's sake to desist. Personally, I never saw a symptom of this, although I must have offered sufficient occasions; to myself, and to all I have ever known in my position, Lawrence ever spoke with that tenderness and persuasive kindness which could not fail to endear the man and to encourage the pursuit. Lawrence was the most accessible man in the world, and the readiest upon all occasions to give his aid and advice to those of his profession who sought them. He was, we have said, a man of the world, and spoke with caution to those he could not trust with the whole truth; to those of an opposite character, he was altogether another kind of man. He held, with Wilkie and other sensible and honest aspirants, that there are no secrets in the art, and encouraged the inquirer to ask everything fearlessly and freely; and with all this, he had a delicate mode of conferring favours, known and practised by few, of which I shall give an example.

During the early part of my career, I had many interviews and much correspondence with him, which were the means of bringing out some beautiful traits in his character; but from my unmethodical habits, for which I am justly punished, all his letters except one are lost.

In the heyday of a youthful spirit, when one is disposed to "call a spade a spade" regardless of the consequences, I remember how much I was struck with the modest tone of these communications, and the remarks I heard him make. He always spoke of his own achievements and his position in Art and in life with marked diffidence. Upon paying him a visit after having attempted a course of lectures on the Arts of Design, at Bath and

Bristol, I read him a few passages on the subject of "popular ignorance in Art," at which he smiled in his quiet way, and when I had finished, he put his hand upon my shoulder and said, in a manner quite his own, "You must have had a good-natured audience to stand that."

About this period, a satire, by my witty friend the "Sketcher" in "Blackwood," made its appearance, and as Lawrence was mentioned with well-merited praise, I sent him a copy of it, and received from him the following letter:—

"Russell Square, June 5th, 1826.

"MY DEAR SIR,—You perhaps guess at the many professional engagements, and business connected with them, which occupy me at this period of the year, and will accept them as a fair excuse for my not answering your obliging letter and amusing present—amusing is much too light a word to express the degree of pleasure which it afforded me; but indeed I am restrained from a higher expression of its merits by the too flattering mention of my own name. I wish I could feel that I deserved it: yet I may truly say, that the natural tendency of my thoughts and wishes is to do so, and to show that gratitude to Providence for my own success, which should lead me to assist others, who with equal talent, though in other departments of Art, have been less fortunate in their career," &c.

Sir Thomas then speaks with admiration of Danby's picture of the 'Enchanted Island,' which had just then been exhibited at the British Institution, and of a picture—'The Shipwreck,' a picture of Danby's—which he had bought, and regrets that his expenditure that year had been too great to admit of his getting a companion to it. At that moment the widow of a member of the Royal Academy was about to make an application for one of those pensions which the Royal Academy so unostentatiously and quietly dispenses to the needy: naming the lady, Lawrence remarks:—

"You will do me a particular kindness by giving me the direction of Mrs. ——. If you are on intimate terms with her, and know that her situation requires assistance from the Royal Academy, prevail on her to write another statement of it, attested (so our forms demand) by some respectable person or persons (no sanction would be more effectual than your own), and send it either to me, as President, or to Mr. Howard, our secretary. Immediately on the close of the Exhibition, cases of this nature are taken into consideration, and hers, should she determine to offer it, will then be one of the first attended to.—I have the pleasure to be, my dear Sir,

"Your very faithful servant,

"THOS. LAWRENCE."

"E. V. Rippingille, Esq., Bristol."

It is scarcely necessary to add, that the lady in question was successful in her application.

At that fatal period which deprived the world of such a noble ornament as Sir Thomas Lawrence, I had the gratification to witness a striking instance of the consideration for rising talent, as well as another example of that delicate mode of conferring favours, which so strongly characterized him. I knocked at his door one morning, having with me a young artist, who since that time has been honoured by the notice of the Royal Academy. This artist was Mr. Poole, A.R.A., whose name I mention in connection with the event, thinking it very likely he has forgotten it. As usual we were shown into the room in which visitors were received, and of course we were soon feasting our eyes on the fine works it contained. My name had been taken into the painting-room, and presently I was asked down stairs, and quickly followed by the great painter, dressed for going out. After the usual greetings, Sir Thomas remarked, "I saw a gentleman in the gallery, as I passed, did he come with you?" "Yes," I replied, "I brought him to see your works, and that he might receive a word of advice and encouragement from you. He comes from Bristol, and is a promising fellow." "Has he any specimen with him?" "No, Sir Thomas," I said, "before bringing any." "I thought it better to ask your leave; but I should like very much that you should see some of this gentleman an opportunity of showing his studies, and that I hesitated while framing an apology for asking even a few minutes of so laborious a life, Sir Thomas at once relieved me, by remarking,

in the tone of one who is asking a favour instead of granting it, "I should very much like to see what he has done. Perhaps you will explain to him my occupations do not allow me much time to spare, so that I can't pay him a visit, but if he can make it convenient to bring any little picture here, I will give him my opinion with pleasure: but I fear it must be as early as eight in the morning." "A thousand thanks," I said; "and now, as you are preparing to go out, I will not detain you a moment longer. Let me say, I am delighted to see that your hard fag does not injure your health, for I think you are looking better than I have seen you for some years." The reply to this remark was, "Thank God, I feel as well as I ever felt in my life."

My visit must have been made on the Monday or Tuesday of that fatal week; on the Thursday poor Lawrence died.

There is indeed a sad history connected with this irreparable loss. It will be remembered that Carlton House, the residence of King George IV., then occupied a large portion of one side of Pall Mall; it was to this spot Lawrence was going. It is well known, that by virtue of his office the President of the Royal Academy has the *entree*. Upon presenting himself in the usual way, at the announcement of his name Lawrence heard the voice of the king, with an angry and not a very gentlemanly expression, refuse him admission. Lawrence departed in consequence, and gave no further trouble in that quarter. It is well known that he died of disease of the heart; a malady of such a nature as to be seriously affected by any violent and sudden emotion.

True meekness in men is for the most part a very questionable quality, and as a virtue, is rather of an anomalous character, requiring for its support its very opposite, pride; but if such a virtue is worth boasting of, or if any man could honestly boast of it, it was Sir Thomas Lawrence. Perhaps, as a matter of truth, it may fairly be assumed, that those who most fear to hurt the feelings of others, are the most liable themselves to suffer. It is curious that this extraordinary man ever courted, and even provoked, criticism. Having got you before a picture in progress, it was impossible to escape without having a remark extracted from you. Constable, the landscape painter, who was a very odd fellow, with a vein of peculiar sarcasm, being urged by Lawrence for an opinion on the head of a portrait into which some showy drapery had been introduced, and in a way which a good deal disturbed the effect, was observed to be looking through his hands, and putting himself into very strange positions for seeing a picture, when Lawrence asked him playfully what he was doing. His reply was, "Why, I am trying to see the head, and whenever I can get at it you shall know my opinion, but not till then."

In the art he so much adorned by his abilities, Lawrence was profoundly sincere and unequivocally honest: so far from its suffering in his hands by any faithless tricks played with it, to the last hour of his life it was found to thrive and advance nearer to perfection. His hand proclaimed the unremitting earnestness of his mind, which, bent incessantly upon its object, led him to such a dextrous use of his pencil in what is technically called handling that it is almost matchless. No painter of the time approached the *impasto* of Lawrence except poor Haydon, who in putting forward his own merits never mentioned, and appears to have been unconscious of, this. There was once left in the shop of Vokins, the frame-maker, a portrait by Lawrence, which was so strikingly perfect in this mechanical quality, that artists who knew of its being there would never pass the door without running in to have a look at it, and to wonder over the marvellous dexterity of the brush-work! As a student in the schools of the Royal Academy, Lawrence's drawings from the models were distinguished by a beauty of finish, by a closeness of imitation, that made his studies upon white paper where lights are left, resemble exquisite drawings in chalks in which the lights are put on. Sir William Beechey once spoke of Lawrence in comparison with himself, something in these words. We were talking of the close labour of Wilkie, and of his having bestowed six weeks' work upon a table-cloth. Upon this Beechey remarked, "As for me, I have always painted with a full brush, and what I could not do at once, I could not do at all. But there is that fellow Lawrence,



## CHAIR OF BOTANY IN THE LONDON UNIVERSITY.

It may appear strange, and it certainly is unusual, for the *Art-Journal* to take any special interest in elections to university chairs, and nothing but a very strong feeling of duty could have induced us to make any exception to what is a wholesome general rule. But there seem to be such strong special reasons connected with this chair of botany, that we seriously ask the attention of the constituency to one or two considerations which may elsewhere be somewhat overlooked.

It has been understood for some time that the distinguished gentleman who now fills that chair has indicated an intention to retire from the sphere he has so long usefully occupied. We have no idea who may be elected as Dr. Lindley's successor, and before knowing what candidates are likely to be in the field, there are certain bearings which the teaching of botany ought to have upon the progress of Art, and especially upon industrial art, which cannot be too soon understood, or too earnestly insisted on, and which it cannot be presumptuous in the *Art-Journal* to bring prominently before the public and the council of this university.

The number of scholars this institution has produced, and the honours obtained by its students, show that it is quite equal to any of its competitors in that department; and yet it will not be denied that it is pre-eminently a middle-class institution, and that one of its distinguishing features is the providing for the middle class a sound, liberal, and useful education. It educates many professional men, but it also educates many of those who are soon to be engaged in conducting the commerce and industry of this country. It is now also universally admitted, and very generally understood, that our continued prosperity in many branches of industry mainly depends upon the progress in Art which can be combined with the power of production. It is further evident to all conversant with the principles or practice of design, that botany is the root and groundwork of excellence in that department of artistic study or pursuit; and that just in proportion as those brought into contact with Art-industries apprehend the bearing of botany as the basis of all true construction and ornamentation, both in form and colour, in such proportion will they be able to fulfil those duties as master tradesmen and manufacturers to which so many of the students are so evidently destined. From these premises it seems indisputable that botany is one of the most practically important classes in such a school of learning, and that much more of the future success of the students depends upon how such a chair is filled, and how such a science is taught, than might at first sight appear.

Hitherto, unfortunately, botanists have belonged almost exclusively to two classes, the one eminent for classification, the other devoted to physiology; and nearly all eminent reputations in that science have been built on one or other of these branches. But to be adapted to present wants, the professors of botany in our universities must be able to extract and teach another phase of knowledge from their favourite science, and one more universally important than the older botanists ever dreamed of. No man of the smallest pretension to a love of polite study will underrate the value of correct classification, nor can too much honour be awarded to the successful physiologist; but, after all, these are branches which belong almost exclusively to sectional knowledge, and are interesting only to the few, while what we may be allowed, for want of a more definite terminology, to call the artistic phase of botany, not only would embrace both classification and structure, but would also be all-important to every youth who expected to be engaged in almost any branch of industry. There is not a trade, manufacture, or pursuit, into which an artistic knowledge of the principle and development of botany would not enter if these were taught as they ought to be. At present all the ugliness people wear and are surrounded by, in public and in private, are but so many violations of botanical principles, as these are seen when looked at from this artistic point of view; and nearly all the manufactured objects really beautiful, are so just as they approach the simple elemental principles of botany.

Any number of illustrations might be given to prove the truth of these deductions. To those practically acquainted with the subject, these conclusions are so evident as to require no elaboration, although it is just possible they may have escaped the train of thought pursued by many of those responsible for the election of professors for this university. What we urge upon them, then, with all emphasis and earnestness, is, that in their choice of a professor of botany, they will give that which is practically useful at least equal attention with what is technically "eminent;" and that other things being equal, they will select some candidate, if there be any such, who will redeem this science from dry abstract knowing, which, however delightful, is yet barren of general utility; and who will be able to unfold and imbue the student with a love for those true developments of ornamental form, composition, construction, and harmonious colouring, of which botany is the great unerring teacher. Such a professor would not only give new life to the chair, but such a treatment of the subject, if fully carried out, would give new *éclat* to the university, for this is the kind of knowledge for which the producers of this country are panting. There never was an all but universally felt want, but there was some one raised to satisfy it; and this will be no exception to the general rule. Let those with whom the election rests refrain from committing themselves to any mere dry-as-dust man, whatever his attainments in the least practically useful section of the subject; and some man will surely be found, after all, that has been taught, and spoken, and written on the connection and relations of Art to nature, able to combine the aesthetic with the scientific appreciation of this subject. Only such a professor will be able to do justice to the university and the student, for botany is every day passing further from the control of mere classifying philosophers, whose vocation is at best but heaping up knowledge without adding to practical wisdom.

INAUGURATION, AT HALIFAX,  
OF THE  
STATUE OF FRANK CROSSLEY, M.P.

SCULPTURE has rarely had so grand a triumph as at Halifax during the past month; it is with great pleasure we record it. Mr. Frank Crossley, member for West Yorkshire, having presented to the people of Halifax a piece of land now known as "the People's Park,"—strictly, and to the letter, theirs for ever,—his fellow-townsmen, of all grades and of all politics, resolved to manifest their sense of the gift, and commissioned Joseph Durham to execute a marble statue of the donor. This has been placed in a small temple erected for the especial purpose in the park, forming a portion of an elegant building intended to protect visitors in bad weather. It is to the attendant ceremonial we make reference.

The park is just outside the town, on one of the slopes that look down upon it; near at hand is the mansion of Mr. Crossley, and, close by, a series of graceful almshouses, built and endowed by him. The park is not a bare piece of ground, where health and exercise only are to be obtained; it is full of trees and shrubs, and miniature lakes, planned by Sir Joseph Paxton; the water plays through many fountains, and has exit from the grounds through a drinking fountain, subsequently entering baths and wash-houses, before it makes its way into the river that aids the marvellous factories in which the Brothers Crossley give employment to five thousand men, women, and children, who weave the wonderful works in wool that are known and valued over all parts of the civilized earth. That is not all; the park contains many life-size statues in marble, and several vases, copies from famous antiquities. It is, therefore, a place of singular grace and beauty, and cannot fail to refine and elevate the "hard handed" artisans and their families, by whom it is visited daily, after labour is done. That it *has* refined and elevated the working classes we cannot doubt; for on the occasion to which we refer upwards of thirty thousand persons were present: yet there was not a single act of rudeness, the enormous mass being as regular and orderly as if the park had been a church, and the speakers pastors.

for instance, I have seen him sit for three hours together, with nothing in his brush, fiddling away at an eye, that nobody else would have bestowed a fiftieth part of the time upon, but—wasn't it an eye when it was done! and looked as if it hadn't taken five minutes." Lawrence's career was marked everywhere with the true characteristics of a great and a well-understood object. As a beginner in a difficult pursuit, labour and the most careful study were indispensable; as an aspirant for public favour, industry and the rapid production of new works, so as to strengthen and deepen the impression made, were imperative; and this same study, enlightened by experience and growing intelligence, was the result of a true love and feeling that warmed and brightened the farther it was pursued. To the pursuance of this great object, the unceasing labour of a long life bears testimony. Poor Philip Hill, an honest picture-dealer, who for many years lived opposite to the house of Lawrence, in Greek Street, told me, with wondering admiration, that he had seen the "lamp" of Lawrence alight at all times, late and early, and remarked that had he not seen it he would not have believed in such industry. Another instance of a desire after a great object, is evidenced in the attempt made by Lawrence to obtain the keepership, or custody, of the national pictures, then open to competition. Lawrence was too much of the true artist to witness the spoliation of the works of ancient art, by cleaning and patching, without regret and sorrow. He knew that these valuable relics were in the hands of men ignorant or careless of their merits. Beechey, one of the most honest men that ever adorned the lists of artists, was openly rabid in his condemnation of the practice of picture cleaning, and swore most lustily that scarcely a picture existed that had not been spoiled, and that no class of public delinquents would have so much to answer for. Lawrence took another—his own—course. He was then in the height of his fame; having the ear and the pretended respect of the great and powerful in every way, he made an appeal as an artist, and an attempt as an intelligent and right thinking man, to get the entire control and management of this portion of our national wealth, and the honour which belongs to its possession and preservation. But he had more to contend with than he expected; and Mr. Seguin succeeded against Sir Thomas Lawrence, P.R.A.

Another proof of Lawrence's claim to respect, as a man upon whose like we shall not look again for some time, was the collection of the drawings of the old masters, which he made at an immense sacrifice of money, and some loss of time. Mr. Woodburn, the person principally concerned in making this collection, told me that he was certain Lawrence had spent a sum of nearly £60,000 upon it. No wonder he did not die rich: in fact he left but a small amount of wealth to the relatives who bore his name, notwithstanding the sales of his gathered treasures which took place after his death.

Lawrence may be regarded as one of those instructive instances in life which occur but rarely, and which exhibit not only the example of a great man made by nature and circumstances, but of the mode in which his influence is felt, met, and remembered in the world. Lawrence was not only the best, but the most fashionable portrait painter of his time, which is far from meaning the same thing—as is proved in the case of Gainsborough, Wilson, Hogarth, and a host of others. Every visitor to the exhibition, in which portraits smile, frown, or generally look blank upon him, must, after Lawrence's death, have seen at once that no one had taken his place. Could his studio have been looked into, a sight more sad and disheartening would have met the eye—he would have seen it crammed with beginnings, with mere sketches of men, women, and children, with which the furor of fashion had beset and surrounded him, and which were forced upon him, without the possible chance of his living long enough to finish them. Thus, at his sale, people re-bought pictures of themselves taken as children, while heirs and strangers took others. It was enough to have sat to Lawrence, without the remotest chance of ever getting the finished picture. If anything like a true taste and feeling had produced this enthusiasm, it would have been well, and in some shape or other have been carried to the general account of Art; but under false motives and impulses, it ceases with its object—one of the grand curses of favouritism and fashion in Art.



This magnificent and costly gift very rightly received from the town of Halifax a permanent record of gratitude: the statue will last as long as the park, and after-generations will thank those of their time who preserved for them a palpable memory of the giver while enjoying the gift.

It has not been usual in England to execute a statue of a man while he lives; yet why this should be the case we have always been at a loss to know. Painted portraits are common enough, so, indeed, are busts; but full-length and life-size statues have been generally postponed until after death—to the great prejudice of the art. The case it is our duty to describe may aid to explode a custom "more honoured in the breach than in the observance," and to be defended by no arguments except the weakest of all—that it has not been usual hitherto. It was a bold step for the men of Halifax to take; a new thing is that which they have done. May it be an induction, and when it is designed to commemorate some hero—of war or peace—may their example be referred to, and the sculptor, as well as the painter, be summoned to the task.

Mr. Durham had certainly a good subject: Frank Crossley is a remarkably fine-looking and handsome man, tall and portly, the model of an English gentleman, "well to do," who looks as if benevolence were an instinct, and the happiness he gives or promotes were reflected by his fine features. Moreover, he wears a large and a becoming beard. Altogether, therefore, Durham was fortunate in his model; but, on the other hand, he had difficulties of the severest kind to contend with, and perhaps no sculptor has ever been subjected to so stern a test. There was no allowance to fancy, no scope for invention; he was scrupulously limited to the portrayal in marble of a gentleman in the never graceful dress universal to our age and country. He could not even do what his predecessors of a century ago so commonly did—clothe Mr. Frank Crossley in Roman armour, and so get rid of the terribly embarrassing trousers of modern time. Durham most wisely, and exercising sound judgment and intelligence (as he surely did), made no attempt beyond that of representing his subject just as he is seen every day. He knew it would be examined daily, in the town where Mr. Crossley resides, by thousands, every one of whom is a critic, for to all his townsmen the face and form are familiar.

The difficulties in his way he has entirely overcome; the statue is a noble work of Art, a faithful likeness, without the least "improvement" or exaggeration, singularly easy in pose—sitting in an antique chair,—and executed with the sternest fidelity in all respects. It will content the humblest of the crowds who see it, and satisfy the most accomplished critic in Art. It has been our lot to examine nearly all the portrait statues that have been produced during the last thirty years, and we do not hesitate to pronounce this the best—taking into account the boundaries to which the genius of the artist was limited.

We have said that sculpture had a triumph at Halifax; so undoubtedly had the sculptor also, not only when the ceremony of transferring, by deed, the statue to the mayor and corporation took place in the park, but at a dinner at night—Mr. Durham receiving, on both occasions, the warmest congratulations of assemblies, of whose praise any living man might have been proud—the thirty thousand artisans who met in the morning being, each one of them, as good a judge for this purpose, as any of the three hundred of whom, in the evening, Mr. Durham was the guest. To the compliments "heaped" on him, he replied with becoming modesty, yet with a degree of fervour and propriety that amounted to eloquence.

The whole proceedings of the morning and evening were, in truth, such as very rarely occur in England; on the continent, indeed, it is common to render homage to Art, and honour to the artist, when a great public work is achieved, but we have appeared to consider it unnecessary that any marked tribute should be paid to either, beyond that of money recompense, duly followed by a receipt in full. The way in which the men of Halifax have set an example may be so followed as greatly to advance the interest of British sculpture and British sculptors.

## ART IN SCOTLAND, AND THE PROVINCES.

EDINBURGH.—The annual general meeting of the Royal Scottish Association for the Promotion of the Fine Arts, was held in Queen Street Hall, on the 23rd of July. The works of Art to be distributed among the subscribers were exhibited on the wall behind the platform, with the exception of the first prize, Mr. Noel Paton's series of paintings illustrative of "The Dowie Dens of Yarrow," which was hung conspicuously in front of the platform, immediately beneath the chairman. There was an unusually large attendance, both the area and the galleries of the hall being filled. The report stated that the funds of the association had materially increased, as last year they amounted to 4,263 guineas, whilst this year they amount to 5,616 guineas; that there had been commissioned, at the cost of £600 sterling, from Mr. J. Noel Paton, R.S.A., six oil paintings, in illustration of the Border ballad, the "Dowie Dens of Yarrow;" "and considering," continues the report, "that these beautiful pictures derive at least a portion of their value and interest from being a connected series of illustrations, the committee have determined that they shall form one prize, the most valuable, even at the price paid for them, £600 (which is far below the market value), that has ever been distributed by any Art association in this or any other country. They will be delivered to the prizeholder after the engravers, in whose hands they now are, have completed their respective plates." The other prizes, purchased at a cost of £1,628 sterling, from works of Art recently exhibited at the Royal Scottish Academy, consist of forty-six paintings and one piece of sculpture.

BRADFORD.—The great manufacturing towns of the north, rapidly increasing in wealth, are year by year not less rapidly adding to the number and the importance of their Art-treasures. Merchant princes are munificent patrons, and, having enriched their own stately mansions with the choicest works, they generously lend them for public exhibition. The town of Bradford, in Yorkshire, known as one of the great centres of manufacture and wealth, has worthily emulated other cities by opening an Art-treasures exhibition in connection with its local school of design. Gentlemen known for their warm interest in the cure and advance of Art, efficiently supported by the collectors of the neighbouring districts, have succeeded in bringing together works which, by their number, diversity, and importance, not inadequately represent the present position of our English school. There are pictures by Turner, contributed by Mr. Heugh, of Manchester, which, from special excellence, have obtained honourable mention by Mr. Ruskin in his "Modern Painters." We see, likewise, well-known works by Creswick, Puse, Eity, Stanfield, Cox, Linnell, Ward, and others. Especially rare and valuable were the contributions of William Houldsworth, Esq., of Halifax. Mr. Plint, of Leeds, another liberal and extensive collector, was also a large contributor.

Such an exhibition, in the midst of a dense manufacturing district devoted to hard toil, we need scarcely say fulfils an important function in the cause of national education, and ministers in no small degree to the general refinement of the people. The present effort had, moreover, another object—the pecuniary aid of the local school of design. This school has received no subsidy from the Government, and the course of instruction adopted by its master, Mr. Lobley, differs in some points from the system in use at South Kensington. We have recently had the advantage of inspecting the drawings of the pupils, and knowing the works executed in other towns, we can confidently assert that the Bradford School of Design is in a state of good efficiency, and well merits the support of the rich and populous district to which it extends the advantages of a sound and systematic Art education.

TUNBRIDGE WELLS.—An exhibition of pictures and other works of Art has been recently held in this place, with a most satisfactory result. The contributions were, principally, from the collections of the gentry of the neighbourhood.—Viscount Harcourt, Sir C. Locock, Mr. Alderman Salomons, Mr. Wells, of Redleaf, Mr. H. Broadwood, Mr. C. R. F. Lutwidge, Dr. Deakin, and others. Mr. Gambart and Mr. H. Wallis, of London, also lent their aid. The pictures included works by Maclean, Landseer, Redgrave, E. W. Cooke, J. Wilson, E. M. Ward, P. Nasmyth, Greuze, E. Frere, Bright, S. A. Hart, Jutsum, Millais, Eton, Eggs, Leslie, Frost, Stanfield, Frith, H. B. Willis, J. Phillip, and of some of the old painters. The exhibition was honourable to the town and the liberal gentlemen—Mr. Lutwidge especially—by whom it was formed.

## MINOR TOPICS OF THE MONTH.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.—It has been for some time past understood that the Royal Academy was about to break that ominous silence it has been its rule to observe with respect to circumstances immediately affecting itself. There has at length appeared a "Report from the Council of the Royal Academy, to the general assembly of the Academicians," comprehending at once the periodical, or decennial, report, with their views of "The relation of the Royal Academy to the Crown," "The relation of the Royal Academy to the Public," and "The relation of the Royal Academy to the Professors of Art." This "Report," like all reports, is retrospective, and beyond an expression of the inexpediency of augmenting the number of Academicians, there is no allusion to the future of the institution. It were unnecessary that such an exposition should be addressed to the members, since it contains nothing with which they are unacquainted—nor, indeed, much that is unknown to persons generally interested in Art. The report reached us too late in the month to receive the consideration it deserves; such a document may not be treated lightly. We, therefore, postpone the duty of reviewing it.

THE SCHOOLS OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY appear as if they are about to enter upon a new and important career of usefulness. We understand that a lady, desirous of becoming a pupil, sent in, as is customary, a drawing for approval, and the Council, ignorant that it was the work of a female hand, admitted it. The lady subsequently applied to the President, who so interested himself in the matter, that she has obtained permission to study there; and it is supposed, on tolerably good authority, that the schools will in future be open to female students, under proper regulations: this is certainly another step in the right direction made by the Academy. While writing of this institution, we may take occasion to reply to an anonymous correspondent at Manchester—a practice we rarely adopt, though we at once answer any letters properly authenticated—who asks why certain artists are omitted from the list of candidates for the degree of Associate in the Academy, such a list having lately been published in the columns of a weekly contemporary: he is evidently not cognizant of the fact, that any British artist who exhibits at the Academy may enter his name in the book kept there for this purpose. Our correspondent would throw the *onus* of the absence of the painters he mentions on the Academy, which cannot be charged with the burden.

ART IN PARLIAMENT.—So many subjects connected with Art have been treated in Parliament during the past session, as to supply us with material for a somewhat lengthened review, which we are preparing for our next number.

THE ART-UNION OF ENGLAND.—This society has held its first exhibition at their offices, No. 13, Regent Street. The number of prizes is thirty-five, of which the highest, that of £50, fell to a lady, who selected from the exhibition of the Society of British Artists "Sunset," by J. P. Pettitt, the price of the picture being £100. Other examples of the like liberality are recorded, notably that of Charles Prater, Esq., to whom was allotted a prize of £5, but who selected "Ride a Cock Horse," by Bromley, a picture priced at £52 10s., and chosen from the Royal Academy. Mr. Pilkington, M.P., drew a prize of £15, and selected from the Portland Gallery "Carting Hay," by H. B. Gray, a work priced at £80. Other artists whose works have been selected are—H. Weir, J. Peel, B. W. Leader, E. G. Warren, Mrs. Oliver, Miss Walter, G. Shalders, E. Boddington, E. A. Pettitt, &c.; and if the prizes are considered with their prices, it will be concluded that the selections have been judiciously made.

SIR S. MORTON PETO has offered to present to the inhabitants of Islington a statue of Sir Hugh Myddleton, to surmount a drinking fountain, which it is proposed to erect, in honour of the latter, on the site of the old watch-house on the Green.

STATUES BY WATSON.—The *Critic* informs us, that the two statues of Lord Eldon and Lord Stowell—brothers who are both famous—executed in marble by Watson, and which have been, since the Exhibition of 1851, stowed away at the Pantechicon, are about to be placed at Oxford.



MR. GEORGE HARVEY, 16, Rathbone Place, has executed five drawings, illustrative of the progress of civilization, and entitled according to the periods of the day. 'Night,' shows Adam and Eve as expelled from Paradise; 'Morning,' the dawning of inventions—the spindle and distaff, the wattled hut, &c.; 'Noon,' the Festival of Baal; 'Afternoon,' the Festival of Mars; and 'Evening,' desolation and ruin, as the result of idolatry, and the denial of the living God. The drawings are highly finished. Mr. Harvey proposes to publish engravings from them, accompanied by letter-press.

A COLLECTION of ninety-eight ancient pictures is on exhibition in the upper rooms of No. 120, Pall Mall. The proprietor, who shows them, states that he has removed them for sale to this country from Venice, where property of this kind is now considered unsafe. There are examples of Brauer, Cyp, Callot ('The Slaughter of the Innocents,' marvelously finished), Brecklenkamp, Teniers, Gerhard Dow, Singelandt, Hemling, Both, Lancret, Albano, &c., many of them being productions of great excellence.

THE LATE MR. WOODBURN has bequeathed to the British Institution, the Society of Painters in Water Colours, and the New Society of Painters in Water Colours, the sum of £500 each; but the intentions of the testator were so imperfectly stated in the will, that the executors were at a loss to know what they actually were, the two latter institutions being described as the Society of Water Colour Painters in London. The executors have, doubtless, interpreted the will rightly, by making the New Society sharers in the gift, inasmuch as there is no other to which the description could apply.

THE TURNER PENSION of £50 has been given to Mr. J. M. Wright. Mr. Wright is a veteran in Art—he was an old man when the present race of painters were children: for many years he furnished subjects for the engravers, in illustrated books. If fortune has not been propitious to him, it is not because he was deficient either of talent or industry: his productions are very numerous, and manifest thought and power. No man has better earned the pension he receives.

THE STATUE OF GENERAL HAVELOCK, just completed by Mr. Behnes, is intended for erection at Sunderland, the birthplace of the distinguished soldier. The figure is in uniform, with a cloak cast loosely over the shoulders; the attitude is one of the most perfect natural ease, the right hand resting upon the sword. As a likeness it is pronounced, by persons well acquainted with the lineaments and person of Sir H. Havelock when living, to be the best known resemblance.

MR. EDWARDS, SCULPTOR, of 41, Robert Street, Hampstead Road, is perfecting a colossal figure, representing Religion. The impersonation is, of course, female, and designed in the most exalted conception of Christian art. In composition the draperies are grand and imposing, and the features are modelled with an elevation of sentiment which is admirably sustained by the right hand resting on the Bible, while the left holds at the breast a flower, the symbol of peace. There is also in progress by Mr. Edwards a life-sized statue, the subject 'Evening Reverie,' suggested by the lines of Professor Wilson—

"There are thoughts  
That slumber in the soul, like sweetest sounds  
Amid the harp's loose strings; till airs from Heaven  
On earth at dewy night-fall visitant  
Awake the sleeping melody."

When the figure is sufficiently advanced we shall be able to describe it—as yet it is imperfect.

THE HALLAM MEMORIAL.—It having been decided, as was stated in our last number, that the memorial to the late Henry Hallam is to take the form of a statue, the committee have applied to Messrs. Foley, R.A., Theed, A.R.A., Bell, Munro, Noble, and Woolner, to send in designs in competition for the work. Messrs. Foley and Woolner have, we understand, declined the invitation.

GREENWICH HOSPITAL.—The picture, by the late Sir William Allen, R.A., of 'Nelson Boarding the San Josef,' in the action off the Straits of Gibraltar, in 1797, when Sir John Jervis defeated the Spanish fleet, has been presented by the owner, Mr. H. C. Blackburn, of Gloucester Gardens, Hyde Park, to Greenwich Hospital: it will be placed in the "Painted Hall,"—the picture-gallery of the Hospital.

MEMORIAL OF THE LATE SIR CHARLES BARRY, R.A.—The *Builder* states that a deputation from a committee of the Institute of Architects had an interview a short time since with Lord Palmerston, to urge the propriety of erecting a statue of the late Sir Charles Barry in some convenient part of his great work at Westminster. The premier, we understand, acquiesced fully, and, moreover, when it was suggested that the Government might undertake the duty, expressed his personal willingness that it should do so. The site spoken of is the top of the flight of steps at the end of Westminster Hall, under the large window put in by Barry, and where, indeed, his work, it may be said, commences.

MEMORIAL SCULPTURE.—It is proposed to erect a statue, in marble, to the memory of the late Sir James M'Grigor, Bart., K.C.B., late Director General of the Army Medical Department. Artists are invited to send in designs and specifications for the work to the Hon. Sec., at No. 6, Whitehall Yard.

THE LATE A. N. WELBY PUGIN.—A committee, of which Mr. A. J. Beresford Hope is chairman, has been formed for the purpose of carrying out a project in honour of the late Mr. A. N. Welby Pugin, the distinguished architect. The fund arising from the subscriptions is to be entitled the "Pugin Travelling Fund," the interest of which is to be awarded to an architectural student, who will have the advantage of travelling through the United Kingdom, to examine and illustrate its mediæval architecture, sculpture, and painting.

THE GREAT EXHIBITION OF 1862.—The guarantee fund for this undertaking continues to increase week by week: up to the middle of last month the subscriptions had reached £352,500.

THE NELSON COLUMN.—Notwithstanding the statement recently made by Mr. Cowper in the House of Commons, that Sir Edwin Landseer is employed in modelling the lions for this column, it is tolerably well known that such is not really the fact: the *Critic* says,—"Sir Edwin Landseer neither has been, is, or ever will be, occupied in modelling these lions. All that he has done is to prepare two drawings upon black boards, which drawings are now in the studio of Baron Marochetti, who is actively employed in modelling the lions from the drawings of the great animal painter." We have waited so long for the completion of this work as to almost despair of living to see it finished: and we believe the public has become so indifferent to the matter as to care little who is the sculptor, if he will but produce his lions.

PORTRAIT STATUETTES.—A Polish artist, K. Boryczewski, has recently settled in London (at 143, Great Portland Street), bringing letters from several eminent *savants* of Germany (among the rest the late Baron Humboldt), whose comparatively humble studio should be visited by those who are interested in the class of Art he professes, or rather that by which he obtains the means to produce works of a more ambitious order. He produces portrait-statuettes, in pipe-clay, which he subjects to the action of fire. His likenesses are marvellous; in some we have seen, the form and "character," as well as the features of the subject, are given with singular fidelity. In his small atelier there are other matters of interest: a group of rare merit, allegorical of Venice; and a statuette, in which the artist has treated a subject, seldom taken by, and, indeed, almost forbidden to, Art in England: he has dared to represent the Deity creating the world by a word. The theme is opposed—and rightly so—to our notions of propriety; we shrink, and wisely, from a task so awful, as beyond the powers of either painter or sculptor, as unapproachable either by thought, imagination, or intelligence. But foreign artists view the case differently. At all events, the work to which we refer evidences genius of a high order; it is, in all respects, remarkable in conception and execution, and may be accepted as proof of what the sculptor can do, under circumstances more favourable for the exercise of patronage. We trust this brief paragraph may cause some one to find out a man of rare and large gifts, to whom timely aid may be of infinite value.

TESTIMONIAL TO MR. ROBERT HUNT, F.R.S.—The valuable contributions of this gentleman to our pages, during many years, must have made his name so familiar to our readers as to render any introduction quite unnecessary. That his services,

both in the literary and scientific world, have been duly appreciated in other quarters is evidenced by the splendid testimonial recently presented to him at the Geological Museum—an event which we have much gratification in recording. A subscription, that reached a sum of more than 400 guineas, was collected from a considerable number of gentlemen, in all parts of the kingdom, interested in the mineral industries of the country, as well as from others to whom Mr. Hunt's private and public conduct is well known, and by whom it is highly appreciated. A portion of this sum was devoted to the purchase of an elegant silver service, expressly manufactured by Messrs. Hunt and Roskell, and consisting of a large oval salver, weighing 200 ounces, a tea-kettle, lamp and stand, all richly engraved, tea and coffee pots, cream ewer, sugar-basin, and pot, milk-jug, *en suite*; and in addition to these was a purse containing the sum of 200 guineas. In the unavoidable absence of Sir Roderick Murchison, Director-General of the Geological Survey of the United Kingdom, and of other men distinguished for their scientific pursuits, the agreeable task of presenting the testimonial devolved upon Mr. Josiah Berry, F.R.G.S., who prefaced the presentation with some highly complimentary remarks—not more so, however, than the occasion required—on Mr. Hunt's services in the cause of science, referring especially to his published writings, "Researches on Light," "Poetry of Science," "Panthea," "Manual of Photography," &c. Mr. Hunt is one of the "self-raised men" whom we occasionally see rising up from the masses around us; both in public and in private he has won troops of friends, whose esteem he has gained not less by his talents than by his uniform kindness of heart, cheerful disposition, and unobtrusive manner.

THE GALLERY OF ILLUSTRATION.—Mr. and Mrs. German Reed, who have long held a foremost place in public favour, and who are, indeed, now without rivals in the field they occupy, have recently obtained the valuable co-operation of John Parry; together they give an entertainment of surpassing excellence, sufficiently "funny" to amuse a mixed audience, but, in all respects, good enough to satisfy the most intellectual of their visitors, of whom they have many. It is a mixture of music and dialogue; but the chief attractions are the various characters which each of the performers in turn assumes: these are all admirably "pictured," so to speak. The season has terminated, and we are not, therefore, induced to give to the subject the space it deserves. When another commences, we shall treat it at some length, for it is, in the best sense of the term, "artistic," and it would be difficult for any project to afford a larger amount of rational enjoyment.

THE FEMALE SCHOOL OF ART.—The committee which has undertaken to collect subscriptions in aid of this institution has so far succeeded as, in the opinion of the members, to justify the renting of premises, in which the school may be carried on. An eligible house, No. 43, Queen Square, has been taken for three years, with the option of purchasing it during, or at the expiration of, that time; but to effect this a sum of nearly £1000 will still be required; the subscriptions have now reached £1056. It is earnestly hoped that the deficiency will be supplied, in order to relieve the school from the position in which it has been placed by, what we cannot but consider, the illiberal and unjust decision of the committee of the Council on Education. The institution will commence its operations for the next session at the above-named place, at the usual date, October 1; and the committee earnestly appeals for annual subscriptions, to enable it to meet the expenses of rent, &c., till the school is freed from such a weighty incumbrance by the purchase of the premises. Towards this object we hear that Mr. M. Uzielli has generously promised a donation of £100, on condition that seven other gentlemen will undertake to contribute each a similar sum. Several of the city guilds have already subscribed liberally, and others are expected to follow their good example. Miss Gann, the lady superintendent of the school, has just received a most gratifying proof of the respect and esteem of her pupils, who have presented her with a handsome gold watch and appendages, accompanied by a suitable address, and the names of the subscribers—a numerous list, the document written and ornamented with floral decorations by the hands of some of the fair donors.



## REVIEWS.

CATALOGUE OF THE COLLECTION OF MATTHEW UZIELLI, Esq. By J. C. ROBINSON, F.S.A. Printed for private circulation.

If proof were wanting of the riches stored away in private collections in England, this beautiful volume might be brought forward with advantage. The consciousness that dozens of others might also be compiled, only gives a true idea of the Art-treasures held by individuals among us, whose quiet tastes covet no popularity, and are indulged from pure love of beauty. Mr. Uzielli's collection may be said to form part of the "furniture" of his residence, Hanover Lodge, Regent's Park; its purport has been well pointed out in the preface to this volume: "In gathering together the very varied objects herein described, the owner has been guided by a general taste for Art, the indulgence of which appeared to him preferable to the confining his acquisitions within strictly-defined limits. This plan, besides affording the widest and most fruitful field for his researches, seemed also likely, in its results, to be more agreeable to friends and visitors, for whose enjoyment, not for the owner's pleasure, this pleasurable occupation, this collection has been formed." It embraces a large variety, ranging over all periods, from the Art-works of ancient Greece and Rome in gems and fettle wares, to the enamels, jewellery, and fine *faience* of the middle ages. Pictures and drawings by the ancient masters, and specimens of illuminated manuscripts, are not collected to the exclusion of the beauties of modern sculpture and painting, of which the catalogue furnishes a fair list, including the famed life-sized statue of Venus, by Gibson of Rome, and the admirable picture by Leys of Antwerp—'Mary of Burgundy giving Alms to the Poor,' a painting which excited so much attention when lent by its owner to the South Kensington Museum last winter. The extent of the entire collection may be judged, by the number 1026 appended to the list of the objects described, and still the proprietor is collecting, we are told. Many of the principal articles are depicted in a series of well-executed engravings; and we should not be doing justice to Mr. Robinson, the compiler of the catalogue, if we did not notice the able manner in which he has done his work. It is not a mere bald index to the collection, but a descriptive catalogue, which none but one well conversant with Art in general could execute, and each division is preceded by a brief essay on the history of the branch of art of which they form examples. The only regret we feel over the volume is, that being "privately published," it is not purchasable.

HANDBOOK OF PAINTING. THE GERMAN, FLEMISH, AND DUTCH SCHOOLS. Based on the Handbook of Kügler. Enlarged and for the most part rewritten. By Dr. WAAGEN, Director of the Royal Gallery of Pictures, Berlin. With illustrations. 2 Vols. Published by J. MURRAY, London.

Considering the strong hold which modern art has taken of the popular mind, and the great eagerness manifested to possess English pictures, it may probably be asked, what interest can there be found to justify the republication of a voluminous history of the works of the old painters, to whatever school they belong? Two arguments, among many others we could allege, may be used in answer to such a query. One is we have a National Gallery containing some of the finest productions of these painters, and the other is that similar works are scattered, in various private collections, over the country, and, consequently, both nationally and individually, the old masters have a claim on our attention. Moreover, a love of Art of every kind is rapidly increasing, and with it there exists also a desire to know and to understand its worth and its excellencies; to learn its history, to read of the men whose labours have achieved its greatest triumphs, and to become acquainted with the results of those labours. If our knowledge of Art only kept pace with the advancing interest that is felt in it, we should soon become as distinguished for our learning in this subject as in the sciences which have placed England on a par with, if not above, all the nations of the world.

It is, if we are not mistaken, about fourteen years since Dr. Franz Kügler's "Handbook of Painting" was published, by Mr. Murray, in this country; that edition was translated by a lady, whose name was not made public, and edited by Sir Edmund Head, who supplied many valuable notes. But the researches since made have thrown so much new light on the history and practice of the schools treated of, that it has been deemed expedient to remodel, and almost re-write, the entire work; and the task of doing this was confided to Dr. Waagen,

whose whole life has been devoted to the study of the Fine Arts, but especially to that of painting.

In comparing the two editions, we find that Dr. Waagen has added considerably to Kügler's remarks upon the earlier painters; that in the predecessors of Albert Dürer and Holbein. The notices of Rubens and Rembrandt have been greatly enlarged, in fact, the matter is almost wholly original; while he has devoted greater space to many of the eminent painters of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, whom Kügler dismissed rather summarily, and has curtailed the remarks of the latter on artists of inferior reputation. "Considering," Dr. Waagen says, "the extensive knowledge of Art attained by Dr. Kügler, which, besides the entire department of painting, included those of sculpture and architecture, it is easily credible that he should not have had time to devote to that close study of the later Dutch painters, which they deserve. My endeavour has been, by a careful and closer review of the chief masters of the Dutch school, and by reference to their most notable works, to supply this deficiency."

Connoisseurs in Art, like members of the legal and medical professions, will often be found to differ; hence we are not surprised to see an occasional variance between the opinions expressed by these two writers respectively; but it does not materially affect the statement of either, as the difference is rather that of degree than of kind, and it shows itself here, more in the place which certain artists hold in the estimation of the writers, than in what may be considered as facts in the history and practice of the painters spoken of.

The spirit of these Northern schools of Art has had a more powerful influence over us than the Southern, in all the essential qualities of painting, except, perhaps, colour. Hence it is that the Teutonic style is more generally acceptable among us, as a people, than the Italian in its various ramifications and modifications, though it may not be better understood. A careful reading of these volumes, so comprehensive, full of carefully investigated facts and of artistic learning, will dissipate whatever ignorance of the subject exists, and thus enable us to judge according to the knowledge acquired.

THE RELIQUARY; a Depository for Precious Relics illustrative of the history of Derby. No. 1. Edited by L. JEWITT, F.S.A. Published by J. R. SMITH, London.

We always gladly had the earnest work of local men; it is to their labours we owe no little good and peculiar knowledge, without which much would be irretrievably lost to the metropolitan antiquary or historian. Derbyshire, one of our most beautiful counties, also preserves some of our oldest customs and traditions; these, and its other features, Mr. Jewitt presents in an agreeable first number of a book we hope to see continue and prosper. He has contributed one of the best papers, on the beautiful old custom of hanging funeral garlands in the Derbyshire churches when unmarried girls were buried; he has illustrated this paper with some curious engravings by his own hand, and written on it with poetic feeling. There is a good opening paper on Derby coins, by Thomas Bateman, well-known for his researches as a resident antiquary, and a large variety of curious information and equally curious engravings, interspersed with most varied information, in this promising serial.

FROM HAY-TIME TO HOPPING. By the Author of "My Farm of Four Acres." Published by CHAPMAN & HALL, London.

A *novellette*, by the author of an admirable little volume of *facts*. It is curious to note how a mind so devoted to reality can expand into romance, how the *real* may amalgamate with the *ideal*, how one so practical can trifle with the fancy of the storyteller. It was almost a dangerous experiment, the more so because there are still subjects connected with the "Farm of Four Acres" that we long to hear about, and that might be pleasant and useful not alone to lady-farmers in a small way. We had hoped that in her next book the writer would have given much cheerful teaching to those who seek to transplant some portion of country life, and country practice, into the suburbs of large towns: we do not yet relinquish the hope and the desire to revive such a work from her pen. The title is promising, "From Hay-time to Hopping;" and we have glimpses of a sweet country home, and scraps of rural life during that brief period, which are quite worthy the author of the Farm. But the story runs like other stories, on the hopes and fears, the tenderness and tremors, of a young and gentle girl, who first was in great danger of being "taken in and done for" by a fierce, exacting sister, who "puts upon her" outrageously. She, however, happily escapes; how, our readers must discover for them-

selves: they will thank us for sending them to the well-told tale.

The various characters in "From Hay-time to Hopping" are outlined with so clear and firm a hand that it is to be regretted the story did not extend into two volumes; then the author could have delineated more fully, as well as developed much which is only glanced at, evidently to bring the pages within compass. The style is exceedingly agreeable; the characters manifest much generous and sympathising knowledge of life, while the story, without being exciting, is deeply interesting. The book is a good book, and will take a high place among works in which truth is so skillfully and judiciously blended with fiction that the one is a material help to the other.

HANDBOOK TO SCOTLAND FOR TOURISTS. Illustrated by Maps, Plans, and Views. By the Rev. JOHN M. WILSON, Author of "Handbook to Edinburgh," "Handbook to the English Lakes," &c. &c. Published by T. NELSON AND SONS, London and Edinburgh.

This is a most comprehensive guide-book; as much so as those well-known red-covered volumes which Mr. Murray has published, and which are seen in the hands of English travellers through the length and breadth of Europe, and somewhat recently, through some portions of Africa and Asia. The arrangement of its contents is perspicuous and judicious, the compiler having separated the country into numerous divisions, each of which may be fully explored by following the routes laid down: all that is worth seeing is carefully noted, whether it be remarkable for beauty of scenery or historical association. The engraved plans will be found useful, but the "views" we could readily dispense with; they are few in number and indifferent as works of Art. Good woodcuts would be far more acceptable than these inferior steel engravings.

GLIMPSSES OF OCEAN LIFE; or, Rock-pools, and the Lessons they teach. By JOHN HARPER, F.R.S.S.A. With numerous illustrations by the Author. Published by T. NELSON AND SONS, London.

Small has been the inducement this season, hitherto, for the dwellers in "pent up cities" to exchange the shelter of their habitations for rural pastures or sea-side enjoyments; the zodiacal sign *aquarius* has been too much in the ascendant to render such a change very desirable; but a favourable autumn may follow, and then the coasts of England will, doubtless, receive a large accession of visitors anxious to acquire all the physical and mental benefits to be obtained in such localities. Now even at a pleasant watering-place time is sometimes found to hang heavily; but it need not be so with a little volume like this in the hand of the visitor; and it is to such a class that the book is more especially addressed, for Mr. Harper says that the subject of marine zoology "may be pursued as an amusement—a pastime, if you will; and it is in no higher character than that of a holiday caterer, that the author asks the reader's company to the sea-side. No lessons but the simplest are attempted to be conveyed in this little volume, and these in as quiet and homely a style as possible."

There is, however, another class of persons to whom it will be an acquisition; we mean those who "cultivate," if we may so employ the word, an *aquarium*. The information given on this study, or pursuit, or amusement, whichever it may be called, is simple and varied. Marine zoology generally has found an able and pleasant exponent in this little book, which, in all respects, is exceedingly well "got up."

SINAI AND GOLGOTHA; ODER PLASTISCHE DARSTELLUNG DES HEILIGEN LANDS UND SEINER UMGEBUNGEN. (A Plan in relief of the Holy Land and Neighbouring Countries.) Von H. W. ALTMEÜLLER. THEODOR FISCHER, Cassel, 1860.

A modelled plan of these countries will, in the eyes of the student of sacred history, give them an increased interest, and especially at this time, such a work will be a valuable auxiliary in realizing the localities of the current events that desolate these lands. Herr Altmeüller is known as having executed in relief a plan of Jerusalem; but it is an improvement upon that happy thought thus to set forth in a diminished reality, scenes consecrated in the heart of every Christian. The plan comprehends an extent bounded north and south by the Red Sea and Lebanon, on the east by the Arabian and Syrian deserts; and on the west by the Nile and the Mediterranean.



## THE ART-JOURNAL.



LONDON, OCTOBER 1, 1860.

ART PROCEEDINGS IN PARLIAMENT,  
SESSION 1860.

URING the late session of Parliament the House of Commons devoted its accustomed collective wisdom, and wasted more than the usually prescribed time, upon matters pertaining to the Fine Arts. These repeated and important discussions invariably prove the imperative necessity of doing something, the timid resolve of each succeeding Government to undertake as little as possible, and the dogged determination of certain independent members to render that little impracticable and abortive. The grand result of all this noisy and interminable debate is a state of our national monuments and public galleries for which there is no parallel in Europe. While we in England have been idly talking and deliberating, other nations have quietly done the work. During the years that our National Gallery has stood a deformity, and the Nelson Column a disgrace, there have arisen in the great cities of Europe—in Berlin, Dresden, Munich, and Madrid—stately museums dedicated to Art; and while we in London are discussing a few minor and miserable street improvements, the entire city of Paris has been remodelled and rebuilt.

This state of things is the more to be regretted inasmuch as the time has now arrived when England might readily, under the guidance of judicious councils, acquire for herself that high position in the Arts, which her place in the scale of nations indicates and demands. Public opinion is now at length fully aroused to the advantages, no less than to the delights, which the culture of the Arts can confer upon a people. On all sides do we see abundant evidence of an awakening in the popular taste, of an ardour which lavishes large sums of money, devotes valuable time, and dedicates abundant talent, to those arts which are now acknowledged no less essential to our manufacturing pre-eminence, than conducive to our honour and promotive of refined enjoyment. The history of the last ten years is, in all that concerns the Arts, sufficient evidence of the resources of the country and the zeal of our people. The success of the Great Exhibition of 1851, the subsequent gathering together of "Art Treasures," in Manchester, and the large sums now given as guarantee for the forthcoming Exhibition of 1862, show an amount of private enterprise, manifest a spontaneous desire for refined culture, display an accumulation of national wealth, never surpassed in any age or country. The people at large, moreover, have not failed to show how readily they can appreciate and how fully enjoy these efforts made

for their improvement. They have uniformly thronged to give a crowded and monied success to these bold and generous enterprises; and in their peaceful and decorous conduct, in their reverence for the great works, which have never suffered at their hands, they have shown themselves worthy of the confidence reposed, and ready to profit by the advantages thus freely laid before them. All things, we repeat, seem to indicate a national revival in the Arts. Artists, year by year, evince at our exhibitions marvellous powers of production; patrons, prodigal of their wealth, lavish unheard-of sums in the purchase of pictures, and the choicest works of Art thus become the chosen inmates of our dwellings. For the still further success and development of this great popular movement one thing only is needed—that the Government of this country, that the public legislators, and all persons placed in rule and authority, shall guide by discriminative wisdom, shall systematize with sound judgment and steady hand, and give to individual zeal and divided action stability, union, and nationality. But this is just what is wanting. Vacillation and contradiction, division in council, and endless delay in action and execution,—these are the elements which Parliament has hitherto brought to the patronage and promotion of our national Art. This deplorable state of things, with all its attendant evils, is admitted on all hands, and yet no remedy appears to be forthcoming. The Chancellor of the Exchequer, in the course of a debate upon the estimates for the present year, strongly denounced the whole system in words which deserve to be recorded. Speaking of the proposed appropriation of Burlington House to the purposes of Science and Art, he said that he deeply regretted "that such long periods should elapse before any conclusion could be arrived at as to the disposal of buildings of that kind, the price of which had been paid, and which entailed a large annual charge for interest. He had no hesitation in saying that this, and other circumstances of a like kind, are entirely owing to the lamentable and deplorable state of our whole arrangement with regard to the management of our public works. Vacillation, uncertainty, costliness, extravagance, meanness, and all the conflicting vices that could be enumerated were united in our present system. There was a total want of authority to direct and guide. When anything was to be done, they had to go from department to department, from the executive to the House of Commons, from the House of Commons to a committee, from a committee to a commission, and from a commission back to a committee—so that years passed away, the public were disappointed, and the money of the country was wasted. He believed that such were the evils of the system that nothing short of a revolutionary reform would ever be sufficient to rectify it."

One remedy however, short of "revolutionary reform," we would venture to suggest, simple in itself, and specially suited to meet the peculiar aspect of the evil, namely, that no honourable member be allowed to speak on any subject upon which he has already proved himself to be totally ignorant. Strange as it may seem, there is assuredly no topic on which so much nonsense is talked as upon Art. A profession which requires special study and peculiar aptitude, would appear to be within the ready reach of every tyro and smatterer in the country, and honourable members, upon the strength of having bought and sold a few pictures, and taken, it may be, an autumn run through Italy, forthwith deem themselves qualified to criticise and condemn the well-matured plans of professional and responsible servants of the crown. Hence has it become, in the face of ignorance and presumption, and through the blind and stolid opposition of a false economy,

almost impracticable to propose any scheme for the promotion of the Arts on a scale proportioned to the public need, or commensurate with the national dignity. Of late, moreover, we regret to say, it has been made specially difficult for any paid official, however skilled, zealous, and honest, to serve his country in the public promotion of the Arts. Whoever may have received parliamentary money is at once subjected to unmeasured and unscrupulous attack. Idle gossip and stale jokes are carefully compiled and elaborated for the amusement of the House, till the man who has assisted in the purchase of a Paul Veronese, or has obtained a commission for the building of a public office, or the painting of a historic picture, is made a butt for party shots, and oftentimes arraigned before the country as a culprit.

There is thus scarcely an Art institution in the country which has not suffered repeated and inveterate attack from the pretended patriotism of so-called independent members. The National Gallery, the Portrait Gallery, the Museum at South Kensington, the Houses of Parliament, the Foreign Office, the Nelson Column, the Schools of Practical Art, with studies from the life model, are each, in every succeeding session, subjected to that style of criticism which might qualify its authors for honourable mention in the pages of *Punch*. The modest estimates of the Government are thus often carried with difficulty, and its circumscribed plans and scanty generosity curtailed, and sometimes wholly defeated. Criticism, if only discriminative, is to be encouraged and desired; it is instructive to the artist, a wholesome check upon the Government, and a safeguard for the people. But of late years blind leaders have so grievously misled, loud talkers so far confounded the simple truth, that we think it of some importance that the subjects thus criticised, the questions thus thrust into endless debate, should be put upon their real merits. In our review of the topics just enumerated we shall, for the most part, find that the executive needs encouragement rather than censure, a spur more than the curb; that the intentions and plans of successive Governments have been generally wise, faulty chiefly through vacillation, fear, or parsimony. We are persuaded that a more just appreciation of the importance of what has already been accomplished, a more earnest demand for further progression on the part of the country, and a more hearty support within the walls of the House itself, would enable the Government of the day, with bold and generous hand, to perfect the schemes which hitherto have been but roughly sketched, and so to raise the Arts to that high position which the tastes of the people and the exigencies of the nation now imperatively demand.

The National Gallery is a signal example of the evils of which we complain. It is, on the part of Government, a singular instance of timid vacillation and ill-timed parsimony; and yet, notwithstanding, by a certain happy knack of blundering on, peculiar to all governments, a collection of pictures by the great masters has at last been brought together, which bears worthy comparison with the far-famed museums of the world. It is an instance no less of the blindness and the virulence of parliamentary attacks. The Government has, on several occasions, been paralysed in the execution of wise and well concerted plans; professional gentlemen, in the zealous performance of their duties, have been offered insult instead of thanks; and invaluable pictures, which crowned heads in vain sought to secure, have been no sooner hung in Trafalgar Square than pronounced absolutely worthless. The great Paul Veronese of the Pisani Palace, to which travellers in Venice invariably flocked—which had been expressly eulogised by Goethe as the



great masterpiece of this illustrious painter, was, by the critics of the House of Commons, hooted as a copy, or derided as mere decorative manipulation. The entire national collection, now formed, through the labour and judgment of Sir Charles Eastlake, into a consecutive and grand historic series, is of the utmost value for the education of the artist and the culture of the people; yet, during the late session of parliament, the honourable member for Brighton ventured to state, "that he had no hesitation in saying that one half of the pictures ought to be expelled from the gallery, as calculated to do injury rather than good to the public taste." Such a judgment, we confidently assert, is opposed to the entire practice of Europe, and contradicted by the great authorities upon the subject. Our National Gallery has been formed upon the express principle that the history of Art can only be rightly understood through works which constitute a historic series; that the great masters had their antecedents; that Art, like other branches of knowledge and products of the human intellect, is a development and progression; that the early and rudimentary stages are necessary links in a consecutive and connected chain; and that rightly to comprehend, and even fully to enjoy, works in their ultimate perfection, it is needful to see and to study those early masters who struggled hard and fought well to overcome the elementary difficulties of their art. It is of course inevitable that a gallery formed upon such a principle and basis—a principle which we say is supported by the practice of other nations, and has obtained the sanction of the chief authorities in these matters—must tolerate upon its walls many pictures which, at least to the untutored eye, shall appear strange and uncouth. A national gallery, however, cannot pretend to any essential value and service, unless it be expressly fitted and designed for study. Works it will undoubtedly contain executed on broad, intelligible laws, which those who run may read, and readily enjoy. But in addition to these popular productions, there must be a reserve of more recondite compositions, which oftentimes may repel the eye seeking for absolute beauty, but which, when duly studied, elucidate important truths. The advantage of Italian travel in great degree indeed consists in the easy and full access to such rare works, which thus enable the intelligent artist and connoisseur to enter more intimately into the essential spirit of Italian genius, and to trace back to its fountain head the full spring-tide of inspiration. It is not, we confess, very likely that statesmen engaged in the fierce conflict of political life can either reap or appreciate these more occult advantages. Lying manifestly beyond their immediate sphere, all that we can reasonably expect is, that they will keep silence on what they do not understand—that they will bow to the opinion of those really qualified to form an accurate judgment, and in no way impede the progress of measures which have been wisely entrusted to the direction of men of professional knowledge and high position.

But the National Gallery itself, as a building in which this noble collection of master works finds a narrow and incommensurable dwelling, is on all sides most justly condemned. Yet Government, in matters pertaining to the Fine Arts, seldom commits itself to action until things are reduced to the last extremity. And to this ultimate stage has the much mooted question of the site and extension of the National Gallery at length arrived. The building is proved wholly inadequate in size; the rooms are crowded frequently to excess; the air is loaded with dust, effluvia, and noxious elements specially destructive to paint-

ings; the walls are found far too circumscribed for the right classification and display of the rapidly increasing collection; and so at length it becomes absolutely imperative that prompt and decided measures should be taken to remedy this great and still growing evil. No scheme which can possibly be suggested will entirely meet the exigencies of the case, or succeed in reconciling every conflicting interest. Yet after due investigation before various commissions, after full deliberation, and certainly with more than sufficient procrastination, it seems to be the judgment of both the late and the present administration, supported by the general opinion of the House, that the pictures of the National Gallery shall remain in Trafalgar Square; that to provide the required extension of space, the Royal Academy shall vacate its present rooms; and lastly, that the Academy itself shall receive the grant of a site at Burlington House, upon which may be erected a building suitable for its annual exhibitions. This scheme, taken all in all, is probably the best that can be devised.\* It retains in the present central position the national pictures, which are thus rendered easily accessible to the inhabitants of the metropolis. In the immediate bridging over of the central hall, in the ultimate appropriation of the entire building, and in the still further available space which may yet be obtained, it provides for present wants as well as for future indefinite demands. In rooms less crowded and better ventilated, the pictures, protected by glass, need not fear the noxious operation of the city atmosphere. Thus, with all needful accommodation, we would further venture to hope that the national pictures may be thrown open to the labouring classes on certain evenings in the week, extending to the hard worked artisan that refined culture and enjoyment to which it is the peculiar province of the Arts to minister. We think the proposed scheme may likewise command the assent of the Royal Academy itself. The Academy will obtain as a boon the free grant of an eligible site. Adequate funds in hand will enable it to erect a building which thenceforth it may fairly call its own. Thus housed in its proper tenement, its independence will be secured; it will no longer be open to the obnoxious attack of envy and disappointed ambition; and free for action and strong in position, it will then the better enter upon those reforms which the present generation seems to demand from a great public school and association for the culture and promotion of the national Arts. The proposed scheme, then, we think may well obtain the assent of all parties. Further contest, we hope, may be relinquished, and the Government, we trust, will resolve for once to act with promptitude and decision.

The repeated attacks made in Parliament upon the South Kensington Museum, and the Department of Science and Art, with its affiliated schools throughout the country, have, we are glad to say, fairly broken down, and the charges now stand disproved. A select committee of the Commons was, in June last, appointed to inquire into these hostile allegations, and their Report we printed in the last number of our Journal. It appears that the State has expended, during the preceding twenty-two years, in the purchase of the Art specimens and books now in the custody of the authorities at South Kensington, the sum of nearly £50,000; that the museums thus formed, consisting of metal-work, glass, pottery, woven fabrics, mediæval furniture, and other like objects, illustrate Art as applied to manufactures, and show the vocation of the skilled

and educated artist in the decoration of private dwellings and the adornment of daily life. The authorities of the British and South Kensington Museums are, by this report, exonerated from the charge of recklessly competing against each other at public sales; and evidence has been adduced, which proves that the purchases have been made with such judgment "that if the Government were inclined to speculation, it might realize a handsome profit on the sums originally expended." It is satisfactory to find with how much zeal and generosity the public have co-operated with the State in the furtherance of the great purpose for which the museum is established. It is gratifying to know that her Majesty, as well as private individuals, have freely lent from their collections works of the utmost value and interest, and that the people at large, including artisans with their families, have fully appreciated these proffered advantages, and thronged the galleries and museum by day and by night, for the purposes of study and the relaxation of enjoyment.

The objections made in Parliament and elsewhere against the Photographic Department at South Kensington have, we are glad to find, been overruled by the Committee. It is found not safe or practicable to admit the general professional photographer to national collections. The photographs sold by the Department are limited to transcripts of those state treasures, from which it is thus advisable to exclude the commercial practitioner. The publication, therefore, of such works can scarcely be deemed an interference with the professional artist, while the advantage offered to the general public is manifestly great. At a moderate price, sufficient to cover the necessary expenditure, the eighty schools of Art connected with the Department may be furnished with photographic reproductions from the choicest works which enrich the public collections at home and abroad. Photographic copies and studies from the Hampton Court cartoons, from the Raphael, Michael Angelo, and other drawings in Oxford, in the Louvre, and other museums, with like accurate transcripts from rare objects in decorative art, are placed within the easy reach of public schools and private individuals: thus ministering in no small degree to that wide-spread Art education for which the Department at South Kensington is specially constituted.

The Committee have condemned those iron architectural structures which obtain for the Kensington Museum the contemptuous designation of the "Brompton Boilers." The present iron building was designed as a temporary expedient; it was, indeed, merely in the nature of an experiment. "Experience has shown," says the Report, "both in this case, and at the Art-Treasures Exhibition at Manchester, that an iron building, owing to its variations in temperature, and the difficulty of keeping it watertight, is not suitable for the preservation of works of Art. Mr. Braidwood, also, does not consider it secure from fire. Much expense is required to keep it in good order. The officers of the Department report that the more delicate and valuable works of Art suffer from cold, heat, damp, and the leakiness of the roof, and ought to be removed out of it as soon as possible." The Committee is, therefore, of opinion that additional space for the accommodation and exhibition of the Art collections should be provided forthwith. It is accordingly proposed to add to the existing brick structures now forming the Sheepshanks, Vernon, and Turner Galleries, and thus to enclose a quadrangle consisting of two large courts, to be covered and rendered air and water tight by a glass dome and circular roofs. For the purpose of carrying into effect the recommendation of the Committee, the Government has already proposed a vote of

\* There are undoubtedly many and strong reasons why a removal of the National Gallery to South Kensington is desirable; but there are also some sound arguments in support of its remaining where it is.—Ed. A. J.



£17,000, which, after fruitless opposition by Messrs. Coningham, James, and Ayrton, was, we rejoice to say, passed without division.

The Government, at once, rightly resolved upon adopting and carrying into execution this conclusive Report. Mr. Lowe, speaking on behalf of the cabinet, stated in the House that the Museum had afforded great advantages to thousands, that it was beneficial to the public at large, and merited further support. One result of the bold and successful experiment at South Kensington demands, we think, special attention. It is recorded that nearly one half of the total number of visitors have attended during the evenings. Evening exhibitions in our public institutions by artificial light, let it ever be remembered, were first inaugurated at South Kensington. The advantages to be thereby derived are so great and manifest, that it is no wonder the public attention has been pointedly directed to the possibility of thus rendering our institutions available for the more extended instruction of all classes of the community. The marked success which has attended the experiment at South Kensington we regard, indeed, as the commencement of a most salutary movement. When first it was proposed to remove the Vernon and the Turner pictures to Kensington, the Society of Arts at once urged that the new galleries should be opened in the evenings. A resolution moreover was passed by the representatives of the three hundred institutions united with that society, recommending that all national museums and galleries be opened on certain evenings of the week, in order that they may be made accessible to the labouring classes. In further pursuance of this important purpose, a select committee was appointed by the Commons, "to inquire whether it is in the power of Parliament to provide, or of this House to recommend, further facilities for promoting the healthful recreation and improvement of the people, by placing institutions supported by general taxation within the reach of the largest section of the tax-payers, at hours on week days when, by the ordinary customs of trade, such persons are free from toil." As a preliminary to this inquiry, it is well to know that Mr. Hedgrave and Professors Faraday and Tyndall had expressed their decided opinion, that nothing exists in coal gas to render its application to the illumination of picture galleries objectionable; that its light is as harmless as the sun; and that so long as the products of combustion are carried off by ventilation, pictures and other works of Art remain uninjured. The above Committee, upon full inquiry, and after the examination of Mr. Ruskin, Rev. F. D. Maurice, Mr. Robert Hunt, Mr. Panizzi, Mr. Cole, Mr. Wornum, and others intimately acquainted with the wants of the labouring classes and the working of our public institutions, presented to Parliament a Report expressly recommending that institutions such as the British Museum and the National Gallery should be open on the evenings of at least three days in the week, between the hours of seven and ten. We doubt not that the operatives of the metropolis will duly estimate, and eagerly avail themselves of the facilities and advantages thus designed for their instruction and delight. The working men, indeed, belonging to the Mechanics' Institutions throughout the country had already presented memorials urging the Government to take measures for the attainment of this object; and petitions from the largest engineering establishments in the metropolis had further prayed that the operatives might be allowed on Saturday evenings to visit the collection of machinery at South Kensington. We know of no more hopeful sign of the times than this desire in the labouring classes for intellectual improvement, and quiet and refined enjoyment. We

have seldom derived greater pleasure and satisfaction than in watching and mingling among the hard-worked and homely-dressed operatives with their wives and children, as they throng on Monday evenings the rooms at Kensington devoted to the English school of painting, as they dote over a Turner, a Mulready, or a Leslie, discuss some point falling within their practical experience, and silently drink in beauties which bring the delight of a new and refined existence. In the cause of national education, in the interest of temperance, sobriety, and the amenities of daily life, we devoutly hope that Parliament will give speedy and practical effect to this most salutary resolution of their Committee.

The National Portrait Gallery is another example of the parliamentary attack which institutions designed for the promotion of Art and education are destined to encounter. The advantage to ourselves, and to posterity, of placing upon public record those great characters who have rendered our history illustrious is sufficiently obvious. In Florence the rooms devoted to the portraits of painters renowned in European Art, are known to all as specially interesting and instructive. At the Manchester Art-Treasures Exhibition, the British Portrait Gallery was rightly regarded as an important illustration of the history of our country. It has been deemed, indeed, due in some measure as a debt of gratitude towards those great characters who as statesmen have upheld our laws and liberties; who as warriors have maintained our national honour; who as men of letters, and of science have adorned our language, and advanced our knowledge,—that their memories even in bodily presence should be cherished as the prized heritage of the nation. It is important that the people should, as it were, actually see those illustrious countrymen to whom they owe so much,—that when they have read of the grand deeds of history, they should be introduced into the presence of the great actors themselves, and that thus the exemplars of the human race, living before their eyes, should be kept in everlasting remembrance. The principle of selection laid down by the trustees we are glad to know is liberal and broad. They rightly regard the celebrity of the character, rather than the artistic merit of the work. They seek to form an estimate of historic worth free from the bias of political party, or the prejudice of religious sect. Faults and errors, though admitted on all sides, will not, they assure us, exclude the portrait of any man who may illustrate the civil, ecclesiastical, or literary history of his country. Here in this gallery, already numbering nearly one hundred works, we have, indeed, a painted history where Landor might find suggestions for new "Imaginary Conversations." Nell Gwynn, of flaunting drapery and voluptuous bust, looks old Selden dead in the face. Handel, with thunder-choruses in his massive head, contrasts with his next sitter, Horne Tooke, the critic of words—a keen face of finesse and quibble. Robert Walpole and William Pulteney, richly robed, stand side by side in reconciled repose. Shakspeare, as seen in the Chandos portrait—the pride of the gallery—Dryden, Burns, Thomson, Keats, Congreve, Garrick, Siddons, and Kemble, all here at length rest, now that the world has ceased from troubling, in one of those few favoured spots where the animosities of twenty generations lie buried. A gallery such as this we owe alike to ourselves, to posterity, and the illustrious dead, and a grant of £2,000 for so truly national an object it were indeed niggardly to withhold.

In our present cursory summary we cannot, of course, enter with any detail upon the many vexed questions which have repeatedly arisen in debate during the construction and deco-

ration of the Houses at Westminster. We may take it, however, for granted, that there have been many causes for just complaint. In the execution of so vast an undertaking how, indeed, could it have been otherwise? Parliament rightly looks with jealousy upon interminable expenditure. Endless elaboration of Gothic detail, which the Chancellor of the Exchequer admits to be excessive, may naturally provoke the hostile criticism of members who happen to love greater simplicity, or who, in opposition to the Gothic, have espoused the classic. Frescoes, for which yearly grants are needed, but which yet may take ten years in the painting, and a series of statues, beginning with Egbert and Canute, and ending with the Georges and William, are, we must admit, fair subjects, if not for censure, at least for inquiry. Yet we are anxious that, in the midst of this hostile opposition, the House and the country should not forget or ignore the great principle which actuated the Commissioners of the Fine Arts in this truly national undertaking. It was felt that, in England, especially as compared with other countries, high historic painting had been without patronage; that sculpture had not received from the State adequate encouragement; and that the arts of design and decoration had been, to the prejudice even of our commerce and manufactures, unduly neglected. It was, moreover, rightly thought, that in the construction of the new Palace at Westminster, an opportunity had at last arisen when truly national Art might be inaugurated, and when the undoubted talent of the English painter might be directed to works which should secure to himself fame, and to his country honour. It was conceived as fitting and important that in this grand Palace of legislation, the leading events in the nation's history should be worthily recorded, that monuments should be here raised to the patriot and the statesman, and that thus the Arts should do their utmost to confer on the building import, dignity, and beauty.

We shall not presume to assert that these high purposes have been adequately accomplished. The architectural details and decorations of the Palace have frequently by their excess defeated their end, cutting up and distracting the breadth of the general effect, substituting scattered minuteness and prettiness for grandeur, and seeking to hide in lavish and confused profusion an essential poverty of general conception. Entering the Houses by Westminster Hall, either in the day, or by artificial illumination at night, what a contrast:—in this noble Hall, what breadth of effect, what grandeur of proportion, what unsophisticated simplicity, and yet, in the crowning roof, how much dignity! Reverting to the frescoes, we must frankly admit that they likewise are far from what we could have desired. As might, indeed, have been apprehended, from the known tendencies of our school, they are too picturesque, and are proportionately wanting in architectural symmetry and historic dignity. In execution they are opaque and clumsy, deficient in the transparency and liquid flow, for which the Italian fresco is so pre-eminent. Still, while these defects in the design and decoration of the new Palace are admitted to the full, let it not be forgotten how much has been successfully attained. The sky outline of the building is striking; it is at once bold and beautiful; the towers—of which the massive Victoria, and the more aerial and fanciful Campanile for the clock, are among the most impressive in Europe—combine with picturesque perspective into many an effective city view, and give to Westminster a rich palatial aspect. Let it be granted, too, that the frescoes are somewhat disappointing; still it must be remembered that the experiment was arduous and bold, that



fresco painting some years ago was deemed, at least in this country, a lost art, and that the attempt to restore it was in the nature of an experiment. We think then that sufficient success has been attained, at all events, to justify Parliament in continuing the grants, and in giving further commissions. Mr. Herbert's 'King Lear,' and the spirit of 'Justice' and 'Chivalry,' by Mr. MacIse, are guarantees that the English artist has a genius fitted to the execution of high historic works. We need not enter into the question, whether Cromwell shall have a statue, or whether the Heptarchy shall be perpetuated in marble. It is our province to protect and cherish the Art interests of the country, rather than decide upon any purely historic or political controversy. In the welfare of Art, then, and, consequently, in the cause of civilization, we cannot but deem it of great moment that painting and sculpture should be brought to the decoration of this great edifice; that our artists should receive the encouragement of imperial patronage; that their ardour and their patriotism should be stimulated in the noble endeavour to portray the history and the honour of their country; that they should thus feel how glorious a thing it is to be the chroniclers of a great, free, and wealthy nation, and to advance, through the agency of their art, the cause of a common civilization. It is said that the Cathedral of Milan, in its demand for statues, through a series of many years, has created that school of sculpture, for which the Lombard capital has been so justly famed. And in like manner the Palace at Westminster may foster schools of painting, sculpture, and decorative design, the high merit of which shall be reflected over other works throughout the land. Upon Government and Parliament, assuredly in this matter, devolves a grave responsibility: while trustees of the people's money, they are no less the guardians of the country's Art.

Somewhat connected with the Palace at Westminster, is the subject of the new Government Offices. "The battle of the styles" has, of course, been fought over in Parliament, and the collective wisdom of the House of Commons has, with accustomed happy result, been directed to that most vexed of questions, the comparative merits of Gothic, Classic, and Renaissance. As is usual with Art proceedings in Parliament, discussion and deliberation have but served to make confusion worse confounded. The strenuous and uncompromising advocates of Gothic, and nothing but Gothic, are, we think, both in and outside the House, guilty of much extravagance. The assumed axiom that Gothic is the only architecture which a Christian people is justified in using, is certainly sufficiently startling and absurd, especially in remembrance of the probable origin of the pointed arch with the Mahometans. On the other hand, the animosity provoked by the inherent or accidental darkness of Gothic interiors, as unfortunately exemplified in the new Palace, with other essential or fortuitous defects, has given to the champions of the Classic and Renaissance, it may be, too easy victory. The result, as we all know, is, that Mr. Scott's original Gothic design was set aside, and he has now sketched a building, which, probably, when matured, will secure a compromise between conflicting parties. This new design, it is understood, is founded upon the Palazzo Vendramini Calergi, the Scuola di San Marco, and the Church of St. Zaccaria, buildings in Venice of the fifteenth century, in the early and more chaste renaissance of simple pilasters, cornices, and round arches. It is a style to which Mr. Ruskin, notwithstanding his well-known Gothic affections, is yet able, in his "Stones of Venice," to award considerable commendation. The whole subject will again be warmly debated

in the next session of Parliament—we can only hope with more than accustomed result.

While writing the present article, the Report of the Select Committee upon the British Museum, with voluminous evidence, has been printed and published. Previous decisions are here reversed, and the whole question of museums for science, and galleries for Art, reduced, it may be feared, once more to original chaos. Professors of science are, of course, opposed to the scheme, under which the collections of natural history would be turned out of doors, to search some distant habitation. The adherents of Art, on the other hand, desire to concentrate into one grand museum statues, classic antiquities, medieval remains, prints and drawings, and even, it may be, the pictures now hung in the National Gallery. A design so comprehensive might have been more practicable and desirable, were it now possible to commence *de novo*. But we fear, all circumstances considered, it is now too late to make of the British Museum either a Louvre or a Vatican. The difficulties which beset the question are doubtless great, yet taken for all in all, we incline to the plan already indicated in this article, which would give to the metropolis four great Art-centres—the British Museum for sculpture and antiquities; the National Gallery, Trafalgar Square, for old masters, and the British School of Painting; South Kensington for ornamental art and schools of design; and, lastly, a new building at Burlington House for the Royal Academy, and its annual exhibition.

But all these, and other kindred questions, will, of course, be again and again debated, before we shall be in a position to congratulate our readers upon any decisive or satisfactory result. When the four lions at the base of the Nelson Column shall be in their places, to roar over British liberty and the triumphs of English Art, who can presume to tell? In the meantime, the Goths growl in St. Stephen's.\* With a knowledge only surpassed by their virtue, they denounce at once studies from the old masters, and from the actual life. From the National Gallery they would sweep away the old pictures, and from our schools of Art exclude the nude model. Guided by their well-known instincts, they would appear to imagine, that an old picture can be valued only for its blackness, and a nude model desired, just because it is flesh and blood. They seem scarcely aware that a knowledge of anatomy is, and has been always deemed, essential to every school of Art; they appear hardly to know that, as a matter of fact, the Art-student is so fully intent upon his work, that the mind is in less than usual danger of wandering incontinently into vice. These and other kindred questions, we say, will again and again be debated; while, in the meantime, our public monuments and works are, year by year, left in a hopeless and forlorn condition, for which, we repeat, there is no parallel in Europe. This deplorable state of things is the more extraordinary and inexcusable, inasmuch as it is now admitted, on all hands, that the Arts are essential to civilization, that they tend to elevate and refine a people, that they not only minister to high enjoyment, but create even fresh branches of remunerative industry, and thus materially enhance a nation's prosperity and wealth.

\* [We would ask what hope is there of Art having justice rendered to it by the "collective wisdom of the country," so long as a vulgar and coarse remark made by one of our legislators is received with laughter in the House of Commons? Lord Henry Lennox is reported to have said, during a recent debate, that he "thought the academicians to be, like dogs, very well in their places." We would take the liberty of suggesting to his lordship, that there are men in the Academy whose names will be honourably associated with the history of the country long after his own has been consigned to oblivion. The words we have quoted will probably be the only words of his speech remembered hereafter.]

## THE ROYAL PICTURES.

### HENRIETTA OF ORLEANS.

P. Mignard, Painter. H. Boorne, Engraver.  
Size of the picture, 6 ft. 8 in. by 5 ft. 7½ in.

HENRIETTA, Duchess of Orleans by her marriage with her cousin Philip, second son of Louis XIII. and Anne of Austria, was the youngest child of Charles I. of England. The alliance was of comparatively short duration, for the duchess, a princess distinguished for her personal graces,—as the picture engraved here shows,—no less than for her mental qualifications, died suddenly in the flower of her age, not without suspicion at the time of having been poisoned by her husband. The cause of her death has never been satisfactorily explained; but the crime with which Philip was charged would appear to be wholly unfounded, or, at least, totally at variance with the whole tenor of his character; for, though addicted to sensual pleasures, he was a brave soldier, at heart kind, and of a mild disposition. It is true the duke married again; his second wife was Elizabeth, daughter of the Elector-Palatine of Bavaria,—but sufficient time elapsed before this event took place, to negative the idea that a foul crime was perpetrated to enable him to obtain the hand of the German princess. Henrietta left two daughters,—the children introduced in the picture,—one of whom became the queen of Charles II. of Spain; and the other, through her marriage with Victor Amadeus H., of Savoy, became, in an indirect line, the progenitor of the present King of Sardinia: the direct succession terminated with the death, in 1831, of Charles Felix. The marriage of Victor with Anne Marie, Henrietta's daughter, is the origin of the connection between the house of Savoy and the royal family of England.

The father of Peter Mignard was, according to the biographer Watelet, an officer named More, who, with six of his brothers, took service in the armies of Henry IV. of France; they were all exceedingly good-looking men, and on being first introduced to that monarch, the latter inquired their names; one of them answered "More," on which the king said, it ought to have been "Mignard" (handsome); so, at least, Watelet tells the story. Peter Mignard was born at Troyes, in 1610; he was first intended for the military profession, but manifesting considerable talents for Art, his father placed him with Jean Doucher, of Bourges, a painter of inconsiderable repute; and afterwards in the school of Simon Vouet, at that period the most distinguished in the French capital, where Le Brun, Le Sueur, and other celebrated artists were educated. After studying some time in Paris, the sight of several pictures brought from Rome by the Marquis de Crequy, to which Mignard had access, induced him, in the year 1636, to visit that city, in order to study the works of Raffaele, Michel Angelo, and Annibal Caracci, especially. He passed twenty-two years in Rome, and obtained the *sobriquet* of "the Roman," from his long residence there.

At the suggestion of the minister Colbert, Mignard was invited to Paris by Louis XIV., with whom he soon rose into favour; the king, it is said, sat to him no fewer than ten times, and gave him a patent of nobility. On the death of Le Brun, Mignard was appointed principal painter to his majesty, director of the royal collections of the Academy, and of the Gobelins tapestries. The enigma of the Church of Val de Grace, executed in fresco, is his most important work in France; but his twelve mythological pictures at St. Cloud are compositions of a high order of merit. Mignard died in 1695, at the advanced age of eighty-five; he deservedly ranks among the best painters of the French school.

His picture of the unfortunate Henrietta of Orleans and her young children is a fine example of his portrait subjects: though the figures are somewhat formal and constrained in attitude,—faults not uncommon with many artists of his time,—the composition is very attractive from the sweetness of expression in the faces of the group, from the beauty of its general arrangement, the richness of costume, and the brilliancy of its colouring. It hangs in one of the apartments in Windsor Castle, and is in every way worthy of the place it occupies, not only as a fine work of Art, but also as a memorial of one whose family history exhibits a sad episode in the annals of English monarchs.









# BRITISH ARTISTS: THEIR STYLE AND CHARACTER.

WITH ENGRAVED ILLUSTRATIONS.

No. LI.—WILLIAM DYCE, R.A.



EVERYTHING, in the last of this series of papers, to the various characteristics of the English school of painting, mention was made of Mr. Dyce, as being one of the very few artists whose works may often be classed under the head of "Sacred Art;" not that they are of the kind which the old Italian painters produced, for ecclesiastical purposes chiefly, and which were so frequently drawn from the legends of the church of their religious faith, but because they are suggested by scriptural narrative, and are treated with a solemnity and propriety of feeling befitting the subject-matter, and evidently manifest an elevated and holy purpose, and a mind more than ordinarily cultivated and refined. We never examine the annual exhibitions of the Royal Academy without a mental expression of regret, that this most accomplished painter—the term is used here in its highest and most comprehensive sense—is, generally, so restrictive in the number of his contributions; the catalogues for years past rarely show more than a single picture under his name. The public, therefore, do not know him as he deserves to be known, and as he unquestionably would be, with greater and more frequent opportunities of making themselves acquainted with his works; while for the Art of his country, no less than for himself, he is too much of a *rara avis*: if his pictures were more often seen, it is our firm conviction they would give a tone to the public mind and to the rising generation of painters, which would prove most advantageous to both. He stands, as it were, the connecting link between

modern Pre-Raffaellism—of which he was, in England, the forerunner—and modern Art-idiosyncrasy; and there is no doubt that, notwithstanding so little, comparatively, is seen of him, the influence of that little has been most beneficially felt in our school. It must not be inferred from these latter remarks, that Mr. Dyce is an idle man in his profession—far from it; but his industry, as our biographical sketch will show, has been exercised where the public have little opportunity of testing it, and in channels where its fruits have only been indirectly manifested.

William Dyce, born at Aberdeen, in 1806, is son of the late Dr. William Dyce, F.R.S.E., a physician of local celebrity, and a man of considerable scientific attainments, who, intending his son for one of the learned professions, sent him to the Marischal College and University of Aberdeen, where he took the degree of M.A., at the age of sixteen. And here we would venture to remark, that though education, even such as a university can give, will never make an artist, it will, unquestionably, impart such a tone to the mind and the thoughts of one whom nature has endowed with talent for Art, as will be evidenced in the grace and refinement of his works: *other things being equal*, a well-educated artist must be a better artist than the man who knows little or nothing beyond his profession. This theory has been disputed, we know, but it could be proved from facts, were this the proper place to argue the question: of one thing, however, we are quite sure, that Mr. Dyce would never have painted the pictures he has, were it not for the advantages he derived from his college life.

Mr. Dyce's early love of Art proved too strong for his father's intentions, so the doctor, after vainly attempting to turn him away from his purpose, by opposing every obstacle, consented to his coming to London to enter the Royal Academy as a pupil. Arrived in the metropolis, Mr. Dyce was admitted a probationer, after passing through the customary form of showing his drawings to the authorities of the Academy. These drawings were made at the Egyptian Hall, in the exhibition-rooms of the once well-known Mr. Day, with whom, and with his friend, the late Mr. Holwell Carr, the young artist had become intimate. It chanced that Mr. Day was then about to visit Rome, and he strongly persuaded Mr. Dyce—his advice being also backed by that of Mr. Carr—to pursue his studies in Italy rather than in England, offering at the same time to be his companion on the journey: the consent of Dr. Dyce was



Engraved by

KING JOASH SHOOTING THE "ARROW OF DELIVERANCE."

J. H. Sturt

obtained, and the travellers set forth in the autumn of 1825. Mr. Dyce remained in Rome for about nine months only, the state of his health requiring a return to his native country. During this first visit, his tendencies were chiefly towards classical art; Titian and N. Poussin, whose works he studied with great ardour, were his idols. Returning to Aberdeen, in 1826, where the winter of that year and the spring of the succeeding year were passed, he occupied himself in the decoration of a room, in his father's house, with arabesques in the classical manner, for which he entertained an almost enthusiastic admiration, and in painting a picture representing 'Bacchus nursed by the Nymphs of Nyssa,' or which may be called the 'Education of Bacchus'; it was sent to the Royal Academy, and exhibited there in 1827: this was the first appearance

of Mr. Dyce in public. He came up to London that year to see the exhibition, and, after a few months' residence with a friend, once more set out for Rome. It was during this second visit that his tendency towards what is termed Pre-Raffaellite Art first developed itself, and he was, undoubtedly, the originator, in the English school of painting, of that movement which has since produced such numerous and varied fruits—whether of good or evil is matter of opinion. His efforts at that early period belonged to what Mr. Ruskin considers the false school of Pre-Raffaellism, which consisted in little more than imitation of early religious works, and was in painting what our revival of Mediaeval Gothic was, a few years ago, in architecture—a step, merely, towards breaking up the conventional academic trammels with which the higher



branches of the arts had been so long fettered. Mr. Dyce did not, as some have asserted, owe his bias towards *quattro-cente* religious art to the Germans, of whose efforts in that direction he was entirely ignorant at the time he painted in Rome (in 1828) the 'Madonna and Child,' which attracted the Germans, then living there, in crowds to his studio, on the report of Overbeck, whom Mr. Severn had invited to see it.\*

In the autumn of 1828 Mr. Dyce returned to his native place, and spent the following year or two partly in Scotland, and partly in England, painting Madonnas and subjects of a similar description. So little encouragement, however, did he find for such works, that he became weary of producing them, and actually laid down his pencil for a considerable time, and applied himself to scientific pursuits: one of the fruits of these new labours was the "Blackwell Prize," awarded to him by Marischal College, Aberdeen, for an essay on Electro-Magnetism. But a new field of operation was opened up to him, for, having been requested by the Hon. Mrs. Mackenzie to make a copy of a portrait, by Lawrence, of her father, the late Lord Seaforth, he executed his task so satisfactorily, that the lady and other friends suggested he ought to turn his thoughts to portraiture; and, on his going to Edinburgh, about 1830, he soon found ample employment in this branch of Art; the catalogues of the Royal Academy between 1831 and 1837, both inclusive, show numerous portraits as exhibited by him; some of them were of young children, in which he seems to have excelled. He also exhibited, in 1836, a picture entitled the 'Descent of Venus.' While residing in Edinburgh, which he did till 1837, Mr. Dyce became intimately acquainted with several members of the Board of Trustees for Manufactures, and having often been consulted by them as to the best means of applying design to manufactures, he was led to a thorough consideration of the subject, and at length he matured and proposed a scheme for the improvement of their schools, which was printed in the form of a letter to Mr. Macconochie Wellwood, known at that time as Lord Meadowbank, of the Court of Session. This pamphlet, having come into the hands of the newly-formed Council of the School of Design, at Somerset House, the author was sent for, and ultimately was requested by the then President of the Board of Trade, Mr. Poulett Thompson, to proceed to the continent on a mission of inquiry into the working of those schools in Prussia, Bavaria, France, and elsewhere, which had for their object the improvement of taste in manufactures. He set forth on the mission, and, on his return, made his report to the Board of Trade; this document, on the motion of Mr. Joseph Hume, in 1840, was ordered to be printed by the House of Commons. The only remark it is, at this distant date, necessary for us to make upon this able report is, that its statements led to a gradual remodelling of the School of Design, of which Mr. Dyce became Director, as well as Secretary to the Council; these offices he held till the year 1843, when he resigned them, on being appointed Inspector of the Provincial Schools, which had been established during his management, and a member of the Council. These latter posts he occupied for about two years, when his connection with the establishment ceased for about as long a period. In 1848 his services were again called into requisition, on being solicited to take part in a new form of government, which had been devised as a remedy for the dead lock into which the affairs of the school had been brought, by the incompetency or mismanagement of those who had the direction of it. We may here state, that this matter, during a period of four or five years, occupied much of the attention of her Majesty's Government, of the Houses of Parliament, and of the public

\* This picture was the origin of the reputation which Mr. Dyce has obtained in Germany. In connection with this work we remember to have heard a story, the facts of which are honourable to all. Before it was quite finished, the young artist determined to return to England; his German admirers, thinking that pecuniary reasons, as was too often the case with themselves, prompted his departure from Rome, actually subscribed a considerable sum for the purchase of the picture, with a view to his remaining in Rome; happily their kind assistance was not needed.

interested in the question, and that the discussions relative to it in the parliamentary debates and in the public papers became at length of a very painful nature, the *Art-Journal* being, of course, the medium of numerous statements and considerable correspondence. The office Mr. Dyce was now called upon to fill was that of Master of the Ornamental Class, and Master of the Class of Design, an appointment he held a few months only, tendering his resignation simply because he believed the scheme of management to be utterly impracticable. He was succeeded

by Mr. Redgrave, who had been his assistant, and who alone, of all the old staff of officials, has since continued to adhere to the institution under its various and, now, somewhat unintelligible phases. This much, at least, it is only due to Mr. Dyce to state, that whatever success has attended the Schools of Design throughout the kingdom is, in no small measure, owing to the ability and zeal he manifested on their behalf, while progressing from infancy towards manhood.

During the five years of Mr. Dyce's official connection with the School of Design, his easel and his palette were almost entirely neglected, the only pictures painted by him being a 'Madonna and Child,' which has never been exhibited; 'St. Dunstan separating Edwy and Elgiva,' two other pictures to be referred to presently; and an architectural design, in the Academy in 1839. The name of the artist was then new to us, or, at least, comparatively so; but the former, the 'St. Dunstan,' arrested our attention, and drew from us the following observations:—"This picture, at the first glance, seemed crude, and hard, and uninviting; it had something in it, however, which tempted us to look again and to inspect it more closely. It is certainly the production of a man of deep and matured knowledge of Art; one who, perhaps, too much scorns the modern notions of refinement. He is Gothic in his style, and probably in his mind, and has evidently taken for his models the sterner of the old masters." &c. &c. We bring forward this extract to show both our early appreciation of his genius and our recognition of the first development of his Pre-Raphaelite tendencies. 'Titan teaching Irene da Spilembergo,' exhibited at the Academy in 1840, is an exquisitely painted work, evidencing, to quote our own words again, "such merits as certainly to secure the admission of the accomplished painter into the Academy whenever an election shall take place; inasmuch as he has shown that his ability to execute equals his power to conceive. . . . The work is of the true school of Art." In 1841 he sent to the British Institution a picture entitled 'The Christian Yoke,' a work bearing all the valuable qualities of its predecessors.

We pause here, for a few moments, from our Art-comments, to notice another phase, and one of an entirely different character, in the labours of this artist. During the period of comparative inactivity, so far as his art was concerned, to which allusion has just been made, Mr. Dyce turned his attention to the subject of church music, in which he is deeply versed; and, as a means towards the improvement of it, to the revival of a taste for ancient sacred music. He was the founder of a society for the study and practice of the church music of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries; it was entitled the "Motett Society," and is now incorporated with the Ecclesiological Society. In 1842-3 he published, in two quarto volumes, the Book of Common Prayer, with the ancient *canto fermo* set to it at the Reformation, and accompanied by two dissertations on that kind of music, and its applicability to English words. He received for this work the Prussian Gold Medal of Science and Art from the King of Prussia, who was then engaged, with Von Bunsen and the Chevalier Neukomm, in framing a liturgy with music for the new Evangelical State Church of that kingdom.

On resigning the directorship of the School of Design, in 1843, he again applied himself vigorously to Art, and finding himself "rusted," as he remarked to us one day, and his graphic powers enfeebled by disuse,—the 'Jessies,' a head and bust only, exhibited at the Academy that year, giving, however, no evidence of decadence, though not one of his best works,—he went systematically "to school," and was a regular attendant for a year at Mr.



THE "CHORISTERS' WINDOW," IN ELY CATHEDRAL.



Taylor's life academy, in St. Martin's Lane, sitting generally by the side of his friend Etty: both artists—the latter then a veteran in his profession, and in his fifty-seventh year, and the former having already acquired a reputation of no mean order—thus setting an example to many younger men, who fancy enough has been done in the way of study when they have succeeded in getting admission into the Royal Academy exhibition for three or four of their productions. The first result of this new study, one which, in fact, he had never previously undergone, his Art-education having been of the most desultory kind, became immediately apparent in the picture of 'KING JOASH SHOOTING THE ARROW OF DELIVERANCE,' exhibited at the Academy in 1844, and forming one of our engraved illustrations; in his example of fresco-painting sent to Westminster Hall the same year; and in the picture of 'St. John and his Adopted Mother,' first exhibited in the present year at the Royal Academy. This last work was commenced before the 'Joash,' but was laid aside, and, though completed in its most essential points in 1844, was not entirely finished until 1857: we believe it underwent a second revision this year, before it was sent to the exhibition. The subject of the 'Joash' picture is taken from the history narrated in the second book of Kings, ch. xiii., where the prophet Elisha, shortly before his death, directs the King

of Israel to "open the window eastward," and shoot the "arrow of deliverance from Syria." The composition is as original as it is powerful: the drawing of the two figures shows, as we have intimated, the mastery and skill acquired in the life school of Mr. Taylor, while the costume manifests as distinctly the careful study of the customs and manners of the Easterns at that period, when the males wore little else than a skirt girdled about their loins. The action of the aged prophet is most suitable and impressive, as if with his outstretched hands he would urge the arrow even beyond the limits which the bowman's strength could reach. Simple as the subject is in itself, it is invested with grandeur by the manner in which it is treated. The picture is in the possession of Mr. Bicknell, who may congratulate himself as the owner of a work as fine, in its class, as any that has emanated from British art: and it led, in the early part of the following year, to the election of the painter into the rank of Associates of the Royal Academy.

The fresco exhibited in Westminster Hall bore the title of 'Two Heads from a Composition representing the Consecration of Archbishop Parker in Lambeth Palace, A.D. 1550.' The work evinced, in its execution, very considerable knowledge of the requirements of fresco painting, resulting, in all probability, from the artist's continental studies; while the heads were remarkable for



JACOB AND RACHEL

their life-like and thoughtful expression. The 'St. John,' in the Academy this year, has been noticed too recently in our pages to require any further comment, though we could enlarge our previous remarks if space permitted.

Mr. Dyce was, in a manner, excluded from the 'Cartoon' competition, at Westminster Hall, in 1845, because the success of the fresco, just noticed, in the previous year, was the cause of his being one of the six artists selected to prepare cartoons for the compartments of the House of Lords intended for the reception of frescoes: each painter was required to send with his cartoon a coloured sketch of the design, and a portion of the same in fresco: these were exhibited with the whole of the competitive cartoons. The subject assigned by the Royal Commissioners to Mr. Dyce was, 'The Baptism of King Ethelbert'; it is throughout treated in a spirit consonant with the sacred character of the ceremony. The monarch is represented kneeling, at his side stands St. Augustine, holding in his hand a basin of water for the administration of the holy rite, the queen, with a number of attendants, forming the background. The arrangement of the figures is most skilful and judicious; but the chief interest of the composition centres in the half-barbaric and semi-nude monarch, whose truly devotional expression of countenance seems to be reflected in the faces of all around him, whom the novelty of the ceremony, no less than its solemnity, has filled with deep, earnest attention, as if the

light of the new faith was penetrating their own minds and hearts. Though the subject was not chosen by the artist, it is of that class which appears to be entirely in harmony with his thoughts and feelings as a student of the history of the early Christian church, both in its faith and practice. The cartoon is now at Hampton Court, and was the only one of the six commissions which was selected for execution in fresco; and, it is said that by a minute of the Fine Arts Commissioners—drawn up by the late Sir Robert Peel, who was not favourable to the introduction of fresco painting—the fate of fresco, as an art to be further encouraged in this country, was made to depend upon Mr. Dyce's success in what he was called upon to undertake. The fresco was executed by him, in the House of Lords, in the summer of the following year, 1846: it met with the unqualified approval of the Commissioners, who, in consequence of the success of the experiment, confirmed their original recommendation that the remaining compartments should also be filled in with paintings of a similar kind. Messrs. Macleise, Cope, and Horsley, who were also among the selected "six," at once received instructions to proceed with their respective works. The succeeding history of these decorations has been, from time to time, recorded in our pages. Before dismissing this part of our narrative we ought to state that, prior to the execution of the 'Ethelbert' in the House of Lords, Mr. Dyce paid another



visit to Italy, with the object of studying more specifically the best fresco works in that country, and the manner of painting them. The result of some of his inquiries, with respect to the execution of frescoes and the use of *tempera* painting by the old masters, was given by him in a paper addressed to the Fine Arts Commissioners, which was printed in one of their reports.

While engaged on these public works Mr. Dyce was employed by the Prince Consort to replace, in the pavilion of Buckingham Palace, a fresco which Etty had painted there, one of eight, the others being the respective works of Sir C. L. Eastlake, Sir E. Landseer, Sir W. Ross, MacLise, Uwins, Leslie, and Stanfield; the commission to these artists was given so far back as 1843, and all the subjects were to be taken from the "Masque of Comus." Mr. Dyce's illustrations the lines commencing with—

"Noble lord, and lady bright,  
I have brought ye new delight," &c.

There are few figures in the composition, but these are grouped with much skill, and are most carefully executed. Owing to the circumstance of the picture being painted on lathing, and not, like the rest, on the brick wall, it is now, we have heard, almost the only work in the pavilion which damp and other causes have not almost obliterated.

Following, so far as we can, the chronological order of the works of this artist, allusion may here be made to his beautiful picture of the 'Madonna and Child,' exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1846; it was bought by the Prince Consort, and engraved in the *Art-Journal*, in 1855, as one of the series of "Royal Pictures."

Shortly after the completion of the 'Ethelbert' picture in the House of Lords, Mr. Dyce received a commission from the Prince for a large fresco, to decorate the royal residence at Osborne; the subject, 'Neptune giving the Empire of the Sea to Britannia,' was chosen by his Royal Highness, and was not, in all probability, one which the artist's taste and predilections would have inclined him to select. A small oil-sketch of the subject was exhibited at the Academy in 1847, and a drawing from the fresco itself hangs before us as we write. On the left of the composition, Neptune, accompanied by Amphitrite, is approaching the shore in a car drawn by three horses; they are surrounded by marine attendants, male and female. Immediately above them Mercury is seen floating in the air, and holding forth his hands to receive the crown from the sea-god, and to place it on the brow of Britannia. The conception of this group is very fine, and it is most spirited in the execution. To the right, on the shore, which is slightly elevated above the level of the sea, is Britannia, clad in red and yellow draperies, flowing in the wind; her attendants are three personages of various ages, and a noble lion: one of the figures, a young female, holds a distaff in her hand, and represents Industry; another, a young man, wears the scarlet cap of Liberty, and represents Commerce; and the third, somewhat advanced in years, is leaning on a rudder, and symbolizes Navigation. The colouring is rich and brilliant; the deep blue drapery behind the shoulders of Neptune is so intense as almost to overpower everything else; we should prefer seeing it less obtrusive.

It was while engaged on this fresco that Mr. Dyce suggested to his Royal Highness, when conversing about German art, that the stories of King Arthur, and in particular Sir Thomas Malory's "Morte d'Arthur," would supply to English artists subjects of legendary history, which, for their great interest, their antiquity, and national chivalrous character, would surpass those of the "Nibelungen-lied," of which so much has been made by the Germans. We have heard that Mr. Dyce named Mr. MacLise as the artist, of all others, suited to undertake the representation of such illustrations; but though his suggestion as to the subjects was adopted, the Fine Arts Commissioners decided, without consulting him, by the way, that Mr. Dyce himself should be employed, and the commission was given to him in 1849-50, and undertaken, but with great reluctance on his part.

In 1845 he was elected "Academician," but exhibited nothing that year in Trafalgar Square; in the following year he sent the head of a young female contemplating a skull, entitled, 'Omnia vanitas,' a kind of Magdalen subject; and a sketch of the general effect of one of the frescoes just spoken of, representing 'The Knights of the Round Table about to depart in the quest of St. Greal.' In 1850 he exhibited 'JACOB AND RACHEL,' engraved on the preceding page; this picture, which is in the possession of Mr. W. Bower, is a masterly production, full of fine feeling, and without the least approach to vapid sentimentalism. The draperies are well studied as to truth of costume, and are rich in colour; the work throughout, in treatment and in execution, may not unappropriately be termed Titianesque. Mr. Dyce has, we believe, repeated this subject four times, with minor alterations, and differing in size.

Simultaneously with the labour imposed on him by the Royal Commission for the "Arthurian" frescoes, another commission offered itself, much more to his taste; this was the decoration of the east end of All Saints' Church, in Margaret Street, the church so intimately associated with the name of Mr. A. J. Beresford Hope. Mr. Dyce's long-cherished desire for an engagement such as this, led him, with more zeal, perhaps, than prudence, to accept this second commission, and so to burden himself with an accumulation of work which it was impossible he could accomplish single-handed within a reasonable time. The consequence has been that the works at All Saints' were completed only last year, and of those in the Queen's Robing-room, from the legends of King Arthur, one third still remains to be finished. The ornamentation of the vaulting of the chancel of the church with inlaid work, &c., was done from his designs, and under his superintendence, in consequence of some misunderstanding between Mr. Beresford Hope and Mr. Butterfield, the architect. Our space will not now permit any comments on the works in All Saints', nor are they necessary, inasmuch as they were noticed last year at some length, though generally rather than specifically; it must suffice that we adopt the words then used with respect to the fresco-pictures, "which, in their class and style, know no superiors."

But the labours of Mr. Dyce in connection with ecclesiastical edifices were not confined to this building; in the latter part of 1856 a window of stained

glass, executed at Munich, from his designs, was placed in St. Paul's Church, Alnwick, in memory of the late Duke of Northumberland. A description of it appeared in the *Art-Journal* of February, 1857; the subject of the design is 'St. Paul and St. Barnabas Preaching at Antioch.'

Part of another work of a similar class forms one of our illustrations. At the time when the discussions in Glasgow took place on the best means of obtaining good stained glass for the cathedral, Mr. Dyce proposed to the committee, as a means of reducing the expense of employing the best artists to furnish designs, that they should be required only to suggest the mode of treatment and general effect, and to correct the cartoons of the ordinary glass-painters. This proposal, as our readers may have learned from the statements on the subject which we have published at various times, was not entertained; but Mr. Dyce took advantage of an opportunity that subsequently offered itself, in the case of a window for Ely Cathedral, to put his proposition to the test in that quarter. The matter was placed entirely in his hands, but he undertook nothing more than what had been suggested to the Glasgow committee, whose decision seem to have been justified by the result of the attempt at Ely; for it is said the drawings submitted by the glass-painters were so indifferent that they cost Mr. Dyce more labour and time to correct, than if they had been primarily executed by his own hands. For example, in the design of the compartment engraved here scarcely a trace of the glass-painters' work is to be found. The subject is founded on the words of the psalmist, "Praise ye the Lord, ye angels of His! Young men and virgins, old men and children, praise the name of the Lord." The appropriateness of the subject selected may be gathered from the fact that the window was intended as a gift from the choristers who had been educated at Ely, though ultimately the cost was defrayed exclusively by one of them, Mr. Ingram; it is called 'THE CHORISTERS' WINDOW.' The design is distinguished by the severity of style, correct drawing, and earnest feeling so characteristic of most of his works.

We have now, and can do so but very briefly, to pass in review the oil-pictures and other works exhibited by this artist since we referred to the last, the 'Jacob and Rachel,' painted in 1850. In the following year he exhibited three works, 'King Lear and the Fool in the Storm,' a picture undoubtedly of great power; but the subject, by no means an agreeable one, is such as, it may be supposed, Mr. Dyce scarcely felt at home in, and consequently his success was not so great as it otherwise would have been; 'A Bacchanal—an Early Study,' recalls the pictures of some of the old Venetian masters; the third work was a bronze portrait of a lady, in *alto-relievo*. In 1852 he exhibited only a 'Study for a Fresco,' a half-length semi-draped female figure, seated with a compass in her hand; it was intended, we presume, for a portion of some grouped composition, of which we have no record. Another version of 'Jacob and Rachel,' smaller than the preceding, the figures similarly circumstanced, but full-length; and a cartoon of 'St. Peter,' for one of the frescoes in All Saints' Church, were exhibited in 1853; the head of the apostle is very fine in expression. In 1854 his name was absent from the catalogue of the Academy; and in the year following it appeared only against one picture, suggested by Coleridge's "Lady Christabel," a Madonna-like impersonation of infinite sweetness and purity of character. His contribution to the exhibition of 1856 was only a single small cartoon, 'The Good Shepherd,' hung among the drawings and miniatures, where, we are quite ashamed to say, it escaped our observation; at least, we cannot now call it to mind. Not so, however, with his solitary picture of the following year, 'Titian preparing to make his first Essay in Colour,' a production we coveted far beyond any other in the gallery, beautiful in conception, admirable in expression, and exquisite in the refinement of its execution; it manifests all the merits of modern Pre-Raphaelism without the slightest approach to its defects. Neither have we forgotten 'The Good Shepherd,' exhibited in 1859, probably the finished picture, for which the former was the sketch; the title sufficiently indicates the subject, which has been literally carried out, in a spirit and with a feeling that, viewed either artistically or devotionally, leaves nothing to be desired; it is altogether a work of the highest character. At the same time was exhibited a subject quite new to the pencil of this artist: it was called 'Contentment,' and represented an old ferryman seated near his cottage door, adjacent to the banks of a river; it is painted with great power, and unquestionable truth.

Of the three pictures exhibited during the present year, one has been already referred to, and the others must be so fresh in the memory of our readers, either from personal observation or from our critical remarks on the Academy Exhibition, as to render further allusion unnecessary. The picture of 'Pegwell Bay' was spoken of by many critical writers as having been painted from a photograph; and its wonderful elaborated detail favoured the supposition; but we happen to know it was done from memory, aided by a slight and hasty sketch, in pencil, of the locality.

Our narrative of Mr. Dyce's career has extended to such a length—and it could readily have been enlarged—that no space is left for further discussing the merits of his works; this, however, is the less necessary, as we spoke of them, generally, at the commencement of the paper. His oil pictures, as we have seen, are but few, yet these, together with his other works, have placed him, in our estimation, in the very highest rank of British artists; while, so far as we know, he would hold his ground with any of the continent, if the same demands were made on his powers that they have the means of answering from the public commissions within their reach: his reputation abroad is not a whit inferior to that he enjoys at home.

Mr. Dyce is an honorary member of the Royal Scottish Academy, a member of the Academy of the Fine Arts in Philadelphia, and Professor of the Theory of the Fine Arts in King's College, London. As a writer, he is known as the author of several pamphlets; among them may be mentioned, a theological work in reply to Mr. Ruskin's "Notes on Sheepfolds;" one on "The Management of the National Gallery," and several Lectures; he has also contributed numerous articles, to which his name does not appear, to various periodical publications: these papers chiefly have reference to ecclesiastical antiquities.

J. DAFORNE.



# THE ROYAL ACADEMY: ITS "REPORT."

In reference to the vote of £15,000 for the National Gallery, Lord Palmerston said that "Gentlemen had talked about the Royal Academy as if it were an enemy that was causing much mischief." In reading the transactions of the House of Commons of the 18th of August, the impression left on the minds of most persons in respect to the National Gallery would be, that £15,000 were voted for the improvement of the building in Trafalgar Square; but it seems altogether unintelligible to the many, why every mention of the National Gallery in the House of Commons should provoke expressions of the most uncompromising hostility against the Royal Academy. These allusions to the Academy are not intelligible *procul à negotiis*—they are heard and received only in a certain region of the London atmosphere, and do not penetrate the ordinary London clay. The Academy question is an insoluble riddle beyond the circle of the two thousand five hundred who, for better or worse, are ever knocking at its doors, and who would, if they could, sit down by the waters of Babylon and weep. The mere mention of the National Gallery in the House of Commons is certain to be followed by prolonged and sharp discussion, which, in reference to the National Gallery itself, is simply negative and affirmative; but on the subject of the Academy the propositions are not only all negative, they are framed in epithet stronger than that which usually falls on the ears of the Speaker. We listen for some voice friendly to our Citadel of Art, but there is neither voice nor sign; the best advocacy of its cause amounts barely to a deprecation on the part of Lord Palmerston, that the Academy should not "be turned into the street." The feeling of the outside contributors is readily apprehended, but whence the adverse unanimity of the House of Commons? Is it that the policy of the Academy has ever been that of universal alienation? If it have not been so, where are its friends, for it has now lived of them? There must be crowds who have lived deliciously in its saloons, and who have assisted in the proclamation that the Academy was no widow, and should never see sorrow.

There are in the body two parties; those who resist all change are the majority, "consisting principally of senior members. The minority, formed of younger, and some elder members, is desirous of reconstituting the institution so as to meet the exigencies of the times. The latter are principally men who, in or out of the Academy, would be equally at the head of the profession, of whose works the distinction of membership does not enhance the value. The wholesome propositions of these members are entirely paralysed by the dead weight of the majority. Setting aside the present question,—the most important to the Academy that has ever arisen since its institution,—there is less community of sentiment (social fellowship is out of the question) than has ever existed in any society established for either private or public good. This is a state of things much to be deplored, but the scandal does not lie with the liberal section of the body. Had that majority been assured of the legality of the claim to the public edifice which the members occupy, there would have been consistency in the refusal to publish a balance sheet. But for that building the Academy is now an appellant to the House of Commons; and the matter by which their financial statement is accompanied does in nowise assist their pretension. The Academy is an independent and entirely irresponsible company, prosperous, wealthy, and unique in the splendid success of their traditional enterprise. The House of Commons has no power to demand a statement of the means and resources of the Academy, but it can require the Academy to give up possession of the apartments which it now occupies without even providing it another abiding place. But although the institution has no legal claim it has yet a moral, and an almost prescriptive, right, with which the House could scarcely deal in a manner so arbitrary. For many years, as the academicians themselves admit, the profession of Art has maintained a cry against what was considered the injustice and exclusiveness of the Academy. When we know that

academicians themselves are not secure against the caprices of their brethren in the arrangement of their own works, it may be that there is truth in the complaints of their disposition of the works of others. So long, however, as the Academy had only to deal with the profession its rule was absolute—without appeal. But much of the plaint that has for years been heard in the outside Art-coterie now finds a voice in the legislature, and this is a voice to which the Academy responds of necessity, in a report which although professedly addressed to its own body, is nevertheless intended for the legislature; for the House of Commons to the Academy is something like the hill in the eastern tale, in ascending which the traveller was alarmed and vilified by a confusion of irresponsible voices.

Certain members of the House have threatened to call forth an exposure of the *quasi* mysterious affairs of the Academy. Here it is:—of its economy there remains nothing more to be told: here is the tale of the funded stock, there is the balance at the bankers, even to the last *denarius*. This should be satisfactory even to senators who would cavil at fractional discrepancies; but it is not interesting to the mass of the profession, who know that certain modifications have been proposed and discussed in the Academy, and it was expected that the report would contain a statement of the intended concessions, which it does not. Of these, however, we shall presently speak.

The Academy writes as an appellant, persuaded that it is not understood by those who may have to deal with its destinies. And it is right; for the majority of the House of Commons has been taught to regard the academicians as arrogating to themselves rights to which they can show no claim. The constitution of our country is framed of a "bundle of precedents," and that of the Academy of a bundle of prescriptions, but unconsolidated and unconfirmed, says the House of Commons.

In this report are embodied especially three heads—"The Relation of the Royal Academy to the Crown," "The Relation of the Royal Academy to the Public," and "The Relation of the Royal Academy to the Professors of Art," wherein are argued the claims of the institution to a building to be erected at the public cost, and its entire independence of every exterior influence.

Under the first of the three heads, it is shown that the king, George III., became the patron of the society, and was pleased to take it under his control, and that he retained in his own hands the appointments of treasurer and librarian; the president and all other officers being elected by the general assembly of academicians, &c. "It must be gratifying," says the report, "to the members of the Royal Academy that the connection of the institution with the sovereign has existed uninterruptedly for upwards of ninety years; and that the same gracious interest which was taken by his Majesty King George III. in the welfare of the Academy on its first formation, has continued to be manifested by that monarch's successors, and especially so by her Majesty Queen Victoria." And thus, in the first instance, does the Academy show its relation with the sovereign; whence the inference is that the cession of the rooms in Somerset House, for which were afterwards substituted those in Trafalgar Square, is irreversible by any other authority than that of the sovereign.

In the letter of the Lords of the Treasury, whereby apartments are "allotted" to the Academy, the provisions are by no means those of a deed of gift, being such as to make it appear that the resumption of the rooms was contemplated at some future period.

In 1787 the Academy was required by the Government to insure their premises, and in reply to such requisition Sir Joshua Reynolds replied, that "they considered the building as the King's house, not theirs, though his Majesty is so gracious as to permit them to make use of it." And, in allusion to this, Mr. Spring Rice, in writing to Lord Grey in 1834, on the title of the Academy says, "What that title is will, I think, appear from the enclosed copy of a letter from Sir Joshua Reynolds in 1787, and now remaining registered at the Treasury, in which he disclaims all right of property, and states that the rooms are the King's, and not theirs."

Again, in 1834, in a letter to Lord Grey, Sir M. A. Shee says, "They" (the members of the Royal

Academy) "are desirous to remark, that it never was their impression or belief that they possessed any other right in their present apartments than that of occupancy for the purpose of carrying on a school of Art," &c.

And, finally, in 1858, Lord Derby, in correspondence on the subject with Sir Charles Eastlake, says, "I think I may safely say, on their part" (that of the other ministers) "and my own, that we concur in the general principle, which, as it appears to me, you lay down on behalf of the Royal Academy, that while they have no legal claim they have a moral claim, should the public service require their removal from their present locality, to have provided for them equally convenient accommodation elsewhere."

And this is the common-sense reading of the title of the Academy. It has a moral claim to accommodation of the same value as that originally "allotted" by George III., but how the House of Commons will view this claim after the declaration of the prosperous state of the Academy remains to be seen. When required to state what extent of the Burlington site would suffice for the future Academy, the Council replied, that one half of the entire area would be desirable, that is a grant of the value of £70,000, to which Lord Derby, in the House of Lords, on the 4th of March, 1859, decidedly objected as too much.

Under the second head allusion is made to the charge for admission, which is the sole means of self-support open to the institution. It is scarcely necessary that any justification of the charge for admission should be put forward, as the impossibility of the gratuitous opening of the yearly exhibitions is sufficiently evident. The article proceeds to recount the public services of the Royal Academy as a school of Art. Established artists, some of whom are now members of the Academy, remembering the early benefits they enjoyed from the lessons of Flaxman, Fuseli, Soane, Turner, Wilkie, Constable, or Leslie, can testify to the value of such instruction. It cannot be doubted that the Academy has laboured earnestly to remove the reproach of false drawing, that so long disqualified the works of the English school. In the days of Reynolds, and long after his time, colour, at any sacrifice, was the ruling passion; and certainly it was carried, in painting heads, to a degree of excellence equal to that of the Venetians. Now, the opposite extreme is insisted on, the qualification for admission into the antique school being more severe than that of any other academy in Europe. And what, we would ask, is the beneficial result of such a probation? It is simply this, that the student

"Forgets himself to marble,"

in a rigid, stony manner of drawing, that characterizes everything he does. Of this we could specify many instances, and name men who have utterly failed as painters, because they have never recovered from the petrification of the antique school. In comparison with this, the little individualities of the French school shock our formal notions of figure-drawing; but the French student supercedes the antique by the life sufficiently early to endure all his works with animation.

By one passage in this section of the report our attention is arrested; it is this:—"The real evidence of the merit of the Royal Academy, is the reputation of its members and the effects of its annual exhibitions. That there should be constant efforts to depreciate both, is inherent in that wholesome opposition which keeps our best institutions in activity, and reminds societies of their responsibility; and we neither expect nor wish such opposition to relax. But public opinion maintains its power, and even in the vague questions of the Fine Arts, is ultimately incorruptible."

This passage should have been omitted; but being made, the circumstances to which it points cannot be dismissed in a sentence. Within its body the Academy contains artists who, in their different departments, are second to none; but are all the academicians of equal standing in their various *genres*? The irresponsibility of the Academy becomes forty-fold in the exercise of its functions, from a notorious absence of anything like unanimity in the conduct of some of its most important affairs. Hence among themselves, the academicians are a body as disunited as can well exist under a common bond. The reputation



of a considerable proportion of its members is deservedly great, and the works of these may challenge comparison with the productions of the painters of any school; but are the works of the entire body equal in their excellence? If they be so, where are the examples? If not, wherefore not? No individual of the body is in anywise answerable for, to speak mildly, the capricious elections of sectional majorities; but such elections do not stand the test of examination. The inference pronounced is that the Academy, collectively, embodies the most distinguished men of the profession. To this the profession demurs, but on this, as on other points of their administration, the Academy consults only its own decrees. Of "the constant efforts" at depreciation, we are in no wise cognizant. The paper before us crumbles in the reputation which is at once the glory and the profit of the Academy. This is an inconsistency we cannot understand.

In reference to the election of members, and the selection and hanging of the works of non-members, it is said, that "a rigid inquirer into the general affairs of the institution, after deriving from his scrutiny no other feeling than that of approbation, finds it difficult to reconcile so satisfactory a state of things with the discontent of many artists. If he were to examine into the real source of that discontent the result would probably be that, although he might sympathise with the disappointed, he would discover no just reason for blaming the Academy, but on the contrary might be disposed to extend his sympathy to the supposed offenders," &c.

This is not the defence we should have expected; the selections and hanging are bold and defiant, and the justification should have been the like. Again, the body cannot be made responsible for the act of two or three individuals who come to their work with all the prejudices of their *genre*. Never does a year pass that academicians themselves do not find cause of complaint against those of their body who have done duty as hangers. If then there be reason for such complaints within the body, it is probable that non-members also do not complain without cause. But all remonstrance is useless, the hangers are absolute masters of the situation. It is perfectly true that those who have the least claim to consideration are the most vociferous in setting forth their presumed grievance—the least worthy painters are ever the most grievously sinned against; but on the other hand, we have seen rejected from the Academy works more excellent than one-third of those accepted and hung. But the duty of hanging pictures for exhibition is one of the most irksome that can devolve on a member of an Art institution. It is utterly hopeless to give satisfaction, but every effort should be made to hang the best works.

After a consideration of the much-vexed question relative to the number of academicians, it is resolved that there shall be no increase, and the examples of the French, Belgian, Danish, Prussian, and other academies are quoted in support of the resolution. Again by such comparisons the Academy injures its cause. In the case of the French Academy the members may be said to be in the first place nominated by the acclamation of the entire body of the profession as the most distinguished men of their time; and the public voice and the Government coincide in the nomination, and it cannot be shown that a better selection could be made. But the French Academy, and all the national academies of Europe, are dependent on their respective governments, and their elections are made by the public voice. The profession accuses the Academy of nepotism and eccentric partialities, but the elections are so conducted, and the majorities so constructed, that the body can scarcely be said to be responsible for the elections. The document before us professes a "high degree of merit" as the ground of choice; thus it may be, that although the body comprehends certain of the most distinguished men of our school, it may not be absolute that the highest degree of merit should be the rule of choice. "The first conclusion," says the article, "which a comparison of the constitution of our own Academy with that of others suggests, is, that the number of forty-two Academicians is enough for all time," and as a self-supporting body we cannot see how they are to be compelled to reverse their decision.

The augmentation of the number of the academicians is negatived, but it is proposed to increase

the number of associates, or members of subordinate rank; that is, to open the Academy to all artists of a certain degree of talent.\* Whereas, hitherto, the waiting-place has been the outside of the Academy; but, in such case, the cry will come from within; for in order to secure an exhibition, the number of supernumeraries cannot be small, and every one will deem himself entitled to the full honours of the institution, but not more than, perhaps, a fifth will ever enjoy them. Thus the position of many men of real merit will be more questionable than before their admission. With respect to the election of associates, hitherto we have ever held that no artist should be elected to the degree of associate, who was not qualified for the higher distinction. The qualification might remain doubtful if associates were chosen from the junior ranks of the profession, but it is not so; no election has of late years been made, until the artist has achieved his ultimate reputation. It is, therefore, clear, that but a small proportion of the future associates will ever become academicians.

The proposal of Mr. Cope was to increase the number of academicians to sixty. But this was superseded by the proposition of Sir Charles Eastlake, according to which no augmentation of the forty members is contemplated, but the number of associates will be extended to one hundred. In the first instance it was intended that after such augmentation no works should be exhibited except those of members or associates. But as an exclusive measure would have brought with it many unforeseen evils, a limited number of the contributions of unprivileged artists will be received. Had the exclusive measure prevailed, future exhibitions would have been limited to perhaps five hundred works of Art, at which the public would have been loud in its expression of dissatisfaction; and even as it is, no unprivileged artist can ever hope to be exhibited on the line, for it is difficult to see how the claim to each of the new associates to one place on the line can be met. But even more intense heart-burnings will be occasioned by the elections to the membership than by disappointments as to the hanging, for each associate will consider himself fully eligible to the higher distinction.

The additions will represent every department of Art. An intimation was made to the Senior Water Colour Society that its members might be received into the Academy in a body, but it was at once felt that the position of the society would be directly compromised by such a measure; it retains consequently its independence.

According to Appendix No. 8, the invested capital of the Academy was, in 1859, £122,600; and this year the receipts for admission rose to £11,600, the greatest amount to which the receipts have yet attained. The average income for seven years, that is from 1852 to 1859, being £7,801 3s. 6d., to which must be added the average of the dividends during the same time, making the income of the Academy £10,534 4s. for each of those seven years.

Lord John Russell, in 1850, stated in a letter to Mr. Jones, that it was then the intention of the Government to propose a vote of £40,000 "to enable the Academy to provide themselves with a building suited for the instruction of students, and for the exhibition of the works of artists," but there are members in the House of Commons entirely opposed to any grant, and the number of these recusants will be increased by this statement of the prosperity of the institution—a condition unexampled in the history of Art institutions.

It is the desire of the Academy not to be removed from its present locality, and it is probable that in the end, when the building in Trafalgar Square shall have been enlarged, that this desire will be gratified; but it remains to be seen under what conditions.

We have in the opening article of this number of the *Art-Journal* incidentally referred to the question of the Royal Academy and the Government, as among those discussions on Art which have engaged the attention of Parliament during the session just terminated. But the "Report" of the Academy is too important a document to be summarily dismissed, and in our consideration of it here we have endeavoured to hold an even balance between the Academy and its opponents.

\* Since the above was written, it is understood that the majority of the body is disinclined to any measure of increase whatever.

## THE TURNER GALLERY.

THE OPENING OF THE WALHALLA.  
Engraved by C. Cousen.

On the right bank of the Danube, a short distance from Ratisbon, and placed 250 feet above the level of the river, stands one of the most remarkable edifices in the world: taking into consideration its site and its construction, it may perhaps be said the world never saw the equal of the Walhalla, founded by the taste and liberality of Louis of Bavaria, and erected by the genius of Von Klenze. Among all the works executed by command of the Bavarian monarch this must be regarded as his most noble monument, and as one that renders him and his architect worthy, respectively, of the same honours as ages have conferred on Pericles and Phidias. Louis first entertained the idea of erecting a building to receive statues, or rather busts, of the distinguished men of Germany, so far back as 1806; but architects were not invited to send in designs for the work till 1814. None that were then submitted were approved of, and Von Klenze received a commission to prepare others, which, with some alterations from time to time, were adopted. Workmen commenced to collect and prepare the materials in 1821, but the first stone was not laid till October 18, 1830: it was inaugurated in 1842.

The Walhalla—which, as a large number of our readers have in all probability never seen it, we should tell them is a temple built for the purpose of receiving sculptured busts of distinguished men—must not be judged of by the appearance it presents in Turner's picture, for it is quite impossible for any single representation, however admirably executed, to convey any adequate notion of a monument of architecture requiring first to be viewed from different points, and at different distances, and afterwards carefully examined in its parts and details. In order to be fully impressed with the magnitude and grandeur of the *ensemble*, the spectator must station himself somewhere near the foot of the ascent, so as, on looking upwards, to catch a view of nearly the whole front of the edifice, with its marble columns and sculptured pediment crowning the terraces and mass of masonry below. Contemplated when thus looked at, it presents an object of extraordinary architectural magnificence, combined with severe grandeur. The building itself is externally not only modelled after, but is almost a facsimile of the ancient Parthenon of Athens, except that the sculpture within the two pediments is different. As it was Michel Angelo's boast that he would suspend the Parthenon aloft, enthrone it, as it were, upon a vast architectural mass, whose solidity contrasts most advantageously with the crowning superstructure and its colonnades, which are thus rendered more graceful by comparison.

The base of the temple stands at a height of about 130 feet above the lowest level, or nearly two-thirds of the height of the Monument in London.

Such is the edifice, the inauguration or opening of which Turner has made the subject of a picture: it was exhibited at the Academy in 1843. It is almost needless to say that the scene, as here represented, is little else than imaginative, though the principal local objects bear some resemblance to the reality: that is to say, the Walhalla, the bridge, the town of Ratisbon, and the islands in the river, are all situated, with respect to each other, as they are seen here, but they are not correct "views," nor is the surrounding country that which a native or visitor would recognise. And yet if Turner had given us a literal representation we could not have a composition so truly beautiful as this, which carries back the thoughts to the festival days of the ancients in "the sunny isles of Greece." A kind of procession winds along the banks of the river to an almost interminable distance, on its way to the temple, which flashes back from the front of its white marble columns, of exquisite polish, the golden sunlight. It is quite evident that Turner's object was to represent light and sunshine; he has done this not by introducing the sun into the picture, but by pouring down a flood of yellow light from the right side. The colour is not agreeable to the eye, but its truth cannot be disputed.





THE FLOOD

THE FLOOD





## THE CITY AUTUMN EXHIBITION.

UNDER this title an interesting assemblage of pictures is shown in the gallery of Messrs. Hayward and Leggatt, in Cornhill, consisting altogether of two hundred and sixty works, among which are some that we have seen before, but, with such exception, the rest are new to exhibition. The catalogue signifies this to be the "first,"—these exhibitions are, therefore, proposed to be held annually. There are in the most prominent places many notable examples of the rising school, yet these do not put to shame the graver tones of men who, in their time, have been as earnest as any of the great ones; for instance, 'The Remains of the Temple of Mars at Rome,' by D. Roberts, R.A., consisting of but a few Corinthian columns, to which the artist has given great dignity and importance. A pendant to this is called 'Ruins of the Temple of Pallas, at Rome.' Mr. Roberts' predilection is a system of low tones, whereby he gives great value to his lights; but, with the tact of a master, the artifice is concealed. His figures look as if they had stepped out of some of Canaletti's Venetian pictures, having changed their dress from colours to white shirts and black continuations, or *vice versa*. In a composition by J. C. Hook, R.A., 'Spring Time,' there is a pretty incident, which would alone have sufficed for a picture. A rustic youth and maiden are extended on the grass; he has cast his hat over a butterfly, which she struggles to release. They are two fresh and healthy figures, playfully coinciding with the fitful sunshine that lights up the landscape.

'Gillingham,' W. Müller, was a favourite subject with the artist, inasmuch that he repeated it more than once. 'Across the Common—a Windy Day,' D. Cox, is one of the few oil pictures which this veteran artist painted. The wind is palpably rendered; were it not even so sensibly felt on the heath, the wild sky were sufficiently indicative of the proposition. The greatest number of Cox's oil pictures that has ever yet been brought together was about two years ago, at one of the Hampstead *conversazioni*, and really in these there was more of natural truth than in the majority of his most recent water-colour works. Sant's 'Young Shakspere,' which has been before exhibited, reminds us of Gainsborough; it has been engraved. No. 27, 'Haymakers—Dinner-time,' W. Hemsley, is an uninspiring subject, but the drawing, expression, and, above all, the daylight and colour, evidence the matured results of prolonged and earnest study. 'Early Summer—Richmond Park,' J. Godet, is one of those passages of landscape showing the bent of the artist to be herbage and foliage. The trees are oaks, which are manipulated with great nicety.

'The Old Bridge' is the title of a small picture by Creswick, much fresher than many of his more recent works: the objects are simply a bridge, a stream, and a screen of trees, running transversely into the composition. There is by William Müller a work much larger than that already noticed; it is called 'A Winter Scene, with figures on the Ice.' The "scene" is, in fact, a rough common, bleak and cold, presented under the aspect of a sullen winter sunset. As a near object, there is a gipsies' tent, and near it are two very sketchy figures on a patch of ice. It has been painted with great rapidity; the handling is such as characterizes Müller's open-air studies. Of 'Huy on the Meuse' there are two views by G. C. Stanfield, both of which have been exhibited this season. 'Feeding the Chickens,' by Bright and Henzell, shows a Highland bothie, at the door of which a girl is feeding fowls. The figure is of course by Henzell, Bright's part of the compound being the hovel, which is painted with great firmness, but with less show of colour than he habitually makes. We see but little of the works of this artist now; he has retired from the arena. A large upright picture by G. and J. Sant, entitled 'An Approaching Storm on the Welsh Coast—Gathering the Flock,' was exhibited this season. 'Sheep,' by Dielman, is a production of a foreign school, and the artist paints as if he had been a pupil of Verboekhoven. The animals, three, are well drawn and carefully painted, inasmuch as to show the common coarse breed of Northern Europe. 'Sunset on the Exe,' W. Williams, is a round picture, powerful in effect both

of colour and light and shade. 'Sea Breezes,' G. E. Hicks, is a sparkling sketch, showing a ten-party on one of the green coast-cliffs of Kent or Sussex. 'The Young Brood,' by G. Smith, is a small picture of some children feeding chickens near a coop, in which the parent hen is confined: the work is painted with solidity, and a fine apprehension of colour. 'Near Beeston, Cheshire,' Edward Hargitt, is also a small study of an expanse of pasture land with cattle. The subject is of great simplicity, but it is rendered interesting from the beauty of an elaboration that is carried to a high degree of refinement without loss of breadth. In this little work there is more of the feeling of the French school than in anything we have hitherto seen under the name. 'Interior,' E. Frere, is one of those characteristic French sketches by which its author has wrought out for himself an extensive reputation. 'The Artist in his Studio,' another French work, is by Trayer, differing from the preceding inasmuch as there is rather a parade than a concealment of the care with which it has been worked. 'The Little Lotterer,' H. Le Jenue, a small composition, presenting a figure with a landscape background, coloured with all the sweetness that distinguishes the works of its author. 'The Prosperous Days of Job,' W. C. T. Dobson, is perhaps the sketch from which the larger work, exhibited at the Academy, was executed.

A 'View of Cadiz, from the Sea,' by Carmichael, shows the city, with its wilderness of houses, rendered with such individuality that an inhabitant might, on the canvas, lay his finger on his own habitation. There is, by the same painter, a 'View of Lisbon, from the Tagus,' the city being seen from a little distance down the river. One of the principal objects in the composition is a felucca, a graceful and picturesque craft, painted with a familiar knowledge of every spar and rope in the vessel. There is in both of these works a relish of the salt, that we rarely meet with in our marine pictures, although we are a sea-going people. The 'Interior of Mar-seilles Prison,' W. P. Frith, R.A., illustrates the passage from Dickens's "Little Dorrit;"—"Stay," said the jailer, putting his little daughter on the outer ledge of the grate, "she shall feed the birds. This big loaf is for Signor John Baptist; we must break it to get it through into the cage. Lo, there's a tame bird to kiss the little hand! This sausage in the vine leaf is for Monsieur Rigaud," &c.; and there is the little girl, held by the soldier, earnestly and busily putting the dainties through the bars, where they are eagerly received by the wretched prisoners. The composition looks like a study for a larger picture. 'The Stirrup Cup,' by J. Linnell, is a small picture, with a charming evening sky. It looks much as if it had been one of Mr. Linnell's studies of skies (whereof he has painted some hundreds from nature), to which he has subsequently added figures, to turn it into a subject. The sky is glowing with colour, but the hues are evidently a suggestion from nature. 'Rochelle,' by C. Stanfield, R.A., is a small view of the town from the sea, wherein, figuring as a principal object, is a tower at the mouth of the harbour. It is a small composition, broad, mellow, and otherwise qualified by the best points of the painter. No. 122, 'The Chess Players,' J. Clark. The composition presents rather a love match than a chess match, as showing a youth and maiden as the players, and a paterfamilias in his dressing gown reading the *Times*; they are evidently migrants from the suburbs of London, enjoying, as much as may be, a temporary glimpse of the sea—at Ramsgate. 'Dead Game, &c.,' George Lance. A small composition, half larder, half buffet, as containing a mallard and a pheasant, with a complement of gilt and silver cups, and supplementary draperies—an effective arrangement of colour. 'Don't be afraid,' George Smith. A small picture, executed with honesty and firmness. Two figures are crossing a plank bridge—an old woman and a child—to whom the former addresses the above words of encouragement, as there is of the party a barking dog, which alarms her charge. 'The Serving Maid,' D. Pasmore. In this essay there is a conspicuous tendency to the feeling of the French school. The composition, with its auxiliary carved furniture, and the quaint seeming of the whole apartment, is very ingenious. The maid is a figure standing near the centre. 'The Pass between Glen Rosa and Glen Sannox, Isle of Arran,' G. F. Har-

gitt, is a study of rocks, which, in copal painting, is as bold as anything we have ever seen in its way. The view presents a narrow pass, all but closed by masses of granite, whence the eye is carried off to more distant mountain sides. We see, from time to time, rocks, painted with a definition so scrupulous, as at once to declare the geological character of the region which has supplied the passage; but this is rather an artist's than a geologist's picture. 'The Mask,' by W. H. Knight, exhibits some figures cleverly grouped and coloured. 'Kilton Mill, near Loftus, Coast of Yorkshire,' J. Peel: apparently painted on the spot, so like is it to a veritable locality. 'The Borromean Islands,' Harry Johnson. The three islands on the Lago Maggiore, which receive their name from the Borromean family, realize more than anything earthly the enchanted gardens of the Italian poets. The artist places before us the lake, with a most refined sentiment. The half-hidden Pennine range of mountains that closes the view, derives infinite grandeur from its mingling with the clouds. A 'Highland Loch and Castle—Sunrise,' is another piece of lake and mountain scenery, differing from the preceding, as proposing impressions of wild grandeur, rather than of peaceful transport. 'Sunset—Spilhead,' W. A. Kneill, is a phase which the painter describes with impressive truth. 'A Spring Day at Stoke Salop,' J. W. Oakes. Marked by many of the valuable points by which this artist first signalized himself, though somewhat more rapidly painted than some of those pieces of rough bottom, wherein we might have botanized with a microscope. 'Geraniums, &c.,' Louisa Rimer. Painted with great sweetness, and a marked improvement on antecedent works. 'Van Huisum's strange introduction to his first patron,' R. Clothier, is a well-chosen subject, and treated with some degree of grace, though the description is necessary to the understanding of the subject. 'A Trout Stream, near Havant, Hants,' S. R. Percy. There are several works by this artist, equal in excellence to his best productions; as also many other remarkable works which have been already noticed in the *Art-Journal*, as 'The King's Artillery,' John Gilbert; 'The Meeting of Wellington and Blücher after the Battle of Waterloo,' by T. J. Barker; 'The Parting of Lord and Lady Russell,' &c., &c. The gallery is amply lighted, and most of the works are seen to great advantage.

## THE ARUNDEL SOCIETY.

The Arundel Society is still year by year sedulously and successfully carrying out the worthy objects for which it was constituted. It selects for publication the choicest and the rarest works of the early Christian artists; it rescues from impending destruction frescoes fast fading from the crumbling and tottering churches and convents of Italy. And these pure and elevated creations—a kind of painted revelation, as it were, of a nation's steadfast faith and glowing hope, placed upon record for the edification of all succeeding time—are now brought within the easy reach of the people of this country, in a form and style at once accurate and attractive.

The publications just issued are for interest and importance in no way inferior to the works which have in recent years deservedly obtained for this society so much renown, and so large an access of additional support. They are selected from that good old period of Italian creative genius when all that was earnest in worship and heavenly in knowledge, struggled to obtain, through a sympathetic art, an emphatic and a beautiful expression. In the first place the year's issue comprises two additional wood engravings from the frescoes in the Arena Chapel, that shrine at Padua sacred to early Italian art, decorated by Giotto, the eldest son of the Italian *renaissance*, so copious in invention, so lucid, concise, and simple in his scripture narrative, so sincere and heartfelt in his trust and devotion. But the facsimile chromo-lithographs, taken from early Italian frescoes, are the works to which we would especially call attention. These coloured reproductions, executed with so much care, so attractive to the popular eye, and yet so instructive to the initiated few, who may be anxious to know how pictorial art was in the middle ages made



subservient to religious uses, and to general architectural effect, constitute, we cannot but think, a new and important epoch in illustrative art. Here we have a reduced facsimile from a rare fresco hid far away in the small town of Cagli, among the Apennines, painted by the father of Raphael, Giovanni Sanzio, an artist whose works, executed in the severe devotion of the Umbrian school, are important by virtue of their individual merits, and are even of still more value as the immediate progenitors of those divine creations to which they serve as an earthy pedigree. Mr. Layard, to whom this society already owes literary criticisms, penned with intimate knowledge, and delicate discrimination, has kindly furnished a descriptive notice of this valuable fresco, with a biographical sketch of the painter. Finally, the subscribers obtain a still further return for their guinea in a skillfully executed chromo-tint from the 'Virgin and Child,' by Leonardo da Vinci, a fresco in the Monastery of St. Onofrio, in Rome. To secure yet further accuracy, outlines traced by Mr. Layard from the more important heads, and are even engraved on the full scale of the originals, and are now issued to accompany the coloured lithographs. These collective works constitute the very tempting publications of a single year: sufficient, we think, to justify our statement that the society is sedulously and most successfully carrying out the spirit of its mission—the dissemination among the people in this country of the noblest works which time has handed down for our culture and instruction.

So much for the past. Let us now speak of plans and prospects for the future. Italy, ever the land of chequered hopes and fears, of liberty, license, and despotism—a land of an ancient civilization just dying out, and of a new order of things struggling into birth, has naturally at the present juncture claimed the attention of the Arundel Society, entrusted with the interests of Art, no less than of our politicians responsible for the peace of Europe. At the last annual meeting of this society, Mr. Layard moved the following resolution:—"That considering the dangers to which many of the works of the greatest masters are now exposed in Italy, this meeting approves of further commissions being given to Signor Mariannucci to make water-colour copies from important frescoes; and to facilitate such commissions the members of the society here present will endeavour, individually, to promote the subscriptions to the copying fund." This "copying fund," raised by these special subscriptions, had reached £220, but was then found insufficient for the duty which seemed to devolve upon the society. Already by its aid some most valuable drawings had been secured. Signor Mariannucci, the special artist employed by the society, had succeeded in making most satisfactory copies of works by Benozzi Gozzoli, at San Gimignano; of drawings also from beautiful frescoes, by Francia, in the desecrated Church of St. Cecilia, in Bologna; from the 'Annunciation,' by Pinturicchio, in the cathedral at Spello; and lastly from the masterpiece of Filippino Lippi, in the Church of the Minerva, in Rome. These admirable drawings are now on view at the society's rooms, Old Bond Street, for the purpose of obtaining names for their immediate publication. In the meanwhile, much more still remains to be undertaken and accomplished in Italy. Mr. Layard adduces many examples of the cruel neglect and deliberate ill-usage under which many of the finest works are now hurrying to destruction. Wind and rain, heat and cold, are permitted for long years to do their worst; then some miserable dunce, calling himself an artist, comes, and with his brush of restoration sweeps away with desecrating hand the last lines where beauty still might linger. But decay often advances with swifter and more avenging step. A nail is driven through a saint's eye, a door is opened beneath apostles' feet, as they sit at the evening supper; and now a stray cannon shot may almost at any moment shatter the delicate work of a Raphael, a Leonardo, or Angelico. The council of the Arundel Society, we think, rightly deems that the work of salvation must be now done, or never. Moreover, in the present aspect of the Italian peninsula, though there are peculiar dangers, there are likewise special facilities. The existing governments of Central Italy have granted, upon the intervention of Mr. Layard, privileges to the artist employed by the society which had long been denied by their predecessors, to all the world. The frescoes in the far-famed Brancacci Chapel, in Florence, which Michael Angelo studied,

and which Raphael thought worthy of adoption, will thus now at the special permission of the present authorities, be carefully copied, and accurately reproduced under the existing arrangements of the Arundel Society. This English society, indeed, may claim to be the friend of Italy; and already its intentions and labours have met, in that country, with grateful recognition. It was stated by Mr. Dauby Seymour that the prospectus and annual report of this society have been translated into the Italian tongue.

He expressed a hope that thus, in some measure, might be roused the patriotism of the nation, that spoliation might be less heard of, and that in the new era which yet should dawn on Italy, the still gifted people of that land might learn rightly to value and cherish the great pictures of their illustrious countrymen.

We bear willing testimony to the good work which has been already so well accomplished. The council desires to draw attention to the drawings now on view at their rooms, in Old Bond Street. In conclusion, we can only express a hope that in the cause of Italian art, which is of the past, and in the interest of our English school, which pertains to the present and the future, the public will come forward and give to this society a generous support. As a further inducement, it is perhaps well to state that each subscriber will obtain for his outlay, a most handsome return.

J. BEAVENTON ATKINSON.

### EARLY ITALIAN PORCELAIN.

A DISCOVERY of some curiosity and interest in connection with the history of the manufacture of porcelain in Southern Europe, has recently been made by the acumen of Dr. Foresi, of Florence, and which has the effect of ante-dating the manufacture by at least a century. Before this discovery the *fabrique* at St. Cloud, in France, was the earliest that could be authenticated. That was about the year 1695; but the facts now brought forward prove the existence of a factory for the manufacture of a true porcelain at Florence, under the patronage of the Grand Duke Francis I., about the year 1580-90. Dr. Foresi worked out his facts as Cuvier would his, and went from one to another until he convinced himself; and the process is worth recording.

For some time the doctor had observed a peculiar ancient porcelain, of a fine body and glaze, and covered with an arabesque ornament in blue, which, while it generally resembled Oriental porcelain, showed unmistakable features of European design. It was also marked in a peculiar manner, and as one mark consisted of the well-known pellets of the Medici family arms, he was induced to search the records of the house, and to his surprise found, what had been overlooked by all historians of the potter's art, that the duke above named had attached to his well-known laboratory in the Boboli gardens, a small manufactory of porcelain. By continuing his researches, he at last exhumed a manuscript from the Magliabecchian library, which had been compiled by some person employed by the duke, and which also detailed the facts connected with the composition of the ware.

We have already noted the arms of the Medici as adopted for a distinctive mark on this ware: there is also another, which we here copy; it is equally curious, and points as decidedly to the place of its fabrication. It represents the cupola of the Cathedral of Florence; the letter F, beneath it, being either the initial of the name of the city, or of the Grand Duke who patronized the work.

The production of this ware seems to have been limited to the lifetime of the duke. Like the famous French *faïence* of Henry II., it appears to have flourished or decayed under royal patronage.

The researches of Dr. Foresi have enabled him to ascertain the existence of some ten or fifteen specimens, which are all that are at present known.

The Museum at South Kensington has been so far fortunate as to secure two very good examples: one,



a large bowl, covered with blue foliage, the other, a double flask, for oil and vinegar, which is covered with an arabesque scroll, quite in the Italian taste; the larger bowl exhibiting so much orientalism that, but for the distinctive mark beneath it, it might be overlooked as a piece of Eastern porcelain.

It is known that attempts had been made in Europe to rival the manufacture of porcelain in the East, before the date of the St. Cloud factory; but the fact was vague and the history uncertain; nor was there anything like a clue to its production in Italy at so early a period, until Dr. Foresi, by his inductive reasoning and close research, brought together history and specimens of ware. The "Medici porcelain" is henceforward a new feature in the history of the art, and adds another laurel leaf to the crown of fame awarded already to this learned and powerful family of merchant-princes.

The *faïence* ware (single examples of which have sold for £300), though appealing to the best taste, and unrivalled for its design and execution, appears to have been restricted to the few pieces required by the king and his court. Art was then seldom applied to the ordinary uses of life; and it is to a comparatively modern era we must look to date its general patronage.

### ART IN CONTINENTAL STATES.

DRESDEN.—Among the many beautiful works which Cellini has left behind him may be named numerous coins and medals struck by order of the popes, the Medici, the King of France, and others. The excellence of these works is acknowledged by Vasari in the following words:—"At that time there was no one among the many who attempted better than Cellini, as all those well know who saw and possessed them. And as, on this account, he received the commission to cut the dies for the Roman mint, there never were more beautiful coins seen than those struck, during this period, at Rome. And when, after the death of Clement, he returned to Florence, he also made the die with the head of Duke Alexander, for the mint of Florence, so beautifully, and with such pains, that some there, even at the present day, are preserved with the same care as the finest antique coins; and justly so, too, for in this instance he surpassed himself." For various reasons, these works of Cellini have become rare; and, no doubt, many which are from his hand are not known to us as his. He was in the habit of describing these medals in a diary which he kept, and from the manner in which these descriptions are given, it is evident these were among his most favourite employments. It is no wonder, therefore, that, working as he did, *con amore*, he should have been pre-eminently successful in this particular department of Art. But though he thus minutely described his coins and medals there are some omitted in his notices, and others, evidently his work, differ from his description of them. These circumstances will account for the difficulty in determining which are from the hand of this master, and which are not. As a contribution, therefore, to the settlement of this question, Dr. Friedländer, Keeper of the Cabinet of Coins and Medals in the Royal Museum of Dresden, has given an account of certain of these works, with the circumstances attending their execution; and where there is any difference between the parts of the finished medal and Cellini's description of it accounting for such discrepancy, extracts from Cellini's diary are given; many interesting notices are also introduced relating to the particular coins. Appended to this is a dissertation on Andreas Guarnacci von Prato, whose name will be known to all collectors of medals, in which it is shown, with much close and acute reasoning, that this artist is identical with Andreas von Cremona and Andreas von Prato. The proofs adduced are such as only one intimately acquainted with the processes of the art of medalling could bring forward; and many facts and probabilities as to the place and time of coinage, inscription, form of letters, &c., are alluded to, which make the treatise of value to the medallist and paleographer.

BERLIN.—Professor Drake has completed his model of 'The Muse watering Pegasus,' for the Berlin Museum; both figures are of colossal size. The group will shortly be cast in bronze.

VENICE.—The competition for the new opera-house to be erected here is thrown open to the architects of the world; the Lords of the Privy Council of Trade have placed in the hands of the Royal Institute of British Architects a copy of the proposals of the Austrian government with reference to the matter.



# THE HUDSON, FROM THE WILDERNESS TO THE SEA.

BY DENSON J. LOSSING.

THE ILLUSTRATIONS FROM DRAWINGS BY THE AUTHOR.

## PART IX.



LITTLE more than two miles from the Mountain House, by a rough road, is an immense gorge scooped from the rugged hills, into which pours the gentle outlet of the little Katers-Kill lakes, in a fall first of one hundred and seventy-five feet, and close to it another of eighty feet. The falls have been so well described by the "Leather-stocking," that a better picture cannot be drawn:—

"There's a place," said Natty, after describing the view from the Platform Rock at the Mountain House, "that in late times I relished better than the mountains; for it was more kivered by the trees, and more nateral."

"And where was that?" inquired Edwards.

"Why, there's a fall in the hills, where the water of two little ponds, that lie near each other, breaks out of their bounds, and runs over the rocks into the valley. The stream is, may be, such a one as would turn a mill, if so useless a thing was wanted in the wilderness. But the hand that made that 'Leap' never made a mill! There the water comes crooking and winding among the rocks, first so slow that a trout might swim in it, and then starting and running, just like any creature that wanted to make a far spring, till it gets to where the mountain divides like the cleft hoof of a deer, leaving a deep hollow for the brook to tumble into. The first pitch is nigh two hundred feet, and the water looks like flakes of driven snow afore it touches the bottom; and then the



KATERS KILL FALLS.

stream gathers itself together again for a new start, and may be flutters over fifty feet of flat rock, before it falls for another hundred, where it jumps about from shelf to shelf, first turning this-a-way, and then turning that-a-way, striving to get out of the hollow, till it finally comes to the plain. . . . The rock sweeps like mason-work in a half-round on both sides of the fall, and shelves over the bottom for fifty feet; so that when I've been sitting at the foot of the first pitch, and my hounds have run into the caverns behind the sheet of water, they've looked no bigger than so many rabbits. To my judgment, lad, it's the best piece of work I've met with in the woods; and none know how often the hand of God is seen in the wilderness, but them that rove it for a man's life."

"Does the water run into the Delaware?" asked Edwards.

"No, no, it's a drop for the old Hudson: and a merry time it has until it gets down off the mountain."

And if the visitor would enjoy one of the wildest and most romantic rambles in the world, let him follow that little stream on its way "off the mountains,"

down the deep, dark, mysterious gorge, until it joins the Katers-Kill proper, that rushes through the "Clove" from the neighbourhood of Hunter, among the hills above, and thence onward to the plain.

It was just after a storm when we last visited these falls. The traces of "delicate-footed May" were upon every shrub and tree. Tiny leaves were just unfolding all over the mountains, and the snowy dogwood blossoms were bursting into beauty on every hand. Yet mementoes of winter were at the falls. In the cavern at the back of them, heaps of ice lay piled, and a chilling mist came sweeping up the gorge, at quick intervals, filling the whole amphitheatre with shadowy splendour when sunlight fell upon it from between the dissolving clouds. While sketching the cascades, memory recurred to other visits we had made there in midsummer, when the wealth of foliage lay upon tree and shrub; and also to a description given us by a lady, of her visit to the falls in winter, with Cole, the artist, when the frost had crystalized the spray into gorgeous fret-work all over the rocks, and made a splendid cylinder of milk-white ice from the base to the crown of the upper cascade. Of these phases Bryant has sung:—

"Midst greens and shades the Katers-Kill leaps,  
From cliffs where the wood-flower clings;  
All summer he moistens his verdant steep;  
With the sweet light spray of the mountain springs;  
And he shakes the woods on the mountain side,  
When they drip with the rains of autumn tide."

"But when, in the forests bare and old,  
The blast of December calls,  
He builds, in the star-light clear and cold,  
A palace of ice, where his torrent falls,  
With turret, and arch, and fret-work fair,  
And pillars blue as the summer air."

The tourist, if he fails to traverse the rugged gorge, should not omit a ride from the Mountain House, down through the "Clove" to Palenville and the plain, a distance of about eight miles. Unpleasant as was the day when we last visited the mountains, we returned to Katz-Kill by that circuitous route. After leaving the falls, we rode about three miles before reaching the "Clove." Huge masses of vapour came rolling up from its lower depths, sometimes obscuring everything around us, and then, drifting away, laying the lofty summits of the mountains that stretch far southward, gleaming in the fitful sunlight, and presenting unsurpassed exhibitions of aerial perspective. Down, down, sometimes with only a narrow space between the base of a high mountain on one side, and steep precipices upon the other, whose feet are washed by the rushing Katers-Kill, our crooked road pursued its way, now passing a log-house, now a pleasant cottage, and at length the ruins of a leather manufacturing village, deserted because the bark upon the hills around, used for tanning, is exhausted. Near this picturesque scene, the Katers-Kill leaps into a scething gulf between cleft rocks, and flows gently on to make still greater plunges into darker depths a short distance below. This cleft in the rocks is



THE FAWN'S LEAP.

called the Fawn's Leap, a young deer having there escaped a hunter and his dog, that pursued to the verge of the chasm. The fawn leaped it, but the dog, attempting to follow, fell into the gulf below and was drowned. The foiled hunter went home, without dog or game. By some, less poetical than others, the place is called the Dog Hole.

A few rods below the Fawn's Leap, the road crosses a rustic bridge, at the foot of a sheer precipice, and for half a mile traverses a shelf cut from the



mountain side, two hundred feet above the stream that has found its way into depths so dark as to be hardly visible. Upon the opposite side of the creek a perpendicular wall rises many hundred feet, and then in slight inclination the mountain towers up at least a thousand feet higher, and forms a portion of the range known as the South Mountain. At the mouth of this cavernous gorge lies the pretty little village of Palenville, where we again cross the stream, and in a few moments find ourselves upon a beautiful and highly cultivated plain. From this point, along the base of the mountains to the road by which we enter them, or more directly to Katz-Kill, the drive is a delightful one.

From the lower borders of Columbia County, opposite Katz-Kill village, to Hyde Park, in Dutchess County, a distance of thirty miles, the east bank of the Hudson is distinguished for old and elegant country seats, most of them owned and occupied by the descendants of wealthy proprietors who flourished in the last century, and were connected by blood and marriage with Robert Livingston, a Scotch gentleman, of the family of the Earls of Linlithgow, who came to America in 1672, and married a member of the Schuyler family, the widow of a Van Rensselaer. He lived at Albany, and was secretary to the Commissioners of Indian Affairs for a long time. From 1684 to 1715 he had, from time to time, purchased from the Indians, and secured by patents from the English crown, large tracts of land in the present Columbia County. This land was then mostly wild and unprofitable, but became the basis of great family wealth.

In the year 1710 Livingston's grants were consolidated, and Hunter, the royal governor, gave him a patent for a tract of a little more than 162,000 acres, for which he was to pay into the king's treasury "an annual rent of twenty-eight shillings, lawful money of New York," a trifle over fourteen



SCENE ON THE KATZ-KILL, NEAR PALENVILLE.

shillings sterling! This magnificent estate was constituted a manor, with political privileges. The freeholders upon it were allowed a representative in the colonial legislature, chosen by themselves, and in 1716 the lord of the manor, by virtue of that privilege, took his seat as a legislator. He had already built a manor-house, on a grassy point upon the banks of the Hudson, at the mouth of Roeloffs Jansen's Kill, or Ancram Creek, of which hardly a vestige now remains.\*

The lord of the manor gave, by his will, the lower portion of his domain to his son Robert, who built a finer mansion than the old manor-house, and named his seat Clermont. This was sometimes called the Lower Manor-house. There Robert R. Livingston, the eminent Chancellor of the State of New York, and associate of Robert Fulton, in his steamboat experiments, was born. After his marriage he built a dwelling for himself, a little south of Old Clermont. His zeal in the republican cause, at the kindling of the revolution, made him an arch rebel in the estimation of the British ministry and the

\* In the year 1710 Governor Hunter, by order of Queen Anne, bought of Mr. Livingston 6,000 acres of his manor, for the sum of a little more than £200, for the use of Protestant Germans then in England, who had been driven from their homes in the Lower Palatinate of the Rhine, then the dominions of a cousin of the British Queen. About 1,800 of them settled upon the manor lands, and at a place on the opposite shore of the river, the respective localities being known as East and West Camp. These Germans were called Palatines, and are represented as the most enlightened people of their native land. Among them was the widow Hannah Zenger, whose son, John Peter, apprenticed to William Bradford, the printer, became, in after life, the impersonation of the struggling democratic idea. He published a democratic newspaper, and because he commented freely upon the conduct of the royal governor, he was imprisoned and prosecuted for a libel. A jury acquitted him, in the midst of great cheering by the people. His counsel was presented with the freedom of the city of New York in a gold box. By that verdict democratic ideas, and the freedom of the press, were nobly vindicated.

officers in the service of the crown in America; and when, in the autumn of 1777, General Vaughan, at the head of the royal troops, went up the Hudson, on a marauding expedition, to produce a diversion in favour of Burgoyne, then environed by the American army at Saratoga, they proceeded as high as Clermont, burnt Livingston's new house, and the old one, where he was born, and where his widowed mother resided, and then retreated to New York. Mrs. Livingston immediately built the present mansion, at Old Clermont, on the site of the ruins, which is now occupied by Mr. Clermont Livingston; and her "rebel son" erected for himself a more elegant one than that which had been destroyed, a little distance from the ruins. This he named also Clermont. It is well preserved in its original style, by the Misses Clarkson, the present proprietors. The mansion is beautifully situated, and, like all the villas in this



OLD CLERMONT.

neighbourhood, commands a fine prospect of the Katzebergs. It was described, as long ago as 1812, as "one of the most commodious houses in the State, having a river front of 104 feet, and a depth of 91 feet; and consisting of a main body of two stories, and four pavilions," in one of which the chancellor had "a library of 4,000 well-chosen volumes." There he died in the spring of 1813.

"Mr. Livingston," says a contemporary, "was a very useful and benevolent man, a scholar of profound erudition, an ardent patriot, and a prompt and decided promoter of all the essential interests of the country." He took special interest in improvements in agriculture and manufactures; and on his return to the United States, from an embassy to France, at the beginning of the present century, he introduced some of the finest specimens of the Merino sheep, from the celebrated flock of Rambouillet in France. As early as 1812



CLERMONT.

it was estimated that there were in the United States at least 60,000 descendants of the Clermont flock, of which about 1,000 were at Clermont.

Mr. Livingston's chief honour as a man of science, and promoter of useful interests, is derived from his aid and encouragement in efforts which resulted in the entire success of steam navigation. As early as 1797 he was engaged with an Englishman named Nesbit, in experiments. They built a steamboat on the Hudson river, at a place now known as De Koven's Cove, or Bay, about half a mile below Tivoli, or Upper Red Hook Landing. Brunel, the engineer of the Thames tunnel, and father of the originator and constructor of the Great Eastern steam-ship, now (July, 1860) lying at New York, at the mouth of the Hudson, was the engineer. The enterprise was not successful. Livingston entered upon other experiments, when he was interrupted by his appointment as United States minister to the court of France. In Paris he became acquainted with Robert Fulton's experiments there. With his science and money, Livingston joined him. They succeeded in their undertaking, as proved by demonstrations on the Seine, returned to America, and in 1806 imported a



steam-engine, made by Watt and Bolton, in England. A boat was constructed at Brown's ship-yard, in New York, and was completed in August, 1807, when it was propelled by its machinery to Hoboken, on the Jersey shore, where John Stevens (Mr. Livingston's brother-in-law) had been experimenting in the same direction for fifteen years. That first successful steamboat was named *Clermont*,



VIEW AT DE KOVEN'S BAY.

in compliment to Chancellor Livingston, and made her first voyage to Albany at the beginning of September, 1807.\*

At Tivoli is the mansion of John Swift Livingston, Esq., built before the war for independence. It is surrounded by a pleasant park and gardens, and commands a view of the village of Saugerties, on the west shore of the Hudson, and that portion of the Katzebergs on which the Mountain House stands. That building may be seen, as a white spot on the distant hills, in our sketch. Mr. Livingston's house was occupied by one of that name when the British burnt Old Clermont and the residence of the chancellor. They landed in De Koven's Cove, or Bay, just below, and came up with destructive intent,



LIVINGSTON'S MANSION AT TIVOLI.

supposing this to be the residence of the arch offender. The proprietor was a good-humoured hospitable man. He soon convinced the invaders of their error, supplied them bountifully with wine and other refreshments, and made them so kindly and cheery, that had he been the "rebel" himself, they must have spared his property. They passed on, performed their destructive errand, partook of the good things of Mr. Livingston's larder and wine-cellar on their return, and sailed down the river to apply the torch to Kingston, a few miles below.

\* The *Clermont* was 100 feet long, 12 feet wide, and 7 feet deep. The following advertisement appeared in the *Albany Gazette* on the 1st of September, 1807:—

"The North River Steamboat will leave Paulus's Hook (Jersey City) on Friday, the 4th of September, at 9 in the morning, and arrive at Albany on Saturday, at 9 in the afternoon. Provisions, good berths, and accommodation are provided. The charge to each passenger is as follows:—

To Newburgh,	Dollars, 3	Time, 14 hours.
" Poughkeepsie	" 4	" 17 "
" Esopus	" 5	" 20 "
" Hudson	" 6	" 30 "
" Albany	" 7	" 36 "

"Mr. Fulton's new steamboat," said the same paper, on the 5th of October, "left New York on the 2nd, at 10 o'clock, A.M., against a strong tide, very rough water, and a violent gale from the north. She made a headway, against the most sanguine expectations, and without being rocked by the waves!"



THE CLERMONT.

Opposite Tivoli, in Ulster County, is the pleasant village of Saugerties,\* near the mouth of the Esopus Creek, which comes flowing from the south through a beautiful valley, and enters the Hudson here. Iron, paper, and whitelead are manufactured there extensively; and between the river and the mountains are almost inexhaustible quarries of flagging stone. A once picturesque fall or rapids, around which a portion of the village is clustered, have been partially destroyed by a dam and unsightly bridge above it, yet some features of grandeur and beauty remain. The chief business part of the village lies upon a plain with the Katzebergs for a background; and on the high right bank of the creek, where many of the first-class residences are situated, an



MOUTH OF ESOPUS CREEK, SAUGERTIES.

interesting view of the mouth of the Zaeger's Kill, or Esopus Creek, with the lighthouse, river, and the fertile lands on the eastern shore, may be obtained. Near this village was the West Camp of the Palatines, already mentioned.

About five miles below Tivoli is Annandale, the seat of John Bard, Esq. As we approached it from the north on a pleasant day in June, along the picturesque road that links almost a score of beautiful villas, the attention was suddenly arrested by the appearance of an elegant little church, built of stone in the early Anglo-Gothic style, standing on the verge of an open park. Near it was a long building, in similar style of architecture, in course of erection. On inquiry, we found the church to be that of The Holy Innocents, built by the proprietor of Annandale upon his estate, for the use of the inhabitants of that region as a free chapel. The new building is for St. Stephen's College, designed as a training school for those who are preparing to enter the General Theological Seminary of the Protestant Episcopal Church, in New York city. For this purpose Mr. Bard has appropriated, as a gratuity, the munificent sum of 60,000 dollars.† In the midst of the grove of fine old trees seen in the direction of the river bank from the road stands the Villa of Annandale, like all its neighbours commanding extensive river and mountain scenery.

Adjoining Annandale on the south is Montgomery Place, the residence of the family of the late Edward Livingston, brother of the chancellor, who is dis-



MONTGOMERY PLACE.

tinguished in the annals of his country as a leading United States senator, the author of the penal code of the State of Louisiana, and ambassador to France. The elegant mansion was built by the widow of General Richard Montgomery,

\* Incorporated Ulster in 1831. The name is derived from the Dutch word Zaeger, a sawyer. Peter Pietersen having built a saw-mill at the Falls, where the village stands, the stream was called Sawyer's Creek, or Zaeger's Kill, since, by corruption, Saugerties. † Mr. Bard has deeded eighteen acres of land to the college, and pledged 1,000 dollars a year for the support of a professor in it. The institution has been formally recognised as the Diocesan Training College; the Legislature of New York have granted the trustees an act of incorporation, and liberal subscriptions have been made to place it upon a stable foundation.



a companion-in-arms of Wolfe when he fell at Quebec, and who perished under the walls of that city at the head of a storming party of republicans on the 31st of December, 1775. Montgomery was one of the noblest and bravest men of his age. When he gave his young wife a parting kiss at the house of General Schuyler, at Saratoga, and hastened to join that officer at Tienderoga, in the campaign that proved fatal to him, he said, "You shall never blush for your Montgomery." Gallantly did he vindicate that pledge. And when his virtues were extolled by Barré, Burke, and others in the British parliament, Lord North exclaimed, "Curse on his virtues; he has undone his country."

The wife of Montgomery was a sister of Chancellor Livingston. With ample means and good taste at command, she built this mansion, and there spent fifty years of widowhood, childless, but cheerful. The mansion and its



THE KATZBERG FROM MONTGOMERY PLACE.

400 acres passed into the possession of her brother Edward, and there, as we have observed, his family now reside. Of all the fine estates along this portion of the Hudson, this is said to be the most perfect in its beauty and arrangements. Waterfalls, picturesque bridges, romantic glens, groves, a magnificent park, one of the most beautiful of the ornamental gardens in this country, and views of the river and mountains, unsurpassed, render Montgomery Place a retreat to be coveted, even by the most favoured of fortune.

Four miles by the railway below Tivoli is the Barrytown Station, or Lower Red Hook Landing. The villages of Upper and Lower Red Hook, like most of the early towns along the Hudson, lie back from the river. Tivoli and Barrytown are their respective ports. A short distance below the latter, connected by a winding avenue with the public road already mentioned, is Rokeby, the seat of William B. Astor, Esq., who is distinguished as the wealthiest man in the United States: it was formerly the residence of his father-in-law, General



ROKEBY.

John Armstrong, an officer in the war for independence, and a member of General Gates's military family. He was the author of the celebrated addresses privately circulated among the officers of the Continental Army lying at Newburgh, on the Hudson, at the close of the war, which were calculated to stir up a mutiny, and even a rebellion against the civil power. The feeble Congress had been unable for a long time to provide for the pay of the soldiers about to be disbanded and sent home in poverty and rags. There was apathy in Congress and among the people on the subject; and these addresses were intended to stir up the latter and their representatives to the performance of their duty in making some provision for their faithful servants, rather than to excite the army to take affairs into their own hand, as was charged. Through the wisdom and firmness of Washington, the event was so overruled as to give honour to the army and benefit the country. Washington afterwards

acquitted Major Armstrong of all evil intentions, and considered his injudicious movement (instigated, it is supposed, by Gates) as a patriotic act.

Armstrong afterwards married a sister of Chancellor Livingston, and was chosen successively to a seat in the United States senate, an ambassador to France, a brigadier-general in the army, and secretary-of-war. He held the latter office while England and the United States were at war, in 1812-14. He was the author of a "Life of General Montgomery," "Life of General Wayne," and "Historical Notices of the War of 1812." Rokeby, where this eminent man lived and died, is delightfully situated, in the midst of an undulating park, further from the river than the other villas, but commanding some interesting glimpses of it, with more distant landscapes and mountain scenery. Among the latter may be seen the range of the Shawangunk (pronounced shon-gum), in the far south-west. Here Mr. Astor's family reside about eight months of the year.

A few miles below Rokeby, and lying upon an elevated plain two miles from the river, is the beautiful village of Rhinebeck, containing little more than 1,000 inhabitants. The first settler was William Beckman, or Beckmao, who came from the Rhine, in Germany, in 1647, purchased all this region from the Indians, and gave homes to several poor families who came with him. The name of the river in his fatherland, and his own, are commemorated in the title of the town—Rhine-Beck.\* His son Henry afterwards procured a patent from the English government for a very extensive tract of land in Dutchess County, including his Rhinebeck estate.

Just below the Rhinebeck Station is Ellerslie, the seat of the Hon. William Kelly. No point on the Hudson commands a more interesting view of the river and adjacent scenery, than the southern front of the mansion at Ellerslie. The house is at an elevation of 200 feet above the river, overlooking an extensive park. The river is in full view for more than fourteen miles. At the distance of about thirty-five miles are seen the Fish-Kill Mountains, and the Hudson Highlands, while on the west, the horizon is bounded by the lofty Katzbergs.

Ellerslie is ninety miles from New York city, and contains about 700 acres of land, with a front on the river of a mile and a-half. Its character is different from that of an ordinary villa residence, being cultivated with much care as a farm, whilst great regard is had to improving its beauty, and developing



ELLERSLIE.

landscape effects. The lawn and gardens occupy thirty acres; the green-house, graperies, &c., are among the most complete in this country. The park contains 300 acres; its surface is undulating, with masses of old trees scattered over it; and upon it feeds a large herd of thorough-bred Durham cattle, which the proprietor considers a more appropriate ornament than would be a herd of deer.

A mile below Ellerslie is Wildercliff,† the seat of Miss Mary Garretson, daughter of the eminent Methodist preacher, Freeborn Garretson, who married a sister of Chancellor Livingston. The mansion is a very modest one, compared with some in its neighbourhood. It was built in accordance with the simple tastes of the original proprietor. Mr. Garretson was a leader among the plain Methodists in the latter part of the last century, when that denomination was beginning to take fast hold upon the public mind in America; and his devoted, blameless life did much to commend his people to a public disposed to decide them.

The very beautiful view from this mansion, down the river, is exceedingly charming for its simple beauty, so much in harmony with the associations of the place. In the centre of the lawn stands a sun-dial. On the left is a magnificent wide-spreading elm. On the right, through the trees, may be seen the cultivated western shore of the Hudson, with the mountains beyond; and in front is the river, stretching away southward, at all times dotted with the white sails of water-craft.

This mansion has many associations connected with the early struggles of Methodism, very dear to the hearts of those who love that branch of the Christian church: we shall refer to them in our next paper.

\* The house built by Beckman is yet standing, upon a high point near the Rhinebeck station. It is a stone building. The bricks of which the chimney is constructed were imported from Holland. In this house the first public religious services in that region were held; and it was used as a fortress in early times, against the Indians. It now belongs to the Hearnance family, descendants of early settlers there.

† This is a Dutch word, signifying wild man's, or wild Indian's, cliff. The first settlers found upon a smooth rock, on the river shore, at this place, a rude delineation of two Indians, one with a tomahawk, and the other a calumet, or pipe of peace. This gave them the idea of the name.



## PROVINCIAL EXHIBITIONS.

## MANCHESTER.

THE Exhibition of 1860 stands alone during the forty of which this brings us to the end of the fourth decade. Looking at it in its integrity, it is doubtless the best exhibition ever held within its walls. We remember many times, during the last twenty years, seeing single works of a higher stamp than any we find here now, but we equally well remember the wastes of mediocrity and the presence of sheer impotency with which they were accompanied; and we turn to the present exhibition with satisfaction, arising from the aspect of so much promise, and cheered with the look of sound health in the works so many of our rising men exhibit. These rising men are, for the most part, throwing off the pedantry of academic habit, and are each exclaiming in true independence,—

"Aut viam inveniam, aut faciam."

There is an emphatic declaration that the collection here shall be instructional; and this all such exhibitions should be—not accidentally and casually, but directly and with design. From what we see, this has been kept steadily in view, for we have the exhibition carefully classified, and the whole admirably hung. Not only this, it would appear that the education of the public eye, and the elevation of the public taste, were the sole objects of the managers, for the first page of the catalogue draws attention to the need of governing laws and invariable principles; this notable passage giving a foretaste, as it were, of the correct feeling with which to enter the gallery, and of the right mind with which to observe its contents:—"Art is not a divine gift, neither is it a mechanical trade. Its foundations are laid in solid science; and practice, though essential to its perfection, can never attain to that to which it aims, unless it works under the direction of principle."

This very significant passage, nobly said and nobly thought, should keep hasty judgment in modest hesitation, and leaders of opinion to think how needful it is that principle should be at the base of their criticism, and science present to control their dicta. There is, however, another significance in this scrap of Sir Joshua, and we feel as though this has, in some way, influenced the choice of such a motto. The Exhibition in Manchester is, for the first time, managed by the New Manchester Academy of Fine Arts; this we gather from the catalogue, and from contemporary evidence. This academy, whose rules we have read, and with whose objects we have felt it our duty to become acquainted, proposes to be a *working academy*. In these rules we find provision made for the thorough instruction of its pupils, and, which is of the first importance, provision made for the instruction of the general public; and, although these wise arrangements may sometimes fail from the lethargy of the teacher, here, in this institution for academical instruction, we have a full and clearly expressed recognition of the need of education, and a heartily expounded body of wise and effectual regulations, by which it can be most serviceable to those who will come under its influence.

We see no sufficient reason ourselves why Manchester, with its vast wealth, its well-known fondness for Art, and its liberal patronage of it, should not have an Academy of Arts, to which the highest honours of the profession might be given, always supposing, and really with much right expecting, the presence of sufficient talent among its members. In fact, for the true fosterage of Art-feeling, and for the continued growth of such feeling in im-

portant centres of our growing populations, it is a look-out of serious consideration that such centres should have all needful machinery by which to *retain talent among them*. This can only partially be done by money patronage, for, luckily, we have all other and nobler influences stimulating us to advancement; and among these are social recognition and the conferring of such honorary distinctions as give a stamp of desert and a badge of power. Sympathy, and acknowledgment of progress, aid the artist probably more than any other order of *thinker*; and this sympathy and acknowledgment suffer no abasement or degradation by showing themselves in *titular expression*.

We have been led into these remarks partly by sincere good wishes for the prosperity of the new academy, and partly in a spirit of warning. So many sad failures have we seen in attempts to form academical bodies, that we can do no greater service to our Manchester friends than by suggesting a keen examination of causes of failure elsewhere, in hopes of avoiding them in their own arrangements and management.

As we have said, the present exhibition is well classified. So far as space has permitted, to each section is allotted a distinct gallery—thus, the German School, French School, and Belgian Schools each is kept quite detached; then we have English oil-pictures, English water-colours, and sculpture: so that the visitor, after his first general inspection, can, according to his leisure, single out any particular section, and make it a study in its abstract and unconfused mode of exhibition. We see no reason why the council should not adopt some mode, especially when the crowds attend during the evenings, of conveying brief but explanatory descriptions, in the presence of each separate school, giving, indeed, a bodily presence to the motto of their catalogue.

The German School, when seen in a mass here, and especially as compared with the English works, looks somewhat heavy, and as wanting colour—colour as we are learning to feel it; not so much in its large divisions and general appreciation, as in its subtle perceptions and tender palpitations. Then, again, the majority of the pictures are landscapes, and landscapes of pretty much the same class—out of 156 German works, 36 are views in Switzerland, in most of which there is a dead monotony of heavy greys and greens, with an invariable snow-capped mountain surmounting all.

No attempt can be given within our limited space of a lengthy critical character, and our readers must be content with an indication of the names of the contributors and of their principal works. From Germany we have a charming bit of Rouen architecture by C. Hognet; a very finished and refined picture—'Afternoon Nap'—by C. Becker; and a marvellous gem—'Mill near Amsterdam'—by the former painter. Zimmerman, of Munich, contributes a most thoughtfully suggestive picture—'Musicians dividing their Gains.' Litschauer's 'Broken Blade' has much humour in it, and is exquisitely painted; 'Oliver Cromwell,' by Paul Martin, in force and truth of drawing, deep and telling light and shade, and subtle colour, may take its place as one of the best German works exhibited here. The winter picture by Scherres is worthy of examination, as affording a very profound idea of the desolation of a gloomy season in one of its gloomiest aspects. 'Ancient Germans sacrificing,' by H. Becker, gives us fitting treatment of a weird subject; and the 'Horse Pond' and 'Thirsting Cattle' of Schmitson take us far towards admiration, such as we willingly concede to Rosa Bonheur herself. 'The Shipwreck' of C. Hognet, and the 'Dead Foal,' Steffek, are each in its way admirable; we have never seen water drawn with more truth

than in the former work. 'Winter Evening,' by Scherres, is most skilfully and most delicately painted. Of the Achenbachs we have three exceedingly exquisite works—'Coast of Scheuvingen,' of A. Achenbach; 'Street near Naples,' by O. Achenbach, and 'Coast of Capri,' by A. Achenbach. The crowning glory of the landscapes, however, is Hildebrandt's 'Sunset,' which, for exquisite sentiment and profound colour, stands forth as one of the finest works in the exhibition. There are other works of German art that will well repay investigation; of these we may mention the productions of Pulian, Herzog, and Carl Schutz.

The Belgian pictures are fewer in number than the German, and call for less remark, especially as we have none by the most distinguished artists of the Low Country schools. Bossuet is represented by two characteristic specimens, in which his vigorous sunlight is pre-eminent; these are 'Porte de la Carsbah,' and 'Road of Ronda.' 'The Schoolmaster' of De Heuvel is worthy of notice, more especially as provoking comparison with English modes of colour and manipulation. 'The Village Festival' of Crabeels is also likely to challenge some curious investigation, both by its characterization and its faults. Works by Somers, Van Schendel (we tire of this painter's monomania), Ruyten, and Cesare dell' Acqua will doubtless secure attention, which they will well repay. Of Belgian art it may be said that it partakes rather of the peculiarities of other schools than shows any dominant, adventurous vitality of its own.

Among the works of our more immediate neighbours, the French, will be found enough to show the great talent of her artists, and enough also (or too much) as exhibiting their weakness. Of the latter we shall only stop to lament the poverty of the choice of subject, and to lament, still more, the occasional tendency towards indelicacy. However little these matters may be considered important in France, we hope the managers of English exhibitions will exercise a wise discretion in placing pictures of doubtful purity upon the walls of our galleries. Among really good suggestive French pictures in the Manchester Exhibition, we notice such as appear to us most worthy of friendly reception. Decamps, whose recent untimely death is recorded in another part of our Journal, has three works here; not, however, up to his mark. We looked upon them with sadness, considering the painter's late melancholy end. It is rather a singular coincidence to find one of these three pictures representing 'Death and the Woodcutter.' Ziem has a very lovely, though, as usual, careless work: this is a view of 'The Old Walls of Constantinople.' Meissonier exhibits a marvel of finish, of uselessness as to incident, and of a price—a picture the size of a man's hand—for which he asks £630! Troyon's 'Guardian of the Flock' is full of true gusto, showing a deep reading of animal life; and Rosa Bonheur's 'Hay Harvest' is a noble realization of sturdy country life—full of real truth, but real also in truths that are purely local. A work said to be by Ingres we have our suspicion about: it is ill drawn, and very wretched in colour. 'The Breakfast' and 'The Lesson,' respectively by Ed. Frère and Pierre Ed. Frère, are charming. Another by Troyon, 'Harrowing,' is, though sombre, very truthful. Other works may be looked at with advantage, especially those by Jacque, Jalabert,—his picture, 'The Widow,' being in every sense a noble production,—Fichet, Colture, Veyrasset, Toulmouche, and Gerome.

We have left ourselves less room for a fair notice of the English pictures than we wished, though this is of the less consequence, as many of them have received attention at our hands while they graced the walls of the London



exhibitions. Such as have special or added interest we will point out, and direct more immediate attention to the works of Manchester artists.

Lauder sends two pictures, neither of them such as he *now* should send anywhere. They are far too slight in drawing, and in colour are quite defiant of all chromatic governance. 'Sunday Morning,' by Miss Brownlow: let the artist beware of reproducing the colour and manner of another painter: she is quite strong enough to work on independently. R. Collinson's 'Oh! bless its little heart!' is good; but the *chiaro-oscuro* is too flat and vapid: the type of face for the old woman is bad in selection. Bough's 'Holmwood Common' is a singularly vigorous work, with the artist's well-known power of touch and energy of colour. Niemann has three strong though somewhat vulgar works: why will this artist trust so much to facility of hand, and so little to governed observation? his 'Dover' is, in its way, quite a great success. 'The Cathedral Church of Manchester' has met with worthy and honest service at the hand of Mr. Brewer, though it is somewhat black. We always meet Hayllar's pictures with cordial pleasure, and this pleasure is augmented while looking at his 'Harvest Time,' which is full of capital painting and true feeling. The two contributions by F. W. Hulme contain some of the best painting by the artist that we have ever seen, though here as elsewhere we have to lament a morbid attachment to frigidity of colour. We have always felt that he was equal to more genial and soothing tones, and a greater aerial subtlety of treatment. Nature has accidental transitional as well as local facts. Immediately following a work by Hulme, we have very good representative pictures by Stubbs, Brooke, Jackson, Ritchie, Pettitt, Naish, J. Danby, Davis, Clay, Peel, Weigall, Boddington, C. Leslie, Bough, J. Mogford, Pickersgill, Cobbett, Archer, and Oakes. These are variously indicative of the powers of the several artists, and are sure to gain the attention of the visitor to the gallery. In 'The Burgomaster's Dessert' of Lance, we have something far beyond the master; it is one of the most charming still-life pictures we ever beheld. Mason's scene in the 'Salt Marshes, Rome,' exhibits great power in both drawing and colour. It is a large and very important work. The crowning picture in the whole collection is Hook's, 'The Brook of Life.' Deep in its suggestiveness, lovely and original in design, and full of that placid strength which marks unmistakable genius.

This picture is immediately followed by lively efforts by J. S. Raven, Davis, and T. Walley: the latter showing, in a very unpretending morsel of still-life, colour, which, speaking reverently, reminds one of Titian. There are likewise, in the same room, thoughtful pictures by Egley, C. Smith, J. Danby, Ferguson, Shirley, Harding, Webbe (a foolish subject), Pettitt, Archer, Cobbett, Boehm, Miss Eiloart, Calderon, Williams, Gilbert, Lewis, &c.

The second room contains specimens by nearly the same artists,—with the addition of a fine picture by Callow,—some of them marked by peculiar excellence, but needing no special remark.

The water-colour corridor is, perhaps, the least satisfactory of the whole exhibition. Here, however, the visitor will be gratified by the productions of Gray (copies in enamel), Carl Werner, Aaron Penley, Collinson, Miss Lance, Woolnough, H. J. Wells—whose portraits are magnificent—Soper, and others. There are a number of English pictures hung in the hall, where also we have a small and not important collection of sculpture. We need only observe among the former a very capital picture by Charles Mathews, the distinguished comedian.

We have purposely left, as a concluding group, the artists of Manchester. Obviously we must

be very general in what we say. Of the men of the new academy, taking them in the order in which we find them in the Rules of the Institution, we may say that Mr. Bostock has two very charming works, one being by far the best we have ever seen from his hand. Mr. Brodie has a good manly portrait; his other picture we do not like. Mr. Crozier is strong in his pictures of children, his 'Sunny Days' being especially beautiful. One of Mr. Calvert's works is in colour a vast improvement. Mr. Duval, in three of his portraits, is quite up to the painter's mark, and this is high praise; to us, his 'Ghost Story' is too hot, and too thinly painted. Mr. Gibson has a very capital little picture. The works of Mr. Hayes exhibit resolution, and are in every way satisfactory. Mr. Keeling has only one work, and, as we think, not one of his best. Mr. Mitchell also comes under the same category. Mr. Percy's portraits are assuming a very high character: unless we greatly mistake, he has a high position before him. Of Mr. Whaite, we can only honestly consider his landscapes among the highest works of the class in the British school. We miss Mr. Shields; for a man of such original power can scarcely be said to be represented by the scrap of still-life which he exhibits. Of the other local artists, whether of the academy or out of it, we do not feel that any advance has been made, except in the picture by Mr. Royle, who has the right Art power in him if he will only allow it free and full play.

The whole exhibition and its managers have our entire good wishes. We hear that the number of visitors has been much in excess of former years, and that before it had been opened a fortnight the sales were nearing £3,000. Some singular aspects of the competing Art-Unions of Manchester struck us, and we are pained to hear of some very improper tampering with the prices of the pictures: both of these subjects we may find it our duty to refer to ere long. In the meantime we must do the original society the justice to observe that the fault does not lie at its door. Artists who suffer much interference are, perhaps, the most to blame.

#### LIVERPOOL.

The third annual exhibition of the Liverpool Society of Fine Arts includes upwards of nine hundred works, many of them of considerable interest and value. Among the more prominent pictures from the London exhibitions are Mr. Solomon's 'Drowned,'—which, by the by, has been retouched by the artist since the close of the Royal Academy, and some of its most objectionable features removed or subdued,—Mr. O'Neill's 'Volunteer,' and Mr. Hurlstone's 'Margaret of Anjou.' These works are, no doubt, sent as competitors for the society's prize of £100; another competitor, at least in popular estimation, is Mr. Cross's 'Death of Thomas à Becket,' which, we believe, was exhibited in the Royal Academy some three or four years since: it may be remembered that the composition of the picture, and the head and figure of Becket, are remarkably fine. The Royal Academy, in addition to Mr. O'Neill, is represented by Mr. Hart, who sends his clever picture of 'Othello and Iago,' by Mr. Witherington's 'Harvesting,' an agreeable representation of rural scenery; and Mr. E. M. Ward's 'Portrait of Mrs. Ward.'

Conspicuous among the works of other artists, are Mr. Sant's 'Infant Son of Eric Smith, Esq.,' one of this artist's charming representations of infancy idealized; a fine picture of 'Caernarvon Castle,' by J. B. Pyne; 'Dr. Primrose taking Blackberry to the Fair,' by T. Jones Barker; a clever and much admired view of 'The Hypethral Temple, Philæ, Nubia,' by Frank Dillon; some powerful marine pic-

tures by R. B. Beechey, R.N., of which 'The Day after Trafalgar,' and 'Escape of H.M.S. *Brebus* from between the Icebergs,' are very fine; W. Callow's illustrations of various continental cities, of which his view of 'Goethe's House, Dom Platz, Frankfurt,' is perhaps the most effective; fruit and game pieces from Mr. and Mrs. Duffield; 'The Toilet' and 'The Grotto,' by T. P. Hall; 'Wreckers on the Coast, Lynmouth, Devon,' and 'Isola Bella, Lago Maggiore,' by J. D. Harding; 'Tête à Tête,' by John Absolon; 'The Queen of May,' a reduced replica of her engraved picture, by Mrs. E. M. Ward, who also contributes various minor illustrations of domestic life; two richly coloured illustrations of Moorish life, from T. Henphy; a clever picture of 'Scandal—you don't say so?' by G. A. Holmes; 'Smuggling Caves,' and 'The Shadow on the Casement,' by J. Houston; 'The Skaw Lighthouse,' by W. Melby; 'Langhorne Castle, Caernarthen-shire,' by J. Mogford; 'Nightshade Abbey,' and a small Coast Scene, by Oakes; 'Scene on the Usk,' by Tennant; Goldie and Brewer's clever but rather hard picture of 'Elaine,' and Cave Thomas's interesting representation of 'Domenico da Peschia urging Savonarola to resort to Ordeal by Fire.' The whole family of Smiths and Smyths muster in good force, and, judging from the sales, appear to be in general favour; while Percy, Niemann, Boddington, Gilbert, and Williams, are courting their wonted popularity. 'Life on the Heath,' by A. W. Williams, displays more powerful treatment than is usually met with in his pictures. Mr. Desanges contributes several pictures, of which 'A very Important Communication' is extremely attractive; 'The Dogana, and Church of Santa Maria della Salute, Venice,' is a clever architectural picture, by W. Henry. Mr. Herick is represented by a very successful 'Portrait,' a 'Flower Girl,' and 'Boy with Bird's Nest'; Mr. Friston in his able 'Enlightened Pedlar'; Mr. Wilkie Wingfield in 'Geoffroi Rudel,' 'Jock o' Hazeldean,' and two other pictures; whilst Messrs. Joseph Bouvier, A. F. Patten, and H. H. Martin, are seen respectively in their gaily coloured 'Wounded Cavalier,' 'La Guittarista,' and 'The Favourite of the Harem.' Nor may we omit Mr. E. A. Pettitt, Mr. Duker, Mr. and Miss Desvignes, and Mrs. Oliver.

The water-colour department is unusually strong this year, and is well calculated to display the various resources of this medium. Conspicuous amongst these are 'Queen Mab,' by H. Tidey; 'The Good Samaritan,' by H. Warren; 'Pifferari playing to the Virgin,' by Mrs. Elizabeth Murray, the founder of the Society of Female Artists, who contributes two other clever drawings of 'The Island Beauty' and 'The Outcast'; 'Ancient Jerusalem on Easter Morning,' by J. Dobbin, who also sends 'City of Cordova, Spain,' and 'Valencia, Spain,' souvenirs of his sojourn in that country; whilst other valuable contributions are sent by Fahey, Barnard, Giles, Frigg, Rayner, Chase, Penley, Pidgeon, Boys, Brierly, Lance, Collingwood Smith, Richardson, Weigall, Barrall Smith, Mrs. Dundas Murray, Collingwood, and Wolfe; and fruit and flower pieces by Miss Lance, Miss Place, Miss Mutrie, Mrs. B. Dawson, Miss James, and others.

Of the contributions by local artists the most noteworthy are—'Caractacus leaving Britain a Prisoner,' by R. Norbury, which was in the Royal Academy; and 'Market-place, Wells—a Wet Day,' appropriately rendered in water-colour by W. G. Herdman: both these gentlemen are associates of the Society of Fine Arts, and the works we have named are the most successful of any they have yet produced. Mr. Herdman has other clever drawings—'Dalton, in Furness,' 'The Market-place, Dumfries,' and others. Mr. Norbury has some clever drawings, worthy of a better position than they have



obtained. The other associates represented are Samuel Walters, whose 'Dutch Boat leaving Port' is the most important of the six works he has contributed, all of which justify the position he holds as a marine painter; T. J. Ewbank, whose 'Rival Pets' illustrates this artist's facility in depicting scenes of childhood, but the colouring of which is scarcely so forcible as we should like to see—Mr. Ewbank seems more successful in water-colour, of which he contributes three specimens highly creditable to him; B. Callow, who is always attractive in the peculiar class of rural or coast scenery to which he confines himself; G. E. Hickin, whose scenes in Wales and Cumberland indicate a considerable advance upon his former productions. G. A. Pettitt, of Grasmere, sends four clever pictures, the excellence of which is impaired by the peculiarly green tone that pervades them all. R. Elmore, of Tunbridge Wells, also an associate, appears to us to have made a great advance upon his contributions to the former exhibitions. C. E. Smith, the sculptor, is represented this year by two portrait-busts only. Of other provincial artists—in which category we take leave to include those of Edinburgh and Dublin—there are Arthur Perigal, John Pettie, J. H. Oswald, W. Beattie Brown, James Cassie, G. F. Mulvany, Bridgford, the three Hayes, Nicholls, Stannus, of Belfast, Lamont Brodie, secretary of the New Manchester Academy, J. Curnock, J. J. Curnock, West, and Mr. and Mrs. Muller, of Bristol; Horlor, Humphreys, Valter, and Henshaw, of Birmingham, and J. T. Peele, of Douglas, Isle of Man, many of whom continue to display those abilities by which they are so honourably and extensively distinguished.

Of other local artists, who are not associates of the society, mention should be made of John Callow, Sen. and Jun., G. D. Callow, the Misses Huggins, who continue to excel in fruit and game, Francis Hargreaves, Dove, Goepel, Pugh, Finnie, Ensor, Whittle, G. S. Walters, Swainson, Heffer, Trusted, Tucker, and J. J. Herdman.

No notice of the Lancashire exhibitions will be in any way complete, which does not include the works of foreign artists. In Manchester they form a very large proportion of the whole collection; in neither of the exhibitions in Liverpool are they so numerous; the space in each allotted to these works is considerable, in the Liverpool academy being nearly equal to that in the Society of Fine Arts. Any one who has visited the Lancashire exhibitions cannot but be aware how greatly those exhibitions are indebted to the foreign pictures for their excellence and attractiveness. Many are disposed to deprecate the extensive introduction of foreign pictures; but if the number of provincial exhibitions which are opened simultaneously be considered, it will be seen that such an extra supply of pictures is absolutely necessary, especially after a London season in which the sales have been so enormous, and left so few works at the disposal of the artists. It is possible that inconvenience may result to a few of the inferior artists, by the substitution of foreign pictures of excellence for some of theirs; but it is probable this inconvenience will be only temporary, as the competition must stimulate to greater exertions, by which superior excellence and a larger supply may be realized. By painting two or three additional pictures in the year, the effects of any reduction in price caused by the competition will be easily covered, and the English artist will find his best protection in his own increased industry and study, and not in the exclusion of foreign pictures. The English have nothing to fear in any department of honourable industry and talent, from competition with any foreigners whatever; for experience has shown that any disadvantage thence arising has been but temporary.

The continental pictures exhibited by the Liverpool Society of Fine Arts consist almost exclusively of the Schools of Dusseldorf, Belgium, and Holland. The French works are restricted to one of Caraud's clever and showy toilet pictures, and two cattle pieces by Cortis.

Among the Belgian and Dutch pictures are a remarkably fine landscape—'View of Malaga,' by Bossuet; the 'Steeple Chase' and 'The Break,' by Otto Von Thoren; 'Souvenir of Scotland—Black-faced Sheep,' by Eugene Verboeckhoven; 'A Study of Horses,' by W. Verschum; two marine pieces, by Kockkock; 'Radscheln and the Bridge of Moldau, Prague,' by Chevalier Karsen; and a marine picture by Louis Verboeckhoven. Other artists of this school who have contributed are Van Schendel, Huysman, Venneman, Vandeberg, Wallings, Van Luppen, Waldorf, Tenkate, Phillipeau, Maurer, De Block, Dairville, and Dielmann.

From Dusseldorf are two Norwegian scenes by A. Leu; two Italian landscapes by Oswald Achenbach; 'The Death of Gustavus Adolphus,' by Geselschaps; 'Hospitality to a Poor Family,' by Siegert; two clever genre pictures by Fay; 'Bay of Naples,' by Flamm; besides several excellent minor genre pictures and very good landscapes by Herzog, Becker, Boser, Rehel, Bodom, Post, Portmann, Bromels, Plaschke, Mayer, Mengelberg, Northen, Lindlar, Klein, Kepler, Litschaur, Lachenwitz, Jernberg, Heunert, Hengsbach, Hildemann, Holmberg, Hilgers, Stiffe, and Hubner.

From other parts of the Continent works have been received: from Otto Knille, of Venice, a powerful picture of the immuring of a nun; 'Mary with the Child' and 'Ecce Homo' from Jacobs, of Gotha; landscapes of classic scenes by Gurliitt, of Sieblehen; 'Paradise and the Peri,' by Miss Unger, of Gottingen; some clever architectural pictures by Meyer, of Nuremberg; and 'Evening in the Pyrenees,' by Count Kaikreuth, of Weimar.

In sculpture the display is much less than hitherto in the exhibitions of this society. Mr. Foley, R.A., has a figure of 'Innocence' very chaste and pleasing; Mr. Fontana sends 'Jephthah and his Daughter,' and a statuette of 'Early Propensity'; Mr. Spence, of Rome, one of 'Bacchus,' a portrait of the infant son of a Liverpool gentleman; and Mr. Halse a statuette of the 'Blind Flower Girl'; Mr. Jackson, of Rome, sends a bust of Rev. Dr. Raffles, which has just been purchased by subscription for the New Free Public Library, and busts of Diana and Devotion. 'An ideal head of Female Beauty in the character of a Bacchante' is a very poetical work by Mr. Galt, an American sculptor, at present in Rome.

#### BIRMINGHAM.

The annual exhibition of the Birmingham Society of Artists was opened on the 4th of last month; the collection on view numbers about six hundred works, a large portion of which has been exhibited in the metropolitan galleries, whence, whether sold or unsold, very many pictures of the best class are drafted into the provinces. The collection gathered this year into the rooms of the society is quite equal to any of its predecessors. Among the most noticeable are—we take them as they hang in the gallery:—'Gathering the Flocks,' 'Departure for the Tryst,' G. W. Horlor, a local artist; 'Past and Present,' A. Egg, R.A.; 'Queen Catherine's Dream,' W. Bromley; 'Back from Marston Moor,' H. Wallis; 'Minding the Cradle,' G. Smith; 'The Water-Carrier,' J. Phillip, R.A.; 'The Last Load,' J. Linnell; 'The Seasons,' T. Webster, R.A.; 'The Magdalen at the Cross,' H. Le Jeune; 'St. Paul's, from the Thames,' H. Dawson; 'The Approach to Venice,' J. M. W. Turner; 'The Recruit,' F. Goodall, R.A.; 'The Or-

phans,' Etty; 'Cathedral of Pisa,' D. Roberts, R.A.; 'Merry Christmas in the Baron's Hall,' D. Maelise, R.A.; 'In the Days of the Merry Monarch,' T. H. Maguire, representing the attack on Sir John Coventry, in Pall Mall, by Sir Thomas Sandys, and others, at midnight; 'Castello d'Ostia, near Rome,' J. B. Pyne; 'Charles V. at Yuste,' A. Elmore, R.A.; 'The Separation of Charles I. from his Children, the day before his Execution,' C. Lucy; 'The Smugglers' Resort,' J. Mogford; 'Samson in the Mill,' E. Armitage; 'Blowing Bubbles,' W. H. Knight; 'Lost and Saved,' A. W. Williams; 'Tough and Tender,' Miss E. Osborn; 'Mabel,' J. Hayllar; 'Les Mythen, the mountains above Schwert,' J. D. Harding; 'Treffrey Mill, North Wales,' J. A. Hammersley; 'Lago Maggiore,' J. B. Pyne; 'The Harvest Moon,' T. F. Marshall; 'The Evening Walk,' A. Johnstone; 'Shepherd's Pets,' J. J. Hill and G. W. Horlor; 'Castle of Chillon,' J. Danby; 'Pastoral Scene, on the Quin, Peebles-shire,' R. S. Lauder, R.S.A.; 'Fresh Breeze off Blackwall,' E. J. Nicmann; 'Sunset,' H. Dawson; 'Eleanor,' L. W. Desanges; 'The Avenue, Cobham,' J. S. Raven; 'The Breaking of Bread,' R. S. Lauder, R.S.A.

Besides the works of those local artists already named, Messrs. Hill and Horlor, are many others not to be passed over, as well sustaining the character of their school. Such are the pictures contributed by Henshaw, J. P. Pettitt, Burt, W. Hall, C. W. Radclyffe, Samuel and Henry Lines, H. H. Horsley, Wivell, and the worthy secretary of the society, E. Everitt.

In the room appropriated for the pictures in water colours are hung some excellent examples of the pencils of Duffield, Collingwood, Miss L. Rayner, H. P. Riviere, W. Callow, J. Callow, T. S. Boys, Weigall, S. Palmer, Gastineau, Smallfield, T. M. Richardson, Mrs. E. Murray, and many others.

The sculpture is limited to fourteen specimens; among them are conspicuous a colossal bust of H.R.H. the Prince Consort, executed by J. Thomas, for the Midland Institute, Birmingham; a bust of John Phillip, R.A., by J. Thomas; a bust of James Horsfall, Esq., by George Slater; and two allegorical subjects, entitled 'Summer' and 'Winter,' by P. Hollins, intended for a chimney-piece.

#### ART IN SCOTLAND AND THE PROVINCES.

GLASGOW.—The annual meeting of the members of the Art-Union of Glasgow was held in the Fine Art Gallery, St. Vincent Street, on the 30th of August, when the report for the past year was read, and the prizes were awarded. The position of the society may be best learned by the following extract from the report:—

"In submitting the report of the proceedings of the Art-Union during the present year, your committee beg to refer to the interim report issued on 25th May last, for a detailed explanation of the causes which have led to the delay in bringing the year's operations to a close. As there stated, the number of subscribers was considerably short of the estimated expenditure, and it was deemed advisable to extend the period for drawing the prizes to the present time, in order that the public might have an opportunity of completing the necessary subscription list, and thereby relieve the committee from the disagreeable alternative of personally taking over the unsold tickets. Although an addition has been obtained to the subscription list, the committee regret that the expectations entertained of the public subscribing the whole amount have not been realized, and that there remains a considerable number of subscriptions necessary to complete the list, which the committee have now no alternative but personally to take up. The number of subscriptions taken by the public amount to £12,862 11s., and as the expenditure for the year amounts to £14,454 8s. 11d., as the abstract of the account to be submitted to this meeting will show, the committee have resolved to subscribe for the remainder, in order that the year's operations may be concluded, and the society's obligations to the subscribers completely fulfilled."

From this statement it appears that there is a deficit in the finances of the society of about £2,450,



or we should perhaps say, the expenditure has exceeded the receipts by that sum. How this has occurred is by no means apparent; but it seems strange when we find that more than £3,400 of the sum subscribed have been deducted for the expenses of working: at least, we judge so from what the report further tells us:—

"The various works purchased by the committee for distribution as prizes are as follows:—82 paintings, at an aggregate cost of £3,151 3s., ranging from £350 downwards; 106 Parian groups and figures, £160; and 300 sets of photographs, taken from this year's pictures, six in each set, £240,—making a total value of prizes to be distributed at this meeting of £3,541 3s. The cost of engraving 'Punch' upon steel, and printing the requisite number of impressions for the members, amounts to £5,030 18s. 5d., which, added to the prizes, gives a total sum of £8,572 1s. 8d. expended on works of Art during this year."

Certainly the circumstances of the society are, as the committee says, "peculiar," and appear to lead to the expectation that it must either be discontinued, or else so remodelled in its plans as to prevent a recurrence of the position it now occupies. The committee is acting honourably in taking on itself the responsibility of the deficit; this is large, and will, therefore, press heavily upon the individual members. We shall regret to hear that the society is broken up, for it has been well conducted, and has distributed among artists a large sum since its foundation; the pictures selected by the committee have, generally, been of a superior class—far above the average works that fall into the hands of Art-Union subscribers. We have received no account of the pictures selected as prizes for the current year; but may probably have an opportunity of seeing them at a future time.

LEEDS.—An effort is being made to raise funds for a new School of Art here; the building at present in use is found to be totally inadequate to the accommodation required. The new school is intended to form one part of the projected Mechanics' Institute, and this part of the edifice will, it is understood, be the first erected. Lord Palmerston has consented to preside at a meeting, in Leeds, during the current month, to inaugurate the building-scheme of the whole institution, and to bring its claims before the public. It would appear from the statistics of the school of the last two years, that the number of pupils to whom prizes were awarded, and of those who had successfully passed their examination, was in 1850, 212; and in 1850, 365; showing an increase of 153: sufficient evidence, it seems, to warrant enlarged accommodation.

PLYMOUTH.—There have been lately added to the Cottonian Library at Plymouth some autograph letters and other MSS. of Sir Joshua Reynolds; also his pocket-book of the year 1755—it contains the names of his sitters, entries of engagements, &c., and was presented by Mr. J. Reynolds Gwatkin; a copy of Sir Joshua's notes and observations on pictures, chiefly of the Venetian school, illustrated with photographic fac-similes of his sketches made in Venice; catalogues of the Marchioness of Thomond's sale in 1821, with the prices and purchasers' names (presented by Mr. W. E. Price); a codicil to the will of the Rev. Joshua Reynolds, Vicar of Stoke Charity, Hants, and other objects of interest connected with the Reynolds family. The Cottonian Library contains three family portraits by Sir Joshua, viz., of himself, his father, and his sister Fanny, which were formerly in the possession of his nephew, the late Dean of Cashel, and a valuable collection of engravings by McArdeil Watson and others, after his works. It is open to the public on Monday in every week.

BOLTON.—A public meeting has been recently held here, "to consider and devise the best means of erecting a memorial to the memory of the late Samuel Crompton, the inventor of the spinning-mule." The meeting was largely attended, and a resolution to the following effect was carried unanimously:—"That a statue of Samuel Crompton be erected by public subscription, its character and locality to be decided upon by the subscribers." We believe this movement originated with Mr. Gilbert French, an extensive manufacturer of Bolton, whose published "Life of Crompton" was noticed a short time since in our columns.

DURHAM.—We noticed in our advertising columns last month the offer of a premium for a design for a drinking-fountain, to be placed in the market-place of Durham. It is to be hoped that the local Board of Health, who have originated, and most laudably, this object, will succeed in obtaining a really artistic and ornamental work; many of the fountains recently erected in the metropolis, and elsewhere, cannot claim in any way this merit.

CHESTER.—A polished granite obelisk, which, with the pedestal whereon it stands, measures upwards of twenty-four feet in height, has lately been placed in the churchyard of St. Bridget's, Chester, in honour of Matthew Henry, the "Commentator."

SPILSBY.—The local journals mention that a bronze statue of the late Sir John Franklin is to be erected in this town, the birthplace of the intrepid Arctic voyager. The statue will be placed on a granite pedestal.

EXETER.—It is purposed to erect a statue, in this city, of Sir Thomas Dyke Akland, a Devonshire "worthy," in testimony of regard for his public and private character. Mr. Stephens is the sculptor appointed to execute the work, a model of which is already completed, and is pronounced by those who have seen it, to be a very successful likeness.

## OBITUARY.

M. ALEXANDER GABRIEL DECAMPS.

THIS artist, one of the most popular of the modern French school, has, unhappily, come to an untimely and violent death. During the last two or three years he had taken up his residence at Fontainebleau, for the sake of his health, and, being partial to the chase, used generally to join the hunting-parties of the court. On the 23rd of August he mounted one of his horses, a high-spirited but wilful animal, which had carried him on a few preceding occasions, but which the friends of Decamps advised him not to ride. While waiting for the hounds where he was accustomed to meet them, they rather suddenly appeared in sight, when the horse, which seems to have been frightened, instantly darted forward into a wood, and his rider, unable to check or guide him, was dashed against the low bough of a tree, and received such injuries, that he expired in the most acute agonies in about two hours after. By this melancholy occurrence the arts of France, so far as regards *genre* painting, have sustained a serious loss.

Decamps was born in Paris in March, 1803, and was educated in the studio of Abel du Pujol, whose style it would be impossible to recognise in that of his pupil. Early in life he travelled in the East, whence he returned with a number of most interesting sketches, which in after-life he made the subjects of some of his best pictures; few, if any, artists of the continent have equalled him in representing the true oriental character, as developed in the Turk and the Arab, whose peculiar physiognomy and rich costume had an especial charm for his facile and brilliant pencil: he was quite a volupturnary in colour. In 1827 he exhibited at the *Salon* a 'Soldier of the Vizier's Guard'; this was followed at various intervals by 'The Grand Bazaar,' 'Relieving Guard at Smyrna,' 'A Turkish Café,' 'The Turkish Butcher,' 'Turkish Asses,' 'Turkish Children going out of School,' 'Arab Horsemen passing a Ford,' all of them works that rivet the spectator's attention by their truth, picturesqueness, and dramatic power.

Of another class the following may be pointed out: 'The Shepherd and his Flock overtaken by a Storm,' 'An Italian Village,' 'The Siege of Clermont,' 'The Hawking Party,' 'Horses towing a Barge,' 'A Beggar counting his Receipts,' 'Spaniards playing at Cards,' 'Don Quixote and Sancho Panza,' 'The Orange Merchant,' 'Playing at Bowls,' and several pictures in which monkeys take the place of men as painters, amateurs, cooks, &c., &c.: the grotesque character of these latter works is most amusing, and without vulgarity; the animal is scarcely a degree lower in the scale of presumptive intelligence than the superior creature.

But of a far higher order than either of the above classes of pictures are some of Decamps' historical compositions; they show that if he had chosen to labour solely in this field, it would have yielded him more enduring, though perhaps not such profitable fruits; or, in other words, he would have achieved a reputation of a better and more exalted kind, though he may not have found so ready and advantageous a sale for his works. His principal subjects from history are—'The Defeat of the Cimbri,' a large composition, full of figures, grouped and drawn with wonderful energy and power; nine cartoons, representing events in the life of Samson; 'The Miraculous Draught of Fishes,' 'Joseph sold by his Brethren,' 'The Finding of Moses,' 'Eliazer,' &c. These are not the works which have made the artist popular among his countrymen, but they have elevated him in the estimation of those who look for something else in Art than mere amusement, or even pleasure.

To originality of conception Decamps added great vigour of expression, and a method of dealing with light and shade rarely to be found in the pictures of the school to which he belonged; these qualities it is that constitute the charm of his works, and fascinate the spectator almost involuntarily: the manner in which his stories are told is as brilliant as it is impressive. At the great exhibition of the *Beaux Arts*, in 1855, he exhibited as many as sixty pictures of various kinds, all excellent in design, colour, and execution: among them were most of those mentioned above. His productions realize large prices in Paris; but the museum of the Luxembourg does not contain a single example of his pencil.

Decamps was nominated chevalier of the Legion of Honour in 1839, and officer in 1851.

## ARCHITECTURE v. PAINTING, &c.

LOOKING, week after week, through the columns of our contemporaries, the *Builder* and the *Building News*, it is impossible not to be struck with the efforts made by the architects of Great Britain to elevate their art, and to diffuse a knowledge of its principles not only among themselves, but through the community at large,—their aim, in short, seems to be to create a universal interest in it. Architectural societies are formed in various parts of the country, and flourish, because well supported by professional members, and by amateurs scarcely less learned in the theory of art than themselves; meetings are held, lectures are delivered, and discussions take place, all tending to promote the advance of the subject, and to establish its importance in the minds of the people—for the proceedings of these meetings are not kept secret in the archives of the societies, but are circulated through the length and breadth of the land by the press generally, as well as by their own recognised organs. It is no wonder, then, that architecture is assuming a position which for many years past it has not had among us, and that its professors are also, by their united labours, elevating themselves in the social scale in a corresponding degree. Architecture is, in fact, forcing itself into power, making itself heard, and its dignity felt, by the talent and energy displayed in its favour. What, however, is to be said of other Arts? what of our painters, sculptors, and engravers? Must not the question put to these be, "Why sit ye here idle all the day?"—idle, that is, in all except the labours of the studio: what public journal is called upon to chronicle reports such as are furnished by the sayings and doings of architects? where are the gatherings of the men whose works greet us, not in the public streets, but in the Art-galleries of the country? where the efforts at propagandism made by Royal Academicians, Associates, and the whole fraternity of those who live by the pencil, the chisel, or the graving-tool? It is a singular fact, that during the twenty-one years of the existence of the *Art-Journal*, we do not think we could point out more than half-a-dozen professional artists who, by their pens, have assisted us in placing Art, in any one of its phases, before our readers. Can nothing rouse them from their inertness and slumber into a state of union and action to promote the good of their respective Arts? Surely they cannot be insensible to the truth that Art should have a higher aim than that of enriching themselves; and that, even with this low estimate of it, the most certain way of attaining the end is to cause its importance to be acknowledged, and its power felt. Artists frequently complain of their isolated position in the social scale; if it be so—and it certainly is, with a very few exceptions—we believe the fault to be mainly their own, for they take no steps to remedy the evil; silent and secluded within their studios, they appear indifferent to everything beyond, unmindful of the fact that, especially in an age like this, activity and open demonstration are absolutely essential to success in any scheme or measure. If artists desire to have influence, and to advance the interests of their joint professions, they must follow the example of the architects, and take the field as a united and compact body, determined to work out their object in their own strength: till this is done, they must be content to bear their burden of isolation; but, at the same time, they must remember that the Arts suffer with them.



## THE COMPANION-GUIDE

(BY RAILWAY)

## IN SOUTH WALES.

BY MR. AND MRS. S. C. HALL.

## PART X.



ASSING the minor station of LLANSAM-  
LET we find ourselves in the midst of a  
dense atmosphere of smoke, absolutely  
hiding the sky; it continues with us  
until we arrive at LANDORE. It is a  
marvel how human beings exist in such  
an atmosphere; intolerable even during the  
few minutes the train rushes by; the windows  
are instantly raised to keep out as much "air"  
as possible. Yet it is said that "use"—"second  
nature"—renders the locality not unhealthy, and  
it is certain that families here live from birth  
to death without complaining, perhaps in ignorance  
that purer and sweeter breezes are to be found  
in any part of the world.\* The town of Swansea, indeed,  
ranks among the healthiest towns of our island, according to  
the "Board of Health."

On approaching the branch railway—a mile or so in  
length—that conducts from Landore to Swansea, the eye is  
attracted by an odd building of four square towers, called  
Morriston Castle, crowning the brow of an overhanging hill.  
Made imposing by distance and dim light, it looks like an old  
Norman fortalice, but is in reality nothing more than an  
assemblage of labourers' dwellings, built by some benevolent  
gentleman, who, fondly imagining that workmen might live  
together like bees in a hive, erected this huge barrack for  
their accommodation, discovering his mistake only when it  
became desolate or was adopted by rats and rooks.

We have passed over one of the most remarkable viaducts  
in South Wales, and are at the station, to visit Swansea. This  
"branch" of a mile was rendered necessary, in order to  
avoid the railway crossing the harbours of Swansea and  
Neath. The viaduct, extending over road, canal, and river,  
is in height 80 feet above high-water mark, and in length  
1760 feet, is of timber, and is considered a triumph of engi-  
neering skill. Immediately on leaving the station we obtain  
views of the floating docks, that have recently been largely  
augmented, and now vie with the best in the kingdom.

SWANSEA † is delightfully situated on the margin of a  
beautiful bay, between two lofty hills that protect it from the  
chilling influence of the north-west and north-east winds,  
"but freely receiving those of the south; the air is generally  
mild and salubrious." Unhappily this air is often rendered dis-  
agreeable, if not impure, by the smoke from the copper  
works, that too often settles over the town, and of which the  
atmosphere receives occasional supplies from parts more distant.  
It is to the prevalence of south winds, and protection  
from those of the north and east, that Swansea is indebted  
for the fame it long enjoyed as "a watering-place;" that  
fame has been gradually growing less and less; increasing  
commerce having rendered comparatively unimportant its  
attractions for visitors: attractions that are certainly not to  
be compared with those of Tenby.

From any of the adjacent heights the view is exceedingly  
beautiful: in all directions lofty mountains rise behind each  
other, presenting finely varied outlines, contrasting with "the  
bluff and round hills" on the coast, and the peaked summits  
of the farthest ranges. Let us ride to the western margin  
of the bay, and ascend the Flagstaff Steep at the Mumbles:  
it is lofty enough for our purpose. The eye ranges over  
three parts of a circle, looking first below on the lighthouse,  
thence to the village and church at the foot of the rocks on to  
the old castle of Oystermouth, to tree-clad Sketty, and resting  
on the busy town that completely fills the hollow; beyond,

\* It is admitted, however, that the lower animals suffer and  
deteriorate under the influence of this atmosphere. Cows especially  
suffer and contract incurable diseases; the consequence is that  
farmers, often more considerate to their cattle than their kind, find it  
politic, or, indeed, necessary, to remove them to other localities every  
two or three years.

† Mr. Dillwyn, in his very valuable book, "Contributions towards  
a History of Swansea," and which it is to be lamented he did not live  
to carry farther, gives various spellings of the name as he found  
it in ancient documents,—Sweinsel, Sweynesheie, Sweynesey,  
Swanesey, and Swaney. It first occurs as Swansea in the Corpora-  
tion Books, 1738; by Giraldus it is called Sweinsel. The word Swan-  
sea, in the opinion of Camden, is derived "from the number of  
porpoises frequenting the bay." Mr. Francis, however, states that  
"its true derivation is from Sweyne, a Danish pirate who infested  
these coasts, and eye, an inlet, *Sweyne's inlet*, as the early mode of  
writing the word clearly proves." This gentleman, in a MS. note to  
Dillwyn, gives from ancient documents no fewer than thirty-six  
various spellings of the name of this town!

the hills covered with pasture-ground and corn-fields. We do not yet see the thronged docks  
and quays we shall visit by and by. Following the view, we take note of Briton Ferry, thence to  
Port Talbot, near to which is the venerable abbey of Margam. No glass is needed to take in  
the long ranges of labourers' cottages, the white fronts of which are pleasant landmarks from the  
bay. We have passed the break that leads up to Neath, but the eye traces the coast-land, and  
sees it all the way until it turns up for Cardiff, at the Nass Point. The coast opposite seems  
from this rock a continuation, but it is Somersetshire and Devonshire, and with our tiny field-



SWANSEA CASTLE.

glass we can trace the Capstone Hill that overlooks Ilfracombe. Walk half a mile or so, and  
head the other side of the steep on which we have been standing. Underneath us are the pretty  
bays of Caswell, Oxwich, Port Eynon, Rhossilly, the broad river Burry, and the beautiful Bay  
of Carmarthen, the Worm's Head at one point and Caldy Island, which neighbours Tenby, on  
the other. There are white sails wherever the eye falls. Mr. Harding, to whose charming  
pencil this chapter is so largely indebted, has pictured one of the prettiest of those bays, "Three



SKETTY VILLAGE.

Cliffs Bay.\* The reader will feel, therefore, that the scenic attractions of SWANSEA BAY are of  
a most interesting character, and not often surpassed.

Let us return to the town; † we note at once that it flourishes. There is bustle in its

\* The engravings of Swansea Castle and Sketty are from drawings by Mr. Butler, the master of the School  
of Art at Swansea.

† The Welsh name of Swansea is Aber-tawe: *Aber* means confluence, the spot where a smaller stream  
enters into a larger; and *Tawe* is the name by which the river is designated. The Tawe, pronounced Tawy,  
rises in the Black Mountain, but a short distance from the source of the Usk, and before it terminates in  
the Bay of Swansea receives many tributaries:—the Tawyne, or lesser Tawe, the Llynvelli, the Llech, the  
rapid Cwradid, the furious Terch, and the Clydach, upper and lower, having on either bank many objects of  
deep interest, Druidic remains, much landscape beauty, picturesque old mills, and numerous chimneys with  
their unmistakable odour of iron and copper smelting, but sure tokens of the wealth of the district, from  
which natural beauty is consequently departing fast.

streets and business on its quays; "forests of masts" be-token its extent of commerce; large and small ships are loading or unloading, and smart sailors are everywhere active; its pier-head, docks, and lighthouse show that the mariners and the harbour are duly cared for. Its population approaches 50,000, and is rapidly increasing. The principal church, dedicated to St. Mary, is modern, dating no farther back than 1745, but occupying the site of an ancient edifice. The old church fell down in 1739, on a Sunday morning. The people were assembled to attend service, and waiting at the porch the coming of the minister, who chanced on that Sabbath to have overstayed his time, delayed by the barber; consequently the congregation had not entered the church when it fell. Two aged and ailing women only were in their seats, and those alone perished. There are many parts of the ancient edifice yet remaining, and these parts are sufficient to evidence the grace of the old structure. Here are preserved several old tombs and one interesting brass, which record the virtues of lords and vicars long passed away. A more eloquent monument in the churchyard is to the memory of a mariner, who had saved from drowning no fewer than eighteen lives, yet was himself drowned in the prime of manhood!

The castle is an interesting and venerable relic of the past. It is, however, surrounded by ungainly dwellings, one of its towers only being within ken of passers by. The keep is very beautiful, surmounted by an elegant open parapet of arches, similar to that we find at Lamphey Court, and in the Palace at St. David's. It was originally erected about the year 1113 by Henry Beaumont, Earl of Warwick, "the conqueror of the Lordship of Gower;"\* but the present structure is the work of De Gower, Bishop of St. David's in 1330.

The site of the ancient Hospital of St. David is not easily traced, although some of its trefoil windows yet remain, and there are relics of many other antiquities which denote the importance of the town in times gone by.

"The Royal Institution of South Wales" is an establishment we may not pass without notice. It is an honour to Swansea; there is a good library, rich in books of Welsh history and topography—under the special charge of G. G. Francis, Esq., a worthy Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries, to whom his native town is largely and in many ways indebted—and a museum containing many rare local remains and antiquities, especially such as have been obtained from the bone caves in the vicinity, fossil limbs of the mammoth, the hyena, the bear, and the lion. With this institution is now associated a school of Art. Another excellent institution is the Free Grammar School, founded by Dr. Hugh Gore, Bishop of Waterford and Lismore, in 1682. The good man had been the ejected rector of Oxwich, and in his adversity a schoolmaster at Swansea. On the Restoration he was "preferred" to an Irish see, where he was "cruelly treated," "escaped to Wales," and died, in 1691, at the ripe age of seventy-nine, being interred at St. Mary's, having previously endowed this school, which remains a living and a holy monument to his memory.

Neither may the Swansea Theatre be forgotten, although its palmy days are gone. On these boards have trodden the elder and the younger Keen; here Charles Matthews made his first essay; here Macready donned the buskin when a boy, and here he bade farewell to the profession he had honourably upheld during the greater part of half a century; here Welby Pugin first painted scenery. In Swansea Beau Nash, the great reformer of modern manners, was born; and it is said, but not on safe authority, that the poet Gower was a native of the place.

The most important industry of Swansea is that of copper smelting, and this is of comparatively recent date. Of late there has been a large importation of copper ores from our colonies and from foreign countries, but formerly the whole of the copper ore was derived from British, principally Cornish, mines. Indeed, in Cornwall itself, notwithstanding the present value of its copper mines, this metallic produce was lightly regarded a century ago, and many mines which, since that time, have yielded thousands of pounds profit to the adventurers, were abandoned because the "yellow (copper pyrites) cut out the tin."

We copy the following interesting history from an old

\* "Most accounts agree that a castle was built at Swansea by Henry de Beaumont, Earl of Warwick, in the reign of Henry I., when he conquered Gower Land in the year 1120; but there certainly was a castle and fortifications there before that period, as appears from many of the old Welsh poems; but according to Leland, in his 'Collectanea,' the present remains were built by Henry Gower, Bishop of St. David's, who lived in the fourteenth century; and the open parapets, so elegant and lightstone, being exactly in the same style with those of the Palace of St. David's and Lamphey Court, Pembrokeshire, which latter was once a palace of the bishops of St. David's, and both of which were undoubtedly built by Bishop Gower, who had a fine taste in architecture, and serves to confirm Leland's observation. Bishop Gower was descended from Gryffydd Gwyrr, or Gower, an ancient chieftain of Gower."—*Swansea Guide*, 1816.

Swansea Guide Book:—"It is well-known that the art of making copper was *antiently* practised in Great Britain, yet it was certainly lost from the reign of Queen Elizabeth till it was attempted to be revived by Sir Clement Clarke, in Cornwall, about the year 1670, where he built some furnaces, but finding the price of coal too high in that country to make copper profitably, he removed his project to the river side, Hotwells, near Bristol. Sir Clement soon failed, but having employed Mr. Coster and Mr. Wayne as managers, the latter, in conjunction with Sir Abraham Elton, erected a copper work at Screws Hole, near Bristol, where they soon made a profit of £60,000. Mr. Coster, however, erected his work at Red Brook, in Gloucestershire, on the side of the river Wye, although by no means a good situation, yet by buying ore in



OYSTERMOUTH CASTLE: EXTERIOR.

Cornwall at a very low price (it being at that time thrown aside by the miners in working for tin, as good for little or nothing, under the name of *poder*), he soon also greatly improved his fortune. After his death his sons joined the Brass Wire Company, of Bristol (now Messrs. Harford and Co.), considering that to be a better situation than Red Brook; though Mr. Chambers, of London (now under the name of the English Copper Company), thought proper to make erections on the Wye, but which were afterwards removed to Aberavon, near Neath. About the year 1700 Sir Humphrey Mackworth, with a company calling themselves 'the Mine Adventurers,' erected houses for smelting copper at Mellyn-gry-than Neath; and about the



OYSTERMOUTH CASTLE: INTERIOR.

same time Mr. Pollard, who had considerable copper mines upon his estate in Cornwall, in conjunction with his son-in-law, Dr. Lane, erected works where the Cambrian Pottery is now carried on, near Swansea, and at Landore, but he having failed, as many others did, at the period of the South Sea bubble, these works were purchased by Richard Lockwood, Edward Gibbon, (the grandfather of the great historian), and Robert Morris, Esq., father of the first Sir John Morris, Bart., by whom, and their immediate representatives, they were carried on for near a century, together with very extensive collieries, and the consequence of this connection very rapidly led to the improvement of Swansea and its commerce. Besides the before-mentioned



works, Mr. Wood, in the year 1720, obtained a patent for coining copper money for Ireland, and erected his works at or near Neath Abbey, but his half-pence being refused in Ireland, his works came to decay and his fortune to ruin.

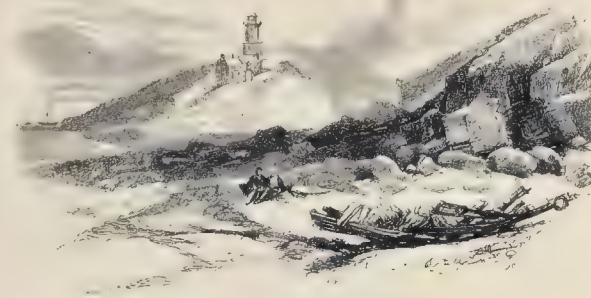
There are now fifteen establishments around Swansea, devoted to the smelting of copper ores. The following table shows the extent of this trade in 1855:—

	Ore. Tons.	Produce of Copper. Tons.	Amount paid for Ore. £.
Purchased at Cornish Sales	182,391	11,831	1,057,534
Purchased at Swansea Sales:			
From Ireland	10,521	1,035	96,314
England and Wales	3,219	305	37,822
Foreign and Colonial	22,187	3,630	350,851
Sundries	1,271	168	15,787
Purchases by private contract	70,210	13,571	

The actual money value of the private contract purchases cannot be obtained, and a small portion of this ore is not smelted at Swansea, but it may be fairly estimated at £1,500,000, making the total value of the copper, in the ore, as not less than £3,000,000 sterling, or the cost of smelting and other charges on the production being added, giving a value of three and a half millions sterling to the copper produced from the smelting works of Swansea.\*

It is not possible, had it been desirable, to describe in detail the various processes to which the copper ore is subjected for the production of the metal. A brief sketch will sufficiently answer our purpose. In the process, which is one of the most complete of our metallurgical operations, five furnaces, varying in construction, are employed. These are respectively, the calcining furnace, the melting furnace, the roasting furnace, the refining furnace, and the igniting furnace. The calcining furnace is for removing from the ore the sulphur and other volatile constituents. These being got rid of, the ore is transferred to the melting furnace, the hearth of which is bedded with infusible sand, and slopes slightly to facilitate the discharge of the metal. The furnace being charged, fire is applied, and the sole care of the fireman is to keep up the heat so as to ensure perfect fusion. Fusion being effected, the scoria is removed from the surface by means of a rake: fresh calcined ore is now added, and the process repeated until the mass rises to a level with the doorway, upon which the tap hole is opened, and the melted metal flows out into a pit filled with water, by which it is granulated. This coarse metal is then subjected to the roasting furnace, in which it is exposed for about twenty-four hours, being kept stirred during the whole time, so that all the surfaces may be exposed to the air and oxidised. After this operation has been thoroughly carried out, the reguline mass is subjected to the action of the refining furnace. The operation of refining copper is delicate, and requires great

skill and attention, to give the metal its proper ductility. The theory of refining is that the copper is combined with a certain quantity of oxygen, which has to be removed by the operation of heat, and the presence of organic matter. To execute the refining, therefore, the surface of the metal is covered with wood charcoal and stirred with a rod of birch. The gases which escape from the wood occasion a brisk effervescence. More wood charcoal is added from time to time, so that the surface of the metal may always be covered with it, and the stirring continued until the operation is finished, which is known by the fine copper colour assumed by the mass, and its fine grain. For the completion of the work, and preparing the metal in its various conditions for the market, the operations of the igniting furnace are required.



THE MUMBLES LIGHTHOUSE.

The following estimate was given by M. M. Dufrenoy and Elie de Beaumont of the expense of manufacturing a ton of copper:—

	£.	s.	d.
12½ Tons of ore yielding 8½ per cent.	55	0	0
20 Tons of Coals	8	0	0
Workman's wages, rent, repairs, &c.	13	0	0

In addition to copper smelting, in several of the large establishments there are arrangements for smelting silver ores, and especially for the separation of silver from those copper ores which contain much of this more valuable metal, as do many of the copper ores brought from South America, and some from Cornwall.

Zinc smelting is also now engaging the attention of some of the more enterprising amongst the smelters, and the English zinc ores (black jack, or the sulphide of zinc) are yearly becoming

\* No copper is found in South Wales, and very little in North Wales. Ores, however, come to Swansea from mines in many parts of the world—Australia, Cuba, Algiers, Spain, and even Madagascar. It may be worth mentioning here that about the year 1814 one of the most extraordinary cargoes of "copper ore" ever smelted was imported into Swansea from the south of Ireland, the cargo being neither more nor less than turf cakes. Its history is so curious that space may be given to it in a note. Colonel Hall (the father of Mr. S. C. Hall)—who was engaged in extensive mining speculations, chiefly in the county of Cork, from whence, in the course of a few years, he exported ores to the value of nearly £500,000, having discovered, opened, and worked no fewer than thirteen mines—walking one day in the neighbourhood of his residence at Glandore, noticed some fish-bones of a green hue, among turf ashes. His curiosity was excited to inquiry by what means they obtained so singular a colour, and, on analysing them, he found they contained copper. His next object was to ascertain how they acquired this unnatural quality; and he learned that it was received from contact with the ashes of turf cut in a neighbouring bog, known to the peasantry as "the stinking bog," and that neither dog nor cat would live in the cabin in which the turf was burnt. Having gathered so much, his farther progress was easy. The ashes were strongly impregnated with copper; he first collected from the heaps adjoining the cottages as large a quantity as he could, and shipped it to Swansea, where it brought, if we remember rightly, eight and nine pounds a ton—a remunerating price. His next step was to take a lease of the bog, build kilns upon it, and burn the turf. This plan he continued until the whole of the bog was consumed, and sent, to the extent of several hundred tons, to the Welsh smelting houses—the ease with which it was smelted greatly enhancing its value. It was a curious sight, and one we recollect well, to see the scores of workmen cutting the turf, conveying it to one kiln to dry, and then to another to be burnt, while the carts were bearing the ashes to the river-side to be shipped for Wales. The particles contained in the turf are supposed to have been conveyed into the bog by a stream from one of the surrounding hills, which, passing through a copper vein, took them up in a state of sulphate, but meeting with some iron ore in its progress, or in the bog, became deposited in the metallic state, though a large proportion contained in the turf was still in a state of sulphate, which was proved by allowing a knife to remain in it a few seconds, when it became encrusted with a coat of copper. Unfortunately for Colonel Hall, however, when the bog was burnt out he considered his operations as only commenced; his object being to discover the vein of ore by which the bog had been supplied with copper. In a vain search for the source, technically called "the lode," he expended all he had made by the sales of the ashes; the shafts were sunk in several of the surrounding hills, and he continued the pursuit until his capital was exhausted. Colonel Hall discovered and worked the mines at Cappagh, Ballycormick, and Ballydeob, on the estates of Lord Audley, in the County of Cork. A company is now, we perceive, forming in London, to resume and reorganize these mines. Colonel Hall also worked the once famous mine at Ross Island, Killarney.



THE MUMBLES.

of much value. During the last year many cargoes of calamine (the carbonate of the oxide of zinc) have been imported into Swansea from Spain. Nickel and cobalt are likewise smelted here.

In addition to these important industries, another of much importance must be added as one of the staple manufactures of Swansea, that is Patent Fael, which is a combination of small steam coal, otherwise valueless, with coal tar. This mixture, being made into bricks, is subjected to a heat sufficient to drive off the volatile principles of the tar, and partially to coke the coal. In this state the fuel is peculiarly fitted for use in the Steam Navy, from its facilities for packing, and the very perfect combustion which ensues when ignited in properly constructed

furnaces.\* It is not, however, free from smoke. A very large trade in bituminous and steam coal is carried on at this port.

Although there are other parts that neighbour Swansea which possess much attraction, we must limit our task, and return by a walk, or an omnibus drive, to OYSTERMOUTH, now better known as the MUMBLES. The derivative of this curious name has hitherto baffled inquiry, but Mr. Francis appears to have solved the mystery. He says, the two island rocks rise out of the sea, and fairly represent two swelling breasts—*mammæ*. Mammals and Mumbles are corruptions easily traced from this. The Romans are known to have occupied these parts, and Mr. Francis strengthens his argument by quoting the Mamelon in the Crimea, a fort built on a rounded hill or breast. It is our road into a singularly interesting tract of country, Gower Land. The lower road leads along the beach, the upper is through the pretty village of SKETTERY.†

The Mumbles is famous for its oyster fishery, but for no other fish. The oysters inhabit a huge bed, extending several miles to the south and west. It is a large yet delicate fish, and is exported in considerable quantities to London and other places. Some idea of the extent of the fishery may be formed from the fact that it gives employment to four hundred men during eight months of the year. There exists no private right over the produce of these beds, but the fishermen pay a tax for the privilege of depositing their cargoes, and also pay tithes for them—the latter a curious custom.

There are many lodging-houses at the Mumbles, and several good country inns, for it is, and has long been, frequented as a sea-bathing place, although there are neither sand, shelter, nor bathing-machines; but the bathing is to be obtained in one of the coves at the back, "Langland," "Caswell," or "Three Cliffs," where, however, there are no houses, if we except one very neat and comfortable hotel at Caswell Bay.

The view from the hill above the lighthouse, or from any of the surrounding heights, is, as we have said, magnificent. There is a legend that where the lighthouse now stands a holy monk, or a succession of holy monks, had charge of a small cell or chapel, tributary to one of the religious houses. Be that as it may: an aged monk was after sunset telling his beads and looking occasionally across the waters to the opposite shore, when he perceived a boat rowing inwards. He watched it with the interest which a lonely man always feels in the approach of his fellow men, and seeing that it made direct for the small Mumble rock, he descended to the shore to give it welcome. The rowers drew in, and a man of grave aspect stepped on shore and gave the monk a sign, which he understood. He then caused a body to be brought up the path to a cave under the monk's oratory. The body was bravely dressed, like that of a man of high degree, and his still features were white as chiselled marble. The monk looking on him could not help saying, "So young and so handsome!" He was laid in the cave, and money was deposited with the monk for masses to be said for the repose of his soul. The boat rowed away, and the holy monk was faithful to his trust, and said double the usual quantity of "masses," but to this day it is believed that the spirit of the poor murdered man cries from out that cave for Christian burial in consecrated ground.

The great "lion" of the MUMBLES, always excepting its "light," which sometimes shines over hundreds of vessels in the roadstead, is Oystermouth Castle, a most picturesque ruin standing on a steep a short distance from the strand. A few years ago Mr. G. G. Francis, aided by a grant from the Duke of Beaufort, had it "put in condition," judiciously thinned the ivy, cleared out the built-up windows and the debris from within and around it, and made easy the paths that lead to the old gateways. It is now, therefore, in all respects, an object of very great attraction—less majestic and extensive than some of its Norman "contemporaries," with few historic associations, but, nevertheless, highly interesting as a relic of a remote time. The church at Oystermouth is very ancient, with a Norman tower and font, the latter having on it the date of 1251. It is being skillfully enlarged, the old windows and arches being carefully restored. Some Roman tesserae were found outside and within the church. A powerful battery is also constructing on the Lighthouse Rock; for this, too, the district has to thank the ever active Mr. Francis.

The land of GOWER—Gwyr, *recurvus* or crooked—a peninsula running out into the Bristol Channel, full of singular and picturesque bays, containing the ruins of several old castles, some Druidic remains and Roman encampments, is a

\* For these facts, as well as for those which describe the coal district, we are indebted to our friend Mr. Robert Hunt, F.R.S., of the Museum of Practical Geology.

† Kilgetty, Skeity. The name is derived from an Irish saint, St. Cetti, or Ketti.—*Arch. Camb.* Mr. Francis suggests Ynis Ketti, or wood of Ketti.

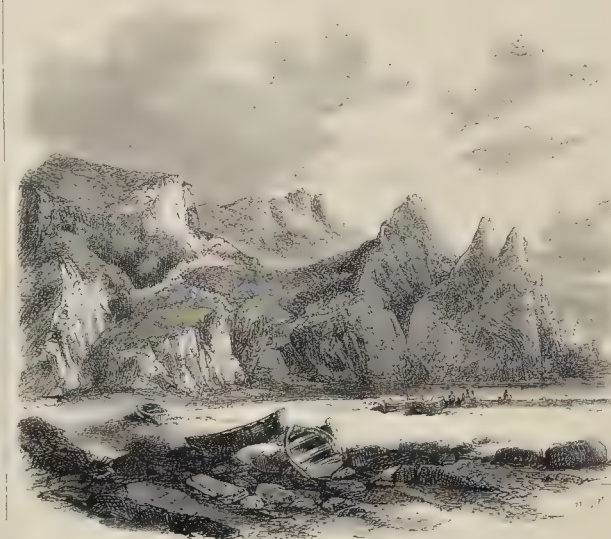
remarkably fertile district, thinly populated, being now, as it was when Camden wrote, "more famed for corn than towns," and inhabited by two races, descendants of the ancient Welsh and the Flemings planted here, as in Pembrokeshire, by Henry II. These races retain distinguishing marks; they speak no common language, rarely intermarry, and although close neighbours, the line of demarcation that separates them being a mountain ridge, "Cefa Bryn," they are as opposite in aspect, habits, character, and modes of life, as they could be if the Atlantic rolled between them.\*

Many of the early historians speak of the settlement of the Flemings in South Wales. William



PENARD CASTLE.

of Malmesbury describes them as "stationed there to be a barrier to the Welsh, and to keep them within bounds," "in order to enslave the kingdom, and repress the brutal tenacity of the enemy." Giraldus Cambrensis as "a people brave and robust, ever hostile to the Welsh, anxious to seek gain by sea and land in defiance of fatigue and danger; a hardy race equally fitted for the plough or the sword, well versed in commerce and woollen manufactures." Hollinshead, who states



THREE CLIFFS BAY.

that they arrived in England in consequence of "a great ennodation of the sea," adds that they were planted in Pembrokeshire, "to help to tame the bold and presumptuous fierceness of the

\* "The south-west of Gower is inhabited by the successors of a colony of Flemings, who do not understand the Welsh language. They are distinguished by their dialect and provincial dress, and rarely intermarry with the Welsh. The women wear what is called a whittle, made of fine wool, and dyed scarlet; it is nearly two yards square, with a fringe at bottom called Dilurms. It is thrown across the shoulders and fastened with a pin or brooch; anciently it was fastened with the prickle of the blackthorn."—*Swansea Directory*, 1816. Of the churches in Gower, Mr. E. A. Freeman, writing in the "*Archæologia Cambrensis*," says—"Partly from actual necessity, arising from the circumstances of the country, doubtless also from the employment of architects at least as much accustomed to castle building as church building, a Gower steeple is built with as much regard to defence as to beauty."



Welshmen." Camden gives a similar statement, apparently on the authority of Hollinshed, and George Owen (1603) says they were sent into Wales "to get their lye-ivings by continual fighting with the Welshmen."

But that which gives especial interest to "Gower Land" is the remarkable caves that line its western coast. These caves are distant eight miles from Swansea. The drive is through a charming country, abundantly wooded, and presenting fine and extensive views from any of the heights. The resting-place is a neat and pleasant inn, the Gower Inn, where good sitting and sleeping rooms may be obtained; but the landlord is prouder of his garden than of his "hotel," and justly so, for his roses rival the best in Kent or Surrey, and his hollyhocks, in full blossom during our visit, are perhaps unequalled in any part of England. They are his special delights, apparently the luxuries of his life; no epicure ever feasted with higher relish over costly stimulants to animal appetite than he does over the marvellous flowers of a thousand tints, perfect in form and colour, he has raised from seed or mingled in harmonious wedlock.

From the inn to the caves there must be a walk of two miles, along sand heaps, with noble sea-views, over heaps of stones that indicate the whereabouts of "a town;" and beside the shell of an old castle that overlooks a pleasant wooded dell, through which runs a clear river, where there is perfect solitude, unbroken save by the ripple of the stream, the roar of the sea dashing against huge rocks, and the whirr-r-r of the sea-gulls as they poise above the cliffs.

It is the CASTLE OF PENYARD that we see in ruins, with the broken walls of its attendant church. There are here no indications of architectural splendour: it was a strong house, to command the pass and control the Welsh enemy, when the Welsh were the brave, ruthless, and never permanently vanquished foes of the Norman and his Flemish allies. Nothing is known of its history; conjecture states it to have been erected by that Earl of Warwick, who, becoming Lord of Gower, built so many fortresses to keep the land his sword had won. Tradition and legend have consequently been busy here. The peasantry even now believe these stones were never raised by human hands, that enchantment erected the castle in a single night, and that fairies continue to make it their favourite haunt.

The caves are indeed marvels. We had trodden among the broken walls of Norman soldiers eight hundred years old, surmounted the camps of Romans, fortresses two thousand years ago, and gazed on the solemn and solitary monuments, on hill tops, conveyed there with unknown force by ancient Britons, their predecessors: but what are they?—creations of yesterday compared with these caves, in which the mammoth left his bones when man existed only in the will of the Creator.

Buckland explored the cave called PAVILAND, but the one which is best known, and has been most visited, is the BACON HOLE, so named, according to the "Swansea Guide" of 1802, and other authorities, "from a stratum of stone resembling a rasher of bacon." Its name is derived, more probably, from "beacon," inasmuch as it is underneath a high point of land jutting somewhat into the ocean, where, it may be, a beacon formerly existed to warn mariners. Similar holes have been discovered in other places, and it is scarcely hazardous to assume that such burial-places of antediluvian animals are to be found all along the coast. Mitton Cave is, perhaps, more interesting than Bacon Hole, and is certainly far more difficult of approach.

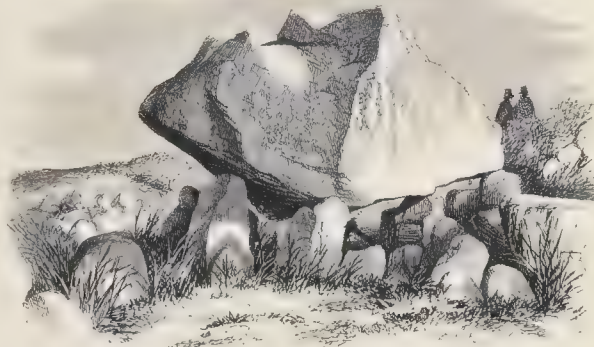
Those who are content with an examination of "the bones," will have their curiosity amply gratified in the Museum at Swansea, but those who desire to see them disinterested, must encounter a heavy labour, and one of some danger, by descending and then ascending the cliffs. From a paper by Mr. Starling Benson, in the "Transactions of the Institution," we quote the following: it describes Bacon Hole—"The floor of the cave will be seen to fall from the entrance towards the inner part, while the interior of the roof is pointed (the two sides meeting at an angle), and is covered by a layer of stalactite, while the floor is also overlaid with stalagmite, which was blasted through, and a cross trench opened down to the solid limestone. First, then, they (the explorers) arrived at a bed of alluvial earth, in which were recent shells (still to be found there) and bones of ox, red-deer, roebuck, and fox, succeeded by a thickish layer of stalagmite. Then came a bed of hard breccia, with bear, ox, and deer bones; then more stalagmite, below which was more breccia, and a deposit of cave earth, the grand treasure-house of osseous remains. Then came bones of the gigantic mammoth, rhinoceros, hyæna, wolf, bear, ox, and deer. The lower layer of the black sand seemed to be almost exclusively occupied by mammoth bones, the only others being a tooth of badger, and of a kind of pole-cat."

Not far from these caves is the famous cromlech \* called

\* Cromlech. The earliest and simplest form of these names is *Itach*. "The word cromlech appears to be a compound regularly formed from the word *Itach*, a slab or flat stone, and the feminine form of the adjective *crom*, or crooked."—*Arch. Camb.*

"ARTHUR'S STONE," which, it is said, St. David split with a sword, in proof that it was not sacred, and of which Camden states that pieces of it had been broken off to convert into mill-stones. It is one of the oldest, most renowned, and most remarkable of the Druidic remains in Wales, and a walk to it, by such as are good pedestrians, will be amply repaid; moreover, the view from the hill-summit on which it stands is magnificent.

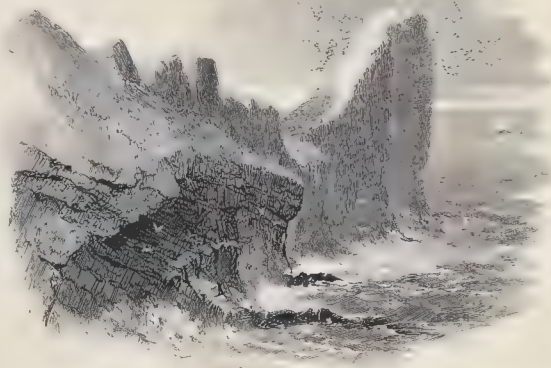
It is at the extremity of Gower Land that we find the WORM'S HEAD, that remarkable peninsula so well known to mariners.\* We borrow from "A Week's Walk in Gower" a description of this remarkable place:—"The Worm's Head is the most westerly point of Gower and Glamorganshire; and even old Leland speaks of it. 'Ther is,' he says, 'in Gower Land, by-twixt Swansea and Lychor, a litle promontori caulid Worm's Heade, from the wich to Caldey is comunly caulid Sinus Tinbechicus.' It has obtained its name from the curious arrangement



ARTHUR'S SEAT.

of the rocks which compose it,—two or three successive elevations, with causeways between, which, seen from the channel, certainly do look like a large sea-serpent with uplifted head. The force and action of the waves is shown by the queer and fantastic shapes of the rocks, the foot-path in one part being carried across the boiling sea by a narrow arch, perilous enough when a strong south-wester is blowing. Immediately in front is the head, a sheer precipice of more than 200 feet; and yet, high as it is, I have seen the waves dash over the very top, and that too when there was scarcely a ripple visible on the surface of the sea.

"Small as is the peninsula of GOWER, it yet contains something to please all tastes; and, whether the visitor be geologist, antiquary, botanist, aquavivarian, artist, or simply a pedestrian



THE WORM'S HEAD.

seeking a pleasant excursion, he will be sure to find something to repay him. Iron-bound coast with glorious sea views, picturesque little valleys and inland dells, old churches, still older castles and camps, Druidic remains, and those of incomparably more ancient date—remains of a former world—are the principal features to tempt an excursionist; and it would be hard indeed if a true lover of nature could not extract from this list something of interest and amusement."

\* *Worm's Head*, "so called because the sailors used to think it resembled a worm creeping with its head erect between the Nass Point and that of St. Govan's, in Pembrokeshire."—*Guide*: 1802.

# MISCELLANEOUS ILLUSTRATIONS OF MEDIEVAL MANNERS.

BY THOMAS WRIGHT, F.S.A.  
THE ILLUSTRATIONS BY F. W. FAIRBOLT, F.S.A.

TREATMENT OF INFANCY—SCHOOL-TEACHING, AND  
BOYS' GAMES—PAINTING—USE OF CANDLES,  
LAMPS, AND TORCHES—A DRAW-WELL—IM-  
PLEMENTS USED IN VARIOUS BRANCHES OF  
INDUSTRY.

TOWARDS the close of the thirteenth century, an Englishman named Walter de Bibbesworth, who wrote, as a great proportion of English writers at that day did, in French verse—French as it was then spoken and written in England—has left us a very curious metrical vocabulary, compiled in French with interlinear explanations of the words in English, which commences with man's infancy. "As soon as the child is born," says the author, "it must be swathed; lay it to sleep in its cradle, and you must have a nurse to rock it to sleep."

"Kant le enfès sera nées,  
Lors deyt estre mayloier,  
En son berz l'enfant chochet,  
De une berceuse vos purroyet,  
Ou par sa norice seyt berceé."

This was the manner in which the new-born infant was treated in all grades of society. If we turn to one of the more serious romances, we find it practised among princes and feudal chiefs equally as among the poor. Thus, when the Princess Parise, wandering in the wild woods, is delivered in the open air, she first wraps her child in a piece of *seundal*, torn apparently from her rich robe, and then binds, or swathe, it with a white cloth—

"La dame le conrole à un pan de cendex.  
Puis a pris un blanc drap, si a ses flans bendex."  
*Parise la Duchesse*, p. 76.

When the robbers carry away the child by night, thinking they had gained some rich booty, they find that they have stolen a newly-born infant, "all swatheled."

"Lai troverent l'anfant, trestot amaloïé."  
*Ib.*, p. 60.

This custom of swathing children in their infancy, though evidently injurious as well as ridiculous, has prevailed from a very early period, and is still practised in some parts of Europe. We can hardly doubt that our Anglo-Saxon forefathers swatheled their children, although the practice is not very clearly described by any of their writers. We derive the word itself from the Anglo-Saxon language, in which *beswothan* means to swathe or bind, *swæðe* signifies a band or swathe, and *swæthel* or *swæthil*, a swathing-band. These words appear, however, to have been used in a more extensive sense among the Anglo-Saxons than their representatives in more recent times, and as I have not met with them applied in this restricted sense in Anglo-Saxon writers, I should not hastily assume from them that our early Teutonic forefathers did swathe their new-born children. In an Anglo-Saxon poem on the birth of Christ, contained in the Exeter Book (p. 45), the poet speaks of—

"Beares gebyrda,  
tha he in binne was  
in elides hiw  
clathum biwunden.  
The child's birth,  
when he in the bin was  
in a child's form  
with cloths wound round."

These words refer clearly to the practice of swaddling; and, though the Anglo-Saxon artist has not here portrayed his object very distinctly, we can hardly doubt that the child which its mother is represented as holding in our cut (Fig. 1), taken from the Anglo-Saxon manuscript of Caedmon, is intended to be swathed.

The word *bin*, used in the lines of the Anglo-Saxon poem just quoted, which means a hutch or a manger, has reference, of course, to the circumstances of the birth of the Saviour, and is not here employed to signify a cradle. This last word is itself Anglo-Saxon, and has stood its ground in our language successfully against the influence of the Anglo-Norman, in which it was called a *bers* or *bercel*, from the latter of which is derived the modern French *berceau*. Our cut (Fig. 2), also taken from the manuscript of Caedmon, represents an Anglo-Saxon cradle of rather rude construction.

The illuminators of a later period often represent the cradle of elegant form and richly ornamented. The Anglo-Saxon child appears here also to be swaddled, but it is still drawn too inaccurately to be decisive on this point. The latter illuminators were more particular and correct in their delineations, and leave no doubt of the universal practice of swaddling infants. A good example is given in our cut (Fig. 3), taken from an illuminated manuscript of the fourteenth century, of which a copy is given in the large work of the late M. du Sommerard.

There is a very curious paragraph relating to infants in the Penitential of Theodore, Archbishop of Canterbury, which furnishes us with a singular picture of early Anglo-Saxon domestic life,



Fig. 2.—ANGLO-SAXON CHILD IN ITS CRADLE.

for Theodore flourished in the latter half of the seventh century. It may be perhaps right to explain that a Penitential was a code of ecclesiastical laws directing the proportional degrees of penance for each particular class and degree of crimes and offences against public and private morals, and that these laws penetrate to the innermost recesses of domestic life. The Penitential of Archbishop

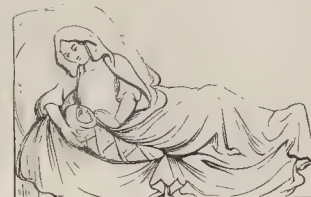


Fig. 3.—MOTHER AND CHILD.

Theodore directs that "if a woman place her infant by the side of the fire, and the man put water in the caldron, and it boil over, and the child be scalded to death, the woman must do penance for her negligence, but the man is acquitted of blame."

\* Mater, si juxta focum infantem suum posuerit, et homo aquam in caldarium miserit, et ebullita aqua infans superfluo mortuus fuerit; pro negligentia mater poenitet, et ille homo securus sit.

As this accident must have been of very frequent occurrence to require a particular direction in a code of laws, it implies great negligence in the Anglo-Saxon mothers, and seems to show that, commonly, at least at this early period, they had no cradles for their children, but laid them, swaddled



Fig. 1.—ANGLO-SAXON MOTHER AND CHILD.

as they were, on the ground close by the fire, no doubt to keep them warm, and that they left them in this situation.

We are not informed if there were any fixed period during which the infant was kept in swaddling-cloths, but probably when it was thought no longer necessary to keep it in the arms or in the cradle, it was relieved from its bands, and allowed to crawl about the floor and take care of itself. Walter de Bibbesworth, with whom we began this paper, tells us briefly that a child is left to creep about before it has learnt to go on its feet.

"Le enfant covent de chatouner  
Avant ke sache à pées aler."

Among the aristocracy of the land, the education of the boy took what was considered at that time a very practical turn—he was instructed in behaviour, in many exercises and the use of arms, in carving at table—then looked upon as a most important accomplishment among gentlemen—and in some other accomplishments which we should hardly appreciate at present; but school learning was no medieval gentleman's accomplishment, and was quite an exception, unless perhaps to a certain degree among the ladies. In the historical romances of the middle ages, a prince or a baron is sometimes able to read, but it is the result of accidental circumstances. Thus, in the romance of the "Mort de Garin," when the Empress of the Franks writes secret news from Paris to Duke Garin, the head of the family of the Lohereins, it is remarked as an unusual circumstance, that the latter was able to read, and that he could thus communicate the secret information of the empress to his friends without the assistance of a scholar or secretary, which was a great advantage, as it prevented one source of danger of the betrayal of the correspondence. "Garin the Lohereins," says the narrator, "was acquainted with letters, for in his infancy he was put to school until he had learned both Roman (French) and Latin."

"De letres sot li Lohereins Garins;  
Car en s'enfance fu à escole mis,  
Tant que li sot et Roman et Latin."  
*Mort de Garin*, p. 105.

Education of this kind was bestowed more generally on the *bourgeoisie*—on the middle and even the lower classes; and to these school-education was much more generally accessible than we are accustomed to imagine. From Anglo-Saxon times, indeed, every parish church had been a public school. The Ecclesiastical Institutes (p. 475, in the folio edition of the Laws, by Thorpe) directs that "Mass-priests ought always to have at their houses a school of disciples; and if any one desire to commit his little-ones (*yltingas*) to them for instruction, they ought very gladly to receive them, and kindly teach them." It is added that "they ought not, however, for that instruction, to desire anything from their relatives, except what they shall be willing to do for them of their own accord." In the Ecclesiastical Canons, published under King Edgar, there is an enactment which would lead us to suppose that the clergy performed their scholastic



duties with some zeal, and that priests were in the habit of seducing their scholars from each other, for this enactment (p. 396) enjoins "that no priest receive another's scholar without leave of him whom he previously followed." This system of teaching was kept up during at least several generations after the Conquest, and then we lose sight of it, and become better acquainted with children's games than with children's learning. Of these, indeed, the margins of the illuminated manuscripts furnish abundant examples. One of these (taken from the margin of the Royal MS. 10 E. IV., of the fourteenth century) will be sufficient for the present occasion. A favourite game, during at least the later periods of the middle ages, was that which is now called nine-pins. The French gave it the

candlesticks of silver, "very fair and handsome," with wax-candles.

"Desor la table de dens broissins,  
Oit il avoit cierges, d'argent,  
Molt estoient bel et gent."  
*Barbazan*, vol. iv. p. 184.

So in the romance of "La Violette," when the Count Lisiart visits the castle of the Duke Gerart, on the arrival of bedtime, two men-servants make their appearance, each carrying a lighted *cierge*, or wax-candle, and thus they lead him to his chamber.

"Atan flor viroent dol sergant,  
Chascuns tenoit j. cierge ardaunt;  
Le conte menerent coucher."  
*La Violette*, p. 30.

This, however, appears to have been done as a mark



Fig. 4.—THE GAME OF NINE-PINS.

name *quilles*, which in our language was corrupted into *keyles* and *keyles*. The lad in our cut is not, as at present, bowling at the pins, but throwing with a stick, a form of the game which was called in French the *jeu de quilles à baston*, and in English *club-keyles*. Money was apparently played for, and the game was looked upon as belonging to the same class as hazard. In a series of metrical counsels to apprentices, compiled in the fifteenth century, and printed in the "Reliquie Antique," ii. 223, they are recommended to—

"Exclere allewey eville company,  
Cygys, cadyng, and haserdy."

Among other accomplishments which were becoming more general at this time were drawing and painting, in which we may trace progressive improvements. Our cut (Fig. 5), taken from the beautifully illuminated manuscript of the "Romance of the



Fig. 5.—A PAINTER AT HIS EASEL.

Rose," in the British Museum (MS. Harl., No. 4425), represents the painter sitting at his easel much the same as he would appear at the present day.

Lighting in the middle ages was effected, in a manner more or less refined, by means of torches, lamps, and candles. The candle, which was the most portable of them all, was employed in small and private evening parties; and, from an early period, it was used in the bed-chamber. For the table very handsome candlesticks were made, which were employed by people of rank, and wax-candles (*cierges*) were used on them. They were formed with an upright spike (*broche*), on which the candle was stuck, not, as now, placed in a socket. Thus, in a scene in one of the fabliaux printed by Barbazan, a good *bourgeois* has on his supper-table two

of honour to the guest, for even in ducal castles common candles appear to have been in ordinary use. In a bed-room scene in a fabliaux printed by Méon (tom. i. p. 268), in which the younger ladies of the duke's family and their female attendants slept all in beds in one room, they have but one candle (*chandoile*), and that is attached to the wood of the bed of the duke's daughter, so that it would appear to have had no candlestick. One of the damsels, who was a stranger and less familiar than the others, was unwilling to undress until the light was extinguished, so the daughter of the duke, whose bedfellow she was to be, blew the candle out.

"Roseite tantost la souffla,  
Qu'à s'esponde estoit atchiee."

Blowing out the candle was the ordinary manner of extinguishing it. In the "Ménagier de Paris," or instructions for the management of a gentleman's household, compiled in the latter half of the fourteenth century, the lady of the house is told, after having each night ascertained that the house is properly closed and all the fires covered, to see the servants to bed, and to take care that each had a candle in a "flat-bottomed candlestick," at some distance from the bed, "and to teach them prudently to extinguish their candles before they go into their bed with the mouth, or with the hand, and not with their dress," i. e., they were to blow their candle out, or put it out with their fingers, not to extinguish it by throwing their dress upon it. (Ménag., tom. ii. p. 71.) Extinguishers had not yet come into general use.

Lamps were used when a light was wanted in a room for a long time, because they lasted longer without requiring snuffing. The lamps of the middle ages were made usually on the plan of those of the Romans, consisting of a small vessel of earthenware or metal, which was filled with oil, and a wick placed in it. This lamp was placed on a stand, or was sometimes suspended on a beam, or perch, or against the wall. Our cut (Fig. 6), taken from a manu-



Fig. 6.—MEDIEVAL LAMPS.

script of the fourteenth century in the British Museum (MS. Harl., No. 1227), represents a row of lamps of rather curious form, made to be suspended. In our next cut (Fig. 7), from a manuscript of the same date (MS. Reg. 2, B. VII.), we have lamps of a somewhat similar form, made to be carried in the hand. Torches were used at greater festivals, and for occasions where it was necessary to give light to very large halls full of company. They were usually held in the hand by servants, but were sometimes placed against the wall in holds made to receive them.

The two cuts (Figs. 8 and 9), with which we close this paper, the last of the present series of chapters

on Mediæval Domestic Manners, are of a very miscellaneous character. The first, from MS. Harl., No. 1257 (fourteenth century), represents a well, with a simple contrivance for raising the water, which is still not quite obsolete. The second cut is



Fig. 7.—MEN CARRYING LAMPS.

taken from one of the illuminations to a manuscript of the "Moralization of Chess," of Jacques de Cessoles (MS. Reg. 19, C. XI.), and is intended as a sort of figurative representation of the industrial class of society. It is curious because the figure is made to carry some of the principal implements of the chief trades or manufactures, and thus gives us their ordinary forms. We need only repeat the enu-



Fig. 8.—A DEBRAW-WHEEL.

meration of these from the text. It is, we are told, a man who holds in his right hand a pair of shears (*mes forces*); in his left hand he has a great knife (*un grant costel*); "and he must have at his girdle an inkstand (*une escriptoire*), and on his ear a pen for writing (*et sur l'oreille une penne à*



Fig. 9.—INDUSTRY.

*escripre*." Accordingly we see the ink-pot and the case for writing implements suspended at the girdle, but by accident the pen does not appear on the ear in our engraving. It is curious through how great a length of time the practice of placing the pen behind the ear has continued in use.

### THE BENTHALL ENCAUSTIC TILE WORKS.

DURING the visit of the Archaeological Association to Shrewsbury and its neighbourhood, the members, after examining the excavations of the ancient Roman city, Uriconium, proceeded to Broseley, to inspect the Encaustic Tile Works of Messrs. Maw—the renown of which has now gone not only over the whole of Great Britain, but into various states of Europe and America—making its way, indeed, to India and our colonies generally.

Mr. Maw, having hospitably welcomed the members of the association to the number of one hundred and thirty to an elegant luncheon at the venerable mansion, Benthall Hall, a restored relic of the time of Henry VIII., which he inhabits, and previous to taking them over his extensive works, read an explanatory paper on the subject; it is so full of interest and information, and of so much general value, that we reprint it as we find it in a local paper:—

"Before conducting you over the works, I will explain, as briefly as possible, the nature of the several processes you will see, and the order in which they occur in the course of the manufacture. It consists of two distinct branches, which are essentially different in nearly the whole of their processes.

"Firstly, the making of encaustic tiles, or those inlaid with a pattern of two or more colours, which is the reproduction of an art limited in mediæval times to church-decoration, but now having a much more extended application. Secondly, the manufacture of plain tiles and tesserae, of an uniform colour, used in the construction of geometrical Mosaic pavements similar in character to those found in the mediæval buildings of Italy; also moresque Mosics and tessellated Mosics similar to those occurring in Pompeii, and almost all Roman remains in this country and the continent.

"The materials employed in both processes are nearly identical, and consist for the most part of the clays and marls of the Shropshire coal measures. These without any colouring matter, together with clays from the south of England, form the red, buff, and fawn-coloured tiles, and in connection with different proportions of oxides of iron and manganese, the black chocolate and grey tiles. The white, and all the richer coloured tiles, and tesserae, are formed of a species of porcelain, or Parian, the white left uncoloured, and the blues and greens coloured with oxide of chrome and cobalt.

"The preparation of what is technically termed the body of the tile, which is the first process in the order of manufacture, consists in mixing the constituent clays, and other materials, with water, and commingling and purifying, by passing them in a semi-liquid state through a sieve, made of the finest lawn, containing between 10,000 and 15,000 perforations to the square inch. All the coarse particles are by this means removed, and the texture of the clay rendered perfectly fine and even, as well as greatly adding to the brilliancy of the colour. The semi-liquid purified clay is then dried on what is termed the slip kilns: if for the manufacture of encaustic, or inlaid tiles, to a plastic state; or for plain, or self-coloured tiles, perfectly dry and hard.

"It is at this point that the two processes diverge, and are essentially different. There is also some slight difference in the proportions of the materials used in their composition, but this need not be more than noticed. The encaustic tiles are made of plastic clay, the pattern impressed from plaster of Paris moulds, and the indented surface filled in with different coloured clays in a semi-liquid state. The tile is then allowed to dry to the consistency of wax, and the inlaid patterns are developed by scraping off the superfluous clay. For the manufacture of the plain tiles, of one colour throughout, the material, which has been dried quite hard on the slip kiln, passes through a machine which grinds it to a fine powder, ready for moulding, which is performed in steel dies, under very powerful screw presses, some of which work at a force of 30 tons.

"Both kinds of tiles, after having been formed, are placed for ten days or a fortnight in the drying stove, an apartment heated by flues up to 80 or 90 degrees; and when the whole of the moisture is

driven out they are ready for the burning. This is performed in large kilns, the tiles being stacked in fire-clay boxes, termed saggars; the actual burning occupies four days and nights, during which time they are gradually brought up to a white heat by the consumption of from eighteen to twenty tons of coal, and during another four days and nights are as gradually cooled, occupying the kiln in a hot state eight days and nights. Great care is necessary in this part of the process to give the correct amount of heat throughout the kiln, as, if the fire is not carried sufficiently far, the tiles are soft, and irregular in colour, which necessitates a repetition of the process; and if carried beyond a certain point, judged of by the gradual decrease in size of long, narrow tiles technically termed 'proofs,' from time to time drawn out of the kiln during the firing,—the whole contents of the kiln may be spoiled in a few minutes.

"The great bulk of the tiles are employed in the unglazed or biscuit state, the manufacture of which is completed with the burning. They have merely to be drawn from the kiln, and as they somewhat vary in size and colour, depending on the precise extent to which the firing has been carried, have to be passed through a gauge which divides all the larger forms into four distinct sizes.

"The process of glazing or enamelling is performed by applying a thin coat of paste, made of vitreous materials, on the tiles that have been previously burned, which is converted into a glass by subjecting them to a low red heat in a small furnace termed the enamelling kiln. Glazed tiles are principally employed for bath linings, and the sides and backs of fireplaces; also for pavements in combination with unglazed tiles, with which they form a very pleasing contrast.

"To those who are interested in statistics, I may mention that we consume every year about 1,500 tons of coal, and from 1,000 to 1,200 tons of clays, and various materials entering into the composition of the tiles, out of which between 20,000 and 30,000 square yards of tiles, tesserae, and Mosics are manufactured, composed out of 700 or 800 distinct shapes, sizes, and colours. About half of these are laid by the paviors in our own and our agents' employment.

"The principal use of our manufacture is for the entrance halls and corridors of private houses and public buildings; also for conservatories, verandahs, dairies, and internal and external wall decorations. A considerable proportion are sent to America, India, and the colonies. Amongst the principal works we have executed, or have in hand, abroad, I may mention the pavements of the entrance hall of the New University of Toronto; also nearly the whole of the ground floor and upper corridor of Osgoode Hall, Toronto, laid by our own man sent out for the purpose; the entrance hall of the Hong Kong Club; deck house and other parts of the steam-yacht *Said*, for the Pasha of Egypt, laid by our own men; Jessore Church, Bengal; ground floor of New General Post-office, Calcutta; and the Cathedral of Spanish Town, Jamaica.

"In making these remarks my object has been merely to give you a sketch of the order in which the several processes occur, and I have purposely left many of the details of the manufacture unnoticed, which you will much more easily understand by your own observation."

These works are situate on a height overlooking one of the most beautiful of the valleys of England, through which runs the "princelie Severn;" and in the immediate neighbourhood are other renowned manufactories—that of the iron castings of Coalbrookdale, and that of porcelain, at Coalport. To the productions of Messrs. Rose we shall hereafter have occasion to refer; those of Coalbrookdale we have several times made known to our readers. Broseley was a very early seat of the manufacture of "china" and earthenware; the "Salopian" ware, well known to collectors, originated here, or rather close to it. Coalport was the successor of Cordey, and Mr. Rose succeeded his uncle, who removed the works to Coalport. For upwards of a century, therefore, the district has been in this respect famous: we hope to be enabled so to give the history of both as to contribute much that will interest and inform not only collectors but the public. Broseley also is the great manufactory, and has been since the middle

of the fifteenth century, of the common tobacco-pipes; several pipes have been found here bearing dates anterior to the introduction of the fragrant weed into England by Sir Walter Raleigh. The district, therefore, will supply us with fertile subjects for an article at no distant period.

We shall then, perhaps, be able to render ampler justice to the Encaustic Tile Manufactory than it was within the scope of Mr. Maw to do in his paper explanatory of the several processes through which must pass the very beautiful tiles that are now so universally adopted as adornments, not only in churches, public buildings, conservatories, and so forth, but in ordinary domestic homes, for which they are recommended not only because of their elegance, cleanliness, and comfort, but on the ground of economy.

### MEDICINE.

FROM THE STATUE BY E. HÄHNEL.

RACZYŃSKI, in his "History of Modern Art in Germany," speaks of a young sculptor of great promise, named Hähnel, who had been employed by Schwanthaler to assist him in the decorations of the Walhalla—the noble edifice we have noticed elsewhere, in reference to Turner's picture. These decorations consist of a magnificent composition, designed by Rauch, on the south or front pediment, of fifteen statues, the centre one being of colossal, the others of heroic, size, symbolizing Germania and the Germanic States. On the north pediment is grouped a similar number of figures, from Schwanthaler's own designs, representing the victory of the Cherusci over the Romans.

The name Hähnel, however, we take to be a misnomer, as it does not elsewhere appear throughout Raczyński's work; nor does that author speak of Hähnel, whose association with Schwanthaler exactly coincides with that attributed to the other. It is, then, only fair to assume that an error has been inadvertently made by the writer in question; not very unlikely if we consider that the sculptor was then young, about twenty-five, and, in all probability, not much known in the world of Art.

Ernst Hänel, according to Mrs. Jameson's remarks on the sculptures in the Crystal Palace, where a cast of the 'Medicine' may be seen, studied first as an architect at Munich; and afterwards became a pupil of Schwanthaler, which accounts for his being employed on the Walhalla friezes. He happened to be in Dresden at the time Herr Semper was erecting the splendid new theatre in that city, and was engaged to execute, under the directions of that architect, some of the decorated friezes for the exterior, and four statues for the interior; the subjects of the latter are Euripides, Aristophanes, Shakspeare, and Molière: as examples of portrait sculpture they have been highly commended. Hänel is now Professor in the Academy of the Fine Arts at Dresden.

Whatever success he may have achieved in those other works, he has unquestionably succeeded in producing a fine allegorical figure in the statue of 'Medicine,' who is enthroned, and crowned with laurel; in her right hand she holds the cup from which a serpent is feeding—the Greek attribute of Hygieia, or Health; under her left arm is a book, and in the hand a scroll, on which is written the name of the celebrated Greek physician, Hippocrates. There is remarkable dignity, united with simplicity, in this conception; the ample drapery that clothes the figure is full, but not heavy, and it flows in graceful curves and lines, which unite harmoniously. In works thus treated, that is, fully draped, the task of the critic is almost limited to costume; but we see here, underneath those thick foldings, evidence of correct anatomical modelling and skilful foreshortening of limb. The countenance—indeed, the head generally—is a beautiful impersonation, both in expression and treatment. Of its kind this is, in our estimation, among the most elegant of modern sculptures.

Hähnel executed this statue in marble, in 1847; it is, we understand, in Dresden, but a cast of it stands near the great orchestra, in the Sydenham Palace.









## CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of "THE ART-JOURNAL."  
THE FEMALE SCHOOL OF ART.

SIR,—Now that the Female School of Design has removed to the new dwelling, 43, Queen's Square, with a new prospectus and a new table of fees, allow an old student to take a fresh view of the school, its chances of support and success; in doing this he hopes to enlist friends to strengthen a cause that has been up-hill work from the first.

The new home is more roomy and better fitted for study; its locality is advantageous, being nearer the residences of the majority of the pupils, and it is easier of access. But beyond a roof over-head, and a small stock of casts and models, there is little yet done towards placing the school on a permanent basis. Probably the Government grant for a few years will be continued, as public opinion has been so strongly expressed on the subject, and the special claims of this school to a fair share of the educational grant is indisputable.

The best possible proof which can be offered that the school is worthy of support, will be borne out by the fact that, although not yet a fashionable movement, five public companies, headed by the Royal Academy, have testified their approbation by liberal gifts of money. The best proof that the school has laboured well to deserve it, lies in the number of medals the pupils have hitherto annually taken; while on the last admission of students at the Royal Academy, one of the young ladies from Gower Street was elected,—the first female student of the Royal Academy since the time of Angelica Kauffmann, near a hundred years ago; and many of the Gower Street pupils have already gone to swell the number of female artists, who, from Rosa Bonheur to Mrs. Robinson, are disputing the ground, inch by inch, with man, contesting, perhaps I should have said, the right to the walls of the Royal Academy.

The long list of ladies exhibiting this year at the Academy shows the necessity of a distinct school for female study; the number of their pictures was certainly small, but the quality on a par with those painted by the sterner sex.

Let any who visited the Academy this year endeavour to call to mind 'Peg Woffington's Visit to Tripoli,' by Miss Solomon; they must assuredly be constrained to say, in the words of a writer, "If this be Art, glory be to such Art so wondrously applied." Three pictures further on, 272; whose azaleas ever bloomed more beautiful than Mrs. Rimer's? 776, who would be afraid to trust Margaret Gillies with a portrait, or place the face of a princess before Miss Dixon, 849? and of the pictures exhibited by nearly fifty ladies, few among them would have been thrown in the shade had they all been hung upon the line.

The course and system of study pursued in the Gower Street School has been, from the first, to learn to do one thing well, and not attempt a second stage of study until the first is mastered; one half of the instruction received in drawing is rendered comparatively valueless (at most schools) by having several teachers when one only is required, and nothing is more disheartening to a student, after toiling for days, to have a second teacher come, whose system is in opposition to the first. No. 1 recommends studies in warm tints, while No. 2 indulges in blues; No. 3 tells the student she is altogether wrong, and by the time the drawing is altered, No. 1 again comes, and the student has again to alter it; so between the two, the pupil comes to the ground. This was practised to an extent in the old School of Design, Somerset House, that drove many of the most promising pupils away; and the same system is not unknown at the school of the Royal Academy. This evil has hitherto been most carefully avoided by the present and previous ladies superintendents, and is one of the chief causes why the students have made the proficiency which it is generally admitted they have attained.

The school, under its future arrangements, will be made for females what the school of the Royal Academy has been for males; and if the Government should deprive them of their annual share of the educational grant, the artists of London have but to be appealed to. The employment of females in Art and Art-Manufacture has been proved beyond doubt

a great success; and none better than artists know how to assist each other in difficulties. The Female School of Design is essentially a question that artists of the opposite sex will gain honour by doing battle for; and on the point that many can help the one, while one cannot help the many, I leave the success of the school to the future consideration of the artist readers of the *Art-Journal*.

AN OLD STUDENT.

[We allow our correspondent to have his own "say" on this subject; much of it is undoubtedly true, but we are not prepared to endorse all his opinions.—Ed. A.-J.]

## SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE.

SIR,—It is a melancholy thing that all who write about Sir Thomas Lawrence allow themselves to soar into the realms of fiction. Lawrence did not resemble Canning in feature, nor was he so tall or stout—witness the picture of the latter in Sir Robert Peel's collection. It is true that one portrait of Canning, finished with seven others, at the Royal Academy in four days, bore some likeness to him; but so also did the portrait of Mr. Croker: all three were bald-headed men. I have seen them together, and never could trace the slightest likeness between them, although my attention had been drawn to the resemblance, by both these gentlemen's portraits being mistaken for that of the artist. When Sir Thomas bought Danby's 'Sunset at Sea,' he believed himself a wealthy man, although he often, through unbusiness-like habits, allowed his banker's account to run low; but to say he was too poor to afford £100 for a picture at the time he must have been in receipt of £8,000 or £9,000 a year, is nonsense. The fact is, Sir Thomas felt it a disgrace to Art that a picture like the 'Sunset' should be unsold at £50, and liberally paid Danby £100 for it; but if he had wished to possess a second picture of the same size, it must have been for the mere sake of possession, for he had not room in his house wherein to place it. Rippingille could not have visited him on the Monday or Tuesday of the fatal week, for he took to his bed on Saturday, and died on the following Thursday. Carlton House and George IV. carries its own contradiction; for the king had made Windsor his residence, and Carlton House had ceased to exist. Constantly, for some cause, supposed Lawrence was hostile to him, and therefore was the last man to give the president "an opinion," he at the time having only recently had the A.R.A. attached to his name. At what period was Lawrence a student at the Academy? or where is the authority for stating he was a candidate for the keepership of the National Gallery? Through the influence of Sir Abraham Hume, Seguin had become keeper of the king's pictures, but Lawrence was the one whom George IV. consulted upon his purchases of ancient Art; and most frequently his acquisitions of modern pictures arose from Lawrence's recommendation; sometimes, but not always, so silently given that the artists themselves did not know their benefactor. However, when Angerstein's pictures were purchased for the nation, Sir Thomas was appointed one of the trustees, which office he held until his death; Seguin's varnish had not begun to tell upon the pictures so far as to require cleaning, therefore his indignation at the "spoliation" is all invention. If Woodburn told Rippingille Lawrence's collection had cost him "nearly £60,000," he must have quoted my words and misunderstood the amount; for when I talked with him at the funeral, Woodburn did not believe the cost was more than half that sum (I told him £72,000). Only five days before Lawrence died I was speaking to him about the collection, and knowing pretty accurately what it had cost, I said, after costing upwards of £70,000, it would be a pity if it were again separated. He replied, "I have taken care it will never be separated again; but why do you say it has cost so much?—you are mistaken." I smiled, and went over in a few minutes some of the larger items, and he then said, "I see you are right." I made up the amount, without including small purchases, and when they are taken into consideration, with the drawings he became possessed of by presents, it is not too large a sum to say £75,000 would be nearer the mark.

Lawrence had no relative "who bore his name," nor did his sister, or his sister's children, obtain a "small amount" from his "gathered treasures."

The life of Sir Thomas Lawrence has yet to be written, and as it will be from sources like yours that it must be compiled, I trust, therefore, your love of truth and sense of justice will lead you to investigate the statements made by me, and if found (as I know they will be) to be correct, you will give them publicity, even though they contradict your own pages.

J. HOGARTH.

Haymarket, Sept. 12th

[It happens, unfortunately, that Mr. Rippingille, the writer of the article which has called forth the remarks of our correspondent, is not living to defend his statements. Mr. Hogarth appears to assume that the character of Sir Thomas Lawrence is affected by what we have published; but we cannot find anything to lead us to such a conclusion. The resemblance between Canning and Lawrence must be matter of opinion; Rippingille saw it; Mr. Hogarth did not. It is also very probable that Lawrence having purchased one picture in the year, though at a small cost, did not feel himself justified, at the time, in buying another. Howard, the late Secretary of the Academy, distinctly speaks of Lawrence being a pupil of that institution, remarking especially on his "proficiency in drawing." Whether he was, or was not, actually a candidate for the keepership of the National Gallery we are not prepared to say. In fact, as we have stated, we see nothing in the article of our late contributor to demand explanation, by way of justifying the character of Lawrence, but as our correspondent has requested the insertion of his letter, we willingly comply with his wish.—Ed. A.-J.]

THE  
MUSEUM AT SOUTH KENSINGTON.

MR. WILLIAM CONINGHAM, M.P., not satisfied with the means afforded him for assailing this institution from his place in Parliament, has issued a series of "Observations," the purpose of which may be gathered from the introductory paragraph:—

"The history of the Brompton boilers, the annual cost of which in coal alone is admitted to be 'monstrous,' may be thus briefly told. Founded by the Great Exhibition Commissioners of 1851, repudiated by Sir Benjamin Hall on behalf of the Board of Works, erected by 'orders' from Sir William Cubitt, 'out of benevolence, as it is said, to the commissioners,' of whom Sir William was himself one, the Brompton boilers were built, and built of corrugated iron, and it is now admitted on all hands that ever since their erection, they have been a nuisance to every one connected with them."

It is not our intention—nor is it necessary—to reply to such assertions as are contained in this paper; they are based upon no evidence whatever; they do not pretend to be so; on the contrary, all testimony is the other way; but it is no new thing for Mr. Coningham to state broadly, that which he does not attempt to prove; calumny, we know, makes its own way, because of its very weakness; for that which seems to be notoriously untrue, few will think it needful to answer. We print, nevertheless, two or three passages from this most flagitious document, in order that our readers may see how far prejudice and personal animosity can go:—

"It (the museum) is, moreover, a scarcely disguised advertising centre for all inventors, traders, and manufacturers, and an active competitor in an artistic branch of industry, and thus the Department has come into collision with the private and legitimate trade of the country, which finds itself crushed by an instrument, to the production of which it has been compelled to contribute, in the form of imperial taxation—a system calculated to sap public morality, and the independent spirit of the people."

"The aim and object of Mr. Cole may best be defined in his own words, wherein he explicitly states that, 'by these means, we place objects of the highest art within reach of the poorest person.' But why alone 'objects of the highest art,' for which the poor do not care, and which they cannot appreciate? For the same reasoning would equally apply to objects for which they do care, and which they can appreciate, such as beef, beer, warm clothing, and good wages."

The major part of the observations refer to that portion of the plan of the Department which supplies, at a cheap rate, photographs of Art-objects, which Mr. Coningham considers to justify the following "opinion":—

"The Kensington Museum system, in my opinion, contains within itself the germ of almost every objectionable form of Government interference with private enterprise, gradually substituting, on a colossal scale, the unhealthy and exploded principle of protection for that of salutary competition and free trade."

Now, our readers are aware that the Department has excited much ill-will, by introducing the system to which reference is made; it may have—no doubt it has—interfered with, and prejudiced, the interests of certain publishers of works in photography; but the public has been large gainers thereby, and, undoubtedly, the Department has thus materially aided

to advance the knowledge, and improve the skill of producers—employers and artisans. We know too well that even wealthy manufacturers will not procure for their ateliers expensive works; those who are accustomed to visit the "shops" in which workmen are occupied, rarely find there any Art-elements except those of a coarse and common kind, while libraries of reference attached to them are found only in two or three instances throughout the kingdom. If the photographic prints in question were published by a private speculator, they would be charged at shillings instead of pence, and would be excluded from nearly all the places in which they are most useful and most valued. We have very recently seen in several "workshops" of Staffordshire and Yorkshire, these issues of the Department, and we are quite sure they would not be there if the cost had been much greater than the small amount that has been paid for them.

If the influence of these works is thus felt at the fountain head of produce, it influences also, and that very essentially, the public eye and mind. We believe that no part of the plan of the Department of Science and Art is so likely to produce extensive and permanent good, as the sale of photographic copies of excellent Art-works, at prices little beyond the cost of their production.

The arrangement has offended, and may have injured, certain parties, who cannot produce such works without regard to profit; but if that be an argument for suppressing the trade, it would apply with equal force against any improvement by which the public may be supplied with an article better and cheaper than it has been accustomed to obtain at a given price.

#### AN ENGRAVING ATTRIBUTED TO RAFFAELLE.

AMONG the engravings in the Düsseldorf Collection there is one attributed by Professor Müller to the hand of Raffaele. It is among the works of Marc Antonio, and has hitherto been considered as one of his productions. The subject is a Madonna, sitting upon clouds, with the infant Saviour standing at her right side, and three cherubim, of whom only the halves of the figures are seen, with the head of a fourth; the rest of the bodies being veiled by the clouds which support the Madonna. The engraving is small, and so spirited and free in touch that it might be supposed that it was a pen drawing, did it not on close examination declare itself a veritable engraving. In the account given by Professor Müller of this little plate he says, that it differs in everything so essentially from all that Marc Antonio has done, that he has no hesitation in assigning it to Raffaele. Passavant, in his account of the works of Raffaele, says of this composition, "Perhaps a first conception of the Madonna di Fuligno"—a conjecture which has much of probability on its side. Bartsch (vol. xiv.) places this among the works of Marc Antonio, and Passavant coincides in this opinion, but mentions one impression more than Bartsch. In a plate unquestionably by Marc Antonio the Saviour stands on the left side of the Virgin, while in this, as before stated, he is on the right side.

On a comparison of the plate with the like subject by Marc Antonio, in the collection of Artaria, of Vienna, the Professor declared himself confirmed in his opinion that the plate is by the hand of Raffaele alone, for that of Marc Antonio by the side of it looked a very mediocre performance. Every line breathes the spirit of Raffaele—so light and free are all the parts, and of such transcendent beauty is the whole, especially the heads, wherein lies the great charm of the divine master. It was most interesting to observe in this close comparison the treatment of Marc Antonio; and in those passages that were feeble or erroneous in character and expression, how he had corrected them, in deference to Raffaele, as it may be supposed that the plate in question was executed after that of Marc Antonio. The most eminent artists in Düsseldorf coincide in the opinion of Professor Müller; and on their collection the possession of this print will confer the reputation of containing the only as yet known testimony of Raffaele's excellence in a fourth branch of Art. He is known as an accomplished architect;

and as a sculptor, his statue of the prophet Jonah bespeaks his power; and this plate declares his excellence as an engraver. But it is not likely that this is the only impression extant; and all the Marc Antonio collections will be thoroughly examined for not only other impressions of the same plate, but for other prints so qualified as to justify attribution to the great master. If Raffaele worked upon one plate, he worked upon others; and if the Düsseldorf plate be determined as a work by him, his name will be attached to others of the same class. When Marc Antonio became the "pupil" of Raffaele, his drawing was inaccurate, and, from having copied the "Little Passion" of Albert Dürer, he had acquired a coarseness of style little adapted to interpret the infinite sweetness of expression which abounds in the works of the famous painter. The productions of Marc Antonio evidence his advance from the most feeble manner to one of high excellence, inasmuch that if there be one of his works so graceful as to admit of its being assigned to Raffaele, there are others; because he worked under the eye of the master, and it is not improbable that the master worked upon others. The principle which he observed with his other pupils he undoubtedly pursued with Marc Antonio. There is only one of the cartoons properly the work of his own hand, but all the compositions were by him. In like manner he directed the work of Marc Antonio; but we think it will yet require more decided evidence than a mere presumption, that the Düsseldorf plate is by the great master.

#### THE VICTORIA RAILWAY BRIDGE, CANADA.

THE visit of the Prince of Wales to Canada seems a not inappropriate time to offer a few remarks upon this extraordinary structure, of which no notice has lately appeared in our columns. The bridge, of which the prince has just "laid the last stone and drove the last rivet, a silver one," is undoubtedly a magnificent and most important triumph of British engineering skill. By it the Grand Trunk Railway is carried over the broad waters of the St. Lawrence, about half a mile to the west of Montreal, and a material bond of union is thus formed between Canada and the United States.

This is the longest bridge in the world, the roadway over it measuring eighty yards less than a mile and three-quarters in length, or about 9,000 feet. It is constructed on the tubular principle, somewhat after the manner of the famous Britannia Bridge over the Menai Strait. It has twenty-five spans, of which the central span is 350 feet, each of the 24 others being 242 feet. The remainder of the length of the bridge is completed, the abutments and the great embankments at either end. The Britannia Bridge is formed of four tubes, and its total length is 1,613 feet. The extreme length of Waterloo Bridge is 1,362 feet; that of Mr. Vignole's Suspension Bridge, over the Dnieper, at Kieff, in Russia (the largest suspension bridge in existence), is 2,562 feet. The lengths of the Crystal Palace, the Great Eastern, the Himalaya, and the Marlborough of 131 spans, are severally 1,608, 692, 374, and 290 feet. But the great engineering difficulty in this enterprise consisted, not in the width of the stream and the consequent length of the bridge, but in the resistance that it would be necessary for the bridge-piers to offer to the ice when the annual frost should break up. To construct any piers that would stand against the crushing weight of the enormous floating masses that then swept down the stream of the gigantic river, was long considered to be impossible. But Mr. Robert Stephenson has removed another impossibility. His piers are constructed with sharp edges of hard masonry; and they oppose the current of the river in the form of boldly projecting buttresses, that slope backwards as they rise from their foundations. This admirable contrivance has proved completely successful. The most overwhelming masses of accumulated ice are compelled to yield by these "Victoria" (and victorious) piers, and they pass onward, broken up by the force of their own momentum acting upon the sharp reeding stonework. The principle of these piers is clearly elucidated in a model of the Victoria Bridge, exhibited at the Crystal Palace.

#### MINOR TOPICS OF THE MONTH.

THE ART-UNION OF LONDON, through its council, has awarded the prize of 100 gs., offered for the best set of drawings illustrative of Tennyson's "Idylls," to Mr. Paulo Priolo, a foreign artist, we understand, but long resident in Edinburgh; and, "anxious to show their appreciation of the response made to the competitive demand," the council has awarded two honorary premiums of £20 each to the designs marked respectively Nos. 24 and 25, the works of Mr. A. Rowan, of Stockwell, and Mr. E. Corbould, the well-known water-colour painter. The premium of 70 gs. offered for the best statuette to "illustrate English history," has not been awarded, none of the models sent in being deemed of sufficient merit; the second premium has, however, been given to Mr. T. Duckett, an artist employed in the studio of Mr. Thornycroft.

THE CRYSTAL PALACE ART-UNION.—The annual distribution of prizes took place at the end of last month; the subscription list was not satisfactory as regards numbers, consequently the society has not been enabled to extend its operations. The prize Art-objects were, in all cases, excellent, many of them being designed specially for the occasion. Of pictures there were a few, but these were not of a high order. Altogether, therefore, the society has not progressed as it ought to have done, although, no doubt, there are many and good reasons to account for a result of the year's efforts, which are not so encouraging as we were led to expect they would have been. We earnestly hope the next year will produce better effects, for it is beyond question that great and meritorious exertions have been made to deserve and obtain a large amount of public favour.

SIR G. HAYTER'S PICTURE of 'The Meeting of the first Reformed Parliament,' for which a grant of £2,600 was taken last year, has been placed in the Commons' Committee Room, No. 9. In the immediate neighbourhood are the 'Cœur de Lion,' by Mr. Cross, Mr. Watts's 'Embarkation of Alfred,' and Mr. Pickerskill's 'Burial of Harold.'

THE BRITISH MUSEUM, after being closed for a fortnight during the past month, for the annual cleaning, is again open to the public. The Greek and Roman collections are placed in the three saloons, and in a fourth room on the basement; the Assyrian and Ninevite sculptures are classified in distinct saloons, and the celebrated "Temple" collection is arranged in the second Egyptian room. The saloon devoted to British and Mediæval antiquities is also completed.

EARLY DRAWINGS BY TURNER IN BRISTOL.—Miss Dart, living in St. James's Square, Bristol, is in possession of several very early, and on that account peculiarly interesting, drawings by Turner. Turner's father had an old friend, Mr. Narraway, who conducted an extensive business in the Broadmead of that ancient city. Both father and son paid not unfrequent visits to the house of their country friend, and it was upon some of these provincial tours, made towards the close of last century, that the drawings to which we now direct attention were executed. There is a simple careful water-colour sketch of St. Mary Redcliffe, executed at the age of eighteen. Another, equally simple and early, of the Old Hotwell House, now no longer standing, a vessel in full sail coming up the Avon, and a boat on shore, upon the stern of which is lettered "William Turner." We have also that stately mansion the 'Seat of Lady Lippincott,' with Sir Henry Lippincott, Turner himself, and his friend Narraway, as figures in the foreground. 'A View of Oxford,' by J. M. W. Turner, when quite a boy, is probably still earlier, and is certainly in style very elementary. 'The Archbishop's Palace at Lambeth' is more mature, with here and there an eye for harmony of colour; it is inscribed as Turner's first picture exhibited at Somerset House; it is more highly wrought than the other drawings, yet the entry is as follows—"Done by J. M. W. Turner when a lad about sixteen or seventeen years old." But, perhaps, the most important of these works which have been so long secluded from the world, are a sketch-book and a small portrait of the painter executed by himself, both of which have been purchased by Mr. Ruskin for a handsome sum, as interesting memorials of the artist's youth. The sketch-book, such a one indeed



as might probably be shown by many a schoolboy of the present day, contains some fifteen pencil jottings and outlines, studies of foliage, with stem and branches carefully drawn, bits taken from Rynsdal and Gainsborough, and a mysterious unintelligible washing in, lettered 'Ophelia.' The small oval portrait of Turner, also purchased by Mr. Ruskin, is thus inscribed—"Done by himself, when about eighteen years old, during a visit to his friend Mr. Narraway, Bristol, 1791 or 1792." It is a simple, boyish, indeed almost girlish, countenance; long luxuriant locks hang thick upon the shoulders, the nostrils and mouth, drawn with precision and finish, are delicate in form; a face, indeed, widely diverse from the marked and somewhat morose profile of later life, and wholly it must be confessed without the promise or dawn of coming genius. The drawings too are of the same simple, unpretending character. None of the dash and hectic colour of later days, but sober and painstaking as of a man who might possibly be seeking for truth, yet timid as of one who had certainly not found his strength. These sketches are undoubtedly of biographic importance, showing the small beginnings, the tentative efforts in which genius, still in the obscurity of opening dawn, may date its precarious origin. It is interesting also to know that the neighbourhood of Clifton, the favourite sketching-ground of a Danby, a Pyne, and a Miller, was thus likewise the early resort of Turner, who from boyhood until declining age seems to have loved to haunt those benedict which in his landscapes were matured into veritable poems.

**THE ART-UNION OF GREAT BRITAIN.**—It is but justice to say that in so far as concerns the promise of the managers of the Manchester Shilling Art-Union, to distribute pictures and Art-objects to subscribers, that promise has been kept. To what extent, as compared with sales of tickets, we cannot say; but there is undoubtedly a long list issued of prizes awarded, beginning with "paintings," valued at £150, and ending with "photographs on cardboard."

**ADMIRAL BLAKE'S MONUMENT.**—We find the following in a Somersetshire paper:—"The admiration called forth by the exhibition of Baily's splendid bust of Blake, which was set up a few weeks since in the Shire Hall, at Taunton, has not been confined to the county only. The Duke of Somerset and the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty have purchased the model from the distinguished sculptor, and a copy of the 'Blake Memorial' has been placed within the last few days in Greenwich Hospital. This graceful recognition of the public services of the great admiral of the Commonwealth reflects credit on our naval authorities, and must be gratifying to those gentlemen in Somersetshire who originated and supported an undertaking so laudable and patriotic."

**A BUST OF THE LATE REV. D. LAING,** nearly a fac-simile of that by Mr. E. Foley, in the Royal Academy this year, has just been published by Mr. Overhead, of Haverstock Hill; the copy is half life-size, and is suitable for a boudoir or drawing-room ornament, and there is no doubt that a very large number of the friends and parishioners of the deceased clergyman, both at Hampstead and in the city, will be pleased to possess such a memorial of one so worthy of the esteem in which he was held. It may not be generally known, that while Mr. J. Foley, R.A., has executed some of the very best of our British statues, his elder brother, Mr. E. Foley, has limited himself almost exclusively to the production of life-size busts, and with unqualified success. This half-size head is the first, we believe, of his more diminutive works, but it retains all the lines of beauty and truthfulness developed in the larger model. It is an excellent likeness of the lamented clergyman, and is therefore valuable, not only as a work of Art, but as a memorial of one of the best philanthropists of modern times. A list of the institutions and charities either founded, or extended and supported, by Mr. Laing, would be a long one. We need refer but to the *Governesses' Benevolent Institution*, which owes its existence entirely to him, and which will be his monument for centuries to come. In doing the work of his "Master" he was indefatigable; at once charitable and zealous, earnest, yet indulgent, he was, in the truest sense, the friend of humanity. His works live after him; tens of thousands owe him much, not alone for hope and trust in Heaven, but for credit, comfort, and happiness on earth. He was

one of those who never forgot that the duty of a clergyman is not limited to his church. A history of the life of this good man would be a volume full of teachings in practical Christianity—that Christianity which, remembering God, remembers also "our neighbour."

**THE SCENERY OF YORKSHIRE**, so full as it is of the picturesque in nature and Art, may well tempt the photographer. A series of ten stereoscopic views, taken and published by Mr. W. Hanson, of Leeds, present us with a few of the more striking "bits" in the county; among them are 'Scarborough Castle,' 'Bolton Abbey,' 'Kirkstall Abbey,' 'Fountain Abbey,' 'Whitby Abbey.' Independent of the peculiar value of these pictures as representing places unsurpassed in beauty by any in the kingdom, they are capital examples of photographic art, clear and artistically expressed.

**COOK, THE CIRCUMNAVIGATOR.**—This is the age of sculptured testimonials; our columns within the last few months have directed attention to nearly thirty statues erected, or proposed for erection; so that our sculptors in this line have scarcely ground of complaint at the want of patronage. The claims of Captain James Cook, the great circumnavigator, to a national recognition of such a kind are now put forth, and a committee has been formed for the purpose of carrying it out. There is, if we mistake not, a monument to Cook in St. Paul's Cathedral. Where the statue, if executed, is to be placed we have not heard.

**CRYSTAL PALACE SCHOOL OF ART, SCIENCE, AND LITERATURE.**—The classes which constitute this enterprising "School," after a vacation of six weeks, resume their several courses of study at the Crystal Palace on the 1st of October. The classrooms have been entirely re-constructed, and their number augmented; they have also received a large accession of fresh accommodation. The number of the classes themselves is considerably increased, so that now they comprehend the entire range of a first-rate education. The special educational advantages which these classes derive from the Crystal Palace, are too obvious to require any remark from us: we are content, therefore, to record the fact that they are again in action, and to recommend them strongly to the attention of our readers.

**EXAMPLES OF LONDON AND PROVINCIAL STREET ARCHITECTURE OF THE VICTORIAN AGE.**—We have in our hands a prospectus of a new architectural periodical, of which the first monthly number may be expected to appear with the commencement of November, with a prospect of being favourably received by both the profession and the public at large. It may be especially valuable to the architect and the builder, and interesting to all persons who inhabit towns, and who may be supposed to take an interest in their architecture, as well as to those whose duties and avocations are in an especial manner associated with street edifices. Every number, in addition to the engraved illustrations, will contain at least one photograph. The illustrations will be accompanied with descriptive notices, and also with original articles, and designs, reviews, correspondence, and occasional examples of modern buildings in the streets of colonial and foreign cities.

**A MEDAL** to commemorate the visit of his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales to Canada has been struck by Mr. Wyon, the eminent medallist, of Regent Street. It is a work of much merit, although the material used is simple. The portrait of the Prince is at once a good likeness, and excellent as a production of Art.

**THE SIEGE OF LUCKNOW.**—This interesting picture has been removed from the "West End" to the "City," having been greatly successful in the one division of the metropolis, it is expected to be equally so in the other. The magnates of London cannot fail to estimate the value of this remarkable work, which commemorates one of the most glorious achievements of the British army, and is unparalleled for heroic endurance. The painting was some time since described in our columns, when first exhibited. Already, we understand, there has been a larger number of subscribers to the print than to any other recent production of a similar class of art; this not surprising, when we remember the numerous portraits of distinguished warriors contained in it. In the hands of Messrs. Leggatt and Hayward its prosperity will be secured at the eastern end of the Metropolis.

## REVIEWS.

**THE ART OF ILLUMINATING**, as Practised in Europe from the Earliest Times; Illustrated by Borders, Initial Letters, and Alphabets, selected and chromo-lithographed by W. R. TYMMS; with an Essay and Instructions by M. DIGBY WYATT. Published by DAY & SON, London.

After some centuries of neglect an antique art, one of the most beautiful of those which delighted our forefathers, is now receiving so large an amount of attention as to justify the production of this and other costly books devoted to the history of the works of the old monastic illuminators. Attached to the monasteries of the middle ages the *scriptorium* was always to be found, where the pen and pencil of the ingenious were constantly employed in covering the sheets of parchment with the clear and beautiful writing which has to the modern eye the regularity of printer's type, and evidences a patience only to be expected from cloistered life. When such pages were enwreathed with gold and coloured ornament, and decorated with pictures of the most vivid colour, they occasionally occupied months to complete, and, in the aggregate formed volumes, so costly as to become the chief treasures of kings. The famous "Shrewsbury Book" in the British Museum is one of this kind. It was a present from the famous earl whose name it bears to our Henry VI., and is a volume of largest folio size, abounding in pictures of "knighthood and battle," illustrative of old romance. It is such a volume as the world will not produce again; it might exhaust the labour of lives to effect, and now the printing-press has superseded the necessity. Such volumes are highly estimated when they are by chance sold in the present day, and large sums are paid for them; but it is by no means commensurate with their original price, for we know from the exchequer rolls of Edward III. that that monarch gave a sum equal to £900 of our currency to Isabella, a nun of Ambresbury, for a volume of romances. These recluses by no means confined themselves to the description of saintly legend, but were as fond of the heroes of the Round Table as the laity themselves.

We are not to look to the present volume for copies of the pictured story so quaintly rendered by these ancient artists. For that we must refer to the costly folios of Sylvestre, Champollion, and Noel Humphreys. The present work deals only with the minor decorations of manuscripts, their initial letters, and vignettéd ornament. These have been selected from a very large series of the finest manuscripts in existence, and offer a wide field of study and research for the use of all desirous of reproducing the olden book glories of drawing, painting, and gilding. It is not a mere dry collection of alphabets, however; there is so much of fancy, of colour, and of general attractiveness, that the eye rests agreeably over the varied pages of the volume. Each style has also been well classified, and the characteristics of every epoch presented to the eye in a manner most calculated to fix it on the memory. One hundred such plates, each containing many examples, produce an aggregate which may be referred to for ever as to an encyclopædia of mediæval art, commencing with the sixth, and ending at the sixteenth, century.

The plates have been executed with much care; there is a sharpness of outline, and a precision of "register" in the printing, which we have not seen surpassed. The historic introduction is written by Digby Wyatt, and contains a good condensed account of the best ancient manuscripts; but its chief value is the "practical" chapters on the best mode of imitating these old works for the purposes of modern decoration, in which many good hints will be found of value to all who would desire to rival the works of the olden time.

It was not until the comparatively recent invention of chromo-lithography, which has made such rapid advances as to rival the hand labour of the artist, that any attempt was made to popularize the enriched art of the old manuscripts; but a widespread patronage of *livres de luxe* has made it a speculation of profit with the modern bookseller, who can count a thousand purchasers where units only existed in the middle ages. Thanks to the printing-press, and the arts which are now conjoined therewith, men of moderate means may now indulge in enriched tomes such as royalty might envy in times past, and turn over leaves for the gratification of a leisure hour which might make a monkish illuminator doubt if they were not his own hand-labour. Of all the volumes thus produced none deserves more favour than this—the last of Messrs. Day's production. It is not only beautiful, but eminently useful to all who would be fully acquainted with the art.



**A MANUAL OF ILLUMINATION ON PAPER AND VELLUM.** By J. W. BRADLEY, B.A. And an Appendix, by T. GOODWIN, B.A. With Twelve Lithographic Illustrations. Second Edition. Published by WINSOR & NEWTON, London.

The introduction of chromo-lithographic printing has, as intimated in our preceding remarks, within the last few years, seems to have had two almost opposite effects as regards the art of illuminating: for while, on the one hand, it has directed attention to this art of the mediæval ages, on the other, it has rendered its practice nugatory, or nearly so, except as an amusement. The printing-press has almost superseded the labours of the professional illuminator, in so far, at least, as regards works of a multiplied and elaborate character, which, by individual industry and talent alone, without such aid, could not be produced at a remunerative cost. For this reason, illumination can never thrive among us as an art by which bread may be earned; if it could, what a field would be opened for those of the female sex who are compelled to labour for their living, and to whose capacities—we mean not so much mental as constitutional, therefore our fair readers need not take umbrage at our remark—this kind of art seems especially to be adapted. But as an intellectual amusement, and sometimes, perhaps, even as a profitable employment, it is deserving of encouragement: nor are we at all disposed to question the truth of a passage which stands as a kind of motto to this manual—“It is at once disciplinary and delightful, and tends, even as an accomplishment, to strengthen those qualities of patience, thoughtfulness, and delicacy, which shed so salutary an influence upon our daily life.”

The large and comparatively costly works on illumination by Messrs. Tymms and Digby Wyatt, just noticed, and by Mr. Noel Humphreys, are within the reach of the few only: a well arranged digest, such as the little manual before us is, cannot, therefore, be as appreciated; materials, outline, and colouring, are the objects principally brought forward by Mr. Bradley, while Mr. Goodwin's "Appendix" enters more at large on the question of design. We have rarely seen so much practical information on a specialty of art compressed into so small a compass, and in a more inviting form. The outline illustrations convey a good idea of the character of designs applicable to such work, and may, therefore, be accepted as safe guides.

**DARLEY'S COOPER VIGNETTES.** Parts III. and IV. Published by W. A. TOWNSEND & Co., New York; S. Low, Son, & Co., London.

To the artists of America the novels of Fenimore Cooper supply materials which, perhaps, they know better how to work up into pictures than would the better of any other country. It is natural that this should be the case, because a residence in the land whence so many of his characters and scenes are taken must necessarily produce a corresponding truthfulness; and whatever deficiency of other qualities may be seen in their productions, we do not expect, nor do we generally find, the absence of this truth. It is the quality we seem to recognise above all others in this series of vignette engravings, whereof two more parts have made their appearance, and which, taken as a whole, are superior to those that preceded them; they have a more uniform excellence in subject, treatment, and execution, and are, in every way, most creditable to the numerous engravers who have so well reproduced Mr. Darley's spirited designs. We would especially point out the plates entitled 'The Arab,' 'The Monkeys,' a capital group, full of humour; 'The Squatters,' an admirable delineation of character; 'The Dying Prisoner,' 'The Polar Sea,' 'The Retreat,' 'The Assault.' We know not how far it is intended to carry this publication, but, when completed, it will form an elegant and very charming drawing-room book.

**STEREOSCOPIC ILLUSTRATIONS OF CLONMEL AND THE SURROUNDING COUNTRY, INCLUDING ABBEYS, CASTLES, AND SCENERY.** With Descriptive Letterpress. By W. D. HEMPHILL, M.D. Published by CURRY & Co., and F. CRANFIELD, Dublin; A. W. BENNETT, London.

This work is, we are told, the result of the few "holidays" which the duties of a medical practitioner have allowed him to enjoy. During these brief periods of cessation from his labours, Dr. Hemphill has gone forth with his camera to illustrate the beauties of one of the most picturesque localities in Ireland; and, more with a view of giving to his friends the benefit of his artistic efforts than of deriving pecuniary profit from the work, he has published a considerable number of these photographs, accompanying the pictures with

a topographical and historical account of the places represented. We should observe that the illustrations are distinct from the volume, and are printed so as to be adapted for the stereoscope.

At Clonmel, and within a circuit of twenty miles from the place, is a multitude of objects more or less interesting alike to the artist, the antiquarian, and the mere tourist; for example, Cashel—in itself a kind of museum of natural and archaeological beauties,—Holycross Abbey, Athassil Abbey, Lismore Castle, Mitchelstown Castle, Ardinnan Castle, Cahir Castle, Newtown Anner, Glenpatrick, Curraghmore, Anner Castle, Kilnashan Castle, Knocklofty, &c. &c.: these, and many others scarcely less picturesque, have been visited by the author, and, from different points of view, are included in his series of illustrations. It would be difficult to find in any country, within the same space, so large an aggregate of the beautiful in nature and art. It would be too much to suppose that in so numerous a list of photographic pictures, about eighty, all should be of uniform excellence, if it is borne in mind that they are taken by an amateur, and not a professional photographer, and sometimes under the unavoidable circumstances of unfavourable weather: still they are generally good, and many of them excellent.

The descriptive text is brief, yet sufficiently ample for the purpose of an explanatory guide to the places spoken of; moreover, it is written very pleasantly, manifesting sound historical knowledge, and thorough love of Art; and is evidently the production of one who has a just appreciation of all "things lovely."

**SHALL THE NEW FOREIGN OFFICE BE GOTHIC OR CLASSIC?** A Plea for the former: addressed to the members of the House of Commons. By SIR FRANCIS E. SCOTT, Bart., Chairman of the Government School of Art, Birmingham. Published by BELL & DALDY, London.

This is a pamphlet of seventy pages, written thoroughly in earnest, and calculated to prove a valuable ally to the supporters of Mr. G. G. Scott and of Victorian Gothic architecture. The author shows his good sense in recognising the full value of classic architecture, while advocating the Gothic as the "style of liberty and economy," and also as pre-eminently the "national style" of England. We strongly recommend Sir Francis Scott's pamphlet to all persons who desire to form a correct estimate of what is to be said on the part of the Gothic, in the Foreign Office controversy, as well as to honourable gentlemen who happen to be members of the House of Commons. Sir Francis declares that he cannot hope to interest more than "the limited circle" of the house itself, but we consider his pages of sufficient importance for a far wider circulation. They are clear, and have a definite aim, which is set forth with distinctness, and is resolutely maintained: they prove their author to be master of his subject, and (not an unimportant quality) they are agreeable and indeed attractive to the reader. The author has the peculiar advantage of bringing the entire question before the reader in a small compass. The architectural character of our public buildings is a matter in which the public take a deep interest. It is well that the subject should be understood, in order that it may be fairly estimated; and this treatise is calculated to do good service in leading the public to understand the subject of which it treats. Had we our own desire, after placing his pamphlet in the hands of "the members of the House of Commons," we should take care to place Sir Francis Scott himself on his feet in the house, and leave him to advocate the Gothic cause *in propria persona*. Lord Palmerston may probably congratulate himself that he is not required to maintain his peculiar architectural views in opposition to such an antagonist. We do not expect the noble Viscount to read what Sir Francis has written: we trust, therefore, that some member who is "on the Gothic side" will take care to administer the point of the honourable baronet's pages, for the premier's especial benefit, and for the benefit also of all hearers to whom such treatment may be a salutary regimen.

**AN ESSAY ON THE CHRISTMAS DECORATIONS OF CHURCHES.** By the Rev. E. L. CUTTS, B.A. Illustrated. Published at the Office of the Clerical Journal, London.

The great festival of the Christian church, to which this essay especially applies, is once more hastening onwards: we are therefore scarcely premature in commending this work to those who undertake to decorate our sacred edifices with the usual Christmas wreaths and garlands. It is an old custom, and a pleasant one. We love to see our churches—those of ancient date especially—ornamented with the living green of the arbutus, ivy, and laurel, and the bright red berries and glossy leaves of the holly;

these things are emblems of the living faith which should animate the hearts of the worshippers within those walls, when all may be cold, and dreary, and dead, without. Mr. Cutts discusses the subject in a true churchman-like spirit, without an approach to those customs or acts of ecclesiastical decoration which the sincere Protestant abjures. His purpose is to show how ornamentation may be carried out decorously, appropriately, and artistically; he illustrates his principles by a considerable number of woodcuts, showing the effect of the work upon the various parts of a church. The reputation as an archaeologist which the author enjoys, eminently qualifies him for the task he has undertaken; and we have no doubt that the little volume will long be a text-book of such matters for the clergy and churchwardens of the Church of England.

**FABLES AND FAIRY TALES.** By HENRY MORLEY. Illustrated by C. H. BENNETT. Published by CHAPMAN and HALL, London.

Descending from his high pedestal as a biographer, the author of "Bernard Palissy," "Jerome Cardan," &c., and others, has given utterance to the imagination in a series of stories for the young, "as a small outbreak," he says, "of holiday extravagance, and nothing more." Now we do not think that fairy tales, however cleverly and amusingly written, and these are undoubtedly both, are the kind of reading best adapted for children, to whom truths only should be taught, and not even truths under a guise. Wordsworth says—

"I never yet have met a man  
Who could answer a little child,"

even when that child put a question which nature suggested to its mind: what benefit, then, is like to accrue, when instinct and incipient knowledge oppose themselves to the acceptance of presumed instruction? To take, for example, one of Mr. Morley's incidents, where Goodman Ody breaks an egg, from which fell a clothes-brush, a comb, and a large towel, a child would naturally ask, "How came they there?" The only reply that could be given would at once impress the mind with a falsehood—that the whole story is untrue; hence unbelief succeeds to confidence, and not unfrequently the groundwork is thus laid for prevarication and dissimulation. A child cannot be too early made sensible of the importance of truth, in all that it hears, reads, and learns. The world around us supplies ample materials for this: there is no need to travel into a region of mystery and improbability. Some of the stories in this volume are not open to our objections, and all are, as we have intimated, clever and amusing.

**THE FIRST OF OCTOBER.** Engraved by J. SHURY from the Picture by A. COOPER, R.A. Published by H. GRAVES & Co., London.

Though the entire composition of this picture is highly pleasing, a grey horse in the centre, on which a young lady is mounted, forms its most attractive feature; in painting the animal the veteran artist has shown that his hand still retains—or rather did retain at the time, for the picture is, at least, three years old—all the vigour and carefulness of his younger days. In conversation with the lady stands Mr. Cooper himself, whose portrait is the work of Mr. Harwood. To the left, seated on the trunk of a felled tree, is a gentleman in shooting costume, whom we assume to be Mr. Joseph White, of Clonmel, the owner of the picture, inasmuch as the engraving is dedicated to him. His horse, with another which a youth has ridden, is seen in the middle distance, and in the foreground are dogs and dead game, all symbolical of "The First of October." The shooting party is resting on the outskirts of the cover. The name of the engraver of the print, Mr. Shury, is not familiar to us; but we have seen few works in mezzotint of a much better order than this: the grey horse, the foliage of the trees, and the clouds, are each and all excellent.

**FOOTPRINTS ON THE SANDS OF TIME: BIOGRAPHIES FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.** Dedicated to her Nephews and Nieces, by L. E. B. Published by J. H. and JAMES PARKER, London.

The histories included in this book for the young are those of Alfred the Great, Bernard Gilpin, the Chevalier Bayard, and Pascal, a quartet of good as well as great men. "Aunt Lucy," for thus the authoress calls herself in the preface, has told the stories of their lives in a manner that must find its way to the hearts, no less than the heads, of her juvenile relatives, and of all other juvenes who may read her writings: she would show them true greatness can only be found in the practice of all moral graces and Christian virtues.



## THE ART-JOURNAL.



LONDON, NOVEMBER 1, 1860.

WEST, THE MONARCH OF  
MEDIOCRITY.

WEST IN NEWMAN STREET.

BY WALTER THORNBURY.



N AZLITT, in his delightful "Table Talk," having brought up from the grave his old friend Northcote, with the Devonshire tongue and Titian face, goes on to dig up and sketch little leonine Fuseli, with his keen transparent blue eye, and fell of white hair, showing him to us painting straddling giants with rope muscles and stone eyeballs in tin sockets. Then,—touching for a moment upon old, jaunty, gay Cosway, "the little withered elderly gentleman," who, sitting to let his black servant lace his half-boots, looked like Venus being attired by the Graces,—the charming essayist proceeds to show us Mr. President West, "a small thin old man, with regular, well-formed features, and a precise, sedate, self-satisfied air"—a thoroughly mechanical, commonplace, and academic person.

An easy first in America, sectarian, self-sufficient, favoured by kings, West felt that, except perhaps Napoleon, no one in the world could be named in the same breath. Gifted by nature with a dull, careful, but tame and feeble mind, West followed rules and receipts; and when he painted a picture, thought it was perfect—no doubt that it was not, ever dared to profane his mind. He looked on himself as a sacred being, and the founder of English Art; he used to talk of Reynolds's mistakes, and would describe the laws of colour that he discovered in Raphael's cartoons. Like small men generally, he had no misgivings about his theories. He knew only the rules of Art, and following these, he believed himself to be infallibly right: he had no more doubt of what he did than the carpenter has that the plumb-line is straight.

Leslie describes West as diffident, and blushing like a young girl at one of his insufficient lectures. Men of boundless conceit are often diffident when they attempt an unaccustomed thing. In the very lecture at which he blushed, he did not blush to say that he had discovered the final theory of colour,—though Titian's "Peter the Martyr" violated all its rules,—and coolly gave his theory to the students, just as he would have given a receipt for brandy pudding.

When he walked through his gallery in Newman Street, his fifty years' labours on either side staring vacantly and inanely at him, West, says Hazlitt, saw nothing "to be added or taken away." He called his "St. Paul shaking off the Serpent"—"a little burst of genius, sir;" and before a rosy billowy Rubens

said, "What a pity this man wanted expression." Envious old man! his conceit had something in it of genius. West saw nothing beyond himself: he measured the number of heads, he brought in his brown man, he counted his ribs; he divided his three groups, he put his warm colours where the light entered, and his cold where the chief white was; he attended to Le Brun, elevated and lowered his eyebrows at the proper time, and was ever smiling and happy.

An old dear friend of mine (Leigh, of Newman Street) remembered seeing the old man in his gallery,—since an Irvingite chapel, and now a dancing-room,—sitting quietly waiting for the fiery chariot and the convoy of angels—calmly certain of immortality. Yet it was a good, harmless old man; not energetically good, but still harmless—loved by at least Robert Brenning, his faithful servant; and kind to young and poor artists, to whom (to their wondrous injury) his morning doors were never shut. He had his heart pangs, too, when the Regent neglected him, and stopped the commissions the untasteful old king, his father, had given this Quaker painter.

"Put not your trust in princes,"

depend upon it, has been sighed in Newman Street with as much sincerity as David ever uttered it, when he was being hunted like a partridge on the mountains. When a witty and acute writer (Mr. C. Collins) laughs good-humouredly at the lavish benevolence with which people leave their pictures by West to the nation, he should not forget that West did good to English Art by encouraging the large historic style.

The old grey-headed painter, sitting in his gallery in Newman Street, calmly waiting for death to bring to him the crown of immortality, was an incarnation of vanity almost sublime in its self-confidence.

Can we wonder at West's vanity, when we remember that his life was one unbroken series of successes. He was a Quaker, yet a courtier; a republican by birth, yet a friend and companion of kings; a commonplace man, yet attaining the highest rank in his profession. When genius was starving, he was thriving; whoever rose or fell, West was loaded with commissions; whoever was in or out, West had his band of patrons eager to outdo the king in loading him with commissions. If ever a lucky star shone in the heavens, it shone out that hour that West, the Quaker painter, was born, to adorn the world with four hundred feeble pictures.

Let us retrace the life of the successful dull man, and discuss his claims to that oblivion, that has already blotted out so many of his pictures. He was of a Buckinghamshire stock, and one of his ancestors had ridden side by side with sturdy Hampden. It was even said by courtly heralds, that going further back, you found the Quaker's ancestry centred in a Lord Delaware, who fought under the Black Prince. Later, the family turned Quakers, and early in Charles II.'s time, emigrated to America, where the head of the family married a daughter of one of Penn's chief councillors, and on his marriage set free his negro slave, as an example to the colony.

Benjamin, "the youngest wren of nine," was born somewhat prematurely after a camp meeting, where a denouncing preacher had predicted the curses of God on France for her licentiousness, and on England for her avarice. The preacher at the mother's bed-side predicted the son's greatness, having never before produced such a result by a sermon; and at seven years old, West was found drawing in red and black ink, a portrait of his sister's child, that he had been asked to watch with a fly-flap while her mother gathered flowers. A year

later, a party of Indians stopping at his father's house, taught him the use of the bow, and gave him their war paint to colour his sketches of birds and flowers; his brushes he made from hair stolen from his father's cat. Having paint and canvas given him, he hid himself for several days, re-arranging pictures from some old engravings. The praise of a painter named Williams, and the present of Richardson's and Du Fresnoy's works, made him decide at nine years of age upon being a painter. His ambition began to show itself; he declared to every one he would be a painter, and refused to ride with a boy who announced his intention of becoming a tailor. His drawings set all the boys in Springfield drawing, and the neighbours began now to buy young West's drawings on boards.

At fifteen, a governess at a gentleman's house where he was on a visit; read to him some of the Greek and Roman poets, and set his imagination working. A lawyer's beautiful wife sat to him for a portrait, and for a friendly gunsmith he painted a picture of the "Death of Socrates;" but all this time his education stood still, and to the end of his life, even when venerable President of the Academy, and the favourite of kings, he was always shallow in information, and very uncertain in his spelling.

The time had now come when the boy's profession must be fixed on—momentous moment of boy-life! Painting had hitherto been ignored by the commercial, unimaginative Quaker sect. It was doubtful what the Friends would say to the young enthusiast's choice; but suddenly, one John Williamson got up and proposed that they should agree to "sanction the art, and encourage the youth;" God had conferred remarkable mental gifts on the boy, and those gifts could be bestowed but for a wise and good purpose.

The boy is called in, and stands in the middle of the room between his delighted father and mother. A woman speaks next, and says, that their sect had hitherto excluded painting, because it had been misused, and employed only to minister to man's sensual gratification; but they hoped that in the boy's hands it might display a lofty sentiment and devout dignity, "worthy of the contemplation of Christians." The moral purpose, we must own, was always strong in West, and in that respect he contrasts well with Reynolds, who, with ten times his talent, was rather purposeless.

Suddenly, from some momentary impulse which no cold Quakery hand restrained, West became joined to the troops of General Forbes, and accompanied the expedition sent to search for the remains of Braddock's army, that the Indians had cut to pieces in the woods. West was with Major Sir Peter Halket, some officers of the old Highland Watch, and some native scouts. They found the bones of the fallen men under the trees of a long gloomy valley, by the side of the ashes of the Indian camp-fires. Under one of the trees, a scout pointed out where Halket's father and brother fell, and removing the leaves, disclosed their skeletons. Halket recognised his father's skull by an artificial tooth, and fainted in the arms of the soldiers. A grave was dug, and the bones, swathed in a Highland plaid, were buried. Years after, West would have painted a picture of that pathetic scene, but Lord Grosvenor dissuaded him; it no doubt, however, furnished him with suggestions for his best work—"The Death of Wolfe."

Recalled home to receive the last dying blessing of the mother he loved so much, West now left his father's house and set up as portrait painter at Philadelphia, where he charged two guineas and a half for a head, and five guineas for a half length.

He now determined to visit Italy, and to collect funds for this object visited New York,

where he met with generous supporters, and at once raised his prices. He had a free passage to Leghorn given him by a flour merchant, fifty pounds to pay expenses, and numerous valuable letters of introduction. He entered Rome on a July morning, 1760.

The first American who had come to the Eternal City to study Art, became at once a lion. He was looked upon as a savage—as one of Jean Jacques Rousseau's pure minds, which are useful as children's to trace the origin of metaphysical impressions in. Blind Cardinal Albani, a great judge of intaglios, which he examined by touch, asked eagerly if West was black or white; and thirty carriagefuls of *dilettanti* accompanied the young Quaker to the Vatican, to see what effect the Apollo would have on him. Great was the company of "the preachers"—wigs shook down powder on the Vatican stones—sacques swept the avenues of St. Peter. As a signal, the doors that hid the Apollo were thrown open. Would West swoon, or would he dance for joy? No! he calmly exclaimed, "My God, a young Mohawk warrior." At first, there was a buzz of annoyance at the humiliating comparison; but when the Quaker told them how he had seen his Mohawk friends, standing in the same attitude watching the flight of their arrows, they declared it was the best criticism ever pronounced—and from that moment West had it all his own way; he was the King of the Lions.

Everything he did now served only to make him more popular. A picture hung by him anonymously in Crespi's gallery, was by Dance mistaken for Mengs, though the colour was superior. On Crespi pointing out the young artist, sitting restless and agitated, waiting for the critics' verdict, they ran and shook him by the hand, while the Italians embraced him. Mengs praised him, and advised him to travel; but a fever arising from mental anxiety coming on, kept West eleven months at Leghorn.

When he recovered, and prepared to complete his Art tour, he found that rumours of his success had reached Philadelphia, and that his kind friend the flour merchant had ordered the bank to give him unlimited credit.

Egregious vanity, sublime from the very unconsciousness of the man, was always breaking out in West. He shed tears once, when a rascally guitar player improvised some verses at a Roman coffee-house, in which he predicted the transfer of Art, through West, from the Old to the New World! The doggerel, no doubt, was prophetic, but West certainly never would be the prophet of the future Evangel. One of his great dictums about Rome in after life was, that Michael Angelo never gave "a probable character" to his works, but he found Raphael daily more "interesting, natural, and noble." The great man could afford to pat Raphael on the head, and to snub Buonarrotti. Everywhere honours and success. Parma, Bologna, and Florence, elect him into their academies. At Parma, the reigning prince gives him an audience; and in France, he stops to prophesy revolution.

A member of I do not know how many foreign academies, West, the lion of Rome, the pet of cardinals, the talented Quaker, who had dared to appear at the court of the Princes of Parma with his hat on, returned to London in 1763, to tarry a short time, and then fly home to his father's land. This clever mediocrity came at a time peculiarly favourable to a mediocrity that acknowledged no difficulties in Art, and had so many claims to public notice: Hogarth was failing, and his mind was on the lees; Reynolds had given up the dreams of high Art for the solid advantage of portrait painting; Wilson was despised, and taking to that false friend—brandy, the true *aqua mortis*; Gainsborough sought fame in landscapes, which would not sell; Barry was fretting and copy-

ing at Rome. West, with all his mediocrity, could see this; he at once took rooms in Bedford Street, Covent Garden, got introductions to Wilson the neglected, and Reynolds the prosperous, and set to work as a professed historical painter without competitors. The course was there for him to trot over; the turf was green, fresh, and without a hoof-print. His 'Angelica and Medora,' his 'Simon and Iphigenia,' and a portrait of 'General Monckton,' Wolfe's right hand at the battle of Quebec, were all "sweet poison for the age's tooth." Johnson and Burke approved his works, and the oracle of the clubs, though purblind, had a voice as eloquent to lead other men as Burke's. His clear, shallow, dull colour was new to those days of dark pictures; above all, his quiet, religious, and classic subjects, won the church and the university. Every day was a step onwards, and brought with it fresh rumours of his successes: now he was painting the touching scene of 'The Parting of Hector and Andromache,' for Dr. Newton; now the 'Return of the Prodigal Son,' for the Bishop of Worcester; now he had refused £700 a year to go down and decorate Lord Rockingham's country mansion in Yorkshire. Cold, prudent, and industrious, such a man as West could not fail to get on. With the true calmness of his nature, West yielded to the persuasions of his friends, and contrived that his intended bride should come to him from Philadelphia, instead of leaving his easel to fetch her. She came, and they were married at St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, gravely and calmly as Quakers should be, with no outburst of intemperate joy, and no visible demonstration of feeling.

But the great instrument of West's success was his zealous friend, Dr. Drummond, Archbishop of York. West listened patiently to his powerful patron, and painted for him, from a passage in Tacitus, 'Agrippina landing with the ashes of Germanicus.' The archbishop, flattered by the prudent painter's alacrity, never rested trying to benefit the young Quaker. He tried laboriously, but in vain, to raise for him £3,000, to enable him to give up portraits and take entirely to historical painting. He teased the Duke of Portland, and worried Lord Rockingham; he even obtained an audience of the young king, and told him of the genius of the devout young American. The royal mandate at last went forth: "Let me see this young painter of yours, with his 'Agrippina,' as soon as you please."

Before the archbishop could reach West's house, a lady of the court, with the mystery of an old sibyl, had brought the painter the news, though without disclosing her name. Before the door had well shut after this fair *avant courier* of good fortune, an officer of the palace arrived to summon West with his 'Agrippina' to the palace. The courtier told him the not very wise king was frank and candid, of great purity and goodness; the impression these words made on the delighted Quaker began a forty years' friendship between the king and the lucky artist.

The 'Agrippina' was admired. The king proposed "a noble Roman subject—the Departure of Regulus from Rome." The painter said it was a magnificent subject. The flattered king, won, as the archbishop had been, at once ordered it. The king helped to put the picture on the easel, and ordered the attendants out of the room. He would even have read the Regulus scene from Livy, had not that book of the history been lost. With the man of tact everything goes well, while Wilson pines in a garret, and Barry, working at gratuitous pictures, is training for starvation. At this crisis of success, various auxiliary circumstances concurred to help West on the right road.

He became renowned on the Serpentine for his skating, and Colonel Howe, who had witnessed his skill in America, brought all the *beau monde* to witness his performance. These admirers, by an easy transition, passed from admirers into patrons and sitters: everywhere in this man's life quiet tact was the lodestar of success.

Even from the quarrels of artists he obtained some benefit. West and Reynolds retired from the Society of Incorporated Artists, who had fallen out about the mode in which their exhibition profits should be spent. The sculptors said, Buy sculpture; the artists, Collect pictures; the rich neutrals, Put the money in the funds, and let it grow, sir, grow.

Quietly, velvet-footed, after his manner, West got the ear of the king. He flattered the weak, good, shallow man by encouraging him to draw up some plans for a new association, although he had given his pledge to the old society, whose manager, Kirby, had taught the young king perspective. Kirby, in his inaugural speech, assured his colleagues of the king's indifference to the seceders. He little knew the thunderbolt that was forging for him by the quiet, smooth-tongued, respectable intriguer.

One day West is painting on 'Regulus,' the king and queen looking on, smiling their royal approval. Mr. Kirby is announced. There are whispers in German, as Mr. Kirby is admitted, and introduced to the young American.

Kirby, half-alarmed, affecting an air of patronage and indifference, turned to the king, and said—"Why, your Majesty never mentioned this work to me. Ha! Who made the frame? It is not made by your Majesty's workmen; it ought to have been made by the royal carver and gilder."

Calmly and coldly, as only royalty, when below freezing-point, can be, the king replied—"Kirby, whenever you are able to paint such a picture as this, your friend shall make the frame."

Kirby gets redder and more alarmed; he must try conciliation. "I hope, Mr. West, that you intend to exhibit this picture." What a smile expands the mouth and widens the eyes of Kirby!

Says West, scarcely looking from his picture—"It is painted for the palace, and the exhibition must depend upon his Majesty's pleasure."

Both Kirby and West mean what they say—not for each other, but for the king. The king breaks in here and says—"Assuredly, I shall be very happy to let the work be shown to the public."

Kirby is now getting into smoother water; he presses his advantage by continuing the flattery. "Then, Mr. West, you will send it to my exhibition?"

Miserable man, now comes your *coup de grace*, as the king sternly answers for his silent *protégé*—"No; it must go to my exhibition—to the Royal Academy."

Kirby bowed and retired; when he died shortly after, no one could decide whether he died of old age or of mortification and broken heart. When the Royal Academy opened at Somerset House, West's 'Regulus' was the sun of the room.

West, being now the first English historical painter, began to sweep away some of the conventions of the art he had embraced, and doing that was the chief good he ever did. In his 'Death of Wolfe,' bought by Lord Grosvenor, he abandoned classic dress, and clothed the Indians and soldiers daringly in the costume of his own time. The opposition at first was alarming, but common sense prevailed. The king refused to purchase; Reynolds and the Archbishop of York came to entreat him not to run any risk of losing the public



he had just begun to win. What Kemble did years after for the stage, West did now for Art.

He silenced Reynolds and friend by the simple but obvious argument—America was unknown to Greece and Rome, and their costume was obsolete. The classic dress he confessed was picturesque, but to introduce it would be to gain in grace and lose in sentiment. He wanted to paint truth, not fiction; and to mark the place, time, and people.

They went away, and returned again. Reynolds, after half an hour's thought before the canvas, rose and said, "West has conquered; this picture will occasion a revolution in Art!" At this time he was not so jealous of West as he afterwards became.

West was now famous, and the royal commissions kept him in incessant work. You may still see the dreary pictures of the mediocre man in the quiet rooms at Hampton Court, where they rest as in almshouses—old, invalided, and now almost forgotten candidates for immortality. There is Epaminondas dying, and Chevalier Bayard, in grievously inaccurate costume, following suit; Cyrus liberating the King of Armenia's family, and somebody and his daughter (rather Guelphic in face) being brought before Germanicus.

West was always at the royal ear, to flatter and propitiate. When the king grew tired of the *Iliad*, he painted subjects from English history and the Bible. He was always quietly stimulating his royal patron to fresh orders, and persuading him that the suggestions arose in his own mind.

When the king grew tired of the classics, West lamented that the Italians, in painting perpetually the miracles and triumphs of saints, had neglected their national history. The king instantly proposed that West should decorate St. George's Hall, Windsor, with seven scenes from Froissart. They are weak vanities, that the tamest eclectic of the Caracci school would have disdained to produce. But the colour is clear, and reasonably pure; and they are full of West's calm, dull, self-confidence; yet at the best are only fit for an hotel or a concert-room. O tact, tact,—thy worldly triumphs are greater than those of genius. Weary of Froissart, and the posture-making knights, West proposed to the king to decorate his chapel with a series of pictures showing the Progress of Revealed Religion. The king, flattered by the disinterested fidelity of his American painter, consented to consult a council of bishops as to whether it was right for Protestants to introduce religious paintings into their churches. The king remembered the Reformers' horror of paintings and the Puritans' dislike; the subject was a debatable one then, as it is now.

But when kings ask advice, they ask only to get confirmation of their own opinions; the bishops answered as the king wished. Bishop Hurd, as their spokesman, said that "They had examined Mr. West's thirty-six subjects, and that not one of them but might be treated in a way that even a Quaker might contemplate with edification."

The king was offended; for it is said in youth he had fallen in love with a Quaker girl (Hannah Lightfoot), and he loved West because he was of the same sect. The king replied tartly to the bowing bishop, "The Quakers are a body of Christians, for whom I have a high respect. I love their peaceful tenets, and their benevolence to one another; and but for the obligations of birth, I would be a Quaker." The snubbed bishop bowed, as Kirby had done before, and retired.

The Du Bartas of painting, the dull prolific man, went to work at the series of thirty-six Scripture pictures, as he would have done to decorate St. Paul's, or adorn all the palaces of

England with frescoes: calmly, confidently, dully, he went to work—finally achieving twenty-eight out of the series, and netting £21,700; no bad reward for mediocrity! What Leonardo, and Raphael, and Michael Angelo had done, he did with all the tameness of Carlo Dolce, and the tedious equality of Guido's old age; and to these great works and great profits we must add a series of royal portraits, for which he received two thousand guineas.

Even the American war only rooted West deeper in the favour of the king; for he then became the royal gossip, and the chief source of information as to the character and doings of Washington and his brave colleagues.

He told his stories of his Indian masters in painting, and of the finding the Halkets' bones. I have no doubt, till every footman in the palace knew them by heart. West, who considered himself favoured by heaven, believed that his communications were of the deepest importance to the king, and began to think himself a privy councillor all but in name.

Can we wonder that on Reynolds's death West succeeded him as President of the Royal Academy; and that tame lectures, stuffed with flowery truisms, were applauded by lads who really considered their president, as Fuseli did, an old woman? Weak, cold common sense is but heavy porridge for the young mind; but the students were dazzled by his court influence,—and, luckily for West, attendance is all but compulsory at academic lectures.

Steadily, unruffled went on West, with his cold dignity, his commendable industry, his diplomatic reserve, and his ungenerous, respectable coldness, safe and prudent to the last. It was thought wonderful of the great man to attend Gainsborough's funeral; and that such attendance should be thought wonderful proves him cold and selfish, for the dead was neither poor nor unknown; and by the side of a friend's grave one's own small ambitions appear but trivial things at the best. Barry might starve in his Castle Street den; Wilson die broken-hearted; Procter and Deane perish in their prime: nothing ruffled the calm serenity of West's vanity. Silent, easy, grave, and sedate, he waited for the certain immortality, and walked his gallery as if the halo were already luminous round his brow: a living statue, he moved about imperturbable and content. Jostling nobody, yet fenced in from all rivalry, his life moved on calmly as a summer's day. From Newman Street to Windsor and back he glided—a saintly courtier moving in a frozen atmosphere no accident could thaw. A flatterer and a friend of the king's youth, he was fixed immovably in royal favour.

There is every reason to suppose that West, like Haydon, might have better succeeded had he lowered his ambition. In simple *genre* subjects West might have left a permanent name. Leslie speaks highly of the picture of his family, which he had seen when a boy in a print-shop window in Philadelphia. He calls it the most original of his works—which is not saying much—and praises its nature and simplicity. Everything in it is individual, characteristic, and essential; its masses of light and dark are broad and strong. Afterwards West painted too fast—away from nature—on subjects his imagination could not reproduce; and he spoiled everything by throwing over it the sham classical wet-blanket. The picture represents the Quaker relatives paying their first visit to Mrs. West after the birth of her child. John West and his eldest son keep on their hats. They are all sitting in silent meditation for a moment, till the old man shall rise, remove his hat, and offer up a prayer for the mother and infant.

A gentle flatterer, West knew well how to propitiate foolish and great people, though they might be kings. Even when he had

introduced that great reform into English Art—the introduction of modern costume into historical pictures—when Reynolds and the archbishop were all running about aghast, and asking each other's opinion, West was wise enough to let the king question him about his artistic schism. West's answers were mere common sense, and what every one now thinks, but in that conventional age they were thought wisdom.

We may laugh at all this, but we must remember that though wigs were foolish things, he was a brave, wise man who dared first burn his wig and wear his own hair, and he deserves a statue in the Abbey as much as half of them. King George, repenting too late, bought a copy of the picture that Lord Grosvenor had purchased. He filled his palaces with West's rubbish. West listened to all the fancies of his royal patron, and painted everything tamely, coldly, with the same dull faces and incorrect costume, careless of the envy of Reynolds's friends at the Quaker's monopoly of royal patronage.

He amused the king as projecting builders do some men—humoured his slightest fancy, and made him pleased at believing he had a taste, so that Art, after all, was rather an expensive hobby of the poor king, and somewhat (considering West's talent) a proof of incipient insanity. West was a rich Sir Oracle, the friend of princes, the man whom the world delighted unjustly to honour; though all the time, as even his obliged friend Haydon ferociously yet truly said, "In drawing his style was beggarly, skinny, and mean; his light and shadow scattered, his colour brick-dust, his women without beauty,—not one single picture to delight the taste, imagination, or the heart: the block machine at Portsmouth could be taught to paint as well."

West remained after, as before, his dignity, meek yet dignified, unobtrusive yet good-naturedly self-satisfied. Every day early, work from ten till four; dress, dine, see visitors, and work again. Such was the even tenour of the self-deceived old man's way.

I sometimes indeed think that West's pride was scarcely inferior to his self-conceit, for he refused knighthood from the king, thinking "a more permanent title" more desirable.

When the dark veil fell over the king, a cloud fell suddenly on West's fortune. It was like an axe falling on his neck. His income ceased, his pictures were stopped,—all owing he thought to Queen Charlotte's anger at his visiting Napoleon in 1802, or, as some persons guessed, to the wish to make up the Duke of York's income. These suspensions, however, were after many relapses and returns of income. In vain the Nestor of Art protested that the suspension of his work would injure the national Art; the patronage never returned again in full flow. Things went badly with West after this. Neither Fox, Pitt, nor Percival redeemed their promises of aiding an Art association West wished to found. The times were too busy to think of Art.

Perpetually opposed at the Academy by Lee, West retired, and gave way to Wyatt, the architect, though he was afterwards re-elected. Yet still through all the old man remained bland, unruffled, self-satisfied; and, painting his 'Christ healing the Sick,' received three thousand guineas for it from the British Institution. A copy of it he sent to Philadelphia to adorn a hospital, after its exhibition had helped to collect funds for its erection. On he went painting large unsaleable historical pictures, till one day Death entered the studio, and called the old man gently from his peaceful art, where he had long been waiting the summons. He went, as he believed, to be a crowned demigod of Art, but his first step was down deep into the darkness of oblivion.



## THE ARCHITECTURAL MUSEUM.

THE Report of the Committee of the House of Commons upon the "South Kensington Museum," which has been recently laid before the public, contains some evidence on that particular collection now at South Kensington, known as the "ARCHITECTURAL MUSEUM." We desire to invite the attention of our readers to the more striking parts of this evidence, and at the same time we gladly avail ourselves of a consistent opportunity for introducing into our pages a general notice of the Architectural Museum itself.

This Museum was established early in the year 1852, by a number of professional architects, with whom a few gentlemen, who felt a warm interest in architecture, were associated, their main object being to form such a collection of casts, models, specimens, &c., as would be best calculated to facilitate the studies of Art-workmen in all the arts subsidiary to and connected with architecture. The hope was also entertained by its projectors, that this Architectural Museum might supply one great and definite deficiency which then existed in our public Art-collections—viz., that they did not take cognizance of the Arts of the Middle Ages, except in a trifling and casual manner. To Gothic Art the chief promoters of the Architectural Museum were heartily devoted; and, while it should comprehend all styles within the range of its collections, the Gothic was the style which they determined should predominate in their museum. Thus the Architectural Museum was projected and formed with the view to bring together, under a single roof in London, fac-simile models of great architectural works, which might be studied with comparative ease by artist-workmen, whose means and opportunities would preclude the possibility of their travelling either in England or in foreign countries, for the purpose of examining and studying the original productions of the great architects of past times. If the museum should also exert a beneficial influence upon the public at large, by extending a practical acquaintance with the greatest of the Arts, its founders would experience a two-fold satisfaction. In both their primary and their secondary object, we cordially sympathise with the gentlemen who undertook the enterprise of forming the Architectural Museum. With them, we always desire to facilitate the opportunities that artist-workmen may command for really advantageous study; nor are we less anxious to promote any institution which may be the means of rendering the Arts generally better understood, and, therefore, more adequately appreciated.

In the first instance, the Architectural Museum had its home in a veritable hayloft, still existing, and now well stored with hay and straw, in the immediate neighbourhood of Westminster Bridge, and close to the Duke of Buccleuch's new mansion. Here, in this quaint and most unarchitectural *habitat*, the museum worked with quiet steadiness till the year 1855. The place was easy of access, even though the ascent was by an external ladder. The collections also, notwithstanding the fact of their being stowed away amongst rough beams, were readily available for the use of students. The lectures, however inconvenient both the room and the seats, were popular; they were earnest and practical, and they told well with the audience. And when the committee gave their annual conversazione, and courteous Earl de Grey, the President of the Museum, wearing the Insignia of the Garter, received the guests,—many of them ladies habited (as they supposed) after a fashion exactly in harmony with an earl's saloons,—the old hayloft, with its multitudinous array of solemn casts, brightened up and proved quite

equal to the occasion, and every one present was sure to declare the whole affair a complete success—they had enjoyed even the very strangeness of the thing.

But there was one element of success which did not attend the efforts of the committee—they were unable to obtain an adequate income. The income they did raise proved to be just sufficient to meet the yearly expenditure: but the original expenses were never cleared off. Application was eventually made for aid from the Government, and in 1855 the sum of £100 was granted as a subscription for the following year. This grant was not repeated. In its stead a proposition was made to the Museum Committee, to transfer their collections to the new museum buildings then just completed, and in readiness for use, at South Kensington. The "Department of Science and Art" offered to give space in their new museum, rent-free, for the architectural collections; and they also undertook the removal at their own cost. After much consideration, and as much hesitation, this offer was accepted. The Museum Committee ceased to pay their £100 per annum rent for the hayloft, and their casts and other collections migrated to South Kensington. Of course, the Architectural Museum at South Kensington was to conform to the general system of South Kensington administration, the original Committee of the Museum retaining a somewhat indefinite and precarious jurisdiction of their own. The arrangement for this removal, we must add, was made for three years; at the expiration of which space of time the South Kensington authorities might give notice to the Museum Committee to seek another resting-place, or the committee were free to remove their collections in accordance with their own pleasure.

Without now adverting to the effect of its sojourn at South Kensington upon the Architectural Museum, any further than simply to state that the removal was unquestionably a mistake,—a mistake made by the committee with the best of motives, and under a confident expectation of highly beneficial results, but still a mistake,—we find that the three probationary years have passed away, and the South Kensington authorities are no longer willing to provide galleries for the architectural collections, *unless the entire collections should be made over on loan to the Department, together with the whole and absolute management of them.* That is to say, the "Department" wish to have the Architectural Museum, provided they are at liberty to deal with it after their own fashion; and provided, also, they are altogether liberated from any such body as the Architectural Museum Committee. It would be difficult to conceive conditions that involve more strangely inconsistent effects. The Architectural Museum Committee consists of professional architects and gentlemen, all of them most anxious to render the museum in the highest degree efficient for realizing its objects; all of them thoroughly competent to fulfil most effectually their voluntary, gratuitous, and self-imposed task; and all of them willing to co-operate cordially with the "Department." The services of such a committee the "Department" could not purchase. And yet the "Department" makes the surrender of their collections by this committee, and the virtual dissolution of the committee itself, the conditions upon which alone the Architectural Museum should continue at South Kensington. It is alleged that the architectural collections are "too heavy" to be placed with safety in a gallery of the present museum buildings; and, also, that these collections contain some duplicate specimens, and some specimens of questionable value; while another objection to the museum is raised upon the ground of its Gothic character. Mr. G. G. Scott, in his

examination before the Parliamentary Committee, in the most satisfactory and conclusive manner replied to every question that was put to him on these points. He showed that the museum, being composed of a group of independent collections, necessarily contained both duplicates and inferior examples; and he as completely disposed of the Gothic objection. Nothing would be easier than to remove both duplicates and worthless examples: nor would there be the slightest difficulty, *so long as the Architectural Museum should continue under the control and direction of its own committee, to render it a faithful (and only a faithful) exponent of Gothic art.*

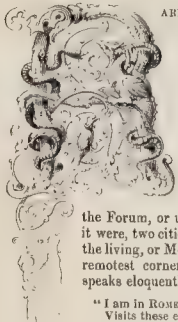
What, however, may eventually prove to be the actual result of the parliamentary inquiry at the present time must be held to be purely conjectural. Mr. Scott's evidence, accordingly, and all the evidence, may lead (and it is highly probable that it will lead) to nothing whatever, beyond the impression it may produce upon the public. We are content that it should be so. This evidence, in the matter of the Architectural Museum, carries its own weight with it; and it goes direct to the point about which the entire museum question, as a public question, now turns. It is not the formation of public museums, and the gathering together of collections, at the cost of the nation, that we now need to consider; but the manner in which our existing museums, with their collections, are to be made instrumental for the public advantage. In the case of the Architectural Museum, the real question is this:—How is it to be made most useful for conveying instruction in architecture? Is this end to be best accomplished by transferring the architectural collections from the Museum Committee to the "Department," or by retaining the services of the Museum Committee and strengthening their hands? We are quite prepared with replies to our own questions. By all means, we say, keep the Committee of Architects, and enable them to make their museum a National Architectural Museum. There can be no doubt as to the importance, and the interest also, of an architectural museum that is thoroughly worthy of its name. Architecture—an art in which everybody has a direct interest, because everybody sees the edifices that arise on all sides as time passes onwards—is the least understood of the Arts. The time is come for the inauguration of a better era. We want to have architecture understood, and we want to understand architecture. The Museum Committee constitute the nucleus of precisely such an administrative body, as is pre-eminently qualified to communicate the desired information; and in their museum they possess the best possible agency for teaching their great art. But the committee want means—they give their time, their experience, and their intelligence. And the museum, already rich in its collections, wants an appropriate building in which it may be at home—a building devoted to itself, which will keep the various architectural collections in safety, and will admit of their being arranged in becoming classification and order; a building, also, that is both easy of access, and is under the control only of the men who are identified with architecture as a living art.

We cannot consider that the cost will be great, or the difficulty of obtaining funds insurmountable. Surely, the nation which so liberally sustains "the Department of Science and Art at South Kensington," will not be altogether a niggard when so useful an institution as this is to be supported—or *abandoned!* For very possibly there may be this lamentable issue to a great experiment, which has been so far tried with a result very beneficial indeed—not alone to artisans, but to architects; and not only to them, but to the public.



## ROME, AND HER WORKS OF ART.

PART X.—RAFFAELLE—No. 5.



ARELY, if ever, does history afford a parallel case to that of Rome in the long continuance of the celebrity which is attached to the name of that city. For considerably more than two thousand years has she been conspicuous among the nations of the earth for the exercise of her powers, social and political. The fame acquired by her arms in the earlier period of her annals—those of the republic and the empire—has been sustained by the reputation achieved by her artists under the papal government, and men visit Rome now quite as much to see the works of these great men as to wander among the noble fragments of the Forum, or under the shadow of the Coliseum. There are, as it were, two cities,—one of the dead, or Ancient Rome, and one of the living, or Modern Rome; each worthy of a pilgrimage from the remotest corner of the world, for each has that to show which speaks eloquently to the thoughtful and intellectual mind.

"I am in Rome! Oh as the morning ray  
Visits these eyes, waking at once I cry,  
Whence this excess of joy? what has befallen me?  
And from within a thrilling voice replies,  
Thou art in Rome! A thousand busy thoughts  
Rush on my mind—a thousand images,  
And I spring up as girt to run a race."—ROGERS.

Is it an unwarrantably bold assumption to put forth that if the "imperial city" had no other magnetic power than the works of Raffaele, Rome would yet be a great object of attraction to thousands? Such is our opinion; for, where the largest number of pictures by the hand of the greatest painter the world ever saw are congregated, thither every true lover of Art would, if able, find his way.

We have followed him—though, it must be acknowledged, in a very erratic manner, and without any chronological order—to examine some of his most celebrated productions; there are many more to which our attention might be profitably directed had we space to devote to them, but we can find room for a few only.

In the *predella*, or frieze, under the picture of 'The Entombment of Christ' (vide p. 264, ante), Raffaele painted three subjects—'Faith,' 'Hope,' and 'Charity,' symbolical of the Christian virtues; the last of these, 'CHARITY,' is

engraved on this page. They were executed, as we have already said when writing of the principal, at a comparatively early date, and consequently have much of a Peruginesque character; but there is a deep religious sentiment visible throughout. The composition of 'Charity' is similar to that so frequently adopted by Raffaele in his later pictures of the Madonna; but the expression of the woman's face suggests grief rather than love and tenderness. On each side is a nude boy, or what the French call a *genie*; one of them is pouring out, presumably at the foot of Charity, a quantity of gold; the other bears on his head a bowl filled with flames of fire,—both emblematical of the virtue represented. This *predella* was carefully preserved in the church of the Convent of S. Francesco dei Conventuali, at Perugia, till the invasion of Italy by the French, when it was carried by them to Paris; on the restoration of peace it was sent back, and is now in one of the apartments in the Vatican.

The figure of 'RELIGION,' on the next page, is another of the series of allegorical representations to which reference was made in a preceding number, when speaking of the figure of 'Truth': she holds in each hand a tablet, one inscribed in Latin with the first verse of the Gospel of St. Matthew, the other a verse in Hebrew from Genesis; each respectively significant of the Christian and Mosaic dispensations. The figure is highly devotional in character, and graceful as a composition.

To return once more to the Vatican. During the pontificate of Leo IV., in the middle of the ninth century, an extensive conflagration broke out in that part of the city known as Borgo Vecchio, or the Città Leonina, after its founder. The old Basilica of St. Peter's had a short time previously narrowly escaped destruction by a Saracenic army which attacked and plundered it; and now the fire threatened to consume it, for the Borgo adjoined the cathedral, towards which the flames were rapidly advancing. At this juncture, as tradition says, the pope appeared in the Loggia Pontificale of the Vatican, and arrested their progress by elevating his crucifix. It is this story which Raffaele selected for one of the decorations in the hall of the Vatican, called Torre Borgia. In addition to this picture of the 'BURNING OF BORGO' there are three others, all of them in the same chamber, which is popularly known as the Stanza of the Incendio del Borgo: they are executed in fresco, and illustrate events that occurred during the pontificates of Leo III. and Leo IV., and which are assumed to have especial reference to the power and glory of the head of the Romish church.

In the 'Burning of Borgo' Raffaele sought to represent the calamity not so much by showing the devastation resulting from the fire, as by the terror and confusion it occasioned among the inhabitants of the locality. The cause of all this consternation is sufficiently apparent in the smoke and flames visible on both sides of the composition; but these seem to have occupied only a secondary



CHARITY.

place in the artist's mind. The picture is an appeal to the sympathies of the spectator rather than to his regret at the destruction of many noble edifices. The foremost group on the left is a young man carrying off his old father; the two figures recall the story of Æneas and Anchises, referred to in Shakespeare's play of "Julius Cæsar," where Cassius informs Brutus how he once rescued his imperial master from the "troubled Tiber:"—

"I, as Æneas, our great ancestor,  
Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder  
The old Anchises bear, so from the waves of Tiber  
Did I the tired Cæsar."

By the side of the young man is a boy, probably his brother, and behind them a female, who, doubtless, forms one of the same family. Further on, a man is letting himself down from a house, and a woman is handing a child from a window into the arms of its father, who stands on tip-toe to receive it. The majority of these figures are entirely nude, one is partially clothed, and others have their garments in their hands, all indicating the rapidity with which the conflagration is progressing, and the eagerness of the inhabitants to escape. To the right numerous figures are attempting to extinguish the fire,—some of the women carry water in large vases, which they pass up to those who are on the

burning edifice: the foremost of these females is very noble in conception. In the centre is a group of women and children uniting the two sides of the composition: the nearest of the group is stretching forth her hands—the action is partially repeated by a woman a little further off—towards the pope, who stands, as we have already intimated, in the Loggia of the Vatican, and, by his prayers, arrests the flames. At the base of the edifice a multitude of persons are imploring the pontiff's aid and intercession.

This picture, as containing the greatest number of nude figures to be found in any painting by Raffaele, gave rise to much controversy among the old Italian writers upon Art, who disputed whether he or Michel Angelo was most eminent in drawing the nude. The question has long been settled by more recent writers; in fact, one can scarcely understand how it could have arisen, except through partisanship, for a comparison can scarcely be instituted between the two, so diverse are the excellences of each—the one was the master of anatomical expression, the other of grace and feeling. Their relative merits are well defined by De Quincy, who says:—"There is no question that the nude, in the figures of 'The Incendio di Borgo,' with all the beauty of form, of proportion, and of detail, which so powerfully recommend them, is still very far from possessing the muscular learning, the precision of outline, the harmony of

movements, which form the merit (for the most part the sole and exclusive merit) of Michel Angelo's figures. . . . But if Raffaele, as a draughtsman, did not attain that profundity of learning or that energy of stroke which characterises Michel Angelo, it was, as we have already seen, because it was the gifted nature of his genius to comprehend in drawing, to seek in it and to achieve, that which Michel Angelo never thought of requiring from it. To explain what I mean in a word,—if Michel Angelo had painted, in the same class of composition, 'The Incendio di Borgo,' he would most unquestionably have presented in it more learned studies of the nude; but would there have been as much and as learned expression, thoughts as full of pathos, situations as interesting?" This definition conveys to our mind the same ideas as those we have just expressed in fewer words.

The three other pictures in this apartment, to which reference has been made, are—'The Justification of Pope Leo III. before Charlemagne,' 'The Coronation of Charlemagne by Leo III.,' and 'The Victory of Leo IV., with the combined forces of Southern Europe, over the Saracens, at Ostia, A.D. 849.' In the first of these, the pope is represented in the midst of the court and high ecclesiastical dignitaries, swearing on the altar that he is innocent of the calumnies with which his enemies have charged him. The pope's face is a portrait of Leo X., Raffaele's patron, and that of Charlemagne is represented by the portrait of Francis I. It is extremely doubtful whether Raffaele had much to do with this work, for, although it bears evidence of genius of no inconsiderable order, its merits are not of the kind, either in conception or execution, which his compositions generally manifest. 'The Coronation of Charlemagne,' a ceremony that took place in the old basilica of St. Peter's, is decidedly of a higher character; but in this, as well as in the third also, the part taken by Raffaele admits of question. The Charlemagne fresco is full of figures, the group of the pope crowning the emperor being the finest in the composition, "and, as may readily be supposed, the most important in reference to the temporal power of the popes—a circumstance which probably suggested the subject." The pope and emperor, as in the first-named picture, are portraits of Leo X. and the

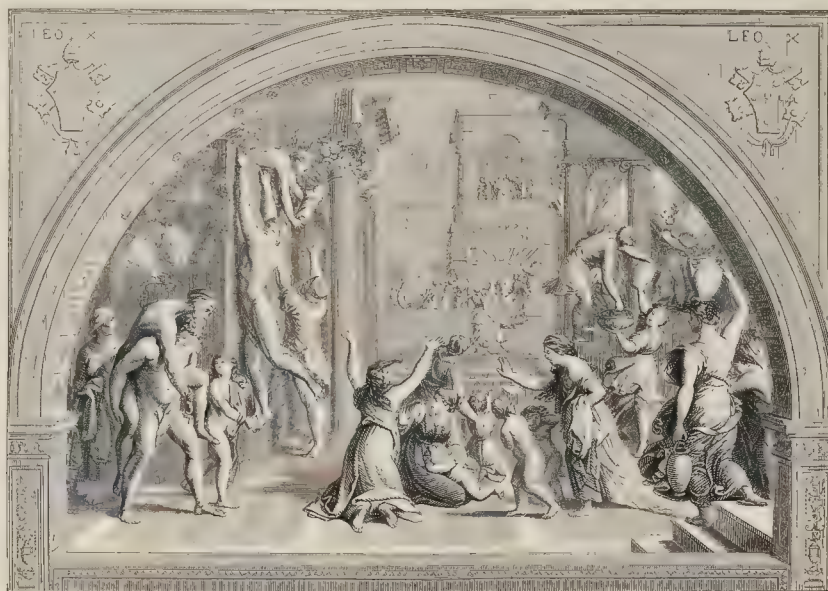
Emperor Francis. 'The Victory at Ostia' is said to have been painted by Giovanni da Udine from Raffaele's designs. The subject was very appropriate to the circumstances of the times. A former Pope Leo had, with the aid of Heaven, obtained over the enemies of Christianity a victory whose remembrance

was well adapted to reanimate the zeal of the Christian princes against the Crescent. In the age of Raffaele, the spirit of Mohammedan conquest was still in full vigour; but very lately the Ottoman fleet had menaced Italy, and more especially the coasts of the Papal States. It was in order to protect Europe once more from her implacable foe, that the policy of Leo applied itself to combine the efforts of the emperor and of the King of France. The picture we are speaking of represents the pope invoking the aid of Heaven. "Prayer is the only weapon employed by the pontiff, but it is successful—his solicitations are heard. The vessels seen in the background sufficiently apprise the spectator that the battle has taken place at sea—a fact still more manifestly expressed by the barque from which captives are landing." Other groups of Moslem prisoners are led before the pope, and fall at his feet. The portrait of Leo X. again figures in the person of Leo IV., and the heads of the cardinals standing behind him are those of Cardinal Bibbiena and Cardinal Giulio de Medici, afterwards Clement VII. We here see carried on the system adopted in previous works, of selecting old subjects from the history of the Holy See, and skilfully adapting them to contemporary events, or of allusively placing the portraits of living men on the shoulders of ancient historical characters.

The adjoining apartment to that of which mention has just been made, is called the Sala di Constantino, from its containing four frescoes illustrating events in the life of Constantine, the first Christian emperor; the object of Leo, at whose suggestion they were painted, being, as in the former instances, to illustrate the history, legendary or truthful, of the early Christian church. The first and most important of the four works is 'THE VICTORY OF CONSTANTINE OVER MAXENTIUS,' in the year 317. It is also said to be the largest historical picture ever painted. Raffaele, however, only prepared the designs; the work was not executed till after his death, and then by the hand of Giulio Romano.



RELIGION.



THE BURNING OF BORGO.

We have introduced an engraving of by far the larger part of the composition, but, owing to its great length, were reluctantly compelled to cut off a portion of each side, to bring it within the compass of our pages. An opinion prevails, having its origin in the writings of some of the Italian critics, that the compo-

sition of Raffaele was not carried out with integrity. "If the honour of the free and bold execution of this grand subject is really due to Giulio Romano, we must yield to Raffaele that of the grandest historical composition which exists in painting. In the original design, this vast scene of battle was conceived still



more numerous in figures, more varied in its aspects. The background represented a range of mountains, at the foot of which detached bodies of the two armies were fighting—features that, amplifying the subject, would have contributed to give it a larger extent to the eye. Giulio Romano, in his execution, has suppressed several of these details. He seems to have applied himself to render the composition more crowded, more compact, to give it the appearance of a closer engagement. He has accordingly been reproached with having compressed his battle in one straight line, too much like that which sculpture, from the limited nature of its means, was compelled, in ancient art, to represent upon bas-relief, producing but a restricted image of the subject." In these remarks De Quincy follows the opinion of previous writers; no other authority could, in fact, be adduced, for so far as we know, none of the drawings for the fresco are in existence.

Constantine defeated Maxentius at the Ponte Molle, on the Tiber, in the environs of Rome. To describe the action as represented in this grand painting, is not an easy—nay, it is almost an impossible—task, for the composition exhibits a multitude of warriors, so mingled together in the fury of the fray, according to the system which prevailed in ancient warfare, where a general combat was little else than a series of personal encounters, hand to hand, that the various groups can scarcely be separated. It emphatically realizes the language of the prophet Isaiah,—“Every battle of the warrior is with confused noise, and garments rolled in blood.” Raffaele's object seems to have been, not so much to divide the interest of the subject, by directing the attention to

particular groups of combatants, though there are many to which it might be drawn, as to combine them into one vast and grand whole. Belloni says that he “appears to have been borne along by the energy of the warriors he painted, and to have carried his pencil into the fight.” It is almost marvellous, and it shows the versatility of his genius, to see the mind that could originate, and the hand that could portray, those sweet angelic Madonnas and meek-visaged disciples of Him whose mission was to proclaim “peace on earth, good will to all mankind,” in pictures which even now men gaze upon till they almost worship them—it is strange, we say, to see the self-same faculties at work, and with equal success, on a subject in which all the passions of our fiercer natures, and all our physical powers, are called into active life.

The principal figure in the picture is Constantine, mounted on a white charger whose energetic action is as significant of courage as is that of his rider. Hovering over the head of the emperor are three angels, symbolizing the aid and protection vouchsafed by heaven to the first Christian monarch. One body of the army of Maxentius is driven into the Tiber, another division is retreating in confusion over a bridge in the distance to the right—it is not seen in our engraving; on the left the battle still rages fiercely, men and horses mingled together in one vast  *mêlée* , both sides fighting with that indomitable perseverance and bravery which the Romans often evinced even in the days of their assumed decadence. The attitudes of these various figures, the style in which they are grouped, so to speak, the extraordinary development of physical vigour and action, and the admirable manner in which they



THE VICTORY OF CONSTANTINE OVER MAXENTIUS

are drawn, cannot be too highly praised. It is not difficult to recognise in all this Raffaele's close study of the ancient bas-reliefs in Rome, and of antique sculptures generally. De Quincy is of opinion that the bas-reliefs of the battles of Trajan on the arch of Constantine, with those of the column of Trajan, guided him in the design, as a whole, as well as in the separate parts and details: yet no one would charge the artist with direct plagiarism, though we may perceive imitations.

The next in importance of the pictures in the Sala di Constantino is 'Constantine's Miraculous Vision of the Cross,' like the picture just described, it is supposed to have been executed by Giulio Romano, from Raffaele's designs, but the two works will scarcely bear comparison, making every allowance for the vast difference in the subjects; the inferiority of the 'Vision' is probably due to the variations made by Romano from the original design. The composition, which is founded even more on the antique than the former fresco, represents Constantine haranguing his troops in front of his tent: his eyes are directed upwards, where is seen a radiant cross, borne by three young angels; at a short distance from them are the well-known words, in Greek letters, "In this conquer." The background exhibits some of the principal Roman monuments, and numerous soldiers are hastening forward towards the tent of the general, at whose feet are two young men, carrying his arms, and on the other side, the figure of a dwarf, who with both hands endeavours to place a helmet on his head. The remaining two pictures in the apartment are 'The Baptism

of Constantine by St. Silvester,' painted by Francesco Penni, and 'Constantine's Gift of Rome to the Pope,' by Raffaele del Colle.

The engraving of 'THE PROPHETS JONAH AND HOSEA' is from a painting in the Church of S. Maria della Pace. We have, in preceding chapters, spoken of Raffaele's works in this edifice, and have introduced illustrations of them (*vide* pages 75 and 201); the engraving on the latter page represents the prophets Daniel and David, with which subject this is meant to correspond. The compositions are very similar, in each one figure is seated, the other standing, with an angel behind them, suggesting the idea of a messenger sent from heaven with prophetic tidings. The inscription on the tablet held by Jonah, has reference to his resuscitation from his living tomb, and typifies also the resurrection of Christ. The face of Hosea is turned upwards, and he holds a tablet in his hand, waiting, as it would seem, for some communication from above to be written on it. There is a grandeur in the attitudes of these three figures, and a richness in the disposition of the draperies, which cannot be surpassed; the latter quality is, perhaps, carried too far, for the extreme fulness of their robes, indicated by numerous folds, makes them appear unnaturally heavy, and such as one would scarcely expect to see worn by the inhabitants of an eastern country.

But we must return to the Vatican for an examination of the originals of the two following engravings, which complete the series of illustrations from the works of Raffaele in Rome. The second apartment in the *suite* known as the



Stanza of Raffaele, is called the Stanza of Heliodorus. It contains on the walls four frescoes of a large size, illustrating the triumphs of the Church over her enemies, and the miracles, real or assumed, by which her doctrines were substantiated. The first of these pictures is 'The Expulsion of Heliodorus from the Temple'—the subject which gives its name to the apartment; the second, 'The Miracle of Bolsena'; the third, 'Attila, King of the Huns, driven back from the Gates of Rome'; and the fourth, 'The Deliverance of St. Peter.' Our attention must be specially directed to the last two.

In the early part of the sixteenth century Raffaele's patron, Leo X., succeeded, by means of his allies, and especially of the Swiss, in driving the forces of Louis XII. of France out of Italy, the states of Milan being the last of their possessions which they were compelled to evacuate. It was this circumstance the artist proposed to commemorate in his allegorical composition of 'ATTILA,' who is thus made to personify the French monarch. The legends of the Romish church state that when Attila was about to attack Rome, in the middle of the fifth century, St. Peter and St. Paul appeared to him, and foretold his utter defeat if he should presume to enter a city sanctified as the residence of the apostolic successor; the historical fact being that the then pope, Leo I., went out to meet the enemy, and by entreaty and threats of

Divine anger induced him to withdraw his barbaric hordes from the walls of Rome. Raffaele's design embodies both stories. The pope (whose features are those of Leo X.) and his retinue occupy the left side of the picture; their costume is that of the period in which it was painted. Hovering over them in the air, and with their faces towards the army of the Huns, are the two apostles, armed with swords, as if about to slay their leader. The right side of the composition is occupied by the invaders, a countless host, defiling through a gorge of the mountains towards the Campagna of Rome. In the centre is Attila on horseback, his attention and progress arrested by the miraculous vision. De Quincy assumes what seems to be an improbability, that Attila only sees the apostles, for he says, "He is struck with a terror, the cause of which is known only to himself, but the sympathetic effect of which spreads and communicates itself to the soldiers. It is an irresistible effect, as that of a repellant action, which, like a contrary wind, turns back and agitates the banners in signal of retreat. All are about to retrace their steps; the trumpeters have already turned their backs; the agitated army looks like a vast sea driven about by contrary currents; the entire army yields to the retrograde movement. Nothing can be more remarkable than this contradiction between the general impulsion of the mass and the repulsion experienced by each individual member of it." A striking contrast is presented by the two groups: that of the pope and his train is in perfect repose, even to the expression of their faces; almost the only weapon, if so it may be called, with which they are armed, is an uplifted cross. The Hunnish horsemen, on the contrary, are full of movement—bold, wild, and animated. The appearance of St. Peter and St. Paul is absolutely necessary to support the artist's treatment of the subject. We read in Roman history that Brennus the Goth and his army of barbarians were struck with awe at the sight of the venerable senators sitting undaunted in their places in the Forum; but Leo and his cardinals would scarcely have made a similar impression on the Hunnish hosts: something supernatural was requisite, not merely for the honour of the Romish church, but also to serve as a reason for the tumult and dismay in the ranks of its foes. Hence the introduction of the two aerial figures, which at once explain all the spectator sees before him. Of the three figures on horseback, on the left hand side of the pope, the one bearing the cross is a portrait of Raffaele, and that of the elder personage at his side of Perugino, his master.

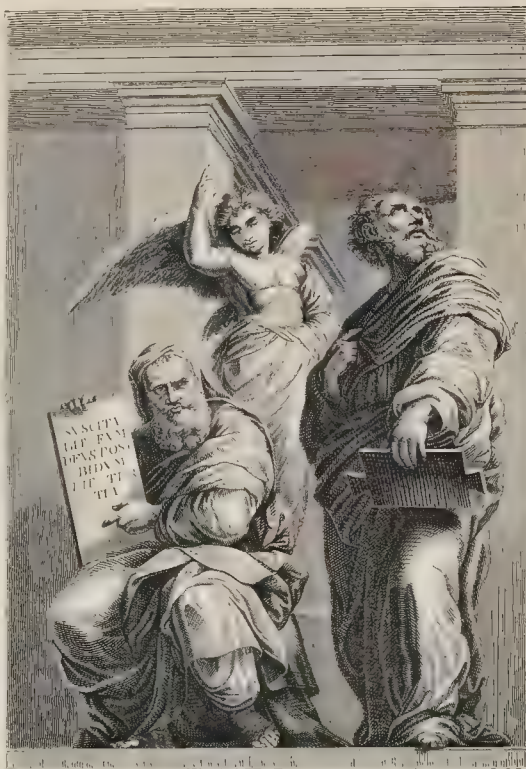
Leo X., ere he had succeeded to the papal chair, and was known only as Cardinal de Medici, was employed by Julius II. as legate with the army against the French, and was taken prisoner by the latter at the battle of Ravenna, and sent to Milan, whence he made his escape—and, as some of his biographers assert, almost by a miracle—exactly twelve months to a day before his elevation to the see of Rome. It was this circumstance that suggested to Raffaele's mind the idea of 'The Deliverance of St. Peter,' as a complimentary allusion to his friend and patron. The picture is painted above and on each

side of a window, by which arrangement the subject is divided into three parts, each containing different periods of the event illustrated. The central subject, over the window, represents the interior of the prison where St. Peter was confined; through the iron grating an angel is seen to awaken the apostle, sleeping between his guards. In the right hand compartment he is led forth by his deliverer through the guards, who are asleep on the steps. The arrangement of these two compositions is very beautiful; both are illuminated by the rays of light proceeding from the angelic visitant. On the left, the soldiers, roused from their slumbers, are searching for their prisoner; this group is lighted by torches and the moon. It may be questioned whether Raffaele would have been guilty of transgressing the recognised laws of pictorial composition, in thus dividing his subject, had not the division of the wall-space compelled such a treatment, or at least justified it in a great measure, by the peculiar facilities it offered for placing the whole of the sacred narrative before the eyes of the spectator. True it is, that in another of the frescoes in this apartment, 'The Miracle of Bolsena,' painted on a wall-space of similar form and dimensions—the one being exactly opposite the other—such a division has been avoided; but then the subject presents in itself unity of action, and the artist was more at liberty to draw upon his own imagination, and was not restrained within historical truths.

'The Miracle of Bolsena' illustrates the infallibility of the Roman church by an event which is said to have taken place in Bolsena, in 1263-4, where a Bohemian priest, who doubted the doctrine of transubstantiation, was convinced of his incredulity by seeing blood flow from the Host he was consecrating. In this picture, the centre, over the window, is occupied by an altar, at whose side stands the officiating priest, his attention reverently directed to the bleeding wafer, which he regards with astonishment. Behind him are choristers, and on the left a number of people pressing forward with varied expressions of curiosity and wonder. The pope, Julius II., attended by cardinals and other ecclesiastical dignitaries, and some troops of the Swiss papal guard, is seen in the act of prayer.

The 'Heliodorus,' the fourth picture in this apartment, symbolises that warlike pontiff, Julius II., overcoming the enemies of the church and preserving its possessions, under the type of Onias, the high-priest of the Jews, praying for vengeance on Heliodorus for plundering the temple at Jerusalem, about 200 years B.C., as narrated in the second book of Maccabees. Onias is seen in the background of the picture, kneeling at the altar with several persons around him: in the foreground, to the right, is Heliodorus lying prostrate under the hoofs of a horse, on which rides the avenging angel, clad in golden armour, and followed by two other heavenly messengers armed with rods, who are driving the spoilers, laden with their treasures, out of the sacred edifice. This group of figures is grandly composed, and distinguished by remarkable energy of expression. To the left is a multitude of women and children in a variety of attitudes, caused by the different emotions of terror or as-

tonishment at what they witness: among these is Julius II., borne by his attendants on a chair of state, and accompanied by several high officials. This work, and the 'Miracle of Bolsena,' have been placed by the best critical authorities in the very foremost rank of fresco painting. Kugler, speaking of the latter, says,—"The colouring of this picture has been greatly extolled, and many have, in this instance, placed Raffaele on a level with the masters of the Venetian school; this opinion, however, is the result of an extreme partiality. The colouring is warm, but the execution is frequently coarse, so as almost to look like tapestry, thus already evincing an indifference to higher finish, which from this period becomes more and more visible in the frescoes of the Vatican Stanze." To this remark Sir C. L. Eastlake appends the following observations in a note:—"In this judgment the author probably stands alone. High authorities at least are agreed in considering this, and indeed all the large paintings in the same Stanza, the finest examples of fresco the art can boast. Titian's frescoes at Padua are less richly and effectively coloured than the 'Mass of Bolsena' and the 'Heliodorus.'" From this period, about 1512, the number of commissions offered to the artist compelled him to relinquish to a considerable extent his works in the Vatican, and to consign the execution of them to the hands of his scholars.



THE PROPHETS JONAH AND HOSEA.



In this brief epitome of the works of Raffaele in Rome, little more has been attempted than to describe some of the most distinguished. If his productions had been limited to these few, what a history would even this small number give of an Art-life that closed at the age of thirty-seven! a term when in a large

majority of instances, an artist has scarcely made himself known. De Quincy gives a list of one hundred and twenty-eight works, including the cartoons executed by him and his pupils, besides about one hundred and fifty drawings; and it is well known many other paintings are in existence of which this author



THE DEFEAT OF ATTLA.

never heard, or, at least, which are not included in his catalogue. Well might he say, when lamenting the early death of the great painter:—"How many master-pieces were thus lost to the admiration of centuries! How many great

and beautiful ideas, ready to burst forth into light, then returned to nothing! Everything that lives, everything in nature, is reproduced: the seasons, years, generations, societies, empires follow one another—genius alone has no



THE DELIVERANCE OF ST. PETER.

successor; and centuries may pass ere a painter will appear who can be compared with, much less opposed to, Raffaele." Three centuries and a half nearly have elapsed since his sun went down; other great lights have appeared in the firmament of Art, but so long as painting has power to touch the hearts, and

exalt the feelings of mankind, will the name of Raffaele be pre-eminently held in veneration.

J. DAFFORNE.

## LESLIE AND HIS CONTEMPORARIES.

In the "genteel comedy" of Art, Leslie leaves a void which is not likely soon to be filled up. We recur with grateful remembrance to the emotions he has from time to time stirred within us, by those pictures which may be justly called his great works. Many have attempted the same department as he, but they have never succeeded in painting more than masks, while he never failed in painting faces. His character is more literally legible in his works than that of any other artist of our time; there was in his ways and means of art, a probity which helped us at once to a knowledge of the man—a knowledge on which were necessarily based respect and esteem. His life has not been an academic parenthesis; year by year the public looked for his works, and was not disappointed. They were not all of equally rare excellence, but he more than fulfilled the quota assigned by Reynolds as the greater productions of one life. We revert with pleasure to his "Autobiographical Recollections," just published, as he therein sets forth in pen and ink outline his easy associations with so many of the celebrities of his time. Assuredly no apology is necessary for a brief review of his experiences of Fuseli, Lawrence, Constable, Newton, Haydon, Wilkie, Stothard, Flaxman, and many others, all of whom in their time have filled spaces greater or less in public interest, not only within the Art cycle, but in the great world outside. To the famous Sam Strowger, Fuseli, for instance, was not a hero; but we are not all Sam Strowgers, and therefore are grateful for such authentic and hitherto unedited scraps as are here presented. Besides, many of the persons introduced have lived in our time, or have only departed in the morning of our own day; hence are we even personally familiar with them, and listen accordingly to their sayings with a keener relish. People of mark naturally object to the society of known memoir writers, and many of those mentioned in these pages would have shrunk from spending an hour or two under Leslie's microscope. Much is due to the memory of the man who read chastely, and worked with a new and intense feeling from our vernacular classics—one who stood alone in his time as a natural interpreter of Addison, Molière, Cervantes, Le Sage, Sterne, Smollett, and Fielding, to say nothing of Shakspeare. This was his natural bent, but West tried to seduce him into "history," by inducing him to paint 'Saul and the Witch of Endor,'—the picture which was turned out of the British Institution. But West himself was a mistaken man throughout his life, as is evidenced by the best picture he ever produced, 'The Death of General Wolfe.' Had he cultivated an unambitious style in small works, he would have left a greater name than that which attaches to his memory.

It was in 1811 that Leslie returned from America, with the intention of devoting himself to Art; and some time afterwards, we are not told precisely when, he was admitted a pupil in the antique Academy. Fuseli was then Keeper, and this remarkable man naturally made a deep impression on our student—perhaps the more that the latter had been seared from a print-shop window in Philadelphia by Fuseli's 'Hamlet and the Ghost.' Leslie says he hoped to gain some advantage by studying under such a master; but Fuseli spoke little. He generally came into the room once in the course of the evening, and rarely without a book in his hand. He would take an unoccupied seat among the students, and sit reading nearly the whole time he was in the school. The comment which accompanies this statement is just. Our student subsequently thought Fuseli right. "Art may be learnt, but cannot be taught." Under Fuseli's "wise neglect," Wilkie, Mulready, Elty, Landseer, and Haydon distinguished themselves, and were the better for not being made all alike by teaching, if indeed that could have been done. It can be done, and is done in the French Academy. The result of severe and unintermittent discipline is that monotony of manner from which French artists cannot escape; their school proclaims itself everywhere in the same terms. French painters are bound up in one school—English artists combine only in classes. But Fuseli never drew from nature, and therefore could not teach drawing from the life. His works were not paintings—they were simply illustrations of certain passages of his own theories. He was deeply impressed with the *ῥυθμός* of the *Æginetan* school,

and gave all his figures short bodies and long legs, and in this absurdity he was extensively imitated. The ordinary balance of the human form was flat and insipid to one who never condescended from his own visionary sphere. Any attempt at ordinary subject-matter on the part of Fuseli became simply ridiculous. Edwin Landseer was at this time a student, and was called by the Keeper his "little dog boy,"—innocently enough, and without a scintillation that Landseer would rise the great dog-star of his day.

In September, 1817, Leslie went with Allston, an American painter, and William Collins, to Paris, where they made studies in the Louvre, and visited the studios of the most eminent French painters, by whom they were received, of course, very coldly. None of them showed the strangers any of their works. They admired Guérin most; his 'Dido and Æneas' was just then completed. David and his theatrical *troupe* (*école* is the ordinary French misnomer) was then the fashion, and a lady asked Leslie how he liked the great works of David, to which he replied he did not think them natural. "Not natural!" she exclaimed, "I assure you he never paints any object whatever without having nature before him." Leslie could have explained, but he did not think it worth while. We see works daily professedly painted from nature, but in a multiplicity of cases the artists begin to paint nature before they can see her. Wilkie's reputation was at this time high in France. A Frenchman observed to Leslie, "I like your *Filkes*, but I do not like your *Fest*."

In Paris, Leslie made the acquaintance of Gilbert Stuart Newton; and at this time Washington Irving was at Liverpool, between whom and the former a warm friendship arose, which terminated only with the life of Irving. The house of business with which Irving was connected became insolvent, and he turned his attention seriously to authorship, and completed the "Sketch Book," which was written solely for publication in America, where his "Salmagundi" and "Knickerbocker" had already acquired him a high reputation.

Coleridge expresses his friendship for Leslie with more warmth in the following letter, written in 1819, than any words of ours can describe it:—

"My dear Leslie,—Mr. Colburn has entreated my influence with you, to have entrusted to him for a week or ten days your last drawing of my phiz, to have it engraved for his magazine. I replied that I had no objection, and thought it probable that you would have none, and have in consequence given him this note.

"You see, alas! by my scanty audiences, that there cannot be the least objection to your taking with you half-a-dozen friends to my lectures, who are like ourselves, with more in our brains than in our pockets. Why, my dear Leslie, do you so wholly neglect us at Highgate? Are we not always delighted to see you? Now, too, more than ever; since, in addition to yourself, you are all we have of Allston.

"1st March, 1819. "S. T. COLERIDGE."

Leslie laments that he remembers but little of Coleridge's Lectures on Shakspeare,—and well he may, for in those extempore essays the lecturer penetrated that lower deep of the poet's mind at which so few of his commentators had yet arrived. About this time Charles Lamb brought his geniality to our painter's circle, and the latter does ample justice to his character, the weak side of which Leslie touches on with all kindness. The painter was fortunate in his connections with literary men, but he was more fortunate in being gifted with an intelligence that could profit by such associations. The advent of Wilkie effected a marked diversion in the selection of subject-matter, and a pronounced deference to finish. The loose and sketchy manner of Morland, Barker, and other professed painters of rustic incident, was passing away, and Leslie broke new ground in painting up to the literature of the circle into which he had fallen. In 1818 he painted for his friend, Mr. Dunlop, 'Sir Roger de Coverley going to Church' accompanied by the Spectator; and he observes that this picture attracted more notice than anything he had hitherto painted. The Marquis of Lansdowne employed him to repeat the subject.

The last exhibition that West saw was in 1818. Leslie was with him a few days before the close of that of 1819, which the president had been too ill to visit, and before that of 1820 his earthly career had

closed. When Constable called at his house on the day after his death, Robert Brenning, West's old and faithful servant, said to him, "Ah, sir, where will they go now?" meaning the younger artists,—for West's door was open to the student, inasmuch that he had always a *levée* of artists at his house in the morning before he began to paint. He was an amiable and excellent man in all the relations of life, but as a painter he did not pursue that department of Art for which he was especially gifted. In his conversations with Leslie he stated a circumstance, the truth of which must be felt by every lover of painting. During his superintendence of certain changes projected at Windsor, it was necessary to take down a Vandyke that Reynolds very much admired. He invited, therefore, Sir Joshua to go with him. They found the picture on the floor, and Reynolds very eagerly examined it, and having done so, turned with disappointment to West, saying, "After all it is a copy." To this West made no immediate reply, but having looked at some other pictures in the room, they returned to the Vandyke, and Reynolds said, "I don't know what to think of it; it is much more beautiful than it appeared to me at first. It can hardly be a copy." West replied that he had no doubt of its originality; and proceeded to observe, that Reynolds having come from his own easel, at which he had been working on one of his own brilliant backgrounds, the Vandyke looked tame to him; but the eye having been relieved by other works, he then saw the merits of the picture. Reynolds was disappointed when he first saw even the compositions of Raffaele; and the same feeling has been expressed by others who ought to have been able to appreciate them. We have heard a distinguished painter, and a great admirer of Rubens, turn from 'The Deposition from the Cross,' at Antwerp, with the exclamation, "Can this be the original picture?"

Leslie speaks in grateful remembrance of his intercourse with Irving and Newton; they generally dined together at the York Chop House, in Wardour Street. Newton, we believe, lived at this time in Great Marlborough Street, and there painted all his pretty *nez retroussés*—the best since the days of Hogarth's 'Lady Squander,' and Sir Joshua's piquant essays in that direction. By the way of trying the public effect of a reversion to the costume of the days of John Gay, Newton is said to have dressed a model as Lucy Lockit, and to have walked behind her down Regent Street, in hearty enjoyment of the public surprise at the resuscitation. Some of Newton's single figures are charming; his best composition is 'The Lovers' Quarrel'; his 'Ophelia, Lear, and the Physician,' is faulty in drawing, and his picture from 'Gil Blas' has too much of the stiffness of the lay figure.

In November, 1821, Leslie was elected an associate of the Royal Academy, and honestly confesses some pride at the event. He paid, on the occasion, his respects to all the academicians, not excepting Northcote, who was not then on terms with the Academy. But Northcote did not receive the new associate courteously. Although old, and nearly done with the world, he was still moved even by its smaller ambitions, and was weak enough to show this to his visitor. He was engaged on a life-sized equestrian portrait of George IV., "which," says Leslie, "he must have made up from busts and pictures." "I was desirous," said Northcote, "to paint the king, for there is no picture that is like him, and he is by far the best king of his family we have had." He continued to compliment his royal favourite, by saying that the most glorious periods of English history were those during which the country had been governed by women, and George IV. was like a woman, for he left the affairs of the kingdom to the skilful statesmen he had about him. At this time Lawrence's best portraits of George IV. had been painted, but in them Northcote could see no merit; the king had yet to be painted by himself.

The first time that Leslie "found himself" painting in the exhibition rooms of the Academy, he was much puzzled by the very opposite advice he received from authorities equally high. Wilkie and Lawrence gave him, but differently; and after all, Northcote advised him the best prescription—"Everybody," he said, "will advise you to do what he himself would do, but you are to consider and judge for yourself whether you are likely to do it as he would, for, if not, you may spoil your picture." This was perhaps



the last time that Northcote was ever in the Academy. It is curious that Leslie, with the experience which he must then have had, should have expressed surprise at these varieties of opinion; on every varnishing day similar instances occur. One of the present members of the body, on his first varnishing day, as an associate, was lectured for half an hour on a picture which he was re-touching. Turner was painting next to him, but he said nothing until the lecturer was gone, when, turning to the new associate, he said, "If you put in a single touch that that fool recommends, you may put your picture in the fire."

Of Flaxman, it is said, that he imitated classical art as Nicholas Poussin did, with constant reference to nature. When Allston complimented this gifted man on his designs from Homer, Dante, &c., he replied, "I will now show you the sources of many of them;" and he laid before him a great number of sketches from nature, of accidental groups, attitudes, &c., which he had seen in the streets and in rooms. It cannot be doubted that his outlines, especially the series from Dante, have inspired much of what the Germans have recently done. Flaxman was continually culling from nature, and he knew how to avail himself of his gatherings. He was not ashamed to stop and make a sketch in the street; and when we look at some of his figures drawn with three lines, we can understand how he did this—hence the endless and beautiful variety of his attitudes. "Flaxman and Stothard would have been among the foremost artists in the days of Julius the Second and Leo the Tenth, but England under George the Third and Fourth was utterly unworthy of them. The British aristocracy patronised Canova, and almost every English sculptor rather than Flaxman, the greatest of them all." Alas! most true. Flaxman fell on evil days for justice; he lived too soon or too late. In doing him justice we will go further back than Julius and Leo; even to the golden Olympians of Greek art. Had he lived then, he would have been the friend of Pericles and the admiration of Greece, for he has equalled the Greeks in bas-relief, in their own style, that on which so much of their fame rests. When foreign sculptors visit London, they ask for the works of Flaxman. In cases when the question has been put to ourselves, we have confessed, with shame, that there were no public works by his hand save one of the statues and the bas-reliefs that decorated the late Covent Garden Theatre. Nelson's monument in St. Paul's cannot be said to be by him, since the design was by Westmacott. Canova was generous and noble-minded, in reference to this preference of his own works. He said, in reference to Flaxman, "You English see with your ears."

Lord Egremont was a steady and munificent patron of Leslie up to the latest period of his life. This is sufficiently attested by the number of the works of the latter distributed through the rooms at Petworth, which contains that princely collection of Art justly famous as priceless. There, with some of his larger works, among which is remarkable the dress-scene from "The Taming of the Shrew," shine forth with gemmy lustre many of those small heads that Leslie endowed with living expression, their chalkiness much mellowed by the tone of time. Surprise is expressed by the writer that a bust of Lord Egremont, by Behnes, should be preferred by the family to that executed by Chantrey. Both the works we have seen, and the reason of the family preference is, that Behnes presented Lord Egremont as he was, but Chantrey set him forth as he might have been, but never was. Chantrey's successes, which are not numerous, embody the earnest qualities of historical sculpture; Behnes' successes, more numerous than his failures, speak to us like "men of this world."

And thus the panorama moves on, shadowing forth to us John Jackson, Wilkie, Sir Walter Scott, Constable, Rogers, Lord Holland, Stothard, Etty, Sir Robert Peel, Turner, Sidney Smith (whom we could never call the Reverend), Banister, and a catalogue of other notabilities whose names we simply mention, as we cannot record their sayings.

Leslie speaks of Jackson's copy of Reynolds' John Hunter. The original is now in rags, from Reynolds' inordinate use of asphaltum. The copy is in the National Portrait Gallery, and in excellent condition. Leslie saw it in progress, and expressed some contempt for both Jackson and his work. The powers of Jackson were never justly

appreciated. His works were not unfrequently equal to the best of Sir Joshua's; and Reynolds has never equalled, in female portraiture, Jackson's sylph-like Lady Dover. Many of the heads, which the latter painted in two sittings for ten pounds each, to supply engravings for the *Methodists' Magazine*, were masterpieces of art. This same extravagant glazing, by which Reynolds destroyed so many of his works, was strongly recommended by Wilkie to Leslie. "Don't be afraid of glazing," said the former. "The practice of our artists is running too much into a light and rapid style, which, in the end, will ruin the art." After the crying evidence of Reynolds's pictures, it is curious to find a man of Wilkie's method falling into such a fatal error. How would 'The Blind Fiddler,' or 'The Village Fair' look, if glazed like the 'Peep-of-day Boys' Cabin?' Leslie whimsically enough attributes the origin of Wilkie's 'Chelsea Pensioners' to his love of painting cocked hats. On the occasion of Sir Thomas Lawrence's funeral, one of the officials wore a cocked hat, and Wilkie, whose mind was always full of his profession, suddenly asked his companion if he did not find it difficult to paint a cocked hat.

In 1825 Leslie was married, shortly after which event he was introduced to Lord Holland, and painted for Lady Holland small portraits of his lordship, his daughter Mary, now Lady Lilford, and Lady Affleck, the mother of Lady Holland. In 1826 he, Mrs. Leslie, and their family, were invited to Petworth by Lord Egremont, for whom he had painted 'Sancho and the Duchess,' and subsequently three other works of the same class. The visit was repeated each succeeding autumn, until the death of Lord Egremont, of whom Leslie of course had seen a great deal. This nobleman was as plain in dress as unassuming in manner, so much so that, once meeting in the hall at Petworth, as the bell was ringing for the servants' dinner, the maid of one of his lady guests, she accosted him, "Come, old gentleman, you and I will go to dinner together, for I can't find my way in this great house." He gave her his arm, and led her to the room where the servants were assembled, where he left her, saying, "You dine here, I don't dine till seven o'clock." To this condescension and amiability Beechey gave the name of *put-up-ability*.

Leslie was present when Sidney Smith was sitting for his portrait to Newton, who was strongly suspected by the latter of embodying from him the impersonation of Abbot Boniface, the frontispiece to the illustrated edition of the "Monastery." As Newton was proceeding with his work, the sifter said, "I sit here a personification of piety and abstinence." On the occasion of a dinner-party at Lord Lyndhurst's, at which Mr. Smith was present, the conversation turned on the Indian custom of suttee, and when the subject was nearly exhausted, the wit began to defend the practice, asserting that no wife who really loved her husband could wish to survive him. "But if Lord Lyndhurst were to die, you would be sorry that Lady Lyndhurst should burn herself." "Lady Lyndhurst," he replied, "would, no doubt, as an affectionate wife, consider it her duty to burn herself, but it would be our duty to put her out; and as the wife of the Lord Chancellor, Lady Lyndhurst would not be put out like an ordinary widow. It would be a state affair. First a procession of the judges and then of the lawyers." "But where, Mr. Smith, are the clergy?" "Gone to congratulate the new chancellor." The story of Sidney Smith's reply to Landseer, "Is thy servant a dog, that he should do this thing?" on an occasion of the latter asking him to sit for his portrait, is untrue; but it caused a laugh between the two, the first time they met after the publication of the joke.

In 1833 Mr. Leslie's brother procured for him the appointment of teacher of drawing at the Military Academy at West Point, on the Hudson river, and his family and all his friends urged his acceptance of the office. He did accept it; but such was the kindness of Lord Egremont and other friends on his departure for America, that its impression brought with it a feeling that he had left his home and proper sphere. This feeling deepened into a regret which impelled his return to England, after an absence of two years.

In 1834 Stothard died—too little appreciated. Flaxman sought his acquaintance early in life, from seeing one of his designs for the *Novelist's Magazine*

in a shop window; and ever after the little man presented his wife on each birthday with one of Stothard's pictures. The tender eloquence of Stothard's art appeals rather to the artistic sensibilities than to the every-day heart of the public. There was a pregnant significance in his reply to Leslie, when the latter asked him the name of a plant that he had sketched: "Only a weed, sir; I have a great respect for weeds."

Lady Holland procured Leslie a ticket to see the coronation, to which he, in a court dress, with Mrs. Leslie, went very early in the morning of the day appointed, and remained in the abbey until four in the afternoon. The declared result was twofold: first a resolution never again to dress in a court suit; second, a commission to paint the Queen receiving the Sacrament. The execution of this picture afforded him opportunities of seeing the Queen, members of the royal family, and state personages, which otherwise he could not have enjoyed. The Duke of Cambridge reminded him of Peter Pinder's account of George III. When he spoke to Leslie, it was in a series of questions: "Do you paint all day?" "Are you an academician?" "Are you painting any other picture?" "Do you walk here or ride?" &c., &c. He liked the Duke of Sussex; but in his attendance on him, he complained that his time was "miserably wasted." The Duke of Wellington he found a thorough man of business, making the most of his own time, and unwilling to waste that of the artist. When the sketch of the duke was made, he asked to see it, and at once pronounced the head too large, adding that all painters to whom he had sat committed the same mistake. Titian, he said, was the only painter who understood this—by making the heads small he did wonders. Next to the duke, the most remarkable man in the picture is Lord Melbourne, of whom Leslie saw much at Holland House. On one occasion he was abusing women to Lady Holland, charging them with want of charity for each other. He called them "devils" to each other. "But," said Lady Holland, "what nurses they are: what would you do without women in your illnesses?" "I would rather have men about me when I am ill; I think it requires strong health to put up with women." "Oh," said the lady, tapping him on the shoulder with her fan, "you have lived among such a rattle of set."

Lord Melbourne had no esteem for Art, and no belief in human virtue. He asked Leslie why Raffaele had been employed to paint the Vatican, observing that it was certainly a job, because Bramante was his uncle. From the question it may be assumed that his lordship would have proposed some one else, but Leslie did not ask him to whom his preference pointed. When the Wellington statue was placed on the arch at Hyde Park Corner, Lord Morpeth (now Earl of Carlisle) wrote individually to the academicians requesting the opinion of each, as to the site and effect. The replies were not favourable, but there the statue remains. A Frenchman is stated to have observed on seeing it, "France is now avenged for the Battle of Waterloo." When the fresco decorations of the Houses of Parliament were first spoken of, Turner observed characteristically, that "Painting could never show her nose in company with architecture, but to have it snubbed." If Turner meant that painting in such cases is a sacrifice to architecture, he was right, as may be seen in the Houses, wherever the decorations have been proceeded with. Of the insufficient light we have complained whenever it became necessary to notice the progress of these frescoes. On this subject much remains to be said and written. If the quantity of fresco be carried out according to the original designs, the errors will only be the more glaring.

Leslie was captivated with Haydon's art, and even tried to imitate his colour and rich impasto. Wilkie was in some degree right in recommending Leslie to glaze; it was the want of this that left his works so raw; but to remedy this it would not have been necessary to float them with asphaltum, inasmuch that they should be like Wilkie's later pictures—laid on the floor, because the glaze would flow downwards if they were left upright. After some chit-chat about Byron, Rogers, Wordsworth, Scott, and others, the diary closes.

The second volume of the "Autobiographical Recollections" is made up of correspondence, much of which turns upon domestic matters.



## SWISS SCENERY.

THE fatal accidents which have occurred in this, as well as previous years, to travellers who have sought too exclusively the wonderful in Alpine scenery, sufficiently prove the disadvantages that attend a tour purposely planned for the attainment of such an object. But independently of the risk which accompanies the climbing of the most rugged and unfrequented mountains, the weather that often obscures with mist the highest summits, whilst inferior mountains are clear, offers considerations which the tourist is disposed to underrate. Although the glaciers and snow-clad peaks present, therefore, from a variety of aspects, a most sublime and imposing sight, yet there are good reasons why the traveller should be prepared beforehand with that appreciation of the scenery of nature, which is based less on a love of the marvellous, than on a taste for happy combinations of forms, tints, and objects, such as artists so well understand.

An insignificant digression from the beaten path enables the observer, who has some experience in landscape composition, to discover a scene truly pictorial, the presence of which would be little suspected by travellers bent exclusively on the route before them. A visit to some of the public galleries, such as those of Belgium, Holland, or Paris, and some of the German towns, might create a taste for, or confirm impressions previously formed of, the beautiful in landscape scenery. Pictures of Berghem, Both, Everdingen, and many others of the Dutch school, impart a feeling for that rugged picturesqueness which adapts together a few mere fragments of nature, so as to form a subject most agreeably attractive; whilst elsewhere are seen those choice works of Claude de Lorraine, and Gaspar Poussin, where beautifully varied and retiring forms teach the great value of graceful lines artistically combined; and although exuberance of detail at first seems to abound in these admirable landscapes, great simplicity is soon observed to prevail. Zuccherelli also, though somewhat feeble and mannered, has much that inspires a feeling for the beautiful—a careful selection of the most pleasing objects is combined with a decidedly tasteful arrangement; and Joseph Vernet—whose works, so numerous in the Louvre, are not limited to marine pieces, but embrace landscapes, buildings, &c., and display, generally, a rare knowledge of the elegant or of the noble in Art composition—is entitled no less than Wilson to the rank of a classical painter. Although these masters were not all natives of Italy, their landscapes are embellished by a class of objects completely Italian, derived chiefly from the beautiful scenery of the Apennines in the vicinity of Rome.

Unfortunately, the present political state of central Italy offers little inducement to travellers; but the southern slopes of the Alps, which may be visited with security and ease, afford as they fall down gently to the plains of Lombardy, or encompass with swelling hillocks the lower extremities of the lakes, scenery having much the same graceful and classical character as some portions of the Romania or Tuscany. Only the ruined vestiges of Roman grandeur, which add so great an interest to the scenery of southern Italy, are wanting; but the villas, terraces, arcades, and the vegetation, are in a great measure the same in the populous and embellished districts of Piedmont and Lombardy.

Buildings quite Italian in style and character crown the eminences which rise from the plain, or extend up the numerous valleys that penetrate to the foot of the main chain of the Alps, and seem to give a more classical tone to these highly romantic spots than is observed in most of the valleys to the north. In the German cantons the dwellings, usually of wood, have that completely Swiss or Alpine character, which, though picturesque, is anything but classical. Perhaps the ennobling influence of a high style of Art is alone wanting; for the Alpine chalets, often erected in the wildest situations, their dark wooden roofs weighed down by large stones, full of meaning in these stormy regions, are, doubtless, not unsuspicious of being rendered objects worthy of the poetical scenery which surrounds them.

With the exception of Calame of Geneva, who has given a classical character to some of his oil paintings of Swiss scenery, the views of this country, though valuable as souvenirs, rather detract than

otherwise from the sublime which nature exhibits. But the picturesque interest of the country south of the great chain of the Alps is becoming more and more appreciated. Several retired valleys, which fifteen or twenty years ago were scarcely heard of, are now visited by tourists who meet with tolerable accommodation, and general civility; and the valleys of Aosta, Sesia, and Anasca, with many lateral vales, well deserve being visited for scenery equally romantic, though differing in character from that of several of the Swiss valleys. Yet those Alpine passes, which have obtained celebrity as grand routes to Italy, are undoubtedly still more romantic, and of far greater interest. Thus the Simplon, the St. Gothard, the Splügen, and the Stelvio Pass, where admirable engineering carries the traveller through tremendous gorges and defiles (which are generally avoided), where only mule tracks or footpaths lead up to the passes, deserve to be the first visited by travellers who cross the Alps into Italy. These routes traverse, in many instances, galleries hewn out of the rock, from which the exit on to cultivated slopes, and smiling plains, presents the most striking effects of contrast; so that the labour and genius which have constructed these admirable roads over the Alps, instead of lessening the grandeur of the natural scenery, have added, apparently, to its charms both of wildness and serenity, affording, as the traveller advances towards Italy, down the gentle incline, the most varied and gratifying transitions.

H. T.

## ART IN THE PROVINCES.

LIVERPOOL.—Many of our readers are doubtless aware that there are in Liverpool two Art societies: one, the Academy of Arts, the elder of the two; the other, entitled the Society of Fine Arts, of more recent foundation, and which was formed by a number of gentlemen interested in the Arts, who were dissatisfied with the management of the Academy. As might naturally be expected, much difference of opinion, and not a little jealous and acrimonious feeling, have existed between the supporters of the two institutions, notwithstanding the endeavours which have been made at various times to produce harmony of action. One of the latest attempts, with this object, has been made by Mr. Joseph Boulton, Honorary Secretary of the Society of Fine Arts, who, in a recent letter published in the *Liverpool Mercury*, thus expresses himself:—"It is notorious that a large amount of personal feeling and acrimony has been imported into the contest; but with myself as with others, it has been on the whole a fight for principle, and in that view I think it should be regarded by the public, who are not exposed to the contagion of angry feelings; it is almost impossible for active combatants to escape. At the very commencement of the difference, before the Society of Fine Arts had made arrangements for their first exhibition, I felt, without hope that the Academy would yield a position I conceived to be untenable for a permanence, and it required the emphatic asseveration of one of the Academy to satisfy me that any adjustment was at that time impossible. Nearly three years have elapsed since then, and I venture to hope the practice of both institutions has now so nearly assimilated, that there may be less difficulty in attaining union. Your contemporaries assume that Liverpool can support both institutions. In my judgment, based upon experience, this appears utterly fallacious, and I think the Academy's experience must lead to a similar conclusion. I would beg, therefore, to put to them, and to those gentlemen interested in Art who have kept aloof from either party, whether it is possible to adjust a union on a basis analogous to the constitution of the Philharmonic Hall? What the Philharmonic achieves for music may surely be accomplished, with similar agency, for painting and sculpture. If the two institutions now competing for public support are to continue, the contest will continue also. That continuance cannot, but be prejudicial to Art and to the cultivation of kindly feeling; for it must be a hand-to-hand fight—a fight for existence. On the other hand, if the resources of both parties be united, I believe there is no place out of London which would be able to accomplish so much."

BRIGHTON.—An exhibition of paintings and water-colour drawings, chiefly by local artists, was opened last month at the Pavilion, in the large room previously occupied by the School of Art (which has been temporarily removed to another portion of the Pavilion). The works exhibited were nearly three hundred in number.

## THE ROYAL PICTURES.

## KILLARNEY: THE LOWER LAKE.

M. Anthony, Painter. R. Wallis, Engraver.  
Size of the picture, 4 ft. by 1 ft. 9 in.

FAMOUS as Ireland is for picturesque scenery throughout the length and breadth of the island, there is no spot of more varied loveliness than the Lakes of Killarney, one of the great objects of attraction to all visitors. Nature seems here to have almost exhausted her resources to combine and develop her beauties; mountains—sometimes sterile, but grand, sometimes descending abruptly to the verge of the lakes, and clothed with the richest garb of forest tree and ever-verdant shrub; islands green and luxuriant; castellated ruins old and grey; cascades white and foaming; waters reflecting on their surfaces every hue of foliage and every tint of sky and cloud;—all these unite to form a picture, or rather a series of pictures, such as few, if any, other parts of the British dominions can show. And yet how little, comparatively, are they known by the thousands who, when the summer sun is shining, and summer days are long, or the early autumn is giving new beauties to every object in the vegetable world, seek health and enjoyment in scenes far away from home: who compass land and sea, as it were; explore old Continental towns and cities, "steam" up the Rhine, ascend the Alpine glaciers, penetrate into the purple vineyards of southern France, muse among the ruined temples and broken columns of ancient Rome, lounge listlessly in the black gondolas of Venice, play the Art-critic in the galleries of Florence and Genoa; in short, go anywhere and do anything rather than ascertain what there is in their own country worth seeing and knowing. This is poor compliment to one's native land—a land so rich and beautiful, so calculated to afford the purest enjoyment, that we often marvel greatly to find it so much neglected. We have no desire to leave other parts unvisited, but let the first thoughts of the tourist be given to his own country: when he has exhausted all her wealth of beauty, he may seek out other sources of gratification.

Mr. Anthony has sketched his view of the Lower Lake of Killarney from a spot near the venerable ruins of Aghadoe, which consist of the remnant of a round tower, the walls of a small cathedral church, and the base of a round castle, sometimes called the "Pulpit," and sometimes the "Bishop's Chair." Aghadoe still gives the title to a bishop; the round tower is not seen in the picture. "The church is a low oblong building, having two distinct chapels of unequal antiquity. The ornamental doorway, although much injured by time, is still exceedingly graceful and beautiful, but the church itself is rendered revolting by the relics of mortality that lie scattered in heaps in all directions. Many of the skulls have been bleached by the rains and winds of centuries, and are as white as the clearest paper. . . . The round tower," although a very small portion of it remains, cannot fail to be a subject of deep interest to all strangers."

It is scarcely possible to conceive a more picturesque work of its class, and one more beautifully treated, than that from which the engraving is taken. In the immediate foreground is a group of Irish peasantry loitering for a few moments by the roadside for a gossip; a short distance behind, to the left, are the ruins just described; on the left is a cornfield, with the reapers at work; and beyond is the round castle, almost on the brink of the lake, which spreads out its dark blue waters to the opposite shore, where a long range of not very lofty hills forms the "sky-line" of the landscape. The time of day is evening, and the glow of sunset gilds every prominent object within the influence of its rays; the hills are clothed, here in deep blue, and there in "regal purple;" while in the far distant horizon the young moon displays its crescent of soft light. Mr. Anthony is a lover of colour, and has given full play to his impulses: it is a brilliant, but by no means exaggerated, representation of a very lovely passage of Irish scenery.

The picture is in the collection at Osborne.

\* It stands about sixty feet from the N.W. angle of the church; all that now remains of this ancient structure is the basement reaching from the sill of the door downward.  
† "Handbook to the South of Ireland and Killarney." By Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall.









# THE HUDSON, FROM THE WILDERNESS TO THE SEA.

BY BENSON J. LOSSING.

THE ILLUSTRATIONS FROM DRAWINGS BY THE AUTHOR.

## PART X.



He concluded the last paper with a brief description of "Wilderclyff," formerly occupied by Mr. Garrettsen; the scenery around forms the subject of the illustration below. When that gentleman left the Church of England, in which he had been educated, the Methodists were despised in most places. He was a native of Maryland. Eminently conscientious, he gave his slaves their freedom, and entering upon his ministry, preached everywhere, on all occasions and at all times, offending the wicked and delighting the good, and fearless of all men; having full faith in a special Providence, and oftentimes experiencing proofs of the truth of the idea to which he clung. One example of his proofs may be cited. A mob had seized him on one occasion, and were taking him to prison by order of a magistrate, when a flash of lightning dispersed them, and they left him unmolested. In 1788 he was appointed Presiding Elder over the churches in the district, extending from Long Island Sound to Lake Champlain, more than 200 miles. One of his converts was the daughter of Judge Livingston, of Clermont. Mr. Garrettsen married her in 1793, and six years afterwards they built the mansion at Wilderclyff. Probably no house in the world has ever held within it so many Methodist preachers as this, from the most humble of "weak vessels" up to Bishop Asbury, and other dignitaries of the church; for, with ample means at command, he



VIEW FROM WILDERCLIFF.

doors of Mr. Garrettsen and his wife were ever open to all, especially to their brethren in the ministry. And that generous hospitality is yet dispensed by the daughter, whose table is seldom without a guest.

Opposite Rhinebeck Station is the old Kingston Landing, where the 3,000 British troops under General Vaughan disembarked, and marched to the village of Kingston, two miles in the interior, and laid it in ashes. That point was the port of Kingston until within a few years, and the New York and Albany steamboats stopped there; but the thriving village at the mouth of the Rondout Creek, about a mile below, has caused it to be abandoned.

The village of Kingston (originally called Esopus)—situated upon a broad plain on the banks of the Esopus Creek, with a fine range of the southern Catsbergs in the rear—is one of the oldest settlements in the State of New York.\* As early as 1614, Dutch traders built a redoubt at the mouth of Rondout (a corruption of Redoubt) Creek. A few families settled soon afterwards upon or near the site of Kingston, and called the place Wiltwyck, or Wild Indian Town. They were soon dispersed by the savages. Another settlement then followed: again the savages dispersed them. Finally, in 1660, a treaty was concluded that seemed to promise security to the settlers. But the wrath of the Indians became fiercely kindled against the white people by Governor Stuyvesant, who sent eleven Indian captives to Curaçoa, and sold them for slaves. In June, 1663, the Indians came into the open fort in great numbers, professing to trade. At a concerted signal they fell upon the white people, murdered eighteen of them, and carried away forty-two as captives: the out settlements were all destroyed. A destructive war ensued. The Indians were expelled from the fort, and nine days afterwards a reinforcement came from New Amsterdam. The savages were pursued and almost exterminated. In the autumn they returned all the captives but three, and sued for peace.

Many of the persecuted Huguenot families who fled from France settled at Kingston and in its vicinity, towards the close of the seventeenth century; and when the war for independence broke out in 1775, their descendants were

\* The Indians appropriately called this spot *At-kan-karten*, Smooth Land.

found on the side of the republicans. Kingston was called a "nest of rebels." There, in the spring of 1777, the representatives of the people of the State formed a state constitution, and organized civil government under it. The first session of the legislature was held there in July following, but the members were obliged to flee in the autumn, on the approach of Vaughan and his troops. These ascended the river from the Highlands, where Sir Henry Clinton had gained a victory, taken possession of Forts Clinton and Montgomery, and destroyed the obstructions in the river which prevented vessels



KINGSTON.

passing northward. The object of Vaughan's expedition, as we have said, was to draw the attention of Gates and his army (then casting their meshes around Burgoyne) to the country below, where devastation and ruin were threatened. After passing the Highlands, they distressed the people along the shores of the river very much by burnings and plunderings. They landed at the port of Esopus, or Kingston, on the 13th of October, and proceeded to the village in two divisions. The town contained about 300 inhabitants, and the houses were mostly of stone. The people fled with what property they could carry away, and the soldiery burned every house but one. Hurley, a few miles distant, became the place of refuge for the sufferers. There, while Esopus was in flames, the republicans hanged a spy, who had been caught in the American camp near Newburgh, a few days before. He had been sent by Sir Henry Clinton with a message to Burgoyne. When apprehended on suspicion, he was seen to cast something into his mouth and swallow it. An emetic was administered, and a silver bullet, hollow and elliptical in shape, was produced. In it, written upon tissue paper, was the following note, dated Fort Montgomery, October 8, 1777:—

"*Nous y voici, and nothing now between us and Gates. I sincerely hope this little succour of ours may facilitate your operations. In answer to your letter of the 28th, by C. C., I shall only say I cannot presume to order, or even advise, for reasons obvious. I heartily wish you success.*"

"Faithfully yours,

"H. CLINTON."

The prisoner was tried: out of his own mouth he was condemned. He was taken to Hurley, and there hanged upon an apple-tree.\*

Kingston village is a very pleasant one, and the country about it affords delightful drives. Its population is about 4,000, and the space between it



RONDOUT CREEK.

and Rondout, a mile and a half distant, is rapidly filling up with dwellings. They are already connected by gas-pipes, and stages ply between the two villages constantly.

\* That silver bullet and the note are preserved in the family of Governor George Clinton.





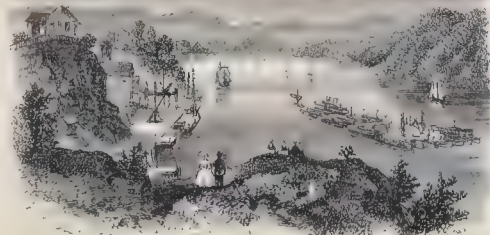


of Minerva, at Athens, and devoted to the use of a popular institution of learning. The views from this summit are extensive, and very interesting. The city, appearing like a town in a forest, lies at the foot of the spectator; and between the lofty Katzebergs on the north, and the Highlands on the south, the Hudson is seen at intervals, having the appearance of a chain of little lakes. Around, within an area of twenty to thirty miles in diameter, spreads out a farming-country, like a charming picture, beautiful in every feature.

The general appearance of Poughkeepsie from the hills above Lewisburg, on the western side of the Hudson, is given in our sketch. It is one of the most delightful places for residence in the United States. It is centrally situated between New York the commercial, and Albany the political, capital of the State. Its streets are shaded with maple, elm, and acacia trees; and their cleanliness is proverbial. It is celebrated for its numerous seminaries of learning for both sexes, the salubrity of its climate, the fertility of the surrounding country, and

northern and southern ranges of mountains, and villages that dot the western shore of the river. Here the master dispenses a generous hospitality to friends and strangers; and with the winning graces of a modest, unobtrusive nature, he delights all who enter the charmed circle of Locust Grove. For the mau of taste and genius his home is the most charming retreat to be found on the banks of the Hudson from the wilderness to the sea.

About four miles below Poughkeepsie is an ancient stone farm-house and a mill, at the mouth of Spring Brook, at the eastern terminus of the Milton Ferry. Here, during the old war for independence, lived Theophilus Anthony, a blacksmith, farmer, miller, and staunch Whig, who used his forge for most rebellious purposes. He assisted in making a great chain (of which I shall hereafter write), that was stretched across the Hudson in the Highlands at Fort Montgomery, to prevent the British ships of war ascending the river and carrying invading troops into the heart of the country. For this offence, when the chain



THE HIGHLANDS, FROM POUGHKEEPSIE.

the wealth and general independence of its inhabitants. The eye and ear are rarely offended by public exhibitions of squalor or vice, while evidences of thrift are seen on every hand.

From a high rocky bluff on the river front of Poughkeepsie, named the Call Rock, exquisite views of the Hudson, north and south, may be obtained. The scene southward, which includes a distant view of the Highlands, is the most attractive. At all times the river is filled with water-craft of almost every description. The most striking objects on its surface are fleets of barges from the northern and western canals, loaded with the products of the fields and forests, lashed or tethered together, and towed by a steamboat. On these barges whole families sometimes reside during the season of navigation; and upon lines stretched over piles of lumber, newly-washed clothes may be frequently seen fluttering in the breeze. One of these fleets appears in our sketch.

Two miles below Poughkeepsie is Locust Grove, the seat of Professor Samuel



MILTON FERRY AND HORSE-BOAT.

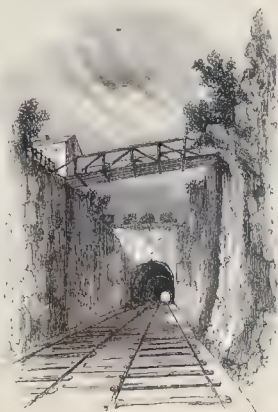
and accompanying boom were forced, and the vessels of Vaughan carried the fire-brand to Esopus or Kingston, the rebel blacksmith's mill was laid in ashes, and he was confined in the loathsome *Jersey* prison-ship at New York, where he had ample time for reflection and penitence three weary years. Alas! the latter never came. He was a sinner against ministers, too hardened for repentance, and he remained a rebel until the close of his life. Another mill soon arose from the ashes of the old one, and there his grandsons, the Messrs. Gill, grind wheat for the descendants of both Whigs and Tories, and never inquire into the politics of the passengers upon their boat at the Milton Ferry. That boat keeps alive the memory of times before steam was used for navigation, for it is one of only two vessels of the kind now upon the Hudson, towed by horses.

Opposite Spring Brook is the village of Milton, remarkable, like its sister, Marlborough, a few miles below, for the picturesque beauty of the surrounding country and the abundance of Antwerp raspberries produced in its vicinity every year. There and at some places on the eastern shore, are the chief sources of the



LOCUST GROVE.

F. B. Morse, an eminent artist and philosopher, the founder of the American Academy of Design, but better known to the world as the author of the telegraph, now used in almost every civilized country on the globe. For this wonderful contribution to science, and addition to the world's inventions for moral and material advancement, he has been honoured by several royal testimonials, honorary and substantial, and by the universal gratitude and admiration of his countrymen. Locust Grove is his summer retreat, and from his study he has electrographic communication with all parts of the United States and the British provinces. The mansion is so embowered that it is almost invisible to the traveller on the highway. But immediately around it are gardens, conservatories, and a pleasant lawn, basking in the sunshine; and through vistas between magnificent trees, glimpses may be caught of the Hudson, the

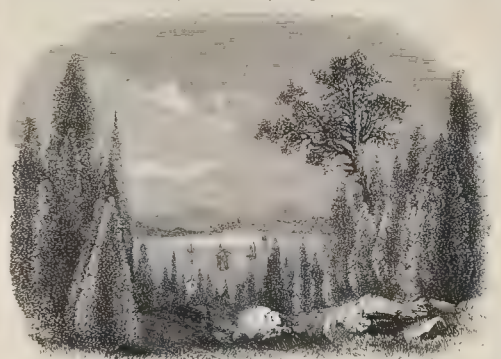


NEW HAMBURG TUNNEL.

supply of that delicious fruit for the city of New York; and the quantity raised is so great, that a small steamboat is employed for the sole purpose of carrying raspberries daily to the city. These villages are upon high banks, and are scarcely visible from the river. They have a background of rich farming lands, terminating beyond a sweet valley by a range of lofty hills that are covered with the primeval forest. They are the resort of New Yorkers during the heat of summer.

Eight miles below Poughkeepsie is the little village of New Hamburg, situated at the foot of a rocky promontory thickly covered with the Arbor Vitæ,

or white cedar, and near the mouth of the Wappingi's Creek. Through this bluff the Hudson River Railway passes in a tunnel 800 feet in length, and then crosses the mouth of the Wappingi, upon a causeway and drawbridge. All over this rocky bluff, including the roof of the tunnel, the Arbor Vitæ shrubs stand thickly; and present, according to Loudon, the eminent English writer on horticulture and kindred subjects, some of the finest specimens of that tree to be found in the world. Here they may be seen of all sizes and most perfect forms, from the tiny shrub to the tall tree that shows its stem for several feet from the ground. The most beautiful are those of six to ten feet in height, whose branches shoot out close to the ground, forming perfect cones, and exhibiting nothing to the eye but delicate sprays and bright green leaves. When quite small these shrubs may be successfully transplanted; but under cultivation



THE ARBOR VITÆ.

they sometimes lose their perfect form, and become irregular, like the common cedar tree. They are beginning to be extensively used for hedges, and the ornamentation of pleasure grounds.\*

A pleasant glimpse of Marlborough, through a broad ravine, may be obtained from the rough eminence above the New Hamburg tunnel, and also from the lime-kilns at the foot of the bluff, on the edge of the river, where a ferry connects the two villages. But one of the most interesting views on the Hudson, in this vicinity, is from the gravelly promontory near the town, at the mouth of the Wappingi's Creek—a large stream that comes down from the hills in the north-eastern part of Dutchess County, dispensing fertility and extensive water-power along its whole course. It is navigable for a mile and a-half from its mouth, when it falls seventy-five feet, and furnishes power used by quite a large manufacturing village. It is usually incorrectly spelled Wappingers. Its name



MARLBOROUGH, FROM THE LIME-KILNS.

is derived from the Wappingi tribe of Indians, who, with the Matteawans, inhabited this beautiful region on the Hudson, just north of the Highlands. It should be written Wappingi's Creek.

From that gravelly height the Highlands, the village of Newburgh, and a large portion of the lower part of the "Long Reach" from Newburgh to Crom Elbow, are seen; with the flat rock in the river, at the head of Newburgh Bay and near its western shore, known as *Den Duyvel's Dans Kamer*, or the Devil's Dance Chamber. This rock has a level surface of about half an acre (now covered with beautiful Arbor Vitæ shrubs), and is separated from the main-land by a marsh. On this rock the Indians performed their peculiar semi-religious rites,

\* The Arbor Vitæ is the *Thuja Occidentalis* of Linnaeus. It is not the genuine white cedar, although it frequently bears that name. In New England it is often called Hackmatack. Its leaves lie in flattened masses along the stems, and each is filled with a vesicle containing a thin aromatic turpentine. It bears yellowish brown cones, about five lines in length.

called *pow-wows*, before going upon hunting and fishing expeditions, or the war-path. They painted themselves grotesquely, built a large fire upon this rock, and danced around it with songs and yells, making strange contortions of face and limbs, under the direction of their conjurers or "medicine-men." They would tumble, leap, run, and yell, when, as they said, the Devil, or Evil Spirit, would appear in the shape of a beast of prey, or a harmless animal; the former apparition betokened evil to their proposed undertaking, and the latter prophesied of good. For at least a century after the Europeans discovered the river, these hideous rites were performed upon this spot, and the Dutch skippers who navigated the Hudson, called the rock *Den Duyvel's Dans Kamer*. Here it was that Peter Stuyvesant's crew were "most horribly frightened by roystering devils," according to the voracious Knickerbocker.

Sixteen miles below Poughkeepsie, on the same side of the Hudson, is the small village of Fishkill Landing, having for a background, in a view of it from the river, the lofty range of the Fishkill Mountains, which form a portion of the Highlands proper, through which the Hudson flows a few miles below. Here is the Fishkill and Newburgh railway-station, and a long wharf that stretches over the shallow bed of the river to the deep channel far in the direction of Newburgh. That large town lies upon the steep slope on the western shore, and presents a beautiful appearance to the traveller by railway or steamboat, especially when it is lighted up by the morning sun. Around that old town, the site of the oldest permanent settlement in Orange County, are clustered many associations of the war for independence; for near there the Continental Army encamped, there it was disbanded, and in a house yet standing, and well preserved, Washington had his head-quarters for a long time.

The first European settlement at Newburgh was commenced in 1709, by some Palatines, who went up from New York for the purpose, seated themselves



MOUTH OF WAPPINGI'S CREEK.

a little above Quassaic (sometimes called Chambers') Creek, where the Quassaic Indians resided, and laid the foundations of "Newborough." They obtained a patent from Queen Anne in 1719, but becoming dissatisfied, they went some to Pennsylvania, and some to the Mohawk Valley. English, Irish, New England, and Huguenot settlers supplied their places. New Windsor (two miles below), and other places, were settled, and a flourishing little commonwealth was commenced. New Windsor, upon the shores of a sheltered bay near the mouth of the Quassaic, was, for some time, the rival of Newburgh. They were included in the "Highland Precinct" until 1763, when they were divided into separate municipalities, and so remained until organized into towns in 1788.

[An engraving of "Fishkill Landing and Newburgh" will appear in the next Part, when the description of the locality will also be continued.]

### CROPSEY'S "AUTUMN ON THE HUDSON."\*

[ADDRESSED TO J. T. FIELD, OF BOSTON.]

FORGOT are Summer and our English air;  
Here is your Autumn with her wondrous dyes;  
Silent and vast your forests round us rise;  
God, glorified in Nature, fronts us there,  
In His transcendent works as heavenly fair  
As when they first seemed good unto His eyes.  
See, what a brightness on the canvas lies!  
Hues, seen not here, flash on us everywhere;  
Radiance that Nature here from us conceals;  
Glory with which she beautifies decay  
In your far world, this master's hand reveals,  
Wafting our blest sight from dimmed streets away.—  
With what rare power!—to where our awed souls kneels  
To Him who bade these splendours light the day.

W. C. BENNETT.

\* Both time and place are opportune for the insertion of the above Sonnet, written by one of the most popular "minor" minstrels of the day, and forwarded to us for insertion.—*Ed. A.-J.*



## OBITUARY.

MR. HERBERT INGRAM, M.P.

IN common with the whole Press of England, we record with earnest grief the death of this gentleman. From an obscure position he attained to one of eminence and wealth. Owing little to nature, and nothing to fortune, he became a member of the legislature, and reasonably calculated on passing the later years of an active life as one of the magnates of a town in which he had toiled as a humble artisan—and of which he had been the representative in Parliament. His case is not a very rare one; but it is pregnant with example and encouragement. There is no man, however inauspicious may be the commencement of his career, who may not achieve the greatness always within the reach of energy and industry. We extract the following brief memoir of Mr. Ingram from the *Illustrated London News*:—"Herbert Ingram, who was born in Boston, was in the forty-ninth year of his age. In that town he began an active career at eleven years of age, as a printer, and both as apprentice and compositor he there did many a good hard day's work. He thus endeavoured to assist in the support of his family, which, old and highly respected, had enjoyed comparative riches. To the interests of Boston, as his native town, he devoted throughout life much of the labour of his indefatigable nature. The pure water which its citizens drink—the gas which lights them—the railway recently opened, that connects their town with the mid-districts of England—and many other 'works which now remain,' bear the impress of his fostering hand and kindly care. At Boston, as many of his friends are aware, he had intended to spend the evening of his days, resting from his many labours on his property at Swinhead Abbey. Boston was justly proud of him, and through all the many phases of his eventful life recognised his merits, and undeviatingly gave him its confidence. Three times in succession was he returned as its representative to parliament, and always by majorities most decisive and unmistakable.

"As the founder of this newspaper, he originated another era in the diffusion of knowledge and in the popularisation and promotion of Art. He introduced a new means of improved education—a novel machinery, by which to chronicle, in pictures as well as by description, just as it passes, the history of the world. This paper was the object of his utmost care and greatest pride."

Without by any means undervaluing the results of the lucky idea that originated the remarkable and very valuable publication over which Mr. Ingram presided for upwards of eighteen years, we may be permitted to say it was to a chance thought rather than a matured plan, to which it owed existence. Mr. Ingram never contemplated the prosperity to which it arose, or the amazing influence it was destined to exercise, finding its way into, not every quarter, but every corner of the globe, and delighting the hearts and minds of hundreds of thousands, as, week after week, it became an instructor, novel, impressive, and effective. Mr. Ingram's belief was that he might devise such a "pictorial paper" as would be a great advertising medium; and with that view he began the work. At first, it was of course, unprosperous, his small savings were exhausted, and (we speak within our own knowledge when we say) within some two months after its commencement, he offered a third of the "property," with its prospects, to the printer, in liquidation of his bill. So little confidence had the printer in the scheme, that he declined the proposition, and thus lost a chance that would have made him rich. The silver spoon was for the one—that of wood for the other. In spite of all warnings, all entreaties, to abandon the project as hopeless, Mr. Ingram persevered: he had full faith in it, faith which the apprehensions of his family and friends could not abate; and the dangerous headland once turned, the voyage conducted to fortune and to fame. He earned and deserved both: his resolution and perseverance were rewarded, and his claim is undoubtedly to rank as a great public benefactor, inasmuch as the *Illustrated London News* has immensely aided to create and extend a knowledge and love of Art, and has always advocated and advanced good and upright principles in literature and in morals, keeping fully and justly the promise made in the

first volume of the work—"To pursue the great experiment with boldness, and to associate sound principles with a purity of tone that may secure and hold fast for the new journal the fearless patronage of families; to seek in all things to uphold the great cause of public morality; to keep continually before the world a moving panorama of all its actions and influences."

The subject—that of the influence of wood-engraving on the Art and intellectual progress of the age—is a large one; and will, some time or other, receive due consideration in the *Art-Journal*.

The great merit of Mr. Ingram is that he commenced his work when the machinery for producing such a publication was utterly insufficient. It grew and increased as he proceeded; and, undoubtedly, such growth and increase were in a great measure the result of his thought and labour.

The *Illustrated London News*, though younger than the *Art-Journal* by about four years, preceded it as an *illustrated work*. We did not commence to give wood-engravings until some two years afterwards. But the large supply, and the necessity for haste in production, were never requisites to us. It astonished all persons when Mr. Ingram, not long after the beginning of his labour, contrived to obtain a sufficient number of engravings weekly—often describing incidents that had occurred only the week previously to the issue of his journal. The plans he adopted, and the machinery he employed, we shall explain hereafter.

The *Illustrated London News* is now firmly established in public favour; it has deserved as well as obtained enormous success. It is not unlikely that it will now be much improved, for it seemed of late as if Mr. Ingram had been content with the position to which he had brought his paper, and was unmindful of the great fact—that it is even more difficult to keep, than to obtain, a character that shall secure success against opposition and rivalry. The staff of the work is, as it has long been, good: there is little doubt that a new and greater energy will superintend and direct this valuable organ, which contributes so much to public pleasure and instruction.

ALFRED EDWARD CHALON, R.A.

Another of the veteran members of the Royal Academy has passed away: Mr. A. E. Chalon died on the 3rd of last month, at his residence, Campden Hill, Kensington, having reached the great age of eighty years. He was brother of John James Chalon, also a member of the Academy, who died about six years ago.

Mr. Chalon's reputation as an artist rests entirely upon the portraits, chiefly in water-colours, which during many years hung on the walls of the Academy at the annual exhibitions: these works are in a slight and mannered style, but sufficiently graceful and pleasing to render the artist popular in the feminine fashionable world: beyond this, his claim to artistic position cannot be allowed. His election into the Academy, in 1816, happened at a fortunate period as regarded himself; there was then a remarkable dearth of painters of real talent, and Chalon's free and sparkling pencil found favour with his brother artists. He was also appointed 'Portrait-painter to her Majesty,' a mere honorary distinction; and was a member of the Society of Arts of Geneva, a compliment derived, in all probability, from his Swiss extraction. Both he and his brother lived in terms of intimate friendship with Leslie, from whose pen there appeared a kindly notice in the *Art-Journal* of John J. Chalon, shortly after his decease.

Notwithstanding his advanced age, Alfred Chalon pointed to the very last: to the exhibition of the present year he contributed several works, showing that age had dealt very gently with him, for there was little diminution of his earlier powers. The *Critic* remarks that "he has left behind him a large collection of his own water-colour paintings and sketches." Last year he offered to present the whole to the parish of Hampstead—a place dear to him, as it is to many another London artist—on the sole condition of the parishioners finding a suitable building and a curator. The wealthy inhabitants of Hampstead had too little public spirit or interest in the Arts to accept the offer. He has unfortunately died intestate. A will was, it is said, made last summer before the artist left town—but not attested.

Alas! that artists will despise legal formalities! As the veteran's brother and only sister had both died before him, and as he has no other near relatives, it is doubtful who will be entitled to take out letters of administration. In any case, his collection will now have to succumb to the too common lot of artists' collections, and be dispersed under the auctioneer's hammer."

MR. EBENEZER LANDELLS.

The death of Mr. Landells is a heavy loss to the art he professed, and which he had greatly contributed to elevate, not alone by his own abilities, but by the large "staff" he employed, and by whose aid he was enabled to produce a very considerable number of engravings weekly. He died at the comparatively early age of fifty-three. Until recently, his stalwart frame might have been taken as assurance of a much longer life. We extract the following brief memoir from the *London Review*:—"He was a native of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, where he was a pupil of Thomas Bewick, the celebrated engraver, and Mr. Landell's best woodcuts have much of the artistic feeling of his master. Mr. Landells came to London about thirty years since, and had since been connected with the leading illustrated periodicals of the day. In 1841, he was one of the originators of *Punch*, his share in the copyright of which he disposed of in the following year to the present proprietors of that popular journal. In the autumn of 1842, Mr. Landells was commissioned by the proprietors of the *Illustrated London News* to sketch and engrave the scenes and incidents of Her Majesty's visit to Scotland; and his success on this occasion led to his being subsequently engaged to illustrate, in the above journal, the several royal visits to various parts of the United Kingdom, and the Continent. He was likewise the originator of the *Illuminated Magazine*, five vols., and one of the original proprietors of the *Lady's Newspaper*. To this arduous branch of his art Mr. Landells brought considerable artistic taste, as well as untiring energy, such as alone could enable him to sketch and engrave incidents from some hundred miles' distance, so as to meet the requirements of a weekly newspaper. In private life he was an affectionate husband, an indulgent father, and a warm-hearted, generous friend."

M. HERSENT.

We have to record the death of an eminent French artist, the venerable M. Hersent, historical painter, and a member of the Academy of Paris.

M. Hersent was born in Paris, in 1777; he studied under M. Regnault, and his progress during this period was such as enabled him, in 1797, to gain the second prize of the Institute; but his health being impaired by severe study, his parents endeavoured, though in vain, by placing him in trade, to wean him from his love of Art. He left painting for a time, but soon returned to the only career he desired, snatching from his necessary repose, time to paint his first picture, 'Narcissus viewing himself in the Water.' Having positively decided on his career, he pursued it vigorously, producing in succession the following works:—'Achilles delivering Briseus to the Greek Heralds,' 'Atala poisoning herself in the arms of Chactas,' 'The Death of Bichat,' 'Daphne and Chloe,' 'Las Casas sick, nursed by the Savages,' 'Passage of the Bridge of Landshut,' 'Louis XVI. distributing Alms to the Poor, in the Winter of 1788,' 'The Abdication of Gustavus Vasa,' this picture disappeared from the Palais Royal in 1848. 'Friars of Mont St. Gothard feeding the Poor,' 'Ruth and Boaz,' with numerous portraits.

M. Hersent was decorated in 1819, and made member of the Institute in 1822, officer of the Legion of Honour in 1824. His career was well and nobly run: his works are full of delicacy and truth, and in his private character he was much esteemed by all who knew him. Of late years M. Hersent painted but little; his great age proving almost an effectual barrier to laborious exertion.

MR. JAMES FOGGO.

We have received, but too late for insertion this month, some particulars of the career of this painter, who died on Sept. 14: our notice must be reserved to a future time.

## ART-UNION OF GLASGOW.

LAST month we extracted a paragraph from the report of this Association. That extract was so remarkable in its character, and appeared of such importance, not to the Glasgow Art-Union only, but to all Art-Unions throughout the country, that we have thought it advisable to make its statements the subject of especial investigation; and the results of inquiry on the spot shall now be laid before the Art-interested public. The pith of the extract lay in the fact that the Directors of the Glasgow Art-Union, hitherto considered one of the most flourishing and successful in the kingdom, had to pay down about £200 each in order to keep faith with subscribers, artists, and the public: so that the association had for the time become unable, from its own proper revenue, to pay twenty shillings in the pound. But investigation showed that is not all, nor the worst of, the liabilities incurred by these directors, as they have been constrained, from the same high sense of honour, to advance a further sum of £5,000 to meet other liabilities, of which they seem to have had little or no knowledge until very recently. How this state of things has arisen we shall now endeavour to explain.

In all such associations it must be taken for granted that the directors, as a body, especially those engaged in large private business, can only have a very general knowledge of those financial details over which they are supposed to preside, but which, from the nature of things, must be almost exclusively left in the hands of paid officials. So it appears to have been in Glasgow, and the results shall be made to speak for themselves.

The Glasgow Art-Union was established in 1841; during the first years of its existence the income was small; but the progress was steady, and the management apparently sound. During the four years from 1849 to 1852, the aggregate income was £9,890, of which £4,140 was spent on prizes, chiefly pictures; £2,393 on engravings, making a total of 66 per cent.; and the remaining 34 per cent. appears to have been expended on working expenses, of which the agency cost 4½ per cent. The report for 1852-53 states that "the subscriptions during the year 1847-48 amounted to nearly £860; the year 1852-53 your committee are happy to say they have been above £6,800, an increase they believe unprecedented in the career of any similar society." A result in no small degree attributable to the issue of the admirable print of 'The Keeper's Daughter,' engraved by Ryal, after a picture by Frith and Ansdell. But already difficulty had begun to loom in the distance—the difficulty of only having two-thirds of their subscriptions paid up before the end of June. But, as usual on such occasions, cordial thanks were voted to everybody, and especially to the officials, for the zeal and industry bestowed on the affairs of the association. How far this year was better than its predecessors for the avowed purposes of the association may be gathered from the fact that out of £6,817 received, only £2,457 was devoted to prizes, £1,680 to engravings, leaving 39 per cent. for working expenses, while the charge for agency had increased from 4½ to 8 per cent.; so that for the encouragement of Art and artists, the great additional income was proportionably a loss rather than a gain. No doubt the balance-sheet shows that the sum to be carried forward in the name of balance had been more than doubled, the balance in 1851-52 being £579 in round numbers, while in 1852-53 it had risen to £1,463; but, so far as we can see, these balances all through represent nothing but unpaid accounts, and accordingly we find this £1,463 fully disposed of, without allowing anything for contingencies either of expenditure or bad debts. About this time, we believe, for we have not the precise date at hand, a new arrangement was made between the directors and their secretary, Mr. Kidston, by which the latter was to receive a commission on the gross income of the association, instead of the salary he had hitherto been paid, and to this additional stimulus, also, a considerable proportion of the increased income may very fairly be attributed. Accordingly, in 1854, we find that the income had increased to £10,655, of which £4,725 was devoted to prizes, and £2,820 to engravings, showing an addition of nearly 10 per cent. devoted

to Art over the previous year, and an apparent reduction of expenditure from 39 to 29½ per cent. for working expenses—we say *apparent*, for as the balance for outstanding subscriptions on the year shows, that reduction could not be real, the balance being £1,612, without doubt many of the subscriptions were bad debts. In this year, 1854, the gross balance was £1,670. The income had been large, the committee were in high spirits, and the usual thanks were voted with more than the usual enthusiasm.

The year 1855 was the culminating point of the association's success. In that year the income rose to £20,282, of which only £7,947 was laid out on prizes, and £4,480 on engravings, making a total of 61 per cent. on works of Art, while the agency had risen to 11 per cent., and apparently all the other working expenses in proportion; while, according to the report, the balance had assumed the proportion of nearly one-fourth of the whole income, the net amount being £5,568, of which £4,440 consisted of outstanding subscriptions—subscriptions out of which the secretary seems to have drawn his commission, as the salaries of secretary and clerks for that year amount to £1,349. And now that double action seems to have got into full operation, which has ended in the present difficulties. Commission on gross income, without reference to expense, seems to have acted as a stimulus to undue extension of means to obtain subscribers, both at home and abroad; and the extension of honorary secretaries to localities where only one or two subscribers could be obtained, although these swelled the aggregate numbers, must often have cost, in proofs, printing, and correspondence, more than the amount received; and if such happened to be among the defaulting subscribers, the loss, with secretary's commission, expenses, and no returns, would be at least double loss to the association; and so far as we have yet gone, all such losses seem to have been treated as balances at call. To this was added the complications incident to preparing, for two or three years beforehand, for the print business of the association, which necessarily complicated the whole system of accounts, and must have made the details still less intelligible to the committee of management, so that in point of fact the officials must now have had the entire affairs under their own control. In 1856 the tide of success began to turn, and the income for that year fell to £18,322; but in spite of this, and as if endeavouring to recover lost ground, the sum laid out on prizes was £9,750, and on prints, £3,853, making a total of 74 per cent. of the income, or 13 per cent. more than in the previous most successful year. But the kind of success now began to manifest itself, and in the report of this '56 we have more than one-half of this year's income in the form of balance, the sum being £9,288, and of this sum £7,114 consisted of unpaid subscriptions, which nevertheless yielded a proportional income to the secretary, for we find that the salaries for secretary and clerks this year amounted to £1,181. No doubt the balance sheet shows that this balance was subject to "charges and commissions to agents on accounts not yet rendered," but this seems rather an aggravation than a palliation of the fact. The year 1857 witnessed still more extraordinary efforts to recover losing ground. The studios of London and the provinces were hunted for attractions to subscribers, and a mad race for buying at random in the exhibitions was run between the associations of Glasgow and Edinburgh; but although everything possible was done to exhibit and puff the pictures, the income fell to £16,394. By previous efforts the committee found that the liability that year for prizes was £8,574, and for engravings, £5,829, so that they distributed 87½ per cent. of their income on Art, or 26½ per cent. more than in the most prosperous year of their existence; while their working expenses, judging from those for exhibition and commission, had also considerably increased, a state of affairs which could not of course last. Still the report of the directors for the year, although less buoyant, ascribes portending difficulties to all causes but the true one. The commercial panic, the Indian mutiny, and other causes are considered sufficient to account for the falling income; but from the notices of papers and Art journals, distinguished for their knowledge of Art, which had passed eulogiums on the exhibitions of the prizes in the principal towns, "the committee considered themselves fairly entitled

to congratulate this meeting on the distinguished success which has attended their operations." As this committee soon after found, eulogiums from those distinguished in their knowledge of accounts, would have been of more value to the association, for in this year, 1857, there is of expenditure belonging to 1855, £851, of ascertained and probable expenditure belonging to 1856, amounting to £9,288, and of so-called balance belonging to 1857 of £15,220, of which £6,380 was in the bank, and £8,510 in unpaid subscriptions, during three years' operations. In short, the affairs now seem to have drifted into hopeless confusion, and the directors being in helpless ignorance of nearly all details, it is not wonderful that the report for 1858 omits, for the first time, the usual prominent eulogizing on Mr. Kidston, and announces that "the committee, having considered it advisable to appoint a professional auditor, to superintend the whole financial operations of the society, nominated Mr. Alexander Moore, accountant in Glasgow, to that office, and they believe that the arrangement will be found beneficial to the interests of the society." But however beneficial to the unravelling of the confusion, the hope expressed by the committee in the thanks to the officials, for "the expectation that their enlightened and hearty aid will be given in the future, towards forwarding the interests and objects of the association," could not lead the subscribers to be sanguine even on that head. Again the income declined, and in 1858-59, it had fallen to £13,111, while the amount devoted to prizes was £4,187, and to prints £3,104, making a total of 71 per cent. for the year devoted to Art; but the report exhibits no balance-sheet, so that we know nothing about how the balance stood, or of any other details. The report for 1859-60 brings the conclusion most surely to have been expected from the preceding state of affairs, when the income could not be determined by the number of subscribers, but by the previously incurred liabilities of the directors. The shares taken by the public only reached £12,002, but £14,454 had been spent or promised, and the directors, to their conspicuous honour, took up shares to the amount of £2,071, in order that perfect faith might be kept, both with the artists and the public. But beyond that £2,071, which these directors have provided for the current year, there is that dreary waste of "balance" also to be satisfied; and towards helping to cope with that difficulty, these men have been compelled to advance a further sum of about £5,000, at present without any certainty that even that will be sufficient. That such a state of things could have arisen without the most culpable incapacity or mismanagement on the part of the officials, it is impossible to believe; and the effects cannot but be detrimental to all the Art-Unions in existence, in making qualified men shrink from positions where such responsibilities can become possible.

Into the pecuniary dispute between Mr. Kidston and the directors of the Glasgow Art-Union we shall not at present enter, except to say that the style in which that gentleman has managed the Glasgow Art-Union requires more elucidation, before it can be accepted as sufficient guarantee for the success of another Art-Union—an association which Mr. Kidston proposes shall, under his direction, supersede the Art-Union of Glasgow; while, on the other hand, the directors, who are anxious to sustain an institution which has done so much for Art and artists, are, from the singularly honourable course they have pursued towards the public, more than ever entitled to hearty and increased public confidence and support.

It is, above all things, necessary that the "managers" of such institutions should be free of all suspicion, not only of wrong acts, but of wrong motives. Much must be inevitably left to them; it is not to be expected that unpaid directors will devote much time to duties such as were theirs who formed and sustained this institution. Especially in Glasgow was such a result to be looked for; its merchants and manufacturers are busy men, to whom every hour is very valuable, and probably most of them considered they had done all they were required to do in lending their names to the society, as a sanction and warranty for its good faith. We acquit them, therefore, of all blame; but blame there must be somewhere, if there be nothing worse. Probably the public will receive "explanations;" undoubtedly they are demanded.



## CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of "THE ART-JOURNAL."

## THE CAMERA-OBSCURA.

SIR,—I beg to forward a description of a camera-obscura, which may be constructed of the simplest materials (a common packing case, object lens of a spy glass, and an ordinary looking-glass), and would thereby ensure easy repair under almost any circumstances.

In the present camera the ground-glass plate of the ordinary instruments is dispensed with, and the subject to be delineated is thrown directly on the

surface of the drawing-paper, and can be rapidly pencilled off, thus obviating the tedious double process of tracing and re-copying, which is necessary for practical purposes with the other instruments. I have myself tried the present variation of the principle of a camera-obscura successfully on many occasions.

J. H. L. ARCHER.

Fig. 1.

1. Mirror (angle 45°).
  2. Cylinder and object lens, with slide.
  3. Interior of camera, painted black.
  4. Drawing board, on a spring, by which the focus is adjusted.
  5. Buttons, or studs, for attaching the curtain.
  6. Slit by which the landscape (if panoramic) is rolled out of the camera.
  7. Pivot and tripod.
- N.B. The camera is square or oblong, and may be made of wood, or of sheet iron, with hinges and hooks, and capable of being folded into two flat pieces, as shown in Figures 3 and 4.

Fig. 2.

The camera with darkening curtain attached by a contracting India-rubber band to the studs on the box, A.A. It is in the form of a bag, the open mouth of which is attached to the front of the box, while at the other extremity is an aperture with an expansive India-rubber border, B, which, on the manipulator inserting his body, contracts about his waist, and so excludes all light.

## RUSKIN'S "MODERN PAINTERS."

SIR,—I beg to avail myself of the columns of the *Art-Journal* to correct an extraordinary statement made in a foot note, p. 116, Vol. V., Ruskin's "Modern Painters," which is as follows:—"There still exists some early proofs of Miller's plate of 'The Grand Canal, Venice,' in which the sky is the likeliest thing to Turner's work I have ever seen in large engravings. The plate was spoiled, after a few impressions were taken off, by desire of the publisher. The sky was so exactly like Turner's that he thought it would not please the public, and had all the fine cloud-drawing rubbed away to make it soft."

Now there is no foundation whatever for this statement: no such interference with the sky, as is asserted, was ever made. The plate left my hands

after being carefully worked up to the drawing and effect of the picture in all its parts, under the direction of Turner himself, through his touched proofs and letters, and I have reason to believe finished entirely to his satisfaction, as well as that of the publisher. I have also the assurance of the latter (Henry Graves) that not a touch was ever put upon the plate but what was done by myself, and, as it was submitted to me for revision during the course of printing, I have the most certain knowledge that the statement made in the work referred to, is entirely without authority, and has no foundation in fact. Who may have been the fabricator, or for what purposes the author of "Modern Painters" may have allowed himself to be thus imposed upon, I am at a loss to conceive. The possessors of proofs and prints of this plate may, however, rest assured that there never was any such interference as is stated in the foot-note, and that they possess the engraving as it was finally approved of by the great painter himself.

Allow me further to take the opportunity of referring to some observations upon my plate of 'Modern Italy,' contained in Vol. IV. of the same work, where J. Ruskin has devoted an engraving, and a considerable part of a page, in criticising the style in which the stem of a tree in the foreground of that plate has been executed, more especially in reference to the laying of the line. Now the fact is that the mode of laying the lines on that stem was suggested by Turner himself in distinct directions on a touched proof, and, therefore, he alone is answerable for the error, if there be one, which I am far from admitting; for it must be manifest to any one examining the plate, that the object of so laying the lines is to distinguish between that part of the stem on which bark still remains, and the upper part which is broken away and entirely denuded.

WILLIAM MILLER.

Hope Park, Edinburgh,  
October 3.

## ART IN CONTINENTAL STATES.

PARIS.—The French School of Art sustained, some few weeks since, a heavy loss by the death of M. De Mercey, a landscape and marine painter of great talent, member of the Institute, and chief of the division of Fine Arts. Among his most important pictures were several views of Scottish scenery. As a writer upon Art, he was well-known in his native country by his "History of the Fine Arts," several fictitious works, and some narratives of his travels, and as a frequent contributor to the *Revue des Deux Mondes* and *L'Artiste*. A religious service was held on the occasion of his death, at the Church of the Madeleine, which was attended by a considerable number of high public functionaries, and of gentlemen connected with the Institute. The "Studies" have been sent as usual from the Roman French Academy. The principal picture is by M. Giacomotti (his fifth year), and represents "The Martyrdom of St. Hippolyte;" it is a fine painting, well composed, well drawn and coloured. M. De Coninck has sent a work, entitled the "Paysan du Danube," an academic figure of great power.—An exhibition of the works of Decamps is talked of.—The following notice has been published in the *Beaux Arts*, a new review:—"To Municipalities, Committees of Exhibition, Art-Union, or Societies, of France or Foreign Countries. In consequence of numerous demands, we place our journal at the disposal of the various Committees of Exhibitions, &c., whenever it suits them to open exhibitions or competitions (*concours*) on subjects of the Fine Arts or Belles Lettres. It will be sufficient to send us the programmes, which will be inserted in our columns, and left also for the examination of artists at our Bureau, Rue Tarnanne 19." We give publicity to this notice, as some of our English institutions may be glad to avail themselves of this liberal offer.

LEIPZIG.—A violent hailstorm that passed over this city, on the 29th of September, has, it is reported, seriously damaged the two celebrated pictures, by Paul Delaroche, of 'Cromwell,' and 'Napoleon,' which hung in the gallery of the Museum: hailstones of large size, of considerable weight, broke the windows of one side of the building, and struck the paintings in several places.

MILAN.—The competition at Milan for a monument to perpetuate the annexation of Tuscany to

Piedmont is announced as follows:—"E aperto un concorso a tutti Artisti Italiani." The competition it would seem by this is to be limited to the artists of the country.

LILLE.—We find the following in a recent number of our cotemporary the *Builder*:—"The intended cathedral has made but small progress: a portion of the crypt, as we mentioned recently, has been completed, and an altar placed in one of the recesses where Divine service is performed. The piers to support the superstructure are of brick, with stonequoins. Above, a few of the clustered columns have been carried to the height of ten feet. The large church of St. Maurice is undergoing a complete repair, executed with care of the original decorative portion. The Museum is being improved: a new gallery is being constructed for the modern pictures. The Vicar Museum of ancient drawings is well arranged, and consists of 1,435 numbers, all framed. The drawings from the sketch-book of Michel Angelo are the great feature of the collection. They are in number 139, and being on both sides of the leaves, are framed between sheets of glass. There is an entire autograph letter of Francis I., addressed to Michel Angelo, expressing his desire to possess some of his sculptures. As his Royal Highness the Prince Consort has sent Mr. Bingham to photograph these drawings, of such high interest to architects, it may be hoped it is for the object of their being circulated among the profession. The Museum also possesses sixty-seven drawings by the divine Raffaele, some of the highest beauty."

A TRIP TO THE  
ART-EXHIBITION AT BRUSSELS.

ON the 18th of October, the national standard of Belgium, which, from the 15th of the previous August, had floated over the "palace of the Prince of Orange" at Brussels, was lowered. Cabs and carriages, passing along the Rue Ducale, no longer set down or took up at the portal of the palace. On that day the Fine Arts Exhibition, which for two months had been held within its walls, was closed, and the gay citizens of Belgium's capital lost thereby a very pleasant lounging-place.

By a decree of the King, Belgium has an annual exhibition of the works of living artists; but three years will have elapsed before another can be held in the same place as that which has just closed. The Metropolis shares the honour with two other towns, and the exhibition opens in succession at Antwerp, Brussels, and Ghent. These exhibitions, to which artists of all lands are invited to contribute, would, under certain conditions, be of eminent service alike to the artist and the Art-student. Could it be certain that all countries were here adequately represented, we should be enabled to judge of the absolute and comparative merits of each—see its progress, or witness its decline—trace the development of those characteristics for which each is noted, and obtain the best possible opportunity to form a true estimate of the position and prospects of Art itself. Such, unfortunately, is not the case. These conditions cannot be guaranteed. Every school is not represented, and of those that are, the most renowned masters do not exhibit; the reputations they have already acquired, renders it unnecessary that they should do so; and, either from indolence, carelessness, or a disinclination to expose themselves to criticism, they too often leave the race to be run by the younger and weaker members of their profession. Thus we sometimes become unwilling spectators of the play of "Hamlet," with the character of Hamlet omitted.

The late Exhibition was, on the whole, inferior—by no means, indeed, equal—to those of some former years. Still, out of the 1114 Art-productions which had been brought together, it was scarcely possible but that there should be something worth seeing, and something worth remembering. English artists, too, for the first time—with the exception of the Paris Exhibition of 1855—had chosen the occasion to present themselves beyond the bounds of these islands, and to put themselves in competition with foreign artists. We conceive, therefore, we should be omitting a duty, did we entirely overlook the Brussels Exhibition of 1860.

Of Belgian artists, neither Gallait nor Iveys exhibited. Madon was present in two pictures of very great merit—"The News of the Day," and 'The

Village Squire,' both of which have been sold and photographed: Dillens had four pictures—the full complement—one of which has been chosen for the lottery, and all of which are extremely popular. De Knyff, also, sent the same number; one of them (253), 'a river scene, "with clouds and sunshine intermixed," being among the most pleasing pictures in the whole collection. The three pictures exhibited by Slingsinger were much noticed, and 'The Martyr' (882) is truly very effective. De Groux's picture of 'Charles V. receiving the Communion at the hands of his Confessor' is well executed, as is also its companion picture, 237. David Col, of Antwerp, had selected a striking subject—'The Market-Day,' which is well rendered; and Verboeckhoven contributed four pictures, the most important feature in each of which is, of course, the able representation of animals, for which he is celebrated. Israels, of Amsterdam, contributed four of his marvellous pictures; and 'Ten Kate, of the same place, had an equal number.

French Art was represented by Gerome, whose single contribution, 'The Death of Cæsar,' has been photographed, and is thus well known everywhere; by Troyon, who had two pictures of high excellence; by Diaz de la Pena; by Robert Fleury, who contributed two pictures of similar character—No. 813, representing the interview at Bologna of Pope Julius II. and Michel Angelo, being extremely expressive; and by Müller, who sent his two pictures, 'Marie Antoinette listening to the Reading of her Death Warrant,' and the 'Cremona Fiddle,' a pictorial representation of an affecting scene in one of Hoffmann's tales.

English Art was not so well represented as we could wish. Few English painters exhibited at all; none sent more than one picture; and, in every case, not, in our opinion, the best specimen. Ward's contribution was 'Marie Antoinette in the Prison of the Conciergerie listening to the Reading of her Bill of Accusation,' the picture sent by Dyce was that which made its appearance at the Royal Academy, two years ago—'Titian studying his First Essay in Colour,' Egg had forwarded his painful picture—'Past and Present,' David Roberts contributed 'A Distant View of Jerusalem,' with figures in the foreground; while Sir Edwin Landseer was represented by that great—or rather large—picture that excited so much comment at our own Academy, 'The Flood in Scotland.'

We trust, now that the ice has been broken, English artists will not neglect any future opportunity of sending their productions to foreign exhibitions: good, in various ways, cannot but result therefrom. We hope, too, that, on future occasions, English Art will be more adequately represented than on this, both in respect of the number and the quality of works offered to the criticism of foreign artists, and the inspection of a foreign public.

Other noticeable pictures are—'A Forest in the Mountains of Norway' (54), by Rodom, of Dusseldorf; 'A Montenegrin Woman and her Child' (132), by Cernak, which has been selected for the lottery; 'Sunday Morning'—a snow scene of placid sweetness, by De Vigne; 396 and 397 by Fourmois, of Brussels; 'André Vésale, Professor at Padua,' by Hauman, of Paris; 760, a fine picture, which relates, in an admirable manner an admirable incident in the history of Ghent; 'A Landscape in Holland,' by Roelofs, of Brussels; a bouquet of 'Flowers' (843), contributed by Saint Jean; two very effective architectural pieces, by Van Moer; and three excellent street views, by Weissenbruch.

The number of engravings exhibited was small. Cousens, we saw, had sent engravings of two of Sir Edwin Landseer's pictures; and Bal, Keller, Franc, and François, had each contributed specimens of their skill. Desvachez, of Brussels, had four very fine engravings, one of which, 'The Two Sisters,' after Phillips, was produced for this Journal; and M. Vander Kolk exhibited an engraving by Bal, of Gallati's well-known picture, 'Jeanne la Folle,' in the possession of the King of Holland.

Of the sculpture little can be said. It was small in quantity, and the quality did not make amends for the defect. Van Hove, of Brussels, exhibited some vigorous groups in plaster, all of which had their admirers, and a bronze figure (*esclave negre*), by the same artist, is certainly fine. 'Chactas at the Tomb of Atala,' by Gruyère, of Paris, is original,

and attracted much attention; as did also Clésinger's 'Zingars,' and 'Ariadne,' by Millet (Aimé)—a reproduction on a smaller scale of that exhibited at Paris in 1857, and now deposited in the Louvre.

The palace in which the Exhibition took place—erected by the citizens of Brussels—was by them presented to the late King of Holland, then Prince of Orange. The Prince did not inhabit it for more than a year. At the expiration of that period the revolution of 1830 broke out, and his Royal Highness was under the necessity of seeking a residence elsewhere. It is pleasantly situated in the most elevated and agreeable portion of the town. In front it looks out upon the park, where, during the Revolution, some of the most severe conflicts took place. To the rear runs the Boulevard du Regent; while, at right angles, in immediate proximity, is the palace of King Leopold. The building is well adapted for the purpose to which it was put. It is oblong, and has two floors only. Visitors enter by a vestibule at one end, and traverse the ground floor till they reach the spot whence they started; they then are conducted by an easy flight of steps to the upper story, through which they proceed in the same way. Above and below, the passage runs round the building; and pictures, statues, and engravings are arranged on one hand, whilst on the other are the windows, facing the park or the Boulevards. By this method is avoided that double tide of human faces which besets and jostles one in most Art-galleries, and which can scarcely be avoided when those who enter and those who return have to pass through the same doors. The plan of the rooms, too, is commendable. Small in size, they are incapable of having their walls covered with acres of canvas, and contain only a very limited number of pictures. This manner of partitioning the building into small spaces has several advantages. From the comparatively few pictures in juxtaposition, the spectator has a fair opportunity of appreciating the merits of each, and the artist has his work shown off with almost all the advantages he could hope to possess in his own studio. Besides, none of the pictures are hung out of sight, and the eye is not tired as when it has to traverse larger areas. The central portion of the upper floor is occupied by the Great Room, which is lighted from above, and contained the largest and most important canvases.

With the hanging of the pictures and the arrangement of the rooms we have not a fault to find. But here our commendation must cease. The most bungling and inconvenient method that could possibly be devised for numbering and cataloguing the works was adopted. Instead of having arranged them in the rooms and in the catalogue according to the sequence of numbers, the *jury de placement* numbered them in succession, according to the position in the alphabet occupied by the initial letter of each artist's name. To make matters worse, engravings, statues, lithographs, bronzes, and medals were all included in the same list. The result may be imagined. On seeing Madon's picture, 657, we were desirous to view his other, which is numbered 658; but there was no means of finding it except by wandering throughout the whole Exhibition, and examining the number placed on each production. It was like trying to draw out in sequence, the numbers of a lottery. This arrangement was a sad mistake, which occasioned much loss of time, and which on future occasions we hope to see rectified. We are aware that it arises from the custom of changing the places of the pictures during the exhibition; but the advantage is more than counterbalanced by the evil.

The palace in the Rue Ducale was well attended during the continuance of the Exhibition. Daily a numerous and respectable concourse assembled under its roof. But it was on Sundays, when admission was free, that the greatest number visited the collection. Then crowds thronged the building: elegantly-dressed ladies and gentlemen, women without bonnets, boys in blouses, nursemaids with children in their arms; all ages and all classes were represented, and all behaved with perfect propriety. The pictures were not guarded by rails, as they are in some of our galleries, where the price of admission must necessarily exclude the lower orders; but yet none were needed here, for all present acted with decorum, and as if they themselves had been appointed guardians of the place.

## THE TURNER GALLERY.

A COUNTRY BLACKSMITH.

Engraved by C. W. Sharpe.

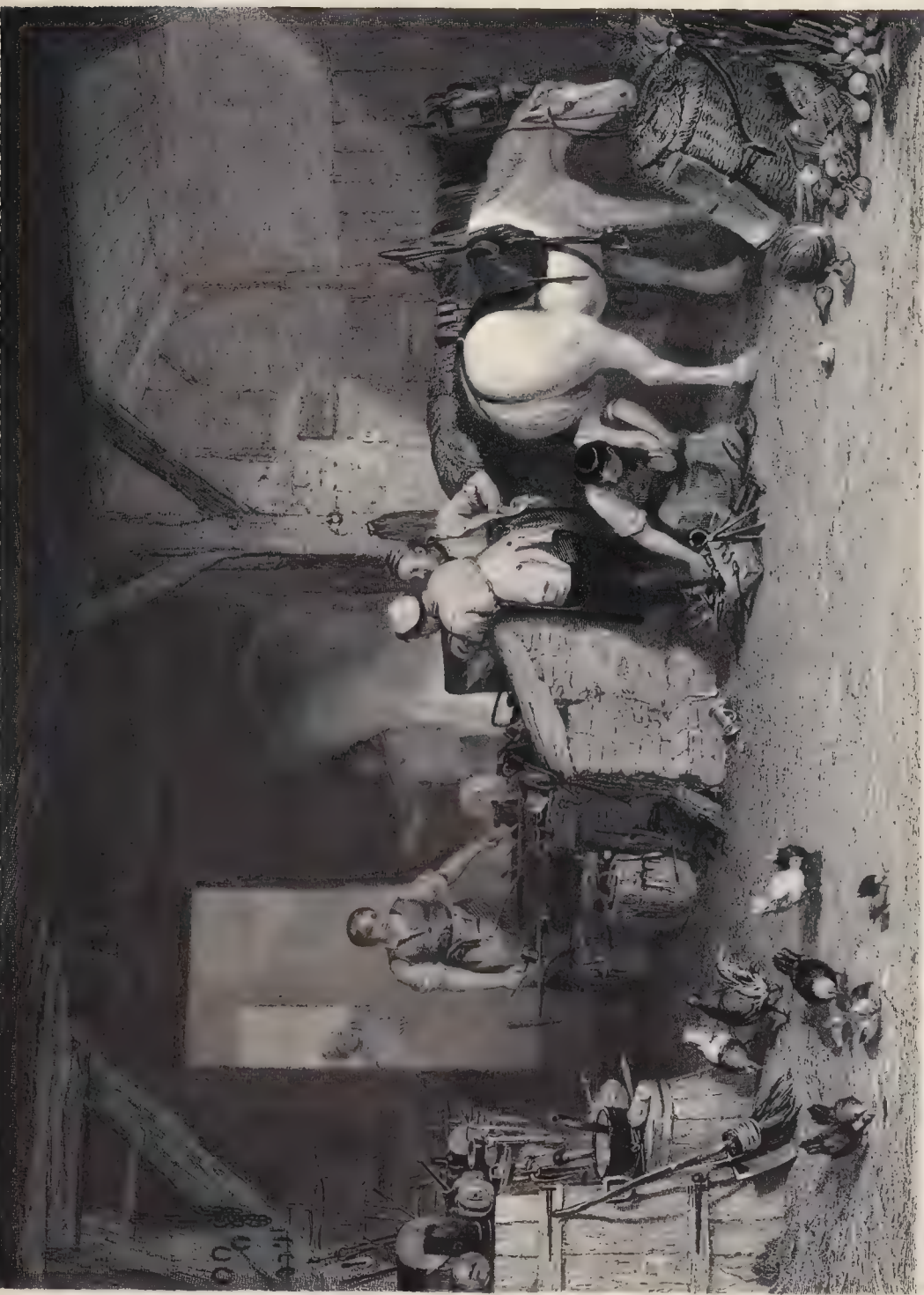
THOSE who know Turner only by what he painted during the last thirty years of his life—indeed, it may be said, during any part of it—would scarcely believe that this picture is the work of his hand, so entirely opposed is it to everything with which his pencil is ordinarily associated. Essentially a landscape-painter, heshows himself here a painter of *genre*, in a style too which will bear comparison with the works of some of the old Flemish artists. It was painted in 1807, and the circumstances that led him to depart, in this instance, and in another also, to which reference will presently be made, from his ordinary practice, are generally understood to have been these. In the preceding year Wilkie arrived in London, from Edinburgh, with his 'Village Politicians,' which proved so popular with the public, and even by many artists and connoisseurs was received with so much approbation, that Turner's emulation was excited, and he determined to show the world that a subject of the same class was not beyond his powers. The result was the picture of 'A Country Blacksmith disputing with a Butcher upon the Price of Iron, and the Charge made for Shoeing his Pony'—the long and somewhat quaint title given by Turner to the work here engraved.

Allan Cunningham, in his biographical sketch of Wilkie, tells a story about this picture, the truth of which his son, Peter Cunningham, in his 'Turner and his Works,' undertakes to prove. In the same year that 'The Forge,' as Cunningham calls it, was exhibited, Turner sent also to the Academy another work, 'The Sun rising through Vapour,' between these was hung Wilkie's 'Blind Fiddler,' and it is said that, on what is well-known among artists as the 'vanishing day,'—a day when the members of the Academy are allowed the privilege of retouching their works,—Turner reddened his sun, and blew the bellows of his art on his 'Blacksmith's Forge,' to put the Scotchman's nose out of joint, who had gained so much reputation by his 'Village Politicians.' Mr. Wornum, the Keeper of the National Gallery, has taken some pains to ascertain the truth of this story, and asserts his entire disbelief of it, from the position in which, according to the catalogue of the Academy for 1807, the pictures hung: the 'Blind Fiddler' may have been near the 'Forge,' but certainly not between it and the other by Turner, which, from its number in the catalogue, must have been at some little distance. Still stronger evidence is to be found on examining Turner's pictures; for the fire of the forge is scarcely visible, and the sun in the other is not seen at all, but is only indicated by a spot of bright yellowish colour. It is just possible,—though there is nothing in his whole history to justify a supposition of such unprofessional meanness and jealousy, but everything to contradict it,—that Turner may have retouched these parts of both pictures after they left the exhibition room.

Whatever the motive may have been which induced him to paint this picture, whether a mere fancy, or to show, as is alleged, that he too could produce, no less than Wilkie, a group of 'Village Politicians,' the work affords indisputable proof that he could grapple successfully with any subject to which he chose to apply the powers of his mind and the skill of his pencil. The composition truthfully bears out the title given to it by the painter, so far as relates to a conversation of some kind going on between those in the smithery, for even the man engaged in shoeing the pony seems for a moment to have his attention absorbed by it; the subject of the discussion is, however, not quite so apparent, for, it might be one of politics, or the price of butcher's meat, or of the new shoes on the animal's feet. But the whole scene is wonderfully life-like in its general character, while all the details are made out, even to the most diminutive object, with the elaboration and finish that we find in the works of Gerard Dow, Teniers, and other Dutch masters. The light and shade, moreover, are managed with extraordinary skill and effect.

The other picture of the same class, to which allusion has been made, is the 'Harvest Home,' an unfinished sketch, also in the National Gallery.









## THE COMPANION-GUIDE

(BY RAILWAY)

## IN SOUTH WALES.

BY MR. AND MRS. S. C. HALL.

## PART XI.



We are again on the railroad, and look across "the Burry River;" it is an arm of the sea, bordered by a green shore at the base of huge cliffs: that is the Gower Land, and yon dim point is the famous "Worm's Head."

Some ten miles from Swansea—having passed, without stopping, the small station of Gower Road—we reach the station of Loughor, a poor place now, but one which the Romans made famous sixteen hundred years ago, where traces of their occupation may still be found, and where many a bloody fight between them and their brave and resolute enemies, the ancient Britons, left enduring records in the earth-heaps that yet mark the site of the "Leucrum of Antonius." And here, just under the walls of the old castle, or rather the remains of its Keep, the river Loughor, which has its source at the foot of the Black Mountain, divides the county of Glamorgan from that of Carmarthen. We cross the railway-bridge, and rapidly glance up and down the river. It is wide and somewhat rapid, and discharges itself into the Burry River—a part of Carmarthen Bay. Some three miles distant is LLANELLY, enveloped in smoke, which two large stacks, and scores of smaller ones, pour out in huge volumes. Here a branch line of railway, running almost due north, conducts the tourist to Llandovery, through Llandeilo Fawr; it is not made for his accommodation, however, but for those huge coal trains that bear the coal of the district to the several works and ports.

We ask the reader to accompany us from this thriving, but ungainly, town of Llanelli, as far, by this railway, as the old and picturesque town of Llandeilo, for the purpose of taking coach there, and driving along the banks of the broad and beautiful Towy into Carmarthen.\* It is one of the "excursions" to which the South Wales Railway leads, and there are none pleasanter or more productive that emanate from the line. As we shall presently show, however, the railway direct proceeds to Carmarthen, and so to Milford Haven. Those who are bent on business will therefore not be called upon to follow us; but those whose purpose is pleasure, who desire acquaintance with the natural charms and historic remains of a district fertile of both, may here leave awhile the beaten track, and enjoy that which may not be very often enjoyed in any part of the kingdom—a health-drive outside a coach, where every mile presents to the eye and suggests to the mind objects and thoughts of interest and of beauty.† As will be seen, however, it is a tour that we must leave mainly to the imagination of the reader, for we have left ourselves no space adequately to describe it. If we alight at the station of Llandeilo, midway between Llanelli and Llandovery, we may visit the limestone cavern in the neighbourhood, where tradition asserts that a famous Welsh warrior, Owen Lawgoch, or Owen of the Bloody Hand, together with his chosen band, was blockaded, and smothered or starved to death: and where fact relates that, in 1813, ten human skeletons, "with skulls and bones of larger size than those of the present race," were dug up and examined. From hence a short walk brings us to the FALL OF THE LLECHWYR (Loughor), a

broad and full, though not very high fall, situate in the richly-wooded grounds of Glynhir; and a little further on by railway we obtain a distant view of the old castle of Carreg Cennen.



FALL OF THE LLECHWYR.

Our rest is at Llandeilo, at the neat and comfortable inn of the picturesque old town. The



TOWY.

Towy is here crossed by a graceful bridge of a single arch, and near it is the ancient church, dedicated to St. Teilo, recently restored, or rather rebuilt, but retaining many indications of

\* A considerable diversity of opinion has obtained among antiquaries respecting the etymology of the modern name Caerdyddion—Caerdyddion. It has been usual to derive it from Caer Ferdin, the city of Merddin, or Merlin, the far-famed British prophet; but Humphrey Llwyd justly observes that "it was so called and known long before the birth of that very well learned man, neither did the city take its name from him, but he of that, wherein he was borne."

† Just where the Dethia joins the Towy there is a conical hill called Cerrig Tywl, which rises five or six hundred feet, and from the summit of which there is a magnificent view—mountain and valley; while the Towy, winding round its base, rushes with impetuous fury to the embraces of the gentle Dethia, where its rage seems suddenly appeased. About midway up is the cave of a celebrated robber—Twm Shôn Catti, or Thomas, the son of Catherine, a rival in deeds and generosity of the famous Robin Hood. There is a legend of him that he had become enamoured of the fair heiress of Ystrad Fân, the neighbouring territory. One moonlight night he was serenading his lady-love underneath her window when she—whether by accident or design, story sayeth not—chanced to put out her arm so far that the son of Catherine was enabled to seize it. The desperate lover swore that unless she would then and there pledge to him her heart, he would cut off her hand, and keep that to console him in his affliction. The promise was made that both hand and heart should be his. Whether she did or did not keep her word history doth not tell us, and the poet, who is welcome to this legend, may therefore deal with the finale as to him seemeth best.

its early importance. It is to the neighbourhood, however, that the attention of the tourist should be directed.\* Four miles to the east of the town are remains of an ancient British encampment, called Carn Goch (the Red Cairn), enclosing a circular area of considerable extent, and defended by a wide rampart of loose stones, in some places near ten feet high. Here, too, are the remains of several mansions of good dimensions and style of architecture, and other evidences of the former grandeur of the place. Close at hand, on the opposite side of the river, is Golden Grove, the seat of Lord Cawdor, in which his eldest son, Viscount Emlyn, resides. It was anciently the seat of the Vaughans, Earls of Carberry. Here it was Jeremy Taylor passed several years of his life,—when "the vessel of the state was dashed to pieces, and his own small barque was wrecked,"—under the protection of the "loyal earl." There, too, or rather in its immediate vicinity, are the remains of an old grammar-school, in which Jeremy Taylor taught—in the quiet village of Llanvihangel Aberbythych. Far greater interest will be derived, however, from a visit to the venerable relics of Dynevor Castle, adjacent to which is the comparatively modern dwelling, the residence of Lord Dynevor, the lineal descendant of many illustrious ancestors, who were lords in the land before the Romans left a foot-mark on the soil, who fought with Saxons and Normans—keeping the freedom of their country long, and its honour unimpaired ever. This was their stronghold; originally, it is said, erected by Roderick the Great, monarch of South Wales, A.D. 88, whose three sons are recorded in "The Triads"† as the "three diademed princes." The little church in Dynevor Park is supposed to be erected on the site of a Roman temple; the walls of a Roman edifice, a pot of Roman coins, with other indications corroborative



BISHOP RUDD'S BATH.

of the fact, have been discovered near the spot. The church is dedicated to St. Teifi, nephew to the celebrated St. Teilo. Dinevor, Dinevawr, or Dinas Fawr, may have been a fort of mud and wattles when the Romans were in Wales, but it was certainly a royal residence when the Norman soldiers won England at Hastings. Its history, even the little that is known of it, is a startling romance, for,

"Amongst the woody hills of Dyneuore"

dwelt a long line of princes, and among these broken walls a succession of chieftains listened to

"High-born Hoel's harp and soft Llewellyn's lay."

Even a brief history of this historic family would fill a volume; nay, early Welsh records previous to the periods of authentic history might occupy many interesting pages, and a very large number of its chiefs may be named who seem to have merited the character given of them, that they were "the bravest, the wisest, the most merciful, liberal, and just princes of Wales."‡ If they succumbed to the Normans it was only

\* There is a very agreeable, useful, and well-written guide-book to the scenery and antiquities neighbouring Llandudno Fawr, written by Mr. William Davies, and published in the town.

† The Triads are documents that were manifestly written at different periods; but many of them present features of great antiquity, in corroboration of which "the Godolin," a poem of Aneurin, confessedly written about the commencement of the sixth century, enumerates the titles of several, some of which are still extant, but others are lost.

‡ It is related by Giraldus that King Henry II. dispatched a soldier, born in Bretagne, on whose wisdom and fidelity he could rely, under the conduct of Guardianus, Dean of Cambref Mawr, to

as subdued, but not conquered, enemies, ever active, ever restless, ever on the watch to vex, harass, and destroy the proud invader. Here many of them found graves, honoured in defeat no less than in victory!

"Peace to each manly soul that sleepeth!  
Rest to each faithful eye that weepeth!"

Though the family name has been corrupted from "Rhys" to "Rice," it is still venerated throughout the Principality; and, if report be true in his native county, the present peer is in real worth and personal qualities no whit behind his illustrious ancestors.

We are in their district now, and we shall pass presently the site of many of their seats, such as Llanlais and Cadvan. The eminent Welsh poet, Lewis Glyn Cothi, who flourished in the



GLYN IAR HILL.

fifteenth century, and who played so conspicuous a part in the wars of the Roses, spent much of his time in this locality. And we shall visit at Carmarthen the tomb of the brave knight Sir Rhys ap Thomas, to whom Henry VII. was mainly indebted for the crown he tore from the brows of "the bloody and deceitful boar," on the field at Bosworth. The life of this Sir Rhys is wilder than romance—as, indeed, is that of his whole family. His grandfather, Gruffydd ab Nicholas, was a man of "hott, fire, and chollerick spirit, infinitelie subtle and craftie, of a busie, stirring braine." King Henry VI., dreading his "ambitiousnesse" and power, sent commissioners to Carmarthen to apprehend him. On their way they were met by Gruffydd, "raggedlie attired," accompanied only by four attendants. The commissioners, well pleased to have the



DRYSLWYN CASTLE.

formidable chieftain in their power, were content to accompany him to Abermarlais. On the road they were joined by his son at the head of a hundred mounted cavaliers; on their way to Newton, i. e. Dynevor, another son joined the party, with a chosen troop of two hundred horsemen; and subsequently, at Abergwili, by five hundred tall men on foot. At Carmarthen, where the commissioners were "well entertained," Owen ab Gruffydd secretly possessed himself

explore the situation of Dynevor and the strength of the country. The wily monk guided him through by-paths, over craggy mountains, through bogs, and thick forests, and on the way ate himself heartily of roots and grass, saying it was in that manner the inhabitants were accustomed to feed and live. The soldier was so disgusted heretofore, that he returned to the king and reported the district to be uninhabitable and the people brutes.



of the warrant for arresting his father, purloining it out of the Lord Whitney's sleeve. Consequently when the accused, affecting great modesty of demeanour, demanded to see the document, it was not forthcoming; whereupon Sir Gruffydd "starts up in a fure," and says, "have we cozeners and cheaters come hither?" and, "rapping out a grete oath," he orders "the traitors and impostors forthwith to prison, swearing he would hange them all up next day," and would only spare their lives on condition of returning to the king dressed in the old clothes of Sir Gruffydd, and wearing his cognizance, which they "willinglie undertook and accordingly performed." His son and successor Owen, "a good and most accomplished gentleman," took service with the Duke of Brugundy, but, having formed an indiscreet attachment to the daughter of the duke's brother, "he was compelled to return to his native country." That lady afterwards, however, became his second wife, by whom he left issue. Sir Rhys ab Thomas was his third son. His property, hereditary and acquired, was enormous—hence the Welsh couplet:—

"Y Brenin bla'r ynys  
Ond sy o ran i Syr Rysa."\*

He joined the Duke of Richmond on his landing at Milford Haven, and it is said that by his hand Richard, the king, third of the name, was slain. Honours were consequently heaped upon him by the grateful monarch, Henry VII. We have given some particulars connected with the career of this brave chieftain in treating of Milford Haven and of his castle, Carew, in Pembrokeshire, where he resided during the later and peaceful years of his life. His grandson was his successor—Rhys ab Gruffydd, whose mournful fate was a sad passage in the eventful history of a gallant race. "His ancestors had been in the habit of occasionally adding ab Urien to their names," Urien having been prince or king of a small district in Wales, and from whom they were descended. Young Rhys ab Gruffydd assumed it "probably in a vain frolic." The circumstance was reported to the king—Henry VIII., and taken in association with the immense possessions and unbounded popularity of the family, the act was construed into a design to assert the independence of the Principality. Some old prophecies were brought in aid, and, on charges equally frivolous and unjust, the young chieftain was arraigned for high treason, found guilty, and executed on Tower Hill. On the accession of Queen Mary his son, Gruffydd ab Rhys, was restored in blood, and received back part of the estates, another part being given to the family by Charles I. Many a fell swoop had, however, been made upon them meanwhile, and we believe the present peer enjoys but a comparatively small portion of the vast tracts of country over which his forefathers ruled. "The castle" is now but a shell—"the chapel" only a few broken walls; yet nature is as free and generous as she was a thousand years ago, and the scenery within the park, and the views from any of the heights, may be classed among the grandest and most beautiful to be found in Great Britain.

The visitor will find in the vicinity of Llandeilo many other objects of interest. About ten miles to the north, lies the secluded village of Tully, with its lakes, and the majestic remains of its once magnificent abbey. The little village church affords a striking contrast with the huge proportions of its former grand cathedral, which was in its glory about six hundred years ago, and is supposed to have been established by Prince Rhys ab Gruffydd, of Dynevor. And to the north-east is situated Ban Sir Gaer, or the Carmarthen-shire Beacon, at the east and west bases of which are the two beautiful lakes said to have been the favourite haunt of that fair lady who imparted the knowledge of the medicinal virtues of plants to the celebrated Meddygon Myddfai, physicians to Rhys Grug, Prince of South Wales, who bestowed land and privileges upon them, that they might without interruption attend to the study of their profession.

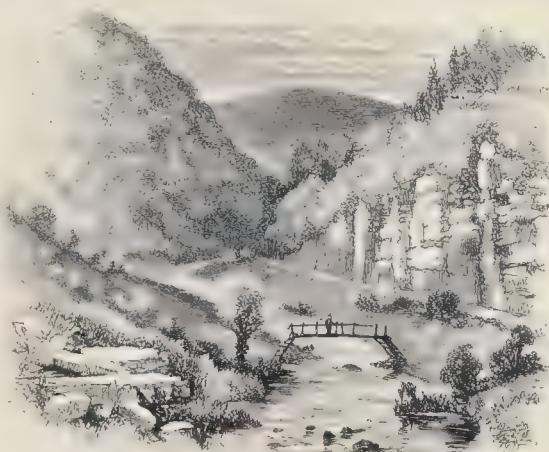
We must hasten on. You castle (we see it plainly from the coach-top), which rises so proudly above the rapid Towy, is DRYSLWYN CASTLE. It is a ruin now, but was a strong place in old times, commanding the ford, itself secure from all assaults, and continuing to shelter, down to a comparatively late period, the lords of Dynevor.

But there is an object right before us to which a wider renown has been given—a hill the name of which is known wherever the English language is read; for who is entirely a stranger to the pleasant poem that recites the praises of "GRONGAR HILL," and who has not offered a meed of grateful thanks to the muse of the poet, John Dyer? We are within ken of his birthplace, Aberglasney, and the great theme of his love and life—the hill—is within sight all the way for miles as we draw onward to Carmarthen.† Easy will

it be to picture the calm and gentle poet—not amid the bustle of the Metropolis, where he was as much out of place as a daisy in a conservatory; but, as he himself so sweetly says:—

"So oft I have, the evening still,  
At the fountain of a rill,  
Sate upon a flowery bed,  
With my hand beneath my head,  
While stray'd my eyes o'er Towy's flood,  
Over mead and over wood,  
From house to house, from hill to hill,  
Till Contemplation had her fill."

We may linger with him awhile amid the beauties of his native vale, and visit with him the ruin we have pictured—said to be the remains of an old chapel, but popularly known as Bishop



CWM GWILL.

Rudd's Bath, perhaps so used by the venerable Bishop of St. David's, 1593, who was born in this parish, and was here buried—in the little church at Llangathen, where there is a monument to him and to his wife.\*

Grongar Hill has derived from nature nothing to distinguish it from other hills,—its fame is entirely the gift of the poet. Neither is the Towy broader, more rapid, or more beautiful than other rivers; but it derives an inexpressible charm, not only from its green slopes, rich foliage,



MIL AT CWM GWILL.

ascending banks, and overlooking mountains, but from the absence of smoke and factories, which so terribly mar the landscape and impair the picturesque elsewhere in South Wales.†

others, a curious terraced walk, raised on arches high above the level of the gardens and fish-ponds, and a singular avenue of old yew-trees, whose stems and branches have interlaced so densely, as to form a long tunnel with living walls.

\* Bishop Rudd's Bath certainly never was a chapel, its original construction specially adapting it for bathing use, a dressing-room, with fireplace, opening on to a bricked tank that occupies the rest of the interior.

† The Towy rises from an immense bog in a wild and desolate region upon the mountains that separate Cardiganshire from Brecknockshire. During its early course it receives the waters of "innumerable rills the river, descending from the clefts of the hills on either side," these hills gradually draw closer, and the river, having gathered strength, dashes onward amid rocks, producing many falls of magnitude and beauty, until, after rushing with impetuous fury round the base of a conical hill—Cerrig Tywi—it receives

\* "The king owns the island, excepting what pertains to Sir Rhys."

† Aberglasney, the birthplace of Dyer, now the seat of J. Walters Phillips, Esq., has been greatly enlarged since Dyer's time. The foot of Grongar Hill abuts on the pleasure gardens of Aberglasney; these gardens contain some interesting features, which must have been in existence prior to and during the poet's residence there. Among

At Abergwili, the place of note we next reach, driving along the banks, or at all events within sight, of the Towy, is the residence of the diocesan, and the only habitable Palace now appertaining to the See of St. David's—"the only one of the seven that formerly belonged to the bishop." About 1020, a desperate battle was fought here between a Prince of Wales and a Scottish pretender to the throne, when, after a desperate fight, Llewellyn, the Welsh prince, proved victorious. The palace is now a comparatively modern dwelling, although erected on the site of a very old building. The river Gwili here forms a junction with the Towy, both together making their way into Carmarthen Bay. The artist, Mr. Coleman, has pictured two points on this beautiful river—the one is a close dell, between lichen covered rocks, through which the stream runs rapidly; the other a fall of water beside a picturesque old mill. An excursion up the Gwili may be a leading attraction of this tour: we are, however, unable to do more than suggest it as fertile of recompense to the tourist. In this neighbourhood there is good fishing, the Towy and Cothi rivers being rigidly preserved by the "Vale of Towy Fishing Club." The Towy is one of the most open rivers in the kingdom, and can be angled with but little or no obstructions from its source to the sea; its salmon and sewin are far famed. To this charming locality, therefore, we direct the special attention of the "gentle craft."

We must ask the reader to return with us to LLANELLY, in order to rejoin the railway; for, although we have been within a "stone's-throw" of Carmarthen, we prefer to take this interesting town *en route* to Milford Haven. Llanelly is a town of coal foundries and smoke, thriving, however, though the sources of its wealth be unpicturesque: its railroads, the river, and the bay, make it rich; and in the vicinity, at all events, is fine and beautiful scenery, some of which we have described. Here it was we first became acquainted with a very curious Welsh custom, the *Ceffyl Pren*, which has been explained to us as Welsh lynch law, and is resorted to when a man is supposed to be unfaithful to her he has promised to cherish, or a woman to have broken her marriage covenant. There are two kinds. When the guilty parties are a married man and an unmarried woman, their neighbours generally content themselves with disseminating aspersions on their character, or with forming effigies intended to represent the erring pair. These they carry about, preceded by flambeaux, and accompanied by men with horns, brass pans, and whatever else is capable of adding to the noise. When tired they return, set fire to the effigies before the houses of the originals, and disperse. This is the milder form: there is another. When the offence is of an aggravated nature—when the persons concerned happen to be a man who has children and a married woman—there is a different method adopted. Not content with showing their indignation in a harmless way, the greater portion of the community go in a body to the man's house, and summon him forth. If he has not already escaped, there is no chance now. His house is surrounded, and if he will not surrender voluntarily, they seize him by force. They then visit the erring lady. Having succeeded in capturing her, they place both on ladders, and then, amid shouts and execrations, the luckless captives are carried for miles about the country, and exhibited at every farmhouse in the route.

PEMBREY, the next station, somewhat resembles Llanelly, but it is younger and exhibits the appearance of greater youth. The tall chimney rising from a factory evidently new denotes the "Works" of Messrs. Elkington. Here they smelt the copper of which so many thousand tons are sent to Birmingham, to be converted into the beautiful Art-productions that have given them renown all the world over. Pembrey is an ancient village, and the view from Mynydd Pembrey—Pembrey Mountain—is very fine, embracing Tenby and the islands of Caldy and Lundy. There are two shipping ports, called the Old and New Harbours: the latter has the advantage of a dry dock, upon which large sums of money have been expended by a chartered company, called the Burry Port Company. Burry Port possesses several feet depth of water in excess of Swansea Harbour. The extensive works by Messrs. Elkington have completely changed the immediate neighbourhood from an almost uninhabited waste to a thriving town and district. We passed them once at night. The reader may imagine what must be the result of a quantity of coal, exceeding one hundred tons daily, in a constant state of combustion, acting upon a like quantity of copper ores in the several stages of progress! About four hundred men and boys are employed at these works and the collieries connected with them. The works at Pembrey, although not the most extensive, are generally admitted to be the best arranged and most convenient

the Dethia into its embraces; there its rage becomes suddenly appeased, and it glides silently on under rocky and wooded banks to fertilize a rich valley, and to refresh the town of Llandovery. Continuing its course, alternately calm and fierce, under huge precipices, beneath ancient ruins, among wooded heights and fertile pasture land, it reaches the vale of Llandoilo Vawr: thence we are following its course until it meets the sea, which it joins in Carmarthen Bay.

in South Wales. They are more roomy, and the furnace-houses much loftier, and better ventilated, than in the older works. Many of the furnaces, thirty-four in number, have a melting area of one hundred and sixty square feet, and the whole communicate with the stack,



KIDWELLY VILLAGE.

which rises three hundred feet above the level of the sea, close to which it stands. Its base is sixty feet square, thirty-four feet at the ground level, and the opening nine feet square. Its construction consumed a million and a half of bricks. Any details of the processes employed



KIDWELLY, DISTANT VIEW.

would be superfluous here, as they may be studied in a much more detailed form than we could devote to them in the various metallurgical works.

KIDWELLY is soon reached: it is a small town, and, to the railway traveller, forms a very



KIDWELLY CASTLE.

pleasant and picturesque object, situated, as it is, on the banks of the Gwendraeth-fach (Little White Strath), bordering the hill country, and divided from the sea only "by a marsh, a quarter of a mile in length." It possesses a very fine old church and castle, both looking much worn



and weather-beaten. The church, which was probably erected about the end of the reign of Edward II., or early in that of Edward III., consists of a nave of the "extraordinary span of thirty-three feet in the clear, without aisles, small north and south transepts, and an ample chancel, forming altogether a simple and uniform cross. The lower stands at the north-west angle of the nave forming a north porch."\*

It is Kidwelly Castle, however, that will arrest and fix the attention of the tourist, tempting him to leave the train and visit one of the largest and grandest of all the Norman remains in the Principality. Mr. Coleman gives of it three views, one near, the others distant; but the venerable relic has ample to interest and employ the artist, in its towers, its keep, its courts, its ramparts, and the "moated sloop" on which it still proudly stands.† The town is of Welsh origin and of high antiquity. The castle is supposed to have been founded by William de Londres, who, in 1091, assisted Fitzhamon in the conquest of Glamorgan. It was, however, often burnt to the ground, and as often restored, during the fierce wars of the Normans with the Britons of Wales, down to the comparatively late period of Henry VIII., when, on the infamous attainder of Gruffydd ap Ithys, it reverted to the crown; and was purchased, A. D. 1630, by the Earl of Carberry, Lord President of Wales, from whom it has descended to the Earl of Cawdor, its present owner and the lord of the lordship of Kidwelly.

The road runs under steep hills to the right, and on the left is the Bay of Carmarthen, bordered by marsh land and meadows, from which the sea is kept out by natural sand-banks. Five miles more, and the train stops at the pretty



FERN CAVE.

station and village of Ferryside, with its old church and new schoolrooms. Here, too, is a life-boat station—a necessary adjunct to the dangerous sand-banks that form Carmarthen bar. The village is pleasantly situated at the mouth of the Carmarthen river; and on the opposite side—to visit which we cross the ferry—is the singularly situated Castle of LLANSTEPHAN. It is happily placed on the summit of a huge cliff, which overhangs the Bay of Carmarthen; and almost under its outer walls the Towy joins the sea. It is thus a peculiarly picturesque object, as seen at the extreme end of a peninsula on the opposite side of the stream. Like its aged sister, Kidwelly, it was one of the fortresses of the Normans, fighting to retain their precarious footing in South Wales; always the enemies, generally the rulers, and sometimes the victims of the brave men who were never absolutely and permanently subdued. It is, indeed, a rare old place for study and for thought: easy will it be for imagination to re-people those broken walls—the busy throng of men-at-arms within and without, keeping perpetual watch and ward against a foe in whom cunning frequently supplanted the place of strength, and depending upon discipline for that power which was in the stead of numbers. Of this interesting castle, also, Mr. Coleman presents two views, the one near, the other distant; and we recommend artists who are bent on a summer tour in search of the picturesque to resort to this full volume, of

which every page, so to speak, supplies subject for a picture: it will add much to his enjoyment to visit any of the fern caves, with which the neighbourhood abounds, and of which the artist has copied one, as an example of the many to be found in the district.

The ruins of old castles are, as we have made our readers aware, very numerous throughout the Principality; they are generally of prodigious extent, containing evidence that provision was always made within, not only for the immediate army, but for the retainers and followers of the Norman chieftains by whom they were erected—an arrangement rendered necessary by the perpetual warfare in which they were engaged with their restless, watchful, and brave enemies, the Welsh. The lauds wrested from the princes of Wales were generally the fruits of conquest; but in many cases they were the results of unequivocal robbery; and force was at all times needed to retain what fraud had acquired. Little mercy was, therefore, manifested on either side; there was seldom any safety for the invaders except within stone walls; and then only by



LLANSTEPHAN CASTLE, CARMARTHEN.

being continually on the watch for the assaults of adversaries, who were ever ready to "pounce" upon them at any unguarded moment. Thus, from necessity, the castles of Wales are strong in position, and of such size as to furnish some grounds for the sarcastic remark of Johnson—that the courtyard of a castle in Wales is capable of containing all the castles in Scotland. But it is not on account of their great size that these structures are chiefly interesting. Crumbling into decay, they form pictures of surpassing grandeur, and are, for the traveller of to-day, visible representatives of mediæval times, and of a phase of human existence never, we hope, to return. As he contemplates these ruins, he is reminded of a state of things long since past. Looking back in imagination, the visitor will recall that day when the baron was lord paramount over his domain; when war and rapine desolated the land; when might was right; and when to be poor



LLANSTEPHAN CASTLE.

was to be oppressed. He will, however, at the same time, remember with joy, that since these castles were in their strength new interests and new circumstances have arisen; developing new feelings and producing vast changes in the constitution of society; and he will see cause to be thankful that feudal privileges have given way to equal and universal law, and feudal subservience to civil equality; that religion has become more pure, and men's consciences are no longer fettered by the bonds of authority; that knowledge has been everywhere disseminated over the land; in a word, that the darkness which characterized the period when these fortresses were the home of "barons bold and ladies fair," has been succeeded by the light and happiness of the times in which we live.

\* George Gilbert Scott, in *Arch. Camb.*

† The fine old ruin has received full justice at the hands of George T. Clark, Esq., both historically and pictorially, vide "A Description and History of the Castles of Kidwelly and Cynwilly, and of Castell Coch;" Mason, Tenby. The work, unfortunately, gives us no insight into the romance of their history.

## THE AMOOR COUNTRY.\*

FAR away in the easternmost part of Asia is a vast region that lies between Siberia and Chinese Proper in one direction, and between the Sea of Japan, the Caspian Sea, Persia, and Afghanistan on the other; a reference to the note below will afford some index to the names of the numerous tribes, or peoples—to adopt a term now in general use—which inhabit this wide-spread and almost unknown tract of country, over which the foot of the European rarely treads as a wayfaring traveller; for it is not only too remote, but too inaccessible, and too fraught with danger, to tempt any but the most hardy, enterprising, and venturesome to face the difficulties attendant upon such a journey. One traveller, an Englishman, moreover,—though this is no matter of surprise, inasmuch as our countrymen possess the almost peculiar characteristic of penetrating into every region, known and unknown,—has explored it, and now publishes the record of his journey in as interesting a book of travels as ever came under our notice: its equal we found in the "Oriental and Western Siberia," noticed in our columns a year or two ago.

The object of the author, Mr. Atkinson, in publishing this second volume will be best explained by what he himself says in the opening chapter—"Intelligence has reached England from time to time, for the last ten or a dozen years, of Russian acquisitions in Central Asia, stretching out far towards the Himalayas; and, in 1857, of that vast tract of country, the valley of the Amoor, said to have been ceded by the Emperor of China to the Emperor of Russia. Letters and paragraphs on the subject have appeared in the public prints, some of them having an apparent air of truth from the details set forth; but they had evidently been written without a proper knowledge of the country, and had no foundation in fact. Up to the latest advices no modern geographer has published any reliable description of these regions; and no recent traveller, it was believed, had penetrated its alleged interminable steppes and Cyclopean mountain chains. In short, it was regarded as a *terra incognita* quite as much by the scientific as by less learned readers.

"As I had passed several years exploring this remote portion of the globe, and was the only European who had been permitted to enter the new Russian territory, it suggested itself to me that a detail of my wanderings in these enormous tracts of mountain, valley, and plain, which Russia has added to her empire and colonized with a warlike race, might be considered of some interest to my countrymen. . . . The importance of such an increase of power to a state previously one of the most considerable of the European monarchies, cannot be understood without knowing the sources of material prosperity which exist within these new provinces. Mineral wealth of incalculable amount, and agricultural produce in prodigious abundance, form but two items in their resources. The various tribes that inhabit distinct portions will also be found to claim attentive consideration."

As in the former volume, so also in this, the record of Mr. Atkinson's journey forms a narrative of the highest interest, looking at it merely as a book of travel, independent of the information it affords on the increasing power of a gigantic empire in close proximity to our own Eastern possessions; which power may at some future time be found dangerous to our political relations. Mr. Atkinson has not lost sight of such a probability, for he goes on to remark, "I am far from being an alarmist, and, with the opportunity I have enjoyed of knowing the state of feeling in Russian society, I ought to be the last person to suggest apprehension of evil from the accumulation of the elements of a predominating influence in the hands of an absolute sovereign; but the English statesman will not, I am sure, shut his eyes to the fact, that Russian territory has now very nearly approached the possessions of Great Britain in India, and, whatever his opinions may be, he may not un-

\* TRAVELS IN THE REGIONS OF THE UPPER AND LOWER AMOOR, and the Russian Acquisitions on the Confines of India and China. With Adventures among the Mountain Kirghis, and the Manjurs, Manyaks, Tunguzs, Touzems, Goldi, and Gelyaks: the Hunting and Pastoral Tribes. By T. W. ATKINSON, F.R.G.S., F.G.S., Author of "Oriental and Western Siberia." With a Map and numerous Illustrations. Published by Harst and Blackett.

reasonably expect that a government which advances in the East at this rate of progress, may desire,



KIRGHIS HORSES HARNESSSED TO A TAKANTAS.

sooner or later, to expand her territorial limits to the southward. To him the contingency may seem inevitable, of a further stride across the Himalayas to Calcutta," &c., &c.



NATURAL ARCHES OF GRANITE ROCKS.

It must not be assumed from the foregoing remarks that the pages of this volume are devoted, even in a small degree, to the political aspect of the country Mr. Atkinson writes about; the observa-



tions stand by themselves, and are introduced merely to show that England has an important interest in the subject. That of the general reader will be found in his vivid descriptions of natural scenery, of his stirring adventures, of the personages to whom we

are introduced, the manners and customs of the strange but not uncivilized tribes among whom he sojourns, and in the stories interwoven with the other portions of his narrative. The investigator of natural sciences will also find here much in harmony



MANGON CHILDREN.

with his pursuits, whether his pursuit be that of a botanist, a geologist, an ethnologist, or any other. The author is of opinion that the ground, or, at least, much of it, which he has explored, presents a field of almost incalculable extent for enlarged

commercial operations, where enterprise, skill, and industry are sure to find a profitable investment. Hence the volume before us has a practical character, that must render it attractive to numerous classes of readers.



GORGE OF THE AC-ZOU.

Mr. Atkinson is an artist of no ordinary talent; many of our readers will, doubtless, remember seeing at Messrs. Colnaghi's, two or three years ago, a numerous and exceedingly well-executed collection of oil pictures, drawings, and sketches taken by him in

the countries through which he had travelled. This volume, like its predecessor, is filled with wood engravings copied from his works; the publishers, Messrs. Hurst and Blackett, have allowed us the use of some, to serve as "specimens."

## THE LUTHER MONUMENT.

IN the September number we introduced an engraving of the general character of this truly grand composition, by Rietschel: a correspondent at Munich has kindly forwarded to us one of the figure of Luther. The statue is of colossal size, and we do not remember ever to have beheld any single figure that we found so impressive and imposing. It imposes by its simplicity, and by the firm will, the power and indomitable energy and resolution which characterize the whole form, from head to foot, and which are plainly seen to dwell in and animate every limb. Luther stands forward as firm as a rock: his head is boldly uplifted, ready to confront every adversary. On his left arm lies a folio Bible, and on the cover of the book rests the firmly clasped right hand, which he has brought down on the volume with a weight and an energy which make us feel that we might as well attempt to move it as to shake a mountain of the Alps. The hand is not merely clasped with ordinary strength, but a mighty energy animates that arm, which shows



itself even through the folds of his tunic in the rigid straight line of the limb out-stretched with all muscular strength. The expression extends itself to, and shows itself even in, the shoulder; and when we gaze on that strong sturdy form, we understand that just such a man was required to fight, without shrinking, the tremendous battle that he girded himself to undertake. This figure of Rietschel's is a perfect impersonation of the words—"Here I stand: I cannot do otherwise. May God help me, Amen;" to which might be added, "And God alone shall shake me down." The folds of the sleeves are admirably managed,—those of the left arm modifying, and thus softening, the more rigid outlines of the right arm, without, however, detracting in any way from the simplicity of the whole.

The medallion portraits which appear on the pedestal, are full of expression, and a large collection of similar works, representing the most eminent artists and scientific men of the time, may be seen in the atelier of the sculptor in Dresden. Here, too, is a very fine figure of Giotto.

PAUL AND VIRGINIA.  
FROM THE GROUP BY J. DURHAM.

THE limits within which sculpture of every kind, and especially of ideal works, is from its very nature necessarily restricted, must often render the choice of a fitting subject no easy task to the modern artist, desirous of avoiding the long catalogue of heathen divinities and fabulous heroes and heroines of antiquity. The graces, moreover, and the moral virtues have been so frequently personified in polished marble, that all hope of finding any novelty in such matters has long since passed away. One has only to glance at the sculpture-room in the Academy each year it is opened, to see the narrow range to which the art is confined; more because artists are unwilling to travel out of the beaten path, than that a wider field is not legitimately placed before them. As with painting so also with sculpture, though in a much modified degree, the pages of literature—of the historian, the novelist, and the poet—offer an ample supply to whomever will take the trouble to search for what is required. Beauty and symmetry of form and character are as well understood now as they were two thousand years ago; the province of the sculptor is to represent these qualities under the various aspects associated with the subject he selects.

All minds cannot comprehend the true and the beautiful in Art, for all are not equally favoured with the light of knowledge; but the cases are rare, indeed, where Art affords no enjoyment. There is a class both of pictorial and of sculptured works which commend themselves only to the few; there is another class that interests the multitude as well as the few, because from its nature all can understand it: to this, in sculpture, belongs Mr. Durham's group of 'Paul and Virginia'; it is the parting scene, which may be told in a few brief words, and they are necessary to comprehend the sculptor's intention. Paul had been excluded from the house of Virginia's mother, Madame de la Tour, for several days; he knew not the reason, though he had certain misgivings from a few words accidentally let fall by the priest; and when, on the last evening he and the young girl ever met,—he saw her once again, but that was when she lay a lifeless corpse upon the wreck,—her new dress, as he said, confirmed his thoughts that she was about to leave him. The interview that evening was a long one: Virginia had been enjoyed by her mother not to let Paul know of her intended departure; his importunity, however, was so great, that at last, turning her head aside, she said, with tears—"My confessor tells me it is God's will that I should go—for your sake, Paul, as well as mine." Paul, still holding her in his arms, replied, "But can you go, and leave me here? Why, I could die for you; we have had one cradle only, and one home; eat and prayed together; been nurtured upon the same kind knees: oh! where will you ever find another brother like me?"

No one can look at these two figures without at once comprehending their meaning, though the association with the characters of the charming little tale may not be so immediately recognisable: and hence the appeal they directly make to the commonest understanding. But as a work of Art, the merits of the group lie in the simple, earnest expression of the youthful pair; an expression as evident in their attitudes as in their faces. The meek, but not quite willing, resignation of the one, and the remonstrances of the other, are unequivocally pronounced: the scene is felt to be one of parting. A subject of this class more poetically yet naturally rendered we have rarely seen. It is graceful, too, in design, and perfect in the modelling of the human figure.

Whatever exception may be taken to sculptured works of this class by those who can see nothing worthy of admiration which is not derived from the antique, they are yet of a kind that is most popular among us. The naturalistic school, under whatever title it is exhibited, is certain to find favour where the ideal makes no impression, unless it is closely allied with the former.

This group was exhibited at the Royal Academy last year; it attracted, as it well deserved to do, marked attention from the visitors of the sculpture-room.

FRITH'S PHOTOGRAPHS OF EGYPT  
AND PALESTINE,

AND THE  
COLLECTION OF EGYPTIAN PRODUCTS AT THE  
CRYSTAL PALACE.

WHATEVER the object they may have in view, the Directors of the Crystal Palace are always able to command that most important element of success—*ample space*. Unlike the British Museum, there is abundance of room at the Crystal Palace. Beneath those ample vaults of glass it is quite possible both to display a collection of objects of interest to the greatest advantage, and to classify the contents of any collection; and also to group together such collections as will mutually enhance the value and interest of each other through the influence of association. The Directors have exercised a sound discretion in keeping certain portions of the Palace in reserve, and in readiness to become available for service as occasion might require them. By this means the Crystal Palace will gradually develop its most important qualities, and will attain by degrees to the condition of being the grand practical Science and Trade Museum of England.

Our attention has been directed to one particular collection, which has recently made its appearance in the Crystal Palace, and which exemplifies in a peculiarly happy manner the system of illustrative teaching, that combines the most thoroughly practical utility with the greatest attractiveness. This collection consists of specimens of the natural products and of the manufactures of Egypt; and it occupies a position in the tropical compartment of the building at its extreme end. The association which connects this collection with the Egyptian Courts and the Colossi and the Sphinxes is sufficiently obvious; and it is truly satisfactory to pass from the specimens in the glass cases to the Karnac and Abû-Simbel models. But the observant visitor finds that there is provided for him a third source of admiring gratification. Both the models of the grand relics of ancient Egyptian splendour, and the specimens of what the Egypt of this day produces and the Egyptians of this day execute, are greatly indebted to the unique powers of their valuable confederate, the photograph, for realizing their full effect upon the mind. There has for some time been a very interesting series of Egyptian photographs in the gallery adjoining the Egyptian Courts: these earlier examples of sun-illustrations, however, must now yield altogether to the admirable collection that Mr. Frith has very recently brought from the Valley of the Nile, and which may be seen to the greatest possible advantage at the Crystal Palace, in direct association with the cabinet containing the manufactures and natural products of Egypt. Mr. Frith's photographs, which comprehend the Holy Land as well as Egypt, are indeed too numerous to admit of their being all displayed in the immediate neighbourhood of the collections of Egyptian products. Some choice and eminently characteristic specimens hang there, inviting attention; and, as he stands before them, the visitor learns where the rest of the series may be found. This is a necessity even of the Crystal Palace—that it should be constrained to direct visitors to those collections, which admit of being fully displayed only in the galleries. It is enough that such specimens as will not fail both to attract attention and to excite curiosity should be sure to meet the gaze of the visitor, as he roams over the broad expanse of the central avenue, or advances from court to court. If he appreciates the specimens, he will certainly follow their guidance to their companions.

Of the merit of Mr. Frith's photographic views we have already expressed our opinion. But their association at the Crystal Palace with other Egyptian illustrations, widely differing from themselves in character and yet most characteristic of Egypt, has led us to form a still higher estimate of the photographs; while they, in their turn, add powerfully to the effectiveness of the collection of Egyptian products. The great Egypt of antiquity, and the existing Egypt of our own times with its wonderful capacity for greatness, thus are brought together, and they appear side by side, under a palpable and visible image. And this is the peculiar value of the Crystal Palace Egyptian collections—

that they possess a present importance, while they reproduce what has long passed away into the domain of history. If these collections enable us to form vivid pictures of the greatest country of the ancient world, they at the same time lead us to the conviction that the same country still continues to be as great as ever in its natural resources. The next step in the train of thought thus excited leads to the inevitable consideration of the means which might once more develop these resources, and once more render Egypt one of the grand store and treasure-houses of the world. The mineral riches of Egypt are great and various; and all this natural wealth awaits the researches of modern enterprise in the districts that lie in the immediate proximity of the Nile—the magnificent highway, that not only traverses Egypt itself, but leads far away into those central regions of Africa which abound in all the varieties of the precious productions peculiar to the tropics. In one article of produce and manufacture alone, Egypt might with ease attain to a position of eminent mercantile importance. The cotton-plant flourishes in the land of the Pharaohs; and it has been estimated that the Nile basin alone would be able to compete in the produce of cotton with the New World, both in quality and quantity; and, while providing advantageous occupation for the native population, would supply every country of Europe with the raw material for their manufactures in ample abundance. From its geographical position, the Delta of the Nile is naturally the grand focus of intercommunication between the nations of the West and of the East, by means of the steam navigation of the Mediterranean and the Red seas, and by lines of railway that may radiate in almost every direction from the central point of Cairo. It has been judiciously remarked with reference to this extraordinary spot, that few countries possess the same degree of salubrity, equability, and constancy of climate, or the same fertility of soil; and that in few the population is so docile, naturally so laborious, and so capable of intellectual improvement. And here, around architectural ruins that yet demonstrate the existence of an advanced civilization and a high refinement at a remote period, the common arts of the every-day life of the people bear witness at once to a lamentable condition of present depression, and to a descent from far better and more prosperous times.

The implements, the textile, ceramic, and other manufactures, with the varieties of natural productions, which may be seen in the glass cases that have been filled by Hekekyan Bey of Cairo, and are under the judicious care of Dr. Price at the Crystal Palace, all speak with one voice of a country capable of being raised from a very low to a very exalted condition, and of a people who are qualified to regain their ancient rank. Simple and rude as these Egyptian products may be, they retain the impress of their ancestral grandeur. Many of the articles in habitual use amongst the modern Egyptians remain identical with those that were known long centuries ago. The plough, and most of the existing agricultural and domestic instruments and vessels, are similar to those depicted in the oldest tombs. The modern *sahyiah*, or hand-mill, is probably the same as that which was used in the tent of Abraham and Sarah; the glass lamps are precisely those described by Herodotus; and the timber of Miriam has its form and character preserved in the *tef* of the present day. It is the same with many ornaments and trinkets, and with the toys of the children—there is something of traditional reminiscence that lingers about them all, as if for the very purpose of directing the attention of every succeeding generation to the histories of Egyptian grandeur that are chisel-written at Thebes, and leading the people of Egypt to another civilization and a new prosperity that may rise far above those of the Pharaohs.

The Crystal Palace collection of Egyptian produce is productive of but comparatively trifling results, so long as it is regarded merely as an assemblage of interesting curiosities. Its true value consists in the powerful appeal which it makes in behalf of this glorious Egypt—an appeal to the civilized world to take a part in the resurrection of Egyptian civilization. And the appeal made in this behalf by the productions of the soil and the population of Egypt, is powerfully supported by the visible evidence submitted to the thoughtful visitor by the photographs of Egyptian antiquities and of Egypt itself.









Nor is the impressive influence of the Egyptian photographs diminished by their association with the kindred series, that illustrates in so felicitous a manner the peninsula of Sinai and the land of ancient Israel. A common sentiment pervades the whole collection. We long to see another glass case specially devoted to the relics of Palestine and to specimens of its present productions. And then there would want but one thing to complete this department of the Crystal Palace—and that is, a living and speaking exponent of the whole collection, who would verbally explain what had been brought together with so much care and labour, and would give life and animation to the whole. Surely, now that they have so resolutely taken in hand the work of making the Crystal Palace of some real and practical value as a public teacher, the Directors will speedily inaugurate a system of public explanation and description of their collections and courts, which shall constitute an integral component of their administration of their magnificent establishment.

### THE "CRITIC," AND THE FRESCOES IN THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.

In a recent Number of the *Critic* we are roundly accused of culling "early" Art-information from its columns. "Six weeks ago," says the writer, "the *Art-Journal* could only endorse and amplify our account (without acknowledgment), but with characteristic amiability tried 'to make things pleasant.' 'The walls are at fault, not English fresco practice; the atmosphere, the heating apparatus, &c., anything rather than the artists.' And of all this and more 'the *Art-Journal* corroborated our report.' 'If the press (that is the *Critic*) had not stepped in, the public would it appears never have heard of the catastrophe at all. One word to certain of our contemporaries, now happy enough to quote the *Athenæum*.' (The *Athenæum* is accused of following the *Art-Journal* in its petty larceny from the *Critic*.) "Would they not have been a little more usefully employed in helping us to spread the facts of the case four months ago while parliament was still sitting, and sundry thousands for more frescoes by Messrs. Herbert and Cope were unvoiced?" We respect our contemporary too much to allow this charge of neglect of duty to remain without an answer.

And now, oh excellent *Critic*, now for the leak. "Four months ago!" forsooth; we foretold the destruction of those frescoes four years since, and two years after that, declared that nothing could save them. In 1855 the frescoes in the Poets' Hall were finished, we announced their completion in the September Number of the *Art-Journal*, and further said—"We are concerned to observe that in Watts's fresco the Spencer panel, and also in one of Arncliffe's works, the colour in parts does not stand."

In the December Number of 1855 we again called attention to the state of these frescoes in an article from which the following is extracted: "The experiments in the Poets' Hall are now attacked by damp, and will shortly drop from the walls. Watts's 'Redcross Knight' is much damaged, as is also Horsley's 'Satan at the Ear of Eve,' and Herbert's 'Disinheritance of Cordelia,' all are suffering more or less . . . some of the works will soon be effaced."

Again in the March Number of 1859 the subject is treated at length. We extract the following passage—"The greater number of the frescoes in the Poets' Hall may be considered as destroyed by damp, which has affected them in a way to show the great diversity of manner in which they have been executed. Some passages of the flesh, especially the shaded and lower tints, are stained and discoloured with the most unwholesome hues, and entire fields of microscopic fungi there have their cycles of seasons—perish, revive, and again die," &c.

In the November Number of the same year we wrote—"It is some months since we examined these frescoes, but on a recent inspection of them it is evident that the injury is advancing with increased rapidity. In Herbert's work the faces of Goneril and Regan are peeling off, and in others large portions of the surfaces are discoloured."

Thus do we instance four distinct notices of the decay of these works before the present year; if, therefore,

there have been any extracts made "without acknowledgment," it is on the part of the *Critic*, not on ours. We will charitably believe that the writer in the *Critic* has never seen the frescoes; he writes in happy ignorance of the subject, whether he may have seen them or not. Thus having disposed of the question of "early information," by showing the *Critic* that he is not only four months but more than four years in arrears, we have yet a few words to say on the question of damp, which he settles satisfactorily by the question, "How is it the frescoes at Munich and Berlin have not fallen into immediate ruin?" We advise him to look at the frescoes before he touches the subject again. Does he know why the last frescoes by Ward and Cope have been painted on movable slate panels, and let into the wall so as to preserve a current of air behind the panel? What has suggested this precaution? He quotes Munich and Berlin. Does he not know that the Königsbau, the Marienkirche, the Ludwigskirche, the Glyptothek, and the Pinacothek, at Munich, and the new museum at Berlin, are carefully warmed by stoves? When he sees these fading frescoes of ours, he will be, perhaps, surprised after what he has written to find that only three of the series are on inner walls, and the Poets above have very little of the warm air with which the members below comfort themselves. In winter, in the lower part of the Houses of Parliament, water trickles down some of the outer walls, and no part of them that is removed beyond the effect of a certain temperature is at all suited for delicate mural painting. Thus is the *Critic* set right; and, finally, the least profitable kind of popularity at which a journal can aim, is the notoriety derived from the monitory notices it compels from its contemporaries.

### FINE ART AND STATIONERY COURT, AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

NEARLY opposite to the enclosed concert-room, and on the same side of the central avenue of the Crystal Palace with the great organ and orchestra, is a large and elegantly decorated enclosure (the work of Mr. Henry Grace), entitled, after the manner of the place, a "Court." Since last Christmas it has been in the occupation of Mr. Searle, and under his direction it has become the Fine Art and Stationery Court of the Sydenham Institution.

Mr. Searle, having ample space at his command, has brought together within his court a variety of objects, all of them, however, consistent in their individual character with the association in which they thus are placed. His object has been to concentrate a collection of decorative and useful works of a high order in such a manner, that they might be easy of access to every visitor to the Crystal Palace; and we have much pleasure in congratulating him upon his complete success. Innumerable engravings on steel, stone, and wood, photographs of every possible variety in subject and size, illustrated books, ranging from Ruskin's last volume of "Modern Painters" to the newest picture alphabet, artists' materials of every kind and for every purpose, illuminations, statuettes and busts, stereoscopes and stereographs, aquaria and their inhabitants, with all that is comprehended under that widely ranging word, "stationery" may be seen within Mr. Searle's court in the course of a few minutes; and they all are so admirably and effectively arranged, that each object retains its own distinctive character, and has its own becoming position, while they all combine to form a truly harmonious whole. Both engravings and photographs, and also illuminations, are kept in readiness in frames, as well as in portfolios or simply mounted; and we were especially impressed with the good taste exemplified in the discriminating selection of the frames, and in their consistent harmony with the works of Art that they encircle and protect. Many of these frames are in oak, without gilding, from the machinery-carving works of Messrs. Cox and Son, of Southampton Street, Strand, and are executed in the happiest manner. There are, also, other very beautiful and delicate specimens of wood-carving for inkstands, blotting-books, &c., by a foreign artist. We desire particularly to record the pleasure with which we observed the high character of the engravings and other objects that Mr. Searle has selected to place

before the visitors to his court. This remark is equally applicable to everything in the departments of Stationery and Artists' Materials, as well as to the engravings and other works of Art. All are the best of their several kinds. And as Mr. Searle promptly adds to his collections whatever may enhance their completeness, his court must be regarded as the great central depot for supplying its varied, beautiful, and eminently useful contents to the inhabitants of southern London, as well as a most important and interesting component of the Crystal Palace.

Amongst other original productions of his own, Mr. Searle has prepared two kinds of portfolios that are worthy of special attention. One of them, the "Self-supporting Portfolio," is constructed with a portable stand, which, being part of the portfolio itself, by the simplest and easiest adjustment, allows the contents to be examined with the greatest convenience and safety. The sides, when the portfolio is opened, are supported; and, when shut, the whole can be locked, folded together, and put away. Being very light it is easily moved, and does not require more space than an ordinary portfolio. The second of these useful inventions, "The Table Portfolio," is designed for the table, as its name implies, as the Self-supporting Portfolio is for the floor. By an adaptation of the easel, which is in combination with this portfolio, its contents can be displayed with ease, and without any confusion or chance of injury, in such a manner, that a large company sitting round the table on which the whole is placed, can inspect them together.

We understand that Mr. Searle contemplates forming in his court an *Heraldic Department*, to be devoted expressly to the Illuminator's art, and to all the works that are both directly and indirectly associated with heraldry, a science that has again become deservedly popular. The project is a good one, and we shall be glad to see that it has been carried into effect. Would it be possible for Mr. Searle to associate with his court a complete assemblage of *Educational Materials*? If so, we submit such an idea to his thoughtful consideration.

### MINOR TOPICS OF THE MONTH.

THE NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY.—It is a curious coincidence that portraits of Queen Elizabeth and of her favourite, Leicester, should be simultaneously added to the collection. The portrait of the former is a miniature, by Hilliard, painted on the back of a playing card, in the selection of which—the queen of hearts—the artist shows himself, according to the gallant sentiments of his day, a sonneteer, as well as a painter. The queen wears a small frill round her neck, an ornamented gold chain is fastened on the front of her black stomacher, in the centre of which is a large jewel, fastened with a pink ribbon passing round her neck; the rest of her dress is covered with a fine black veil. The background is light blue, bearing the inscription, in gold letters, "Año Dñi 1572. E. R. Eatis sue 38." Walpole, in his anecdotes of painters, says that Hilliard did not use ivory, but card. This miniature is not yet hung. That of Leicester is what may be called a small life-size, painted in oil on panel; the painter is unknown. Those who have embodied their personal conception of Leicester from "Kenilworth," we counsel not to look at the portrait. The impression is mean, by no means such as would win favour in Elizabeth's eyes, in preference to the many handsome men who thronged her court. These had made her fastidious, inasmuch that in reference to Philip of Spain, she asked if he were personally such a man as would interest a woman's heart. Leicester's beard and moustache are here sparse and light-coloured; it is therefore difficult to believe that he could have received the *sobriquet* of "the Gipsey," from his complexion. The face is three-quarter, presenting the right cheek. The head is surmounted by the feathered beret of the period, falling jauntily to the left side of the head. The collar of the doublet comes close up to the cheek, where it supports a small ruff. The dress is black, with the ornamentation very minutely painted; but much of the nicety of finish is lost in the depth of the material. From the neck hangs a gold chain, to which is attached a St. George and the Dragon. In the right hand is



grasped a white wand, and on the panel is inscribed the motto, "Gloria regni salva manebit," an allusion, perhaps to the defeat of the Armada. Of James I., there has been added a portrait by Van Somer. It is dated 1602, the year before James succeeded to the crown of England, and when he was in his thirty-sixth year. We find also a portrait of Sir Robert Cecil, youngest son of Lord Burghley, and first Earl of Salisbury. The figure is presented at half length, and dressed in black. He was sickly and diminutive, but the portrait conceals personal infirmity and imperfection. He is standing, and on the table near him is a letter, superscribed, "To the Right Honourable Sir Robert Cecil, principall Secretary, &c., &c." The portrait is on panel, and is dated 1602, when he was thirty-nine years of age.

**THE KENSINGTON COLLECTIONS.**—Four pictures have been lent for exhibition by Mr. James Bell, the brother of the late Mr. Jacob Bell:—"Other Hounds," by Sir Edwin Landseer, one of his recent works. It is a long picture, showing the pack swimming in chase, in one of the Scottish rivers or lakes: perhaps more sketchy than any work we have ever seen from the hands of this painter, but there is a fierce character in the dogs which must be true. Another is a Dutch subject by E. W. Cooke, a harbour mouth, with doggers left aground by the tide. The third, by Collins, is entitled "The Embarkation," wherein appears a boat at the end of a jetty, in which a lady passenger with her luggage, is about to embark for a vessel in the offing. The fourth consists of four small figures, by Frith, that have been painted for engraving. With these may be mentioned a portrait of the late Alexander Nasmyth, lent by Mrs. Nasmyth. They are distributed in the Vernon and Sheepshanks collections. The Museum has lately received some important additions from Italy, the result of a journey to that classic land by the curator, J. C. Robinson, F.S.A. Among the works, two or three of which we have briefly noticed before, are some very large sculptures in marble, architectural monuments, which the confined space allotted them in this museum scarcely allows the spectator to fully appreciate: a recessed fountain of much elaboration and beauty absolutely lies on its back on the floor! the others are crowded to the disadvantage of all in a very small room. Chief among them is the marble singing gallery from the Church of Santa Maria Novella, Florence, the work of the sculptor Baccio D'Agnolo (circa 1500); and which the authorities of that church sacrificed, in a desire to "renovate" its details,—a somewhat consolatory proof that English churchwardens may be matched even in refined and Art-loving Italy. The fountain above-named came from a house in the same city, and is believed to be that mentioned by Vasari, as designed by Sanovriuo, when young. The surface is entirely covered with arabesque of the most delicate design, and was cheaply secured to the collection at the price of £120. A noble chimney-piece, by Donatello; an altar piece and tabernacle, by Ferucci, of Fiesole; four angle piers of a marble pulpit, the work of Pisano; and some fine sculptured friezes and chimney-pieces abounding in beautiful detail, comprise the works in marble. The enamelled terra-cotta of the Della Robbia family is exhibited in its full grandeur, in the circular relief obtained from the Villa Ximenes, near Florence, containing the arms of the family surrounded by a massive frame of fruit and foliage, the whole enamelled in various colours; it is eleven feet in diameter, one of the largest works of its class ever executed, and fresh as if it had not had an exposure of three hundred and fifty years to the atmosphere. The altar-piece and ciborium of the same fabric are equally admirable as examples of Lucca's enamelled terra-cottas. Of the *Cassone*, or richly-carved and painted coffers which once decorated the Italian palazzi, we have eight noble specimens, and a few other articles of much interest. The museum is also now enriched by some very important and valuable loans. Mr. Magniac has exhibited his curious collection of early portraits, his wonderful ivories and enamels, and a piece of armour of singular elaboration and beauty; Mr. Barker has sent his fine majolica, glass, and enamels, for the same public good; Mr. Morland some fine early German plate and ceramics; Mr. Fortnum, antique and mediæval bronzes; and Sir Francis Scott, a small collection of enamels. The Duke of Devonshire's gems and the Earl of Salisbury's Art-

works are still on view, and combine to form an unique exhibition which all may profit by visiting, and which we think could be brought together in no other place.

**THE NATIONAL GALLERY IN TRAFALGAR SQUARE.**—Workmen are now busily employed in the alterations determined upon in this edifice, from the designs of Captain Powkes. The large entrance hall, separating the galleries occupied by the National Collection and the Royal Academy, is unroofed, and a considerable portion of the back walls is demolished. It is expected the alterations will not be completed for several weeks.

**FEMALE SCHOOL OF ART.**—Subscriptions towards the purchase of the house in Queen Square, to which this school has recently migrated, continue to come in, but not so rapidly as its friends desire. In addition to those of the city guilds already announced, the court of the Merchant Taylors' Company has, we learn, just voted the sum of twenty guineas, and that of the Salters', the sum of ten pounds.

**THE FRIDAY EVENING sketching meetings,** at Langham Chambers, commenced for the season on the 12th of October, and will be continued until about the end of April.

**SOCIETY FOR THE ENCOURAGEMENT OF THE FINE ARTS.**—The first award of silver medals made by this society has been adjudged as follows:—For Historical Painting, to Mr. S. Solomon, for his picture of "Moses," in the Royal Academy; for Landscape, to Mr. West Cole, for his "Harvest-Time," in the Suffolk Street Gallery; for Genre Painting, to Mr. H. Tidey, for his "Queen Mab," in the New Water Colour Exhibition; for Sculpture, to Mr. J. Durham, for his statue of "Chastity," in the Royal Academy, and engraved in the *Art-Journal*; for Architecture, to Mr. T. J. Nicholl, for his design for the Church of St. Peter and St. Paul, at Cork; and for Poetry, to Miss Power, for her poem entitled "Virginia's Hand." The principle on which the prizes were adjudicated is stated in the resolution adopted by the committee at the commencement of its labours, wherein it is declared, "that in the award of prizes it is not necessarily intended to assume to determine the best works of the season in the various branches of Art, the committee having the power, with a view of encouraging young and rising talent, to recommend the award of prizes for works of great merit, irrespective of their relative merit compared with others, accompanying the award in all cases by a testimonial, specifying the grounds upon which it is made." This society appears to be assuming the place long occupied by the institution known as the Society of Arts (!) in the Adelphi, which, for many years past, so far as we recollect, has almost, if not entirely, ignored the practice of awarding prizes for works of Art, strictly so entitled, contenting itself now with fostering the progress of science and inventions, which also come within the limits of its legitimate operations. Why that which had been found so advantageous and so encouraging to young artists,—many of whom, stimulated, doubtless, by their success as prize-winners, rose to high distinction in their respective professions,—has been allowed to fall into abeyance, we cannot tell; last year we made some remarks on the fact, but have not heard of any results arising from our comments. We wonder some member of the society, interested in Art, does not bring the matter before the council.

**LIVERPOOL SOCIETY OF FINE ARTS.**—The council of this institution has selected Mr. Solomon's picture of "Drown'd! Drown'd!" as that entitled to the premium of £100. The subscribers gave an equal number of votes for this painting and Mr. Cross's "Death of Thomas à Becket," but the council, acting as arbitrator, decided in favour of the former. Other works which obtained the suffrages of subscribers were—"The Volunteer," by Mr. O'Neil; "Caractacus leaving Britain a Prisoner," by Mr. Norbury; "A Norwegian Fiord," by Herr Leu; "View of Malaga," M. Bossuet; "The Man of Sorrows," Herr Jacob; and "Caernarvon Castle," by J. B. Pyne.

**THE GREAT WATERLOO MEDAL.**—At length the public will be afforded the opportunity of seeing, and of acquiring, if they so please, this fine example of numismatic art, by the late Mr. Pistrucci, of which a full description appeared in our columns in the year 1849. Hitherto no attempt has been made to reproduce it, in consequence of the great difficulty of hardening dies of such large dimensions and heavy

weight, the medal measuring five and a-half inches in diameter, and each die weighs twenty pounds. The Lords of the Treasury have now given permission to Mr. Johnson to use the matrices for the purpose of multiplying the medal by the electro process. Our advertisement sheet explains the conditions under which the medal will be published. The possession of this beautiful work of Art cannot fail to be coveted by many.

**SUBURBAN MUSEUMS OF ART.**—Among the projects entertained for establishing Art-museums in the suburbs of the metropolis, is one for forming such an institution in the north-eastern district; and an appeal is now being made to the inhabitants of that locality for assistance in the work. It is proposed to erect in a suitable situation a building that shall comprise class-rooms for drawing, painting, and modelling, and which also shall include a museum and a picture-gallery: for this purpose a sum of between £4,000 and £5,000 will be required. The scheme, if carried out, will undoubtedly be of great benefit to the very large class of persons engaged in various branches of Art-manufactures resident in this populous neighbourhood, and who are so far removed from the national collections at South Kensington as to be unable, except at great inconvenience, to visit that museum. It is intended to incorporate with it the Finsbury School of Art, and to give to the institution the title of "The North London Gallery, Museum, and School of Art, in connection with the South Kensington Museum." When the scheme is sufficiently advanced, application will be made to Government for assistance.

**THE STEREOGRAM AT CREMONA.**—This is a combination of scenic effect, pictorial beauty, and dexterity, which has seldom or never been surpassed by any of the previously tried means of producing combined effects. But apart from the stereoscopic aspect which is produced by the modelling, the several scenes are magnificently painted, and challenge comparison with the highest efforts of the best living landscape-painters in any walk of that sublime art. Many startling effects can be produced by mechanical ingenuity, while the real waterfall, and the smoking chimneys, and the revolving waterwheels, and the other stereoscopic objects, still or in motion, will no doubt charm the simple, and make the uninitiated wonder; and the success with which these have been managed is not to be gainsaid. Yet it is to the pictorial treatment of the plain surfaces that the attention of the Art-loving public will be chiefly attracted, and on these the most highly-educated artistic minds may dwell long, and the longer with ever-increasing appreciation of the scenes. The clear, aerial depth of the middle distance, and those subdued receding mountains, illumined by gleams of gloriously painted sunshine, with the largeness of style in which these parts are treated, are really wonderful, and add new laurels to Mr. Telbin's fame.

**JOHN MARTIN'S** three large pictures, "The Last Judgment," "The Great Day of Wrath," and "The Plains of Heaven," the latest works of this artist, are now being exhibited at Mr. Mabley's, in the Strand. With a full appreciation of Martin's genius as a poetical painter of great originality,—a quality which is undoubtedly manifest in these works,—we must yet admit they please us far less than any other of his productions. The subjects are distasteful, because the mind of man can form no adequate idea of the realities, and they are placed on the canvas in a manner by no means calculated to reconcile us to the attempt at illustrating what is far beyond human conception. Themes awful and sublime in themselves are treated as if they were some theatrical pageant or melodramatic representations. Martin might follow Milton into the garden of Eden, or even the fabled regions of Pandemonium; he might introduce us into the festal-hall of Babylon, to the beleaguered city of Nineveh, and to the great sacrificial hill outside of Jerusalem: we can stand with him and contemplate calmly such scenes as these, but in "The Last Judgment" and its companions, notwithstanding the poetry of their composition and their splendid colouring, the painter has ventured upon ground which no mortal could hope to tread safely, or with any expectation of realizing the truth. The pictures are, to say the least of them, a *mistake*: we said so when we first saw them four or five years ago, and can find nothing now to induce a contrary opinion.



THERE IS IN THE POSSESSION OF Mr. Gardner, of 119, Oxford Street, an 'Ecce Homo,' similar to the picture by Correggio, in the national collection, but differing from it in certain parts of the composition. The history of the picture is only known in so far as it was discovered by accident, having another picture painted over it, which being cleaned off, the 'Ecce Homo' came out apparently in very good condition. Having been recently restored and varnished, it looks more brilliant than the national picture; but we have doubts of its being by the hand of Correggio.

MR. DOWLING, an Australian artist of great promise, is exhibiting at Mr. Bobbenmann's, 28, Oxford Street, a picture of 'The Presentation in the Temple,' the subject taken from St. Luke, chap. ii., 25th to 40th verses, inclusive. The composition contains numerous figures, conspicuous among which are, of course, Simeon, Mary, Joseph, and Anna the prophetess. The instant action is that of Simeon, who holds up the child Jesus, with the prayer, "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, according to thy word; for mine eyes have seen thy salvation." &c. Throughout the picture there is an interesting variety of character; the heads of Simeon and Joseph are most successful studies, and the sentiment of the whole is devoutly impressive.

STEREOSCOPIC VIEWS OF CANADA.—A publisher in Canada, Mr. Notman, of Montreal, has issued a mass of views for the stereoscope, of which he has sent us some specimens, together with his list, containing the names of no fewer than five hundred and twenty places thus pictured. Judging from those before us, the productions are of great merit; skillfully manipulated, and arranged with much artistic skill, the subjects being judiciously selected. They give us, indeed, almost a perfect idea of the interesting country which is just now attracting special attention in England—the ties that bind us to our valuable colony having been drawn closer and closer by recent events. It is impossible for us to convey an idea of the extent of country embraced in this large series: of the Victoria Bridge alone there are forty views; of Montreal, and its neighbourhood, sixty; of Quebec, and its vicinity, forty; while of Niagara, there are, perhaps, one hundred. The publication is a large boon to Art: the views cannot fail to be acceptable to all who take delight in the stereoscope.

THE FRESCOS IN THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.—A statement made by Mr. Bentinck, a short time since in the House of Commons, with reference to the sums paid for the frescoes in the new palace of Westminster, lately called forth letters, addressed to the *Times*, from Mr. Herbert R.A., and Mr. E. M. Ward, R.A., contradicting the remarks made by the honourable member. We cannot find room for the correspondence, but the facts of the case are briefly these. Mr. Bentinck intimated that these artists had received large sums of the public money for work not yet executed: each of them replied that, although the amount specified was voted for a certain number of frescoes, only such a portion of the sum had been received as could be properly set against the works actually completed; the balance lies in the Treasury, to be drawn out by the artists as their respective pictures progress. Mr. Ward has received £600 each, the sum agreed upon, for his three finished paintings; and Mr. Herbert £2,500, out of £8,000 voted for the commissions placed in his hands. While writing on this subject, it is not out of place to remark that among the civil service estimates is the sum of £2,000—a most insignificant amount—for the decoration of the Houses of Parliament: it is said that this sum includes the annual payment, on account, to Mr. Maclean, Mr. Cope, Mr. Ward, and others.

ON THE EVENING of October the 8th, an ingenious mechanician, named Nadolsky, exhibited at the Egyptian Hall a "miraculous cabinet," from which he took out 150 pieces of household furniture of the ordinary size. The cabinet stands about five feet high, having a width and depth of some three or four feet. The articles are all folded so as to occupy the least possible space.

THE FINE COLLECTION of pictures of Mr. Henry Wallis, of the Haymarket, are to be sold by public auction forthwith, in consequence, it is understood, of an arrangement to that effect, made by his "creditors."

## REVIEWS.

THE PRISON WINDOW. Painted by J. PHILLIP. Engraved by T. O. BARLOW. Published by T. McLEAN, London.

There are few modern prints more interesting than this; and none that exhibit higher qualities of Art. The picture is one of those that resulted from the accomplished painter's visits to Spain: the scene is laid in Andalusia—rich ground for the artist; and so Mr. Phillip found it. Within the prison, but out-looking from a grated window, is a stalwart peasant; "out-looking" he is not—he presses his eager, anxious, and loving face against the bars, to kiss the child whom the young mother holds up to him. The tale is read in a moment; and very touching it is, appealing to the best sympathies, and moving every heart. The man is evidently a contrabandista—nothing worse: that bold and manly countenance indicates no fiercer crime; while the sad and loving countenance of the wife gives conviction that affection is here not unworthily bestowed. All the accessories are good; a small wallet at the woman's feet contains bread and fruit,—these are to be forced through the bars, when the heart's greeting has been given and taken.

The picture is one of Mr. Phillip's happiest works; and it has received ample justice at the hands of the excellent engraver. Though a serious, it is not a painful subject; for hope, as well as love, is here. There need be no dread that the young heart of the wife will have long to grieve for the absence of the manly husband.

FAIRBAIN'S CRESTS OF THE FAMILIES OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND. Revised by LAURENCE BUTTERS. Published by T. C. JACK, Edinburgh; HAMILTON, ADAMS, & Co, London.

These two magnificent volumes do honour to the Scottish capital, whence they emanate. They evince an amount of patient research and useful labour in their own peculiar field that is creditable to all concerned. Long and wearisome indeed would the labour be to gather the descriptions of thousands upon thousands of family crests from all quarters of the United Kingdom, if such labour was not a labour of love; the tone of the preface assures us of this, for its author exhibits all that enthusiasm for heraldry which its students invariably display, and which makes the uninitiated wonder. Thus, our author declares that the resuscitation of a taste for the science is "important in its bearings on the destinies of the nation." We once knew a clergyman who declared, that as Adam was the first gentleman, he was sure that a proper "coat of arms" had been awarded him. Without going to so great a length, we can safely leave the argument of the moral effect of heraldry in the hands of our author, congratulating him on the successful end of his industry; which is useful to all. The mottoes he brings together are in themselves most curious, and are well translated from the languages in which they have been written. The second volume is entirely filled with a series of exquisitely engraved plates of crests, nearly two thousand in number; others devoted to regalia, orders, and flags; to monograms, ornamental letters, and the arms of principal cities. Need we say more in recommendation of so useful and beautiful a reference book?

LIBER ALBUS: The White Book of the City of London. Translated from the original by H. T. RILEY, R.A. Published by GRIFFIN and Co., London.

Histories of countries are generally written as if nothing but the political intrigues of state were worth recording; hence all that makes "the life" of the time is generally absent, and the thought and action of the people, the manners and customs that give vitality to them, if noted at all, is generally done in the briefest manner. Dr. Henry was the first to perceive the value of a history of the people; and since he adopted the plan, it has been carefully elaborated by other scholars. Yet we are but on the threshold of this gate to knowledge; the materials are widely scattered, sometimes jealously hidden: it is quite recently that the City of London has permitted its archives to be examined; yet here we may expect to meet with the most valuable material of any. For nearly six hundred years have the citizens preserved a sequence of records, in their muniment room, of incalculable interest. These have withstood all chances of civil wars, all dangers of fire; and here we have an English translation of one which carries us far back in London's ancient history. The Liber Albus was compiled in 1419, by John Carpenter, the official Clerk of the City during the mayoralty of the famous Whittington; and is a

resumed from documents now lost, and of antiquity, when he wrote, of all that might be useful for his successors to know of the usages of the city in its corporate capacity, from the time of the Norman Conquest. "There is hardly a phrase or feature," says Mr. Riley, "of English national life, upon which, in a greater or less degree, from these pages, some light is not reflected." Mr. Riley did good service to literature when he edited this book in its original Latin for the series of historic volumes, published under the direction of the Master of the Rolls; but he has added to its utility a hundredfold by his excellent translation in the cheap and handsome quarto we are now called on to notice. It is impossible for us to do more than indicate the interest and value of its contents; but such indication is enough, as no historic student's library can be allowed to want so valuable an addition to its shelves. It is one of the few books, in this age of unlimited printing, of solid and lasting value.

CHRISTMAS; ITS CUSTOMS AND CAROLS. With compressed Vocal Score of Selected Choral Illustrations. By W. W. FYFE, author of "Summer-Life on Land and Water." Published by J. BLACKWOOD, London.

It is rather early to talk about Christmas; and yet such has been our summer this year that our feelings have as often reminded us of the wintry season as of the time of singing-birds, and scented flowers, and blue skies. If we cannot then cordially welcome Christmas, we at least have little to regret in the loss of that which makes summer delightful.

Perhaps there is nothing more strikingly distinguishes the age in which we live, with respect to our social habits, from that of our forefathers of even a century back, than the manner in which we recognise Christmas time. It is true our churches are decked with evergreens, we have our social gatherings, and subscriptions are made, in some places, for giving to the poor and destitute a portion of "Christmas fare;" but there is no real large-heartedness, such as used to be in days past, no yule log, no revels and frolics, no carolling of minstrels; one might almost say with Falstaff, "no more cakes and wine;" we have lost the taste for these things, and are become, as some would say, wiser, if not happier. The practical character of the age has absorbed most of that which rendered the lives of our ancestors something more than an endless routine of buying, selling, and getting gain.

Speaking individually, we have a lurking desire for the restoration of, at least, some of those ancient customs so pleasantly described by Mr. Fyfe. If we are doubtful upon the question of spiced tankards and roasted apples before breakfast, there are other things it is certain we should relish heartily; not so much the smoking viands and foaming cups on the hospitable table, as the observances which were characteristic of Christmas: what these were we must leave our readers to learn from the author of the book, who has collected a large mass of entertaining matter illustrative of the subject. But we think even more interesting than this part of the book, is the history of the Christmas carols, with the words and music of a large number of the most ancient and popular. We cannot do better than commend Mr. Fyfe's work to every household, as a help to the rational enjoyment of the approaching festive season.

ARTIST AND CRAFTSMAN. Published by MACMILLAN and Co., London and Cambridge.

This story is a reprint from the pages of the *Dublin University Magazine*, and it is well worthy of appearing as a separate publication. The heroine and hero—the author's gallantry has given the precedence to the lady—are respectively a young orphan girl and a young mechanic; the former is the artist, the latter the craftsman. Clara, the heroine, has been endowed by nature with a fine voice, and proceeds to Italy for the purpose of cultivating it. There she meets with Mark Brandling, the craftsman, who is in the same country engaged on business for his employers: an intimacy springs up between the two, which, after sundry adventures, terminates, as all such matters should do, in their union—after Clara had become a *prima donna*, and turned the heads of half her male Italian auditors, and more than one of her aristocratic countrymen; and Mark had become a partner in the large engineering establishment of "Bright, Brassy, & Co." There are numerous other characters of a secondary, but by no means unimportant, position, who are brought forward on the stage, and add, in no small degree, to the interest of the narrative.

Mark Brandling, before he went to Italy, held political opinions closely allied with Chartism; but when there he accidentally fell into the society of



three or four young collegians, spending the long vacation in travelling: they were men of a true aristocracy, both by birth and nature, and Mark's sentiments underwent a decided change; the heat and fierceness of his prejudices abated wonderfully by his closer acquaintance with those whom, as members of another social class, he had hitherto, with manifest injustice, considered in a political sense the active enemies of his own. One of these young men subsequently settled down as a clergyman, in the district where Mark was residing, on his return to England; and both, "in their higher and lower walk, were manifestly 'fervent in business, serving the Lord.' Engineers and parsons' work are, doubtless, different in kind and in degree of nobleness; but both were manifold and nobly wrought by them, each in that state of life to which the Master of all had called him." It was this religious feeling, operating in the mind of Branding, that induced a rupture between him and Clara, which for a considerable time divided them and threatened a lasting separation. Clara was a high-souled girl, possessing the noblest feelings, and a mind of the purest sentiments; but she was wedded to her art, and her lover's remark to her, that one who followed the profession of the stage, was unworthy of being addressed as "maid or wife," was an affront to her cherished vocation she could not overlook.

We have said enough, it may be presumed, to afford a clue to the sentiment of the tale: the author has worked out his ideas with much ingenuity, and with a success that sustains the attention of the reader through the volume. The moral it conveys is good; the characters are well drawn and natural, and the descriptive passages most pleasantly sketched. The scenes lie partly in England, partly in Italy, whereby an agreeable variety is obtained. "Artist and Craftsman" is very far above the average of novels, both in conception and execution.

TRAITS OF CHARACTER; being Twenty-five Years' Literary and Personal Recollections. By a CONTEMPORARY. 2 vols. HURST & BLACKETT.

In these volumes there is much to interest "the general reader," but they are utterly insufficient to satisfy those who, as well as the writer, have "personal recollections" of the remarkable men and women of whom "Traits of Character" are given. It is somewhat surprising, indeed, that an author who obviously moved in good society, and lived among the worthies of a time gone by, should have so little to say of them that is either novel, attractive, or instructive. Scarcely a stray anecdote has been "picked up;" and if there be any "traits of character," they are such as are not peculiar to the party described, but are common to mankind. We do not find a passage that brings forcibly to our memory a single individual of the twenty-four—beginning with Lord Melbourne, and ending with Mrs. Norton—to "recollections" of whom the books are dedicated. Still, they contain some pleasant gossip concerning celebrities; usually written in a genial and kindly spirit; without much pretence; seldom assuming to be the result of rare opportunities; never attempting depth, but skimming merely the surface of "characters."

The writer is a lady—that is clear; she cannot be young, for although her reminiscences assume to be of only twenty-five years, she writes of two or three who were dead before the year of our Lord, 1835. That she is still living is pretty certain, for her "personal recollections" include a few men of mark who are at present in their prime—such are the Rev. Mr. Bellow and the Rev. Mr. Spurgeon. It would have been wiser, and in better taste, to have omitted notices of them from these volumes.

POPULAR MANUAL OF BOTANY; being a Development of the Rudiments of the Botanical Science, without Technical Terms. By CHRISTOPHER DRESSER, Ph.D., F.R.S., With Illustrations by JOHN S. OTTERBECK. Published by A. & C. BLACK, Edinburgh.

Just in proportion as a man of high attainments finds it a difficult task to adapt his conversation or his writings, when he makes the attempt, to the capacity of a child, does the man who is thoroughly versed in an abstruse science meet with similar obstacles when he seeks to enlighten the uninitiated on the mysteries of the knowledge he has acquired. Writers upon scientific subjects have so hedged them in with technical, and, as they seem to many, incomprehensible terms, that it has become necessary for the student to make himself master of successive lines of formidable outposts ere he can sit quietly down to lay siege to the fortress containing the treasures he would acquire. By this practice both

teacher and pupil are placed in a false position with regard to each other, and also with regard to what each is aiming at, while the latter is not unfrequently deterred from persevering in the pursuit by the difficulties he has to contend with at the very outset. "Almost every book of science," says a writer in *Household Words*, quoted by the author of the book before us, "is a stream alive with long-jawed alligators, among which no such small fish as a general reader dares to swim."

Now the primary object of Dr. Dresser's Manual is to drive away these "alligators," so as to leave the "small fish" space and opportunity for playing in the waters without apprehension; or, to drop the metaphor, it is written with the intention of placing before the general reader the rudiments of botany in plain intelligible language—that is, in literal English. Such a book cannot fail to be generally acceptable to the young student of the science. The plan of the work, moreover, is simple, developing the plant or tree through its various stages of life and growth, from the inanimate seed till it has become a tree in whose branches the birds of the air lodge, or a mass of flowers whose fragrance is scattered by the passing wind. We cordially recommend this little treatise to all who desire a knowledge of the rudiments of botany, but who do not care to be considered learned because they may chance to have acquired the meaning of a few technicalities: it will serve too as an excellent introduction to Dr. Dresser's more advanced writings on the subject—his "Rudiments of Botany," and his "Unity in Variety."

A DESCRIPTION OF THE HUMAN BODY; its Structure and Functions. By JOHN MARSHALL, F.R.S., F.R.C.S., Surgeon to the University College Hospital, London, and Lecturer of Anatomy in the Science and Art Department, South Kensington. Published by DAY & SON, London.

We direct attention to these volumes, one of which is entirely occupied by numerous anatomical illustrations, not so much because they will be found valuable to artists, but for their general utility. The object of the author in the publication is sufficiently and satisfactorily explained by the following extract from the prospectus:—

"The opinion now generally prevailing, that some acquaintance with the sciences which teach us the structure and functions of our own bodies, should form a part of a liberal education for the higher classes, and of a useful education for all, and the introduction of the subjects of anatomy and physiology into many public examinations, have made it incumbent on tutors and teachers to acquire an exact, though, in comparison with the wants of the medical profession, a limited knowledge of those departments of natural science. The present work is designed expressly to supply the means of acquiring such a knowledge; and, accordingly, in respect of fulness of detail, occupies a position midway between the strictly medical and the general educational treatise. It is offered to the public, however, not only as an attempt to meet the expanding wants of the non-medical teacher of the young of both sexes, but also as well calculated for the purposes of self-tuition on the part of the nobility, clergy, and gentry, amongst whom there is now evidently awakened a desire for precise information on the subjects of which it treats."

To express a decided opinion upon a work so strictly scientific as this, would be quite beyond our province and capacity; it must suffice to say that it seems to us to be written in as clear and popular a style as such a subject can be to the unprofessional. The writer holds rank among the highest members of his profession; no man is more extensively known, or more generally respected: his work, then, is sure to be well received by his own "order" as well as by the public. The volume of chromo-lithographic prints is from the famous and always accurate press of Messrs. Day; they are consequently of great merit, remarkable for a simple and pure style of Art, very different from the glaring and gaudy prints of this class to which we have been accustomed.

SHAKESPEARE'S HOUSE. Published by ASHBE and DANGERFIELD, London.

Two chromo-lithographic views, from drawings by Mr. S. Stanesby: one of the exterior of Shakespeare's house in Henley Street, taken before the recent alterations; the other, of the room in which the great dramatist is said to have been born. As pictures, we must commend them more for the fidelity than for the superior merit as works of Art; but this truthfulness it is which will render them really valuable. We want what we have—Shakespeare's home—not what an artist's fancy might work it up

to, to render it pictorially acceptable: yet a little less bright red in the exterior view might have judiciously been used without sacrifice of truth, and with more agreeable effect.

TENNY. By MRS. and MRS. S. C. HALL. Published by R. MASON, Tenby.

This is a republication of the papers which have appeared in the *Art-Journal*, under the same title. They are now reprinted in a form to render the book a neat and portable "guide." We think, however, Mr. Mason might have had more justice done to the wood-cuts, the work of some of our best artists and engravers, which say, in their present appearance, little in favour of those who executed them. If the cuts had been as carefully printed as the text, it would have proved a great advantage.

A CRUISE IN THE PACIFIC, from the Log of a Naval Officer. Edited by CAPTAIN FENTON AYLMER. 2 vols. Published by HURST and BLACKETT, London.

This is a very interesting work. It is written in a sailor's style, and with a sailor's spirit. Without pretending to develop much original information or research, the book is fresh,—full both of useful matter and amusing anecdote. The writer deserves credit for a fervent appreciation of natural beauty, whether in men or landscapes; an earnest enjoyment of everything; and a fair power of expression. "A Cruise in the Pacific" can hardly fail to be popular with the general reader. There are not many places more replete with interesting association than the isles of the Pacific, where are the scenes of some of the most absorbing stories of our childhood. Without the Island of Juan Fernandez "Robinson Crusoe" would never have been written; Fittsair's Island will ever be famous as the asylum of the mutineers of the *Bounty*; "Cook's Voyages" are most interesting where they treat of the Otaheites; and Owhyhee will ever be remembered as the scene of that great captain's tragic end. A description of "St. Sebastian," commonly known as "Rio," enables the author to say a few strong words against the wretched postal system of Brazil; but this gives place to an equally earnest encomium on the numerous charitable institutions of the town, where neither caste nor creed is marked. The evil character of the priests of South America is confirmed; they are a set of men raised from the dregs of society, resorting to the gown as a refuge from the fate their crimes would often entail upon them, and using that gown as a cloak for the worst excesses of which men can be guilty.

The peculiar customs of the Fijians furnish matter for many amusing and interesting pages; and the Marquesas, the far-famed "land of flower, fun, and sunshine," give the author an opportunity of showing his keen appreciation of natural beauty: be sure he has not forgotten a tribute of admiration to the proverbially fair of Valparaiso.

It is well to have the opportunity of studying the habits and manners of countries the spirit of which is so directly opposed to that of our own; to leave the smoke of London, and breathe, if only in imagination, the gales of the Pacific; to live, as it were, for a brief space, among the rude conventionalities of the Pacific Islanders.

When the reader has perused these volumes, he will admit, with their author, that "a sailor's life is a roving life, and that the wonders and beauty of God's world are inexhaustible."

URE'S DICTIONARY OF ARTS, MANUFACTURES, AND MINES. Edited by ROBERT HUNT, F.R.S., F.S.S. Part XII. Published by LONGMAN and Co., London.

Both editor and publisher are keeping good faith with the public by the regularity with which they issue the new edition of this popular Dictionary. It has now reached twelve parts; three more only are required to complete the work; so that the first month of the ensuing year will, in all probability, see it finished. The present part ends with the first portion of a long article on printing; but to the artist and Art-manufacturer, the most interesting pages in this number will be those devoted to photography—from the pen of the editor, we presume, though his modesty has omitted the initial letters found, generally, after the articles written by the respective contributors—and the article on pottery. Mr. Hunt is doing his laborious work thoroughly and well, so much so as to leave no doubt that Dr. Ure's scientific encyclopaedia will long continue to be what it long has been, a standard book of reference and instruction.



## THE ART-JOURNAL.



LONDON, DECEMBER 1, 1860.



OUR Subscribers will require from us but few observations (in accordance with old custom) on bringing to a close the TWENTY-SECOND yearly volume of this Journal.

We are grateful for the support we have so long received; our exertions have not been, and will not be, relaxed. We are fully aware that it is even more difficult to retain, than to obtain, the amount of public patronage necessary to the prosperity of any large undertaking.

The Editor, and his many valuable coadjutors, will continue to labour, with heart and energy, to render the ART-JOURNAL in all respects commensurate with the growing intelligence of the age; to supply information upon every subject interesting to the Artist, the Amateur, the Manufacturer, and the Artizan: making it not only a record of all "news" concerning the Arts and their various ramifications,—a reporter of every incident it may be desirable to make known,—but by drawing on the resources of experienced and enlightened men, communicating such information and instruction as may advance the great cause of Art—teaching, while gratifying, its professors and those who pursue Art as a source of pleasure and enjoyment.

We ask for trust in our future, as arising from experience of our past; we believe it is generally admitted that, year after year, our anxiety for improvement in every department of our Work has not been unattended by success. Some new features we have been enabled to introduce into our pages; others will result from our eager search; and we have no doubt that the volume we are about to commence will be as useful and as full of interest as, we presume to hope and think, our Subscribers have found its predecessors.

The munificent boon of Her Most Gracious Majesty and His Royal Highness the Prince Consort, by which we have been enabled to issue in the ART-JOURNAL so many fine engravings from famous Pictures in the several Royal Collections, will terminate during the coming year. Their successors will be a selected series from the PRIVATE GALLERIES AND COLLECTIONS OF GREAT BRITAIN.

4, LANCASTER PLACE, STRAND.

## "UNA GONDOLA, SIGNOR?"

## PART II.

SUCH, as described in our last paper, appeared to us the Church of St. Mark, at Venice, as a whole, anything but a model for our imitation, and abounding in rude defects, yet exquisite in many parts for its rich imaginative picturesqueness, and above all, admirable for its true and characteristic expression of the thoughts and tendencies of those who reared it. A strange tradition, oriental in tone, like itself, is connected with the origin of the building. A mysterious person, lame, and of a singular aspect, is said to have presented himself before the doge, and offered to render the church the most splendid and beautiful of structures, provided only that his statue might be raised in the most conspicuous part of it. The doge at first drily smiled at the strange proposal, but on reflection, consented to what may have been a mysterious manifestation of the divine grace, made in however strange a manner; and for awhile the work went on satisfactorily. But presently the stranger became suddenly troubled, and faltered. He frankly confessed his inability to fulfil his engagement, and so departed mysteriously as he had come; and on this Orseolo, reluctant to heighten a public distress by additional burdens, piously and munificently undertook to rebuild the church at his own cost. It was designed by a Greek from Constantinople; but the doge himself did not long remain to watch its progress, for next year, A.D. 977, a second stranger made his appearance, to aid him in building a temple of another kind—a purely spiritual edifice. The new comer announced himself as Guarino, an abbot of Gascony, who had undertaken a long and painful journey, simply that his eyes might be gladdened by the already famous temple then rising in honour of the Evangelist. His Serenity received him with distinction; and as they soon proved to be congenial spirits, their low-toned and eager confabulations and closetings became frequent. The insipidity of everything but devotion was the unctuous enrapturing theme: not merely a temple—no, the tame idea is refined upon—a downright monastery of flesh was a structure incomparably more interesting than a poor church of stone; and Orseolo felt himself soon persuaded by the fascinating fluency of the holy stranger, that for a quiet meditative mind like his, never thoroughly satisfied by active pursuits, and indeed little given to frivolous affection of the ordinary kind, there was no felicity so profitable, so complete, and at the same time so thoroughly safe, as that of the cloister. Guarino, with all the prudent impetuosity of a winning lover, pressed an immediate elopement with him to his convent in Gascony. The doge, however, with something of spiritual coyness, stipulated for a year, not only to arrange his affairs, but to ripen still more his devout qualifications; and during that irksome interval he had even the meekness to resign himself to his princely duties with undiminished regularity, concealing his intended abdication from his very wife, who had some time before taken the veil with his approval. Finally, at the appointed time, Guarino secretly returned; and his Serenity, eluding his subjects in the disguise of a pilgrim, and under the cover of night, succeeded in absconding with him to his convent in France, where he remained nineteen years, the rest of his earthly sojourn. His devout wife, most likely, could by this time only regret that he should have chosen a distant convent by the Pyrenees, instead of one of those many high-born and high-bred monasteries at Venice, which the great houses had founded, and re-

served with as much jealousy as they did the secular things of the state themselves. Why, she may have asked herself, did he not prefer a life of easeful sanctity in the Abbey of San Zaccaria, in apartments neighbouring those where she herself unceasingly inhaled the sweetness of Saint Pancras' and Saint Sabina's relics—or if this was too near to her, why could he not wait a little for the other monastery about to be founded by the noble Memmi, amongst the vineyards, olive groves, and cypress avenues then covering that isle of San Giorgio which is now scarce better than a little slip of slime in front of the Ducal Palace?

Leaving St. Mark's Church, on its being closed for the day, we returned to the Piazzetta, for a more deliberate gaze at the Ducal Palace, the finest of those Gothic palaces, which, in the beginning of the fourteenth century, completely superseded the building of Byzantine ones at Venice. It is remarkable as not only the noblest, but, as Mr. Ruskin informs us, the first instance in this locality of the adaptation of Gothic traceries to the upper arcades of secular buildings, a device which, afterwards pursued into many varieties, became one of the most beautiful prominent characteristics of the City of the Sea. The merit of this adaptation, which Mr. Ruskin highly admires, he finds due to Pietro Basseggio, and he thinks that the traceries themselves were suggested by those in the apse of the Venetian church of the Frari. The era of this earliest part of the present Ducal Palace is well marked; for its completion was delayed by the conspiracy of Marino Faliero, of which you are soon reminded by the two sanguine-hued columns occupying the place where two of the chief conspirators, Bertuccio and Calendario, the latter Byron's "quick Cassius of the Arsenal," and one of the master builders of the pile, were hanged, with gags in their mouths—ghastly figures for such beautiful niches! The part of the building thus tragically postponed, namely, that connected with the Sala del Maggior Consiglio, was continued in 1362—the year, by the by, in which Petrarch commenced his stay at Venice, and gave his library to the Signory; and it was soon completed, but not used by the Grand Council till 1423, when the ill-fated Foscari first presided as doge. About two-thirds of the Piazzetta façade were added subsequently, in the fifteenth century, with capitals which Mr. Ruskin denounces, as already corrupted with the so-styled taint of the advancing Renaissance, and in that respect, to be contrasted at large with his favourite fourteenth century work beside it. The new halls were decorated by Vivarino and the two Bellini, with frescoes of the most glorious feats of the republic; but these chambers, with their invaluable adornments, were all devastated by fire in 1574, and the building was reduced a second time to a mere shell. In the present halls, which then arose, the magnificent canvases of Titian, Tintoretto, and Paul Veronese afford some compensation for even the works of the Bellini; but Venice would have destroyed her very face, obliterated her own proper physiognomy, had she adopted the proposal of Palladio to substitute for the Gothic shell which had been spared from the flames, some design of his own of the modern classical kind, then exclusively in vogue. What an escape was this! Fancy rows of Whitehall-like windows, oblivious of every time-honoured local association, instead of the historical graces of those magnificent arcades which we are now drawing near, beautiful in the wreathing and convolution of their forms as some shell, which tells fine things of the sea, whose bygone masters here with such state enthroned themselves!

Here, then, is that second Venetian structure, formerly so classically set aside, even

from the very eyes, as ugly and barbarous, but of late, as a natural reactionary sequence, only admired too much, and altogether indiscriminately. Mr. Ruskin calls it, in his peculiar way, "the central structure in the world;" and considers it one of the two most perfect of buildings, nothing less, the Parthenon being the other. But in sober sadness and verity, we believe that the only approach to a justification of this opinion will be found in the lower half of the pile—simply in the arcades; the heaviness, bareness, and unrelieved squareness of the whole upper part, with the poverty and stumpy shape of its windows, all being so many defects, palpable and preponderating. The arcades, however, with their admirable details, are worthy of lingering attention and much ardent praise; the upper one, especially, with the majestic elegance and purity of its tracery, being, perhaps, of its kind, one of the finest productions of mediæval Art.

For the great defect of all, however, the imposition of that huge heavy unshapely mass upon the light open traceries, the original architect is most probably in no way responsible. Writers on the subject inform us that the original design was to carry up the façade from the back wall of the arcades, but that halls larger than at first intended were afterwards found to be needful for the state business of the Signory; and consequently the whole mass was brought forward, to overpower in effect the lighter forms beneath. Mr. Ruskin, in an address we heard him deliver, after a lecture by Mr. Street, made a fanciful apology for this defect in his favourite edifice, by surmising that it was intended as a type of all Venice, built so solidly on her open piles. The question, however, remains, whether the conceit is worth the sacrifice. It is, we think, to be regretted when love of symbolism betrays us on a large scale into bad architecture. Indeed, even taking into the account these requirements and fancies, we believe it to be extremely questionable whether Pietro Basseggio, the original architect, on contemplating the poverty of all the upper part, would have felt inclined to endorse Mr. Ruskin's assertion of the perfectness of the structure.

But when, close at hand, all that upper part falls away in perspective, and the beautiful details of the arcades fully manifest themselves—then, indeed, we begin to agree cordially with Mr. Ruskin—up to a certain point. Beautifully fancied are some of the capitals of this upper loggia. What fresh and lively modifications they present of the Corinthian arrangement of foliage; and for that somewhat monotonous rose, one really knows not what of varied entertainment! Here a fawn's head in the midst of the thick foliage, cropping the higher leaves that form the volutes; there an armed man emergent; yonder a grotesque! Here (how pretty!) a young female, just discovered by the parting of fresh young leaves between the volutes; and in the next capital but one, those selfsame young leaves yet shut, not yet parted! Further down the arcade, again, two nuns converse in a balcony formed by the lower leaves of the capital, between other leaves that rise and curl over on each side.

Nor will the far larger and more massy capitals of the piazza beneath fail to reward attention, with their rich, quaint, morally significant, and fanciful imagery. A few minutes, now and then, may be well spent in their society. Here are birds, and children, and the heads of beasts with strange mouthfuls. A bear's head devouring honeycomb perhaps serves now to remind us most of those rough Avogadori preying on the power and quiet of the doge, sucking all the sweetness out of them. Then (as in those vast libraries in stone, the northern cathedrals, which, before the discovery

of printing, were, next to oral teaching, the chief informants of the masses) follow representations of the humbler handicrafts and the nobler arts of man, figures of kings and emperors, the seasons, and a whole series of personifications of the virtues and vices. It is an arduous attempt at an encyclopædic imaging forth of all that relates to the social, political, and moral being of man. The Vices and Virtues are quaint little Giottoesque figures, seated amidst festoon-like masses of the thick curly foliage, and some of them poetically discriminated, as well as wrought with commendable force and spirit. Avarice is there, wasted with anxiety and parsimonious abstinence; and Envy, an old female not less emaciated, turbaned and girdled by snakes, and nursing a little pet dragon in her lap. Thus some of these figures have an impressive moral character. Yet is the building they adorn (though, by the by, certainly not deserving a worse reputation than our own Tower of London), more commonly associated with notions of craft and cruelty than any other; and Cassandra herself, on approaching the threshold of Agamemnon, had scarcely visions more dark and appalling than those which arise thick in the memory here. The Ten, when pacing meditatively these stately cloisters, not of religion, but of an abstruse state-craft, were, no doubt, too much absorbed in contemplating the objects of their inexorable policy, to pay much attention to these portraits of the sins to which they were devoted, and the virtues from which they were—very commonly at least, it must be admitted—estranged. It sounds like a biting sarcasm when we are told, as we are by Mr. Ruskin, that among all the Christian systems of the virtues personified by the Italian artists, *Honesty* is to be found here, in these arcades of the oligarchy of treacherous and cruel scoundrels only.

Subsequently, we compared these capitals with Mr. Ruskin's extraordinarily minute and copious examination of them, in his "Stones of Venice," in which he invests them with a high importance, bringing them forward, indeed, as his grand illustration of the chief dogma of the whole book, namely, the excellence of the mediæval architecture, and the baseness of the renaissance. He proclaims the religious virtues of the former style, and the impious presumption of the latter, to be side by side in these arcades; to our no slight astonishment styling the later part of the Pinzetta façade, reared early in the fifteenth century, the Renaissance Palace, though the architecture there is not merely altogether Gothic, but an exact continuation of the fourteenth century part, which he so admires! The only difference between them requires for its discovery a close and curious scrutiny; for it amounts but to a softer, and in some respects tamer, treatment in the decorations of the later capitals. It is not that the general choice of subjects and composition is different, but simply that the foliage is less natural, and that some of the figures (partly copies of the older parts) are tame and insipid; though the principal ones are admitted by Mr. Ruskin himself to be more pleasing and graceful than the fourteenth century figures. The only specific offence charged against the later sculptor is, that he chose the Judgment of Solomon for his principal group, instead of such subjects as those put foremost by his predecessor, namely, the Temptation of Adam, and the Drunkenness of Noah; the earlier choice being interpreted as an edifying confession of human frailty, and the later one at once assumed to be an assertion of impious confidence in human wisdom. On no other grounds is the later building grandiosely denounced and condemned. "The first hammer stroke" in its construction, proclaims that sombre trumpet, "was the knell

of the architecture of Venice, and of Venice herself." We cannot help doubting whether the writer here shows much of the sagacity of Solomon in this his own judgment, and suspecting too much of that "firm confidence in his own wisdom," for which he so indignantly blames the poor fifteenth century stone-cutter. Surely there is some want of modesty in this attribution of arrogance; surely the artist's motives are not so clear on the dark side as to warrant this tremendous magniloquent denunciation.

But it is quite certain that in the general question of *Gothic v. Renaissance*, the whole of this attempt utterly fails, and that each of these controverted capitals is, so far, a mare's nest, without any colts in it. In the first place, the later capitals are not Renaissance at all. Secondly, even if we might call them so, they would be no adequate representatives of the Renaissance period; and the most we could say of them would be, Here some obscure hand in the fifteenth century took up the chisel which had dropped from the hand of an abler predecessor. If Mr. Ruskin's object was to characterise the Renaissance adequately and justly, he should assuredly have gone elsewhere; he should rather have repaired to Florence, where one of the most beautiful works in that manner was commenced (it is remarkable) in the very same year with this repudiated arcade of the Doge Foscari, to wit, the year 1424. All Mr. Ruskin's chapters, nay, volumes, of elaborate declamation on the supposed superiority of the mediævals, are there at once serenely and smilingly refuted; for in the truthful, pure, and beautiful representation of human beings, and even of vegetation, nothing of earlier date at all equals the "Paradise Gate" of Ghiberti. Or if the critic wished to institute a fair comparison between Mediæval and Renaissance, Sansovino's only less noble and lovely sculptures were, all the while, at his very elbow.

We do not doubt that he has considerably overpraised the fourteenth century foliage here (see the Crystal Palace casts of it), and underrated the cinque-cento leafage. The earlier foliage is commonly weak, rank, and flaccid in its curly character, too like certain of the less noble ground vegetables, or esculents; the later groups are often more massy and effective as architectural designs. The most prominent of the cinque-cento figures are, beyond comparison, better than those of the fourteenth century. On the whole, it may be said that the earlier artist (in the true mediæval spirit) had more feeling and affection for vegetable comeliness, and the later for human; and Mr. Ruskin, in this respect, surely, it must be admitted, ranges with the earlier artisan. And we may add here, that in endeavouring to ascertain the real value of criticisms in which moral considerations prevail, we should carefully bear in mind the temper and mental bias of the critic, so far as we can clearly discover them; for they will colour his opinions of even the physical elements of his subject, whether animate or inanimate, *up to every line and shade of a colour*. What the ascetic mediævalist accepts as "nobly stern," we should perhaps consider repulsive rigidity; and the softness and smoothness which would ruffle his temper with conceptions of sensuality and baseness, we, entertaining widely different views of softness and elegance, and even venturing to look more on the favourable side of amateness and lady-gallantry, would rather hail smilingly as innocuous tenderness and grace—an ornament or an emblem of the social sweetness and intergliding unions of our nature. From this elementary discrepancy alone, we believe we are often wholly at variance with Mr. Ruskin and a certain wide class of opinions.

In describing the allegorical figures of the



Virtues and Vices which adorn these capitals of the Ducal Palace, Mr. Ruskin introduces some of his own notions of the moral system of Christianity, which are quite of a piece with his comments on the architecture, equally mistaken, in the same tone, and from the same cause. His Virtues are acute painful Virtues. We are unable to picture them except as a good deal emaciated with incessant self-consciousness, and the trying high-pressure of extra-human requirements. Far, oh far, be they from us and ours; remote their shadows from the bosom of our families! Mr. Ruskin's favourite moralizing tone in these volumes on Venice, is decidedly that of one of those brain-fussing high-pressurists of the Spirit and Intellect, the diminution of whose influence we have, as more critics, intensely at heart, as a blessing most needful to our improvement in liberality of feeling, and in freedom and breadth of imagination. Forgetting the concrete nature of man, having no respect for the necessities and rights of the physical part of his composition, his teaching, for by far the most part (for we must by no means expect from him consistency), tends to make the Spirit and misdirected Intellect of the weak and timid, tyrannical, and morbidly exacting, to a degree which renders probable melancholy demoralising consequences. He seems to have no adequate conceptions of the essential healthy, manly liberality and liberty of mind, or of temperance in the virtues. In his spurious intellectual refinings, he does not perceive the point beyond which these virtues degenerate into a morbid spiritualism, and in sober truth sink into vices, becoming curses instead of blessings. For temperate men who respect Reason, such men as Aristotle and Milton, he expresses a flippant contempt, or still more flippant disregard; and his pet Divine is the most bigoted, fierce, inhuman Dante. Of every virtue it is his humour to take an extravagantly severe, painful, and depressing view. "Hope," he says, "seems to me the *testing* virtue, that by the possession of which we may most certainly determine whether we are Christians or not." A gentle colouring this, for instance, a comfort to poor broken-spirited wretches unable to overcome their despondency, to find, in addition, that it is a proof of their infidelity! Thus the excellent Cowper, and all similarly afflicted, become consigned at once to that chamber in our new Inferno which is allotted to unbelief. We trust, however, we *hope*, that Charity would give a somewhat different account of her fair sister. Our author, also, than whom few men have written more lugubriously, more depressingly, endorses with mild equanimity Dante's allotment of a little frechold in hell to those whose sin was sadness. Had Dante met with Charity earlier in his poem, (which would indeed have been an inestimable advantage to him,) we might have received better illumination in this matter, as well as in hosts of others. In estimating the sins, and the amount of meta-physical duty required from a creature so variously, so unequally compounded as man, a constant check from her sweet soft hand is especially necessary, with the guidance, not of a high-flying imagination, but of a good sound practical physician. But chiefly is Mr. Ruskin, whilst discoursing on these capitals of the Ducal Palace, charmed with what he describes as Dante's "burning Charity running and returning at the wheels of the chariot of God:—

<sup>4</sup> So ruddy, that her form had scarce  
Been known within a furnace of clear flame."

Of her representation as a mother surrounded by happy children, (surely, to say the least, a more fertile and better mode of conception for the artist,) he only says that it is an idea grievously hackneyed and vulgarised by English artists. We are not aware that it is so. But, to say sooth, we are actually a little afraid of

Dante's Charity, and think Mr. Ruskin's super-added epithet for her "burning" has in it something of ominousness. It reminds us but too much of that enlarged mediæval Dominican Charity, who in her burning love, unsoftened by temporary shrieks, did not hesitate to inflict a few transient pangs on men's bodies, just to save them from pangs eternal, as even poor gentle Sir Thomas More was brought to do. Her most fervid zeal, not content with "running and returning" at the wheels of the divine chariot, was so apt far to outstrip them! In a thirteenth century list of the Virtues which Mr. Ruskin introduces with much approbation, we find Understanding considerably beneath her, and somewhat low in the list. Now of all virtues above understanding, (if, indeed, understanding can be called a virtue at all), we have a certain fear, which we are wholly unable to allay. We believe it will be found on investigation that in the thirteenth century, Mr. Ruskin's favourite period, they were (either before the veil of their sanctuaries or behind it,) most powerfully influential in the establishment of the Inquisition, and in the spiritual benignities of Anti-Albigensian crusade. In a word, when we think of the flagrant inhumanity in Dante's poem, his rhapsody about Charity falls away from the ear with melancholy distaste; and all this fine-drawn ascetic moralising by his indiscriminative admirer is but stale fume of the Cloister, which we trust the inexperienced and sensitive young reader will cast aside, as most unwholesome food for his mind.\*

But let us not fairly lose ourselves in this avenue of meditative sculpture, in which the admonitory imagery sits in the foliage of the nest-like capitals, like those enchanted birds in the Arabian tales, who sing or talk to us strange things. The evening, besides, is freshening, and all the world seems coming forth, as usual, to St. Mark's Square to enjoy the pleasantness of the hour. The piazzas, as every one knows, abound in cafés, and little shops of beautiful photographs, jewellery, and other knickknacks; and there the crowd is already trooping to and fro, whilst numbers are beginning to seat and regale themselves at little tables beneath the arches, or in the open part of the square. Austrian officers stalking and clanking along arm-in-arm, taking too much of the pavement to themselves, reserved and haughty in their bearing, and with a dull absence of the more gentle and refined sympathies written in too many of their countenances—these are the eyesores of this else cheerful and pleasant scene. In their pale uniforms, they remind one a good deal of white spots of leprosy on a smiling and else lovely face; or of flakes of snow scattered in a garden late in the year, even where fair and fine flowers should be springing and rejoicing after a long dark winter. In this very miscellaneous flow and concourse of people, the tourists fully vie with them in number, if not in importance. Here sit English girls, making tea far out in the square, in peculiar kinds of hats, in which, most likely, they have just been hurried as rapidly as possible past the façade of the sublimities of Switzerland. Their fresh handsome faces at once carry one's thoughts home, and yet chill them too often with that monotonous air of cold and staid indifference, which raises an anxious fear that their hearts and minds are not sufficiently open, or disengaged, to bear away much from the glorious objects around them:

\* In the fifth volume of "Modern Painters," published recently, some sweeping paragraphs against Asceticism would seem to indicate a change in the author's mind; but they are not supported by the general tone of the book. Unhappily, the mania of severe religious dogmatism continues strong as ever; and facts, consistency, logic, and common sense, are more and more forgotten, for the pleasure of bevelling and denouncing everything—the fate of nations and of illustrious Art—in a gorgeous, energetic, profound-sounding, Apocalyptic style.

the equally rigid mould, or pattern, of their dignity—mamma—is with them, as quaint and juvenile of headgear, quite. And there too sits papa, looking so serious, poor gentleman, that one cannot help fearing he carries some of his usual Mammonian care about with him—that, in short, his imagination is still lingering between the leaves of a ledger.

Aloof, yonder, the *gondoliers* are chiefly to be found before the columns of the Piazzetta, waiting there for employment—fine athletic men, certainly, with their tawny muscular arms and clear-ringing burly shouts, "*Comandante una gondola, S'or?*" proclaiming themselves for hire. Civil, good-humoured, and unexacting they are, indeed, so far as I know anything of them, and well mannered to each other. "I want *Dice-otto?*"—"We do not think he is here, Signor; but we will try and find him;" and not unfrequently they succeeded. We doubt very much whether an inquiry for No. 18 at a cabstand would meet with the same amount of courteous attention. But there is something melancholy and forlorn in the manner in which, every now and then, these *gondoliers* are to be noticed hovering about the cafés, far in the piazzas, in search of employment; and one cannot help fearing that the singularly low tariff for their services, and apparent excess of their numbers over the ordinary demand, must leave many of them, with their numerous families, miserably poor—a circumstance one would willingly commend to the best consideration of the sentimental impassioned tourist, with a hint that whenever his poetic enthusiasm on the waters of the Lagune has been more blissful than usual, it were not amiss for him to evince his gratitude by presenting his poor *gondolier* with an additional zwanziger. But let us notice some of the others now crossing and recrossing the Piazzetta. Here comes one of those female water-carriers, with her little iron water pots slung across her shoulder, quickly ambling along. She is joining others as like herself as may be; for they all seem of the same family, do these very noticeable water-carriers. Next a priest steals across the square, (quietly as a fox amidst sleeping poultry), with that expression of countenance of which you feel chiefly inclined to say that all manly, healthy sympathies seem dried up in it. What a creature, you observe to your friend under your breath, to whom to confide the education of youth, and the most delicate confidences of women! And so he goes *his way*. Rarely an Italian passes there whom you would be tempted, but for courtesy, to style gentleman or lady. So far as the natives are concerned, these historical scenes seem almost abandoned to a riff-raff kind of population. The Venetian nobles are, many of them, away at the present season, at their villas; yet were they here, they would perhaps avoid public places infested by Austrian soldiers, and—tourists. A light floating hum of voices, heightening the animation around, is every now and then overpowered by the loud ringing cries of those who sell pumpkins, and *moloni*, or water-melons, important articles in the diet of the poorer classes; and at intervals a voice is heard raised above the others, shouting and bellowing forth, as if in the mere lustiness and audacity of animal spirits—animal spirits heightened by the glorious lightness of the exhilarating atmosphere, to a perfection which many of the most luxurious and externally free amongst us might pathetically envy. Just so—though how different in other respects (for this voice is exactly like the roaring of some young whelp of the most formidable of the feline tribes, when freshly awakening)—just so will some linnæ break suddenly forth into song for a few moments in our own dear country, amidst the felicities of some gay hawthorn hedge, when May sits sweetly, and lightly, and gently on its little

heart; but not so often will you hear our ploughmen doing the same thing; at least, not with the exuberant energy of the sounds which greet you here. This air, this blessed every-day sunshine, and his innate vitality so happily nourished by them, these things, when not taken away from the poor Venetian, seem to afford him a rich and cheerful compensation for many of those boasted advantages extended to his class, in the most politically favoured communities, of harsher climate and moodier mental temperament.

Meanwhile the gondolas in numbers are incessantly skimming across each other *in silence*, rapidly along the waters in the background, beyond which rise those Palladian fauces, whose effective *distant* domes and campanili are incomparably the best things about them—islands and promontories of architecture, which seem sea-born, and which are now shining in the full splendour of sunset, as if their cupolas and pediments pilastered were of the rosy-tinted opal; whilst their red belfry-towers, heightened by the sinking orb of day with the hue of scarlet fire, flash their images deep into the water, whose brightness breaks them into a thousand gorgeous trembling flakes. They seem to the imaginative eye, when it wisely indulges its gifts, stately domes reared there by the sea-nymphs amidst their hushed expanses, or by the Adriatic herself, in honour of her Spouse, for temples, and porches, and halls, in which to celebrate his achievements. And the vessels moored beyond their wave-washed steps, we look upon as those of Doge Orseolo, or Pisani, at anchor; and yonder reddening—ay, crimsoning—sail, approaching us so slowly, so insensibly in the distance, is even that which is coming with the news that Zeno's armament has returned to raise the Genoese blockade of Chioggia.—But now pause a little. The pale transparent shadows of evening are beginning to fall around, and to subdue and quiet all these things, emblematic, even pensively, the fading away of old Venetian greatness and power, and indeed of all ensuing earthly brightness—into the immortal memory, through which it may ever enrich, strengthen, and gladden the soul, so that nothing of great, or beautiful, or joyous, is, in sober truth, fleeting and mortal vanity. Twilight draws on apace. Yet the air is still so clear and luminous (though the sun is now far down) that the structures around are of a delicate pearly grey, not darker; and the architecture, scarcely if at all obscured, though softened and *spiritualised*, looks, I think, even more beautiful, is more gently captivating to the feelings and fancy. The statues of the Sansovinian façade close at hand ranged along the sky, the scroll-buttressed domes of Santa Maria della Salute across the mouth of the Canal Grande, and the old Church of the Salute beyond these on the island of the Giudecca, are thus pale but clear in their shadows. But right in front, the whole island of San Giorgio Maggiore with its group of sacred buildings, as if the sun yet shone there, still glows with a reflex of the western sky; far above which, and above a long slanting jet or stream of rosy dappled clouds, (which look as if all the rose leaves in Paradise had been borne from their trees by this calm wind, and strewn along the evening air,) the silver gondola of the new moon is beginning to glide and glitter forth. Oh, were I gifted with the poetic faculty, I might tell what pensive spirit sits in it, and with what feelings she is now looking down into St. Mark's Square, and contemplating the changes that have taken place there since the times of her beloved favourites Pisani and Zeno. I doubt very much, I doubt exceedingly, whether she considers that portly old general with a harsh and obstinate red face, a breast covered with liberticide orders, and a helmet with little green ostrich feathers, who has just

toddled goutily by, with his sheathed sabre under his arm, and his orderly behind him, a satisfactory successor to them—I cannot help doubting it exceedingly. I rather suspect he would be an extreme abomination in her sight.

But the nights at Venice were no less attractive than the evenings. When in that most transparent, lovely, Adriatic-breezy twilight we returned to St. Mark's Square, we found it already lighted up with an effect certainly unusually brilliant. Not only are the gaslights round the Piazza numerous and splendid, but the arched windows above, extending in a long line, present, many of them, a space of soft yellow light, from the milder illumination within. Meanwhile the crowd below is fast becoming more numerous and lively; the tourists returned from flying visits to churches and palaces are seating themselves at the rows of little tables with their ices and coffee. The waiters are hurrying about to help them; and buffo singers, establishing themselves here and there, are tinkling their guitars, each to a crowded semicircle of most miscellaneous auditors. This grey-headed old buffo near us, with a voice how worn and woolly, no one appears to think of listening to except himself, but to him the sound seems an inexhaustible source of amusement, comfort, and mild complacency. Long, long, may it continue to be so! Yonder young pair, on the other hand, evidently enjoy a plenitude of popularity; and certainly, though the voices are coarser, we never heard the parts of a comic duet, even at our own opera, reciprocated with more abundant gaiety and smartness, or with a more precise fulfilment of the requisites of time and tune, than by that saucy black-eyed girl, and her scarcely less animated partner. A living stream at the same time is moving perpetually past; and pleasant it is to sit under that soft Italian sky, and notice the varieties on its surface. Yet this gaiety has no power to extend its influence to the uppermost or remotest parts of the great edifices around, or to disturb in the slightest degree their solemn solitary character. The long statue-studded cornices, the domes of St. Mark's, and the lofty Campanile, rise palely and dimly in the nocturnal sky, looking the more solemn and stately, because contrasted with the long border, or fringes, of light and gaiety low at their feet, which they seem, in their monumental majesty—in the name of the old national greatness—to discountenance and reprove.

The heavens at night are of a softer, richer blue than with us, and scattered with lustrous films, and sapphire sparks in brighter galaxies; and the upper parts of these structures, thus lighted up but faintly from below, seem in their exquisite mysterious delicacy of hue, as if of ivory. As for St. Mark's Church looming at the end, with its domes, and flame-like pinnacles, and strange variegated confusion of form beneath, it looks rich and delicate as some fine Indian carving. Beyond the dark crowds pacing to and fro in the centre of the square, and the golden illumination immediately above them, it retires into a faint, unsubstantial, *unreal* aspect. It looks like a vision—such as some adventurous Venetian traveller of old into the far East might have conjured up in the imaginations of his hearers, whilst telling of the pavilions of the great Khan, at last reached in the dead of night, and seen glimmering behind those great sentinal banners which announce universal war. That silent and solitary structure which the Arabian pilgrims found *once* amidst the desert, but never could find again, must have been in character exceedingly like this one. The golden winged lion of Venice near the top of the façade, as you approach nearer, literally to *realize* the edifice, shines forth bravely amid the rich soft gloom, and ventures by night to reassert his

sovereignty, despite the double-headed monster of prey who spreads abroad his murky wings before the noonday sun. Looking back over the heads of the moving crowd, and of the Austrian band, which plays delicately, but with something of a significant coldness and tameness, there is the remote yellow illumination of piazzas and inner recesses, fitted up with mirrors and crimson curtains. These are but the adornments of cafés, to be sure; but at a distance they have a sufficiently poetical effect, and look like seats, and points of assignation, not unworthy even of Shakspeare's own lovers.

Surely there is no other city in the world which will so enable you to enjoy the early part of the night in the open air, seated at a little table enriched with pleasant cakes, refreshed by a mild soft air and sky, and fancy-inspired by that wondrous architectural background. And when delightful dreams are ended for a while, you are exceedingly entertained with the variety of people continually passing along with so much life and animation. People of various nations still are there—very neat Austrian officers, (whose stupid mind-engrossing haughtiness might be *expected* naturally to lead to its due punishment, a sudden huge break-down of the most unimperial disasters;) some party of turbaned traffickers now and then from beyond the Adriatic; a wandering priest threading his way amongst them. Buffo singers and ambitious sopranos, meanwhile, are exercising their calling with infinite zest; and a knot of unemployed gondoliers seated on the ground, and criticising them, is making the air resound with the frequent word *la musica*; the English synonyme of which you will not, let me tell you, often hear floating above a London cab-stand. All these you meekly review in their turn. And last, but by no means least worthy of something far above oblivion, may be mentioned those civil and welcome men, who come round with delicious preserved fruits on wooden skewers, which they sell for a mere nothing. What, what on earth beyond this could reasonable tourist desire, whether he be poetical in his tastes and tendencies, or have few wishes to trouble him besides ices, coffee, mild cheerful air, and an entertaining promenade!

But at a certain hour, an ominous sound grievously disturbs the spell. The important voice of a pedagogue, the rat-tan of his flail, his knolling of the hour of play, are not more unwelcome to the urchins who had just been beamingly forgetting him, and all his train of prepositions and participles, cane-enforced, than was that sound to us, and doubtless many others about us. At nine it is, precisely, that the Austrian night-gun suddenly jars on your ears, and on all your agreeable associations; and it seems as if this were the understood signal for a general desertion of the place; for then almost a solitude speedily ensues. A tame ending for a Venetian day! For our own part, left alone, and in sheer ignorance where else to go, we had nothing to do but to return to our quiet and retired *albergo*. And there, after killing some few of the many musquitoes on the wall, by suddenly advancing close to them the candle, which (maiden-like) they fly into, we were soon couched under elegant musquito curtains, worthy of veiling up close an Indian *begum*. Thus daintily secluded, we could hear with composure the fierce sultry horn of the formidable insect without, continually winding far and near, and dreamed half awake of ridottos, gondolas, masks, moonlit corridors of palaces,—with even a stealthy silvery glimpse of Bianca or Marina,—till a genuine sleep, subduing the flutterer fancy also, succeeded with a perfect rest.

W. P. B.



# BRITISH ARTISTS: THEIR STYLE AND CHARACTER.

WITH ENGRAVED ILLUSTRATIONS.

No. LI.—SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS, P.R.A.



UCH has been written concerning the life and works of Reynolds—so much that nothing, or but little, is left to any biographer of the present day to tell; for the histories of even the most distinguished men, whatever their profession, have limits which cannot be exceeded: new light may occasionally be thrown on their acts and intentions, and the fancies of the historian may lead him into narrations not altogether irrelevant to the subject, and which may help to adorn it; but when the facts of a lifetime have been recorded at length by those

who were cotemporary with it, or who have followed closely upon it, the labours of future biographers must necessarily be almost restricted to a repetition of what has already been done: the portrait may wear a different costume, but the features must be identical with those which have already appeared.

We see another "Life of Reynolds," by the late Mr. C. R. Leslie, R.A., is announced as forthcoming: it will, doubtless, be valuable for its critical remarks on the works of Sir Joshua, but we can scarcely look for any new biographical facts.

Five or six years ago we published in the *Art-Journal* two papers, each of considerable length, relating more especially to the earlier days of Reynolds: they were written from materials supplied to us by Mr. W. Cotton, a Devonshire gentleman, whose admiration of the artist had led him to collect a large mass of valuable and interesting information on the subject. In those papers we traced the life of Reynolds, from the period of his birth, at Plympton, Devonshire, in 1723, till he had fixed his residence at a large house in Leicester Square, a locality which at that time, 1761, was by no means unfashionable, and with which are associated the names of many distinguished individuals. Although still a comparatively young man, his name had become great, and his studio was the resort of many of the most distinguished of his countrymen, and the highest and fairest of his countrywomen. Other visitors, too, frequented his house, and pleasant must have been the meeting of guests who assembled round his well-furnished dinner-table. "Reynolds," says Cunningham, "was a lover of poetry and poets; they sometimes read their productions in his house, and were rewarded by his approbation, and occasionally by his portraits."

One of the earliest pictures, not strictly a portrait, painted by Reynolds in his new abode, was 'Garriick, between Tragedy and Comedy.' The artist desired to do honour

to the great actor in a way that would show the success of the latter in his double character; but such a task is beyond the power of any painter, and the picture, though possessing many excellent qualities as a work of Art, must, as to its avowed object, be considered a failure.

In 1768 the Royal Academy was founded: Reynolds, it is said, was rather opposed to its establishment, from a conviction that it would not answer its purpose, and that the king would withhold his patronage from it; but whatever scruples he entertained were overcome, chiefly by the representations of Benjamin West; and when these two painters entered the room where were assembled the body of artists, thirty in number, who were to form the first academic association, they all rose up, and greeted Reynolds as President. "He was affected by the compliment, but declined the honour till he had talked with Johnson and Burke. He went, consulted his friends, and having considered the consequences carefully, then consented." Johnson was appointed Professor of Ancient Literature, and Goldsmith of Ancient History, honorary offices which have since been filled by some of our most distinguished literary men.

It was frequently the fashion in those days for portrait-painters to represent their subjects, or "sitters," allegorically; especially was it the case when these were ladies: the custom, which even now is not quite abrogated, is an absurd one, for truth is sacrificed thereby to mere pictorial display, and the union, so to speak, of Christian men and women with heathen gods and goddesses is as contrary to reason, as it is, too often, offensive to good taste. The first

pictures exhibited at the Academy by its first president were of this class: portraits of the Duchess of Manchester and her son, as 'Diana disarming Cupid;' of Lady Blake, as 'Juno receiving the Cestus from Venus;'

and of Miss Morris, as 'Hope nursing Love.' Like Reynolds's female portraits, almost without exception, these were distinguished by elegance of design and beauty of colour; but the association of living women with fabulous personages is an error unredeemable, in our opinion, by any excellencies of Art, if we are to regard such works as portraits only; if as compositions, a different verdict might be pronounced on them. Johnson seems to have met this question but half way when he wrote,—"I should grieve to see Reynolds transfer to heroes and goddesses, to empty splendour and to airy fiction, that art which is now employed in diffusing friendship, in renewing tenderness, in quickening the affections of the absent, and continuing the presence of the dead." He failed to see that whatever carried away the thoughts into an imaginary region was just so much subtracted from the reality. Wellington armed and accoutred as Hector or Ajax, and Havelock as Hannibal or Brennus, would not be more preposterous in sculpture, than pictures of such a class as these are in the sister art.

The picture of 'UGOLINO,' which forms one of the engravings here introduced, is another of the ideal works painted by Reynolds; the date of this work is 1773, and it was purchased at the price of 400 guineas, by the Duke of Dorset, whose heirs have it still in possession. The subject, borrowed from Dante's *Divina Commedia*, is said to have been suggested to the artist by his friend Goldsmith, who certainly formed a wrong estimate of his powers

when he commended to his graceful and brilliant pencil, a subject so utterly opposed to it. The story of Ugolino requires a mind differently constituted



THE NATIVITY.



from that of Reynolds's to do full justice to of the poet. The painter has certainly invested it with a horror so intense as to render the picture truly painful to contemplate; but the principal figure is wanting in that nobility of expression which Dante has given to the unfortunate prisoner, and the whole composition has more the air of melodrama than of real tragedy. Cunningham likens the count to "a famished mendicant, deficient in any commanding qualities of intellect, and regardless of his dying children, who cluster around his knees." To us he seems like one whom utter, hopeless despair has bereft of reason. The redeeming qualities of the work are its colour and execution.

In its class, the 'NATIVITY,' engraved on the preceding page, is a superior work to that just mentioned, and yet very far from such as many of the old painters of religious Art would have exhibited. In truth, Reynolds's strength lies not in historical works, whether secular or sacred, though he painted a considerable number of such subjects; he had not the vigour of conception, nor the imaginative faculty, nor the depth and dignity of feeling essential to the highest historical painting. The 'Nativity,' a composition of thirteen figures, was designed for a stained glass window, placed in the chapel of New College, Oxford. The picture itself was purchased by the Duke of Rutland, for 1,200 guineas, but was unfortunately destroyed, with eighteen other works, principally family portraits, by Reynolds, by a fire which took place at Belvoir Castle, the duke's mansion, in 1816. There is nothing grand in the design of this picture, the best part is borrowed, and the effect of the light proceeding from the infant Christ is evidently copied from Correggio's 'Night.' The great fault, however, of the whole composition, is the prominence given to the angel seated on clouds; it absorbs entirely the spectator's attention, besides dividing the composition into two almost distinct parts, always an objectionable practice.

'THE INFANT HERCULES STRANGLING THE SERPENTS' is a portion of the picture painted in 1786 for the Empress Catherine of Russia, and now in the gallery of the Hermitage, near St. Petersburg. As an ideal work it is undoubtedly the finest Reynolds ever painted; in colour and effect it has rarely been surpassed by any artist of any age. The form and action of the young serpent-slayer—modelled, we remember to have heard, a few years ago, from the child of a stalwart Berkshire yeoman—are spirited and energetic without exaggeration. The subject is supposed to have an allegorical allusion to the difficulties encountered by the Empress when she first came to the throne, in civilizing her more than semi-barbaric people.

Older by two years than the preceding picture is that of 'MRS. SIDDONS AS THE TRAGIC MUSE.' It was exhibited at the Academy in 1784: it is a noble portrait, and little else, for the two spirits of evil standing by the throne, one armed with a poniard, the other bearing a cup of poison, occupy mere subordinate places in the composition, though they aid in the expression of the painter's idea. The portrait is a striking likeness

of the great actress when,



THE INFANT HERCULES STRANGLING THE SERPENTS.

He says: "Here, for a



MRS. SIDDONS AS THE "TRAGIC MUSE."

of his subject, without implicitly following or offending the prejudices then

"in the fulness of her beauty and her genius, she awed and astonished her audience, making Old Drury to show 'a slope of wet faces from the pit to the roof.'" Face and attitude are alike dignified, and in such a measure as almost to raise the picture to the position of the highest historical character—certainly to that of the loftiest histrionic representation. Reynolds was a true courtier, but not in the lowest sense of the word; he complimented Mrs. Siddons by writing his name on the border of the robe. The lady conceiving it to be only some ornamental work, examined it closely, and smiled when she found what had been done. The artist bowing, remarked, "I could not lose this opportunity of sending my name to posterity on the hem of your garment." This picture, originally painted for Mr. W. Smith, of Norwich, is now in the possession of the Marquis of Westminster.

'THE HOLY FAMILY' is in the National Gallery: regarding it as an expression of religious Art, nothing could scarcely be more unsatisfactory, while it shows that the colouring of the old Venetian painters was better understood and carried out by Reynolds than the feeling and graces of Raffaele, Da Vinci, or even Correggio. The best figure in the group is that of the young St. John, which is borrowed from the Cupid in Correggio's picture of 'Mercury teaching Cupid,' also in the National Gallery. Charles Lamb has left on record some severe remarks on this 'Holy Family.'

Mrs. Siddons has substituted a sleepy, insensible, motherless girl; one so little worthy to have been selected as the mother of the Saviour, that she seems to have neither heart nor feeling to become a mother at all. But indeed the race of Virgin Mary painters seems to have been cut up root and branch at the Reformation. Our artists are too good Protestants to give life to the admirable commixture of maternal tenderness with reverential awe and wonder, approaching to worship, with which the Virgin mothers of L. da Vinci and Raffaele (themselves, by their divine countenances, inviting men to worship) contemplate the union of the two natures in the person of their heaven-born infant." The colouring of this picture is, as we have intimated, good—or rather it was, for it has in several parts become impaired; the execution, however, is not so careful as we generally find Reynolds's to be.

The influence which the works of Reynolds have exercised upon our school of painting, but more especially on portraiture, is universally recognised. With a more comprehensive view of his art than was shown by his master, Hudson, and his earlier contemporary, Ramsay,—with more originality of taste, and with far freer execution,—he showed how portraiture might be generalised, so as to identify the individual with the dignity of his intellect; while his fancy almost elevated it, as we have endeavoured to show in the portrait of Mrs. Siddons, above the rank usually assigned to it. In costume, he selected and adopted what was most conformable to the character



prevalent. His female portraits especially are designed with an exquisite covered, to the injury of his fame.

Even these "shadowy glories," however, have a value far beyond that of many later works whose authors have risen up to rank and reputation. To estimate aright what Reynolds accomplished, we ought to remember that, at the time of his appearance, the Arts were at a very low ebb in this country; and he had to lament, as a consequence, the want of a better education in his profession. The basis of all superior Art is ability in drawing the human figure, and knowledge of its anatomy; the valuable days of Reynolds's youth, the season when it is best, if not alone, acquired, passed without his obtaining this, the most essential part of early study. The want of the acquirement was felt throughout his life; for, owing to this unavoidable neglect, he never had attempted the execution of works which required great power of the hand over the form, without an exposure of his deficiency. Even his studies in the galleries of Italy availed not to supply what he lacked, for his attention was more directed to the style and colouring of the great masters, their expression and manner of treating *chiar-oscuro*, than to the form and composition of their subjects. The schools of Venice and Florence found more favour with him than that of Rome or Bologna; he looked at and admired Michael Angelo, Raffaele, and Caracci, but his heart and his sympathies were with other idols, Titian, Correggio, and even the Dutchman Rembrandt; these were the Art-divinities to whom he bowed down, and at whose altars

The rich and pure colouring of Sir Joshua's works has always been the subject of admiration with those who knew them in their primitive state: neither must the praise then bestowed be withheld at this distance of time, though, unhappily, too many of his pictures now come under the denomination of "faded beauties." Reynolds was a great experimentalist, and, in the pursuit of excellence, was not content with the ordinary routine of practice, but sought out methods not previously known, and worked accordingly—too often, as it has subsequently been dis-



THE HOLY FAMILY.

he offered up the sincerest worship. The painter, who was the intimate friend



UGOLINO.

and associate of Johnson, and whom Burke eloquently eulogised after death, must have possessed no ordinary genius.

J. DAFFORNE.



## THE ROYAL PICTURES.

## THE ROCK OF ST. HELEN.

Delaroche, Painter. C. W. Sharpe, Engraver.  
Size of the picture, 1 ft. 2 $\frac{3}{4}$  in. by 10 $\frac{3}{8}$  in.

At the sale of the unfinished pictures and sketches of the late distinguished French artist, Paul Delaroche, this work came into the possession of the Queen, having been purchased, we understand, by direction of her Majesty. The sketch, which is in oils, is very slight, little more than the groundwork of the subject, with the first tints of colour "laid in," to speak technically.

It seems a singular coincidence that the last picture on which the painter was engaged should have been a representation of a presumed incident in the last act of the great drama which commenced with the terrible French revolution, and terminated in the exile of him who had played so conspicuous a part throughout almost the whole of it. Delaroche found many subjects in the history of the first Napoleon: one of his finest pictures, of its class, is "Napoleon at Fontenoy,"—not, however, a commission from the emperor, who, at the moment in which he is represented, has other thoughts in his mind than artists and their works: the thunders of Waterloo still echo in his ears; he has fled from that blood-stained field; pale with fatigue and discomfort, and bespattered with mud gathered in his sudden and rapid flight, he has thrown himself into a chair, in a small apartment of his palace, and appears to be waiting passively the entrance of his victorious foes, to lead him forth once more into captivity. That hour had not then arrived, but it was not long ere it came; when, finding all escape impossible, he surrendered to the English, as "the most generous of his enemies," as he expressed himself to the captain of the *Bellerophon*. The Rock of St. Helena was his destination, and his grave, till very recently.

It is here, then, that the painter's imagination sees his once imperial master seated on an elevated, and as it would appear, to human foot, an inaccessible rock;—a crazy height above the waters, to be reached only by the royal eagle,—to whom the captive might be likened, were he free to take wing when he pleased. The place, and the attitude of the deposed monarch, are suggestive of meditation; he is possibly communing with the past, and, perhaps, in some such spirit as that to which Byron has assumed him to give utterance at the close of his extraordinary career, in the well-known lines, "Napoleon's Farewell to France."

But there are other thoughts than those of the past, which may be presumed to occupy the mind of Napoleon as we see him here: he may be looking forward to the future; not, however, to another period of conquest, and dominion, and glory, but to the future when life itself must follow in the train of all those earthly treasures that had been swept away from his grasp. The prisoner of St. Helena could never seriously have entertained the hope of eluding the vigilance of those whose captive he was; the escape from Elba had taught them a lesson to be kept deeply in memory; so that he could not but feel that the only release to be expected was that which the hand of death would effect; and in the contemplation of this final event he may, perhaps, at this moment be mentally exclaiming, in the language of another poet, an anonymous writer:—

"Oh, bury me deep in the infinite sea,  
I should burst from a narrower tomb;  
Should less than an ocean my sepulchre be,  
Or wrapped in less horrible gloom?"

The picture is, as has been already intimated, nothing more than a painter's fancy, or dream, and admits of an imaginative description only; its character is poetical throughout, even to the treatment of the sky, which presents the appearance, in its unfinished state, of a gloomy sunset, in harmony with the principal feature of the subject. Had Delaroche lived to complete the work, there is no doubt he would have rendered it worthy of his high reputation; in its present state, it can only be regarded as the idea of a great mind.

It is in the collection at Osborne.

## VISITS TO ART-MANUFACTORIES.

## No. 12.—THE FLOOR CLOTH MANUFACTORY OF MESSRS. KINDON AND POWELL.

The use of painted canvas for covering floors is, comparatively, of modern introduction. The earliest specimens were of the crudest possible character. If any pattern was attempted, diamonds, or merely crossed lines, were the greatest efforts in an artistic direction. Marbled floor cloths, and very rude imitations of stone, were introduced occasionally—a long period elapsing before any elaborate designs were seen on this kind of manufacture.

The designs on painted canvas, or floor cloth, up to a late period, were far from satisfactory. The floor cloth was regarded as being merely a durable covering for the floors of halls or passages, and little or no attention was given to the style of ornament printed on them. Even up to the present time, there is not that exact attention to the agreement of the colours on the floor, with those adorning the wall, which is to be desired. The eye is frequently attracted by some glaring colour beneath the feet, by which the more tranquil tints around the apartment are, often, offensively interfered with. These remarks are as applicable to the carpets with which many a drawing-room floor is covered, as they are to the floor cloths which are spread across the hall. It must, however, be admitted, that a gradual improvement is taking place, and that in many of the large floor cloth manufactories we find designs of considerable elegance, in accordance with the principles of educated taste. This is, in a very marked manner, the case with the manufactures of Messrs. KINDON and POWELL, whose works we have lately visited, and which we must now endeavour to describe.

FLOOR CLOTH must be defined to be canvas painted on both sides; the under side is plain, while the upper side is ornamented. It will be evident, therefore, that any amount of artistic skill can be bestowed upon a manufacture of this character, the only limits being the cost of production. The canvas for floor cloths is made at and near Dundee and Montrose. It being required often in very large pieces, and without seam, there are distinct looms adapted to this manufacture. The length of the warp often exceeds one hundred yards, while the woof threads vary from eighteen to twenty-four feet. The production of this enormous piece of textile fabric is effected in gigantic looms, two men, one on each side, being employed in throwing the shuttle backwards and forwards.

The canvas, such as we have described, is received at the floor cloth manufactory in bales containing from 100 to 113 yards in length, and weighing about 5 cwt. each. One of these is opened, and from it is cut the quantity required to make a piece. This is done on the floor of the *drying-room*, whence the piece thus cut off is wound on a wooden roller and taken to the *frame-room*. In this room a number of substantial wooden frames are set up, a few feet apart, and on these the canvas is stretched, preparatory to the painting. A space of a few feet is left between every two frames, and this is occupied by a scaffolding of four tiers, any tier of which may be reached by means of a ladder placed at the end of each frame. The roller holding the canvas is set up on end, and it rests on a low carriage, constructed for the purpose, which is wheeled along as the canvas is unwound. The first step is to bring the sheet of cloth parallel with one of the upright ends of the frame, and make fast its edge by nailing it to it from top to bottom. The unwinding of the canvas then

proceeds, a temporary fastening being made to the top beam by means of a *quickset*, or arrangement of hooks, preparatory to the subsequent straining of this immense sheet.

When all the canvas is unrolled, the other end is also attached to the frame; but the whole yet remains hanging loosely, and has to be tightened. This is done by lengthening the frame by a system of screws. The upper and lower horizontal edges are then secured to the beams, and stretched out in a similar manner. The whole at length becomes as tight as the head of a drum, and it sometimes happens, if this be done in dry weather, and a change to wet suddenly takes place, that the tension is so much increased as to split the canvas. The natural property of the spiral fibres of flax is to become shorter when they absorb moisture, and consequently the canvas shrinks.

In order to prepare this extensive surface for the reception of the paint, a weak solution of size is laid on with a brush, first on the back or under surface. The priming is then carried on over the face, and while it is yet damp the canvas is well rubbed with pumice-stone. This softens down any irregularities, while the size fills up the interstices, and keeps the paint, which is afterwards applied, from penetrating too far, the effect of which would be to make the floor cloth hard and brittle. This *size priming* and *pumice scouring* is carried on from the top of the frame downwards, one man applying the size, while two follow with the pumice-stones.

The first process being completed, and the surface dry, a coat of whitening and ochre, with linseed oil and ordinary driers, is applied. It is first thrown on in dabs, with a short thick brush, and afterwards spread with a steel trowel, about two feet long, very elastic, and having the handle near one end. When a large surface has been gone over with considerable force, the trowel is held obliquely, so that its edge alone may act, and thus a large portion of the paint is scraped off again, and the high threads of the cloth become visible. But the paint has been thoroughly worked into the web of the cloth, filling up inequalities, and making the surface level. The *trowel colour*, as it is called, is left to dry during from ten to fourteen days, according to the weather: a second and thinner coat is then smoothly laid on in the same manner, and when this is also dry, certain marks are made which shall enable the manufacturer at any time to identify the cloth as of his own make. This completes the operation for the under side of the canvas. The upper surface of the canvas has to be prepared with much greater care. The process is commenced by applying size and pumice-stone, as before. A trowel colour is also laid on, but when this is dry the face is carefully pumiced, in order to get rid of the slightest lump or knot. Two more trowel colours are added, with the use of the pumice-stone between each. A fourth coat of paint laid on thinly with a brush, and called *brush colour*, forms the ground of the future pattern, and completes the floor cloth, with the exception of the priming. This last colour is more carefully prepared than those which form the base, or preparatory layers.

This series of operations occupies from two to three months, during which time, if the article be of the best quality, the canvas has increased in weight nearly fourfold; but if an inferior sort of floor cloth be intended, then the number of coats of paint and the weight will be proportionally less. The cloth is now to be removed from the frame on which these operations have been effected: this is done by running a sharp knife along the edges, so as to detach it; it is then covered on the face with paper, rolled and hauled up into the printing-





THE END OF THE WORLD

BY J. H. B. H. H. H.

NEW YORK: H. H. H. H. H.





room above, by means of ropes and pulleys. The printing is performed on a flat long table, and the floor cloth is drawn up and along its surface in portions as required. Wooden blocks, similar in principle to those used in wood engraving, are employed to stamp the pattern; but as the latter generally consists of several colours, a separate block is required for each colour. There are, therefore, as many separate printings as there are colours, and these are sometimes seven or eight in number. Block-making is quite a separate trade from that of the floor-cloth manufacturer; and one cause retarding the improvement of the designs used, is the independent operations of the printing block maker.

In preparing a set of blocks for printing floor cloths, an accurate coloured sketch of the design is first made on stout paper. A blank sheet of paper is then placed under this, and by means of a sharp point, all that portion of the device including one colour is marked upon the under sheet in a series of holes. This sheet being removed, another is placed under the pattern, and all the figures of another colour are pricked out in a similar manner. Thus the pattern is dissected on as many sheets of paper as there are colours to be printed. This being completed, the several parts have to be transferred to the blocks. For this purpose one of the pricked sheets is fixed on the surface of a block, and a little powdered charcoal is dusted over it from a muslin bag, and dabbed upon the paper so as to penetrate the holes. A dotted line is thus made upon the block, which serves to guide the pencil of the engraver when the paper is removed, and enables him to draw the portion of the pattern required for that block. The same plan is pursued with other blocks, which are then ready for the engraver, who cuts away the wood, and leaves the pattern in relief. When a solid mass of black or white occurs in the pattern (as the squares employed to imitate marble), it is sometimes filled in by hand, or the wood is cut into a series of narrow channels crossing each other at right angles. These hold the ink, and produce the intended effect, whereas a large unbroken surface fails to take up the colour equally. Sometimes brass wire is inserted to form a pattern, and then ground down level; but this makes the block inconveniently heavy.

The engraved portion of the block is of pear-tree wood; to prevent warping this is fastened to two blocks of deal, glued and pressed together; the fibres of each crossing the other at right angles. The printing surface is about 18 inches square, and is soaked in oil while new, that it may take up the colour more readily. The cost of a block, including the engraving, varies from two to four guineas; so that in large establishments, where several thousand blocks are required, the value of this portion of the stock is great. The blocks not in use are carefully preserved in a room set apart for that purpose, and where a tolerably equal temperature is maintained.

The printing of floor cloth is conducted in the following manner:—On a table is placed a number of flat cushions, each about 3 feet square, consisting of pads of flannel covered with smooth floor cloth. By the side of each cushion stands a pot of colour, from which a boy, called a *leaver* or *tierer*, takes up a portion with a brush and spreads it over the cushion, first passing his brush from top to bottom, and then across the cushion, till a shallow but equable bed of paint is prepared. Each cushion receives one colour only, and when the printing is in several colours, the boy has his full employ in keeping the cushions well supplied. A portion of floor cloth being unwound and spread upon the printing-table, a man hastily passes a steel scraper over it, and a second

follows with a hard scrubbing-brush, so as to roughen the surface slightly for receiving the colour. The printers, their number agreeing with the number of colours to be printed, now proceed. The first, holding his block by a handle attached to the back, presses it down on the cushion to imbibe the desired colour; then takes it to the cloth, and carefully placing it, so that a point in the block fits into a hole at the right hand corner, holds it firmly, at the same time striking it several times with the handle of a heavy hammer. He then lifts up the block, and a clear impression is left of a portion of the pattern in one colour only. Taking a fresh charge of the same colour he makes a second impression by the side of the first, and so on in regular rows along the whole extent of the cloth upon the table, taking care to keep his squares perfectly true and even. When this first printer has advanced a little way, a second printer charges his block with a different colour, and begins precisely where his comrade did, delivering his portion of the pattern with a few strokes of the hammer, as before. After him follows a third, and as many more as may be required to form the most elaborate pattern. Thus the device is rapidly perfected, and the first printer, who is necessarily in advance of his comrades, has time to examine the work, and to supply any flaws with paint of the proper colour, with a camel's hair pencil. Suppose the pattern be in six colours—viz., a dark green ground, black, white, yellow, red, and light green. The ground having been previously prepared, the printing is performed by five blocks in succession, one of which takes up and prints the white colour, another the yellow, a third the red, a fourth the light green, and a fifth the black, which is usually employed to heighten the general effect. As the printing proceeds, the cloth is turned over and gradually descends through an opening in the floor to the drying-room, where it remains for months. The process may be hastened by the use of drying oils, but this makes the floor cloth brittle. Narrow widths of floor cloth for passages, stairs, &c., are first cut the required width and then printed in the same manner as the wide, except that a space is left on each side for the border, which is subsequently put on with smaller blocks.

Such is an outline of a very interesting series of processes. The preparation of such large sheets of canvas necessarily requires most extensive premises, and arrangements of great strength. The cloths are of two widths: one is 20 yards long and 8 yards wide, or it contains 160 square yards; while the other is 30 yards long and 6 yards wide, or it contains 180 square yards. Each pattern on the 20 by 8 cloth will weigh 10 cwt. In Messrs. Kindon and Powell's establishment we saw 120 such patterns hanging in one room to dry, consequently a weight of 60 tons was suspended from the beams. In these rooms the cloths hang for six months to dry and harden.

In the Great Exhibition of 1851, the Americans were exhibitors of choice varieties of floor cloth. It was admitted by all that, in this particular manufacture, they far excelled any of the European exhibitors. This led our manufacturers to study the means of improving their productions. Originally the printing was effected from blocks which, being cut in small squares, and the colour being taken up on the surface of these only, left spaces on the canvas corresponding with the vacant spaces on the block upon which there was no colour. By using a second block, the raised spaces of which correspond with the cut spaces of the other block, and employing the process of double printing, the whole surface of the canvas is covered. This is one of the improvements effected by the Exhibition of 1851, in this par-

ticular manufacture. Another is the use of the "consolidated block," that is, of a block merely cut into small squares. The whole of the colours having been printed on the canvas, the consolidated block is applied *without any colour*, and it gives a peculiar uniformity to the whole.

It is gratifying to adduce another proof of the beneficial "helps" our British manufacturers derived from the power, supplied to them in 1851, of comparing their works with those of their rivals—of borrowing useful hints, and thus obtaining improvement.

Many of the designs now produced are derived from the finest examples of Roman tessellated pavements and from encaustic tiles. There is a consistency in this, and we hope to see an improved taste leading more generally to the adoption of such suitable styles. Although those intelligent manufacturers are compelled to produce for the public numerous designs which we may designate as being old-fashioned, we are bound to admit that they are making every effort to introduce novelties which are characterized by their beauty and their great good taste.

Painted cloths, in considerable variety, are manufactured in this establishment. We were much struck with the peculiar elegance of a series of roofings for railway carriages, and of ornamental pieces to be placed on the walls, at the back of wash-stands. Upon many of these, high artistic skill had been employed. Table-covers, in various patterns, are also produced, and in these the imitations of woods were remarkable; the graining was peculiarly fine, and the copies must have been made with great care from real specimens.

Painted cloths, for covering stair carpets, were introduced by Mr. Powell; many of these merit equal praise to that which we have felt it our duty to bestow upon other productions from this manufacture.

Those who can remember the miserable paucity, as well as the character, of the designs that were adopted, not many years ago, to "ornament" floor cloths, will be especially gratified by an inspection of the several works produced at this establishment.

We had almost forgotten to mention, amongst other things, the manufacture of borders for passages. The preparation of these is, in general character, the same as that which has been described for the larger kinds of floor cloths, differing only in the facility with which those smaller pieces are handled. These passage cloths are made of the following widths, and known by the designations first given:—

- 2-4ths, or  $\frac{1}{2}$  a yard,
- 5-8ths,
- 3-4ths,
- 4-4ths, or 1 yard,
- 5-4ths and 6-4ths;

and for the Irish market, and that market only, they manufacture cloths of 8-4ths, or two yards wide.

In the manufacture of floor cloths, the best whitelead paints only should be employed; the zinc whites and barytes whites are in many respects objectionable, notwithstanding the purity of the colours obtained. Floor cloths are subjected to severe usage; they are trodden on with boots covered with mud, and holding gravel, which abrades the surface, and they are very frequently washed. Lead combines with the oil, and forming actually a plaster, paint prepared with it resists this severe usage. Zinc and barytes are only *mixed* with the oil—they do not combine—and so they rub out of the dry oil, and are readily removed by water. In all cases, however, the use of soda should be strictly forbidden, since by combining with the oleaginous matter and forming a soap, the paint washes out, and the floor cloth is rapidly destroyed.

ROBERT HUNT.



## CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of "THE ART-JOURNAL."  
THE NUDE IN ART.

SIR,—It is probably in your recollection that in June last I took the liberty of addressing you on the subject of employing women as nude models. My letter was anticipative of the article which you promised on the subject, and I pointed out that the grave objection to the practice taken by some, whose abilities and social position entitled them to be heard, lay not so much in its deleterious effects on the minds of the students, as in the painful degradation which it involved on the part of the woman.

In your July number the promised article appeared; and although so long a time has intervened (through my attention having been unavoidably occupied with other matters), I cannot forbear entering my humble protest against its arguments and spirit. I feel the more freedom in doing this as I am satisfied the composition in question is no production of the Editorial pen. The contrast is striking between its boisterous tone of angry recrimination, and the genial writing which makes the *Art-Journal* as beloved for its literature as it is admired for its illustrations.

Passing by the elegant personalities of the exordium, which (in singularly feeble English) represents Lord Haddo's party as *martyrs to a chimera*, opening a *budget of prejudices*, utterly ignorant of the rudimentary necessities of Art-study, and destitute of a *modicum of knowledge of the subject*, we find the first tangible statement to be this, that Lord Haddo's proposition is in effect the extinction of all sculpture, poetic and historic painting. How is this? Is Angelo's 'Moses' not sculpture? Is Raffaele's 'Transfiguration' not historic painting? Yet Lord Haddo's proposition is in nowise inimical to the production of such works; and those who support it will certainly not be frightened by such sweeping and fallacious generalizations as this. Neither will they be careful to scrutinize the comparative virtue of the parliamentary division-list. Their protest rests not on opinion, but on acknowledged fact—a fact which is so repugnant to the unsophisticated conscience of every man amongst us as to preclude all necessity of counting heads. On the other hand, there was never an evil custom under the sun which had not the example and countenance of men, more or less honourable, to plead in its defence. With regard to the alleged freedom from contamination in the case of artists generally (which can be asserted much easier than it can be proved), it does not touch the ground of my objection, which rests entirely on the female degradation involved.

It avails nothing in reply to this charge to say that the outcasts which invest our streets have fallen to a state useless for the purposes of the limner. Undoubtedly they have; but from whence are their wretched ranks recruited, but from women who have first lost self-respect and then trafficked in their shame? Your correspondent very gravely assures us that models are women of "fair repute," and that if otherwise, the scandal would exclude them from every Art-school. Surely it is worse than idle to talk of fair repute and the avoidance of scandal, when the instincts of every uncorrupted woman tell her that the act required is infamous. Are we to be told that the sense of shame is a delusion—a mere conventional hypocrisy? It would seem so; for the Premier's strange jest is reproduced in serious proof that it is impossible to define the "minimum of dress" allowable. Are we then to argue, that because some tribes of savages have sunk so low as to have lost the instinct of shame,

therefore the limits of decency cannot be defined? As well might it be said that our astronomy is delusive, and our religion a fable, because the savage beats his drum to frighten away an eclipse, and grovels before his fetish. Deplorable must be the cause of which such an assertion is brought in support. As a joke it was unfortunate: as an argument it is insane.

The proverb *qui s'excuse s'accuse* has never been more forcibly illustrated than when your correspondent insists so much on the precautions taken to avoid and punish indecorum in schools for life-study. Why this anxious care to prevent irregularities if there exists nothing to provoke them? Why this exclusion of visitors and vehement protest against the admission of any students not duly qualified, if there were not something at which the uninitiated might be scandalized? We, who think with Lord Haddo, neither accuse "William Etty" of indecency, nor the academicians of profligacy; but we maintain that modesty is the natural rampart of virtue, and that modesty and nude female models are at irreconcilable variance. If not, who and what are these models? Are they hired for the service? Is it a calling not named in the "Directory," nor recommended to public notice as a branch of female employment, but of "fair repute," and with its established tariff of prices recoverable at law? Or are they amateurs, volatile housemaids out of place, or romantic ladies enthusiastically devoted to high Art? If the former, would an artist (or his wife) object to receive an unemployed "model" into the house as domestic servant? If the latter, do artists ever meet their "models" in society; and if so, is it *en règle* to refer to their professional acquaintance? Your correspondent tells us from what class they are *not* taken, but he is ominously silent as to whence they *are* taken. The omission is easily supplied. It is a significant alternative. If the brothel do not furnish them, the green-room must. No atmosphere but that of the foot-lights can impart such "fair repute" to a woman as to enable her to appear unclad before a class of students without "scandal." The merry Pope who had for his Madonnas the portraits of his mistresses is far surpassed by the happy alchemy of modern Art, which transforms the *figurante* of last night's ballet into one of those "divine creations," the contemplation of which is thought to be so efficacious for the moral elevation of the masses.

Your correspondent's article is as unhappy in its attack as in its defence. In twitting his opponents with what he thinks the absurdities inseparable from their theory, the writer forgets himself so far as to affirm, that if public money be withheld from Art-schools on Lord Haddo's motion, it ought to be made penal to study from nude models anywhere. But the remark is obvious, that to refuse public support to a practice is widely removed from prohibiting it by penal enactment. Ought the *Agapemone* to be *endowed* because it is not *suppressed*? Yet such is the inevitable inference to which the nude-model apologist is committed by such an argument.

In the same manner it is maintained, that if we discountenance the employment of women as nude models, we are bound by consistency to "gut the Greek schools of the British Museum, and enter a crusade against every piece of nude sculpture in these realms." A very little consideration would have saved our opponents from damaging their cause by so weak a fallacy. Time was when popular taste permitted and encouraged our imaginative writers to throw the spell of their genius over subjects as indecent as nude models. Poets, dramatists, and novelists claimed the entire field of human nature as their legitimate domain, just as our artists claim the entire human figure now.

But popular taste has happily improved in the one case; and what is the result? We do not banish Sterne and Smollett from our shelves, but we do not imitate them. Be it remembered, however, that this allegation is not a *reductio ad absurdum*. Lord Haddo's iconoclasm would not "gut" our museums of Art: many of the noblest monuments of antiquity would survive the purgation. But, were it not so, an empty Greek gallery would not bring back chaos. Some of the grandest phases of humanity have been exhibited under conditions very far removed from Art-influences. This is not said in rude disparagement of Art, but to remind its too eager votaries that "the rudimentary necessities of Art-study" are not of that paramount nature as to over-ride moral considerations. The domain of Truth is certainly as sacred as that of Beauty; and it is not competent to any profession, when on public trial for an alleged offence against propriety, to entrench itself behind the dogged assertion "that the study of the figure cannot be relinquished." On the value of such study, in an artistic point of view, the opinion of the profession is to be respected, but on its accordance with morality the public will judge for itself. Let not Canute fix his chair too firmly, for the tide is flowing fast—popular taste in this respect advances every year in purity; and, if the Bible predict rightly, the chair will have to be moved before long.

It occurs to me that in estimating the character of the "models" I have omitted a small and (I would hope) exceptional class; namely, those whose "*poverty, and not their will consents*." There may be distress so desperate as to prompt unfortunates (whom their education has unfitted for labour) to endure any indignity short of actual defilement, and to whom the Art-school seems the only escape from starvation or utter ruin. Do, then, our Art-schools demand public subsidies to enable them to trade on such broken hearts as these, while at the same time their members felicitate themselves on their virtue? If so, your correspondent's silence has more wisdom than all his words.

The importance of the subject must form my apology for the length of this letter. Commanding its thoughts to your serious and candid consideration, I have the honour to remain

EDWIN J. JONES.

25, Brunswick Street, S.E.

[We print this letter not only for its own merit, but on the principle of "fair play;" although, as our readers are well aware, we entirely dissent from the view taken by the intelligent writer. It is not difficult to show the utter fallacy of some of his arguments, nor, as we think, to prove the disastrous effect to Art that would arise from the adoption of a course such as the writer recommends to the artist and the student. It is not easy to deal with a subject so delicate; but the argument may be summed up in a sentence, the high authority for which no one will question—"To the pure all things are pure."]

## THE WROXETER EXCAVATIONS.

SIR,—I regret to say that the excavations on the site of the Roman city of Uriconium are on the eve of being interrupted through the want of funds, and I will ask permission through your columns to take the opportunity of stating briefly the extent of the discoveries already made, and of appealing to the public for support in continuing them. It is proposed to discontinue the work during the winter, and to recommence on the approach of longer days, when we hope to have sufficient funds in hand, keeping only one man employed to take care of the ruins already uncovered, and I may add that the excavations will still remain open to visitors.

The discoveries hitherto made are these:—First, the basilica of the Roman city, or, in plainer terms, the town-hall, an extensive building, which from accidental circumstances at the commencement of the undertaking the excavation committee were obliged to fill up. Second, the extensive public



baths of Uriconium, of the importance of which your readers will form some notion when I tell them that this building covers four times the space of the baths discovered at Pompeii. It is the more interesting to be able thus to examine in our own island the public sanitary institutions which were established here by the Romans at a moment when the question is so much agitated of introducing the same description of baths among our modern population. Third, a building, also of some extent, which there can now be little doubt was a market-place. Fourth, a laboratory of some description or other, with the remains of furnaces and other circumstances which lead me to look upon it as the workshop of an enameller, and this opinion seems partly confirmed by a recent and curious discovery. Just within the entrance of this workshop a heap of sixty coins were found, and near them the fragments of a small earthen vessel which had perhaps contained them; among, or close to these coins lay a steel button, beautifully ornamented by damascening, and apparently dropped there when it was quite new, and I suspect made in this identical shop. The coins, which have not yet been fully examined, will give another clue to the exact period when the Roman city was destroyed. Fifth, some buildings between this workshop and the baths, and adjoining the south wall of the basilica, which were very puzzling at first, but further excavation seems to demonstrate that they were public *cloacæ*. All these buildings, with some others which have not been opened, form an extensive square, bounded on the north and south by parallel streets and on the west facing the Forum of the Roman city. It will not be possible to examine the Forum itself, because the modern road occupies the middle of it, but accidental discoveries made in the field on the other side seem to show that it had a large central area, enclosed with short stone pillars, and perhaps rails. On the south of the southern of the two streets the buildings are found to continue along the side of that street, and of another which runs southwardly at right angles to it, and which has a gutter on one side; but it is not at present possible to say whether these are public buildings or private houses.

It will thus be seen that a very interesting, though small, part of this great Roman city has already been brought to light. Any one who has recently visited the Museum in Shrewsbury knows how many objects illustrating the condition and manners of its inhabitants have been deposited there. In fact, the importance of these excavations has now become too well attested to allow them to depend on the subscriptions which can be collected in the way we have been collecting them; and I think the time is come when Her Majesty's Government might take it up as a work of national interest, and I have no doubt that any grant for this purpose would not be an unpopular one. I see in the columns of one of our literary journals at this moment a book advertised under the title "Carthage and its Remains: being an Account of Excavations and Researches of the Site of the Phœnician Metropolis, and in other adjacent Places, conducted under the Auspices of Her Majesty's Government." Surely, if money can be found for excavating the ruins at Carthage, it ought not to be wanting for excavations on the site of one of the ancient cities in our own island, which are certainly of much greater importance to us and to our national history. As this assistance, however, is not at present given to us, we can only continue to look for public subscriptions, and they will be gladly received, and may be sent either to the bank of Messrs. Masterman, Mildred, and Co., in the City, or to your obedient servant,

THOMAS WRIGHT.

Sydney Street, Drompton.

[We earnestly hope the appeal of Mr. Wright will be responded to; surely, if the Government can find funds to excavate at Carthage, it can supply them to dig in Shropshire. It is impossible to say how much light may be thrown upon the history of these islands by a proper examination of the ruins that are now covered with earth at Worcester: "Carthage and its Remains" has been obtained by the discoveries already made; those who have seen the ground and its "produce" will have no doubt whatever that an enormous harvest will reward those who delve and throw up the clay that covers the buried city. We have recently visited these "Ruins," and can testify as to their rich "yield": not a hundredth, scarcely a thousandth, part of the ground has been explored, yet the Museum at Shrewsbury contains an immense mass of curious matter—the results of limited private subscriptions. It is impossible for public money to be more wisely expended: the purpose concerns the whole kingdom and its future. The records of the Romans in Britain are involved in dense obscurity: there cannot be a question that inquiries here would secure a large and valuable contribution to British history. And it is not only here that the labours of the antiquary may enlighten the historian: throughout the kingdom there are many such buried cities, though few, perhaps, so extensive as Uriconium, from which valuable witnesses might be disinterred to tell us much which the whole world is anxious to know. A strong and combined effort on the part of the press would surely stimulate Government into energetic action.]

## THE PHOTOGRAPHS OF M. ALBERT, OF MUNICH.

Our correspondent at Munich has furnished us the following communication:—

A work has recently appeared in Munich of the greatest interest to all lovers of Art. It may be said not only to form an epoch in photographic art, but in Art generally, and cannot fail to attract public attention, nor will any who see it be able to withhold their admiration. As yet we have met with nothing like it, whether as regards the bold size of the plates, the clearness of the impressions, or the value and interest of the masterly drawings which here are copied.

In a late number of the Journal we alluded to the works of Wilhelm von Kaulbach. In that paper no mention was made of his many minor works;—minor, however, only when compared to his own grander compositions—illustrations to the works of Goethe, for example, or other exquisite little pictures full of the most playful fancy. But these, though not mentioned, have an equal claim, with his greater productions, to our delighted admiration. They were not named, merely because it was our wish to mark with broad lines his various qualities: and the works then cited were sufficient for our purpose. And it is these most genial productions of a great master which are given us in the photographs in question; not as they have been transferred by some intermediate process to the copper-plate, wood-block, or stone, but direct from the hand of their author, with all the expression which an artist can impart to an outline or a touch, but which is inevitably partially lost in even the exactest manual copy.

These photographs are, indeed, counterparts of the original drawings. They are of the same size even, 2½ feet high. So exact is their resemblance to the original drawings in tone, texture, and general appearance, that Kaulbach himself, when he saw them, did not know them from the originals; and reproved a friend for passing his hand over the impression, saying, "that was not the way to treat a finished chalk drawing." We all know the value attached—and justly so—to the original drawings of a great master. It is natural that such should be valued, for in them lies the very soul of the artist himself, guiding his hand, and here letting it glide along with the utmost lightness, while there, in bold and harsher touches, sterner emotions become visible as they pass over his mind. Who has not longed to possess such, and felt how insufficient was the best engraving, or other copy, when placed beside the original piece? For in a drawing there is more individuality than in any other of an artist's works. There is more of himself in it than in a picture. In the lines and outlines, all clear before you, he reveals his inmost self. And this it is which *really* gives such peculiar, so unique, a value. We not only have a drawing, we have a portion of the man, too; and, therefore, do we set such value on these copies of M. Albert. Each one is, in reality, an original drawing, in the fullest sense of the word, from the hand of William von Kaulbach.

As regards size merely, these would be extraordinary works; for a height of thirty inches is something quite out of the common. Every part, too, every line and shade and gradation, is as clear as in the original drawing. These drawings are eight in number: from Iphigenia, Werther, Faust, Egmont, Hermann, and Dorothea, &c. The second, 'Lottchen surrounded by the Children,' to whom she is dispensing their afternoon meal at the moment that Werther enters, is as perfect a gem as the most enthusiastic collector could wish. What a glorious specimen of womanhood is that lovely female figure! And then the children, especially the girl with mouth open to receive the coming morsel! And the sly humour in that little rogue pocketing the fruit in the background! We ask if there is any one but Kaulbach who could portray such a scene with like truth, and grace, and delicacy?

The scene from Faust will also be a favourite. Margaret is prostrate before the altar, and every limb denotes the inner struggle and the mental

agony. The group of gossips at the well in the background is as essentially a Kaulbach emanation, as Falstaff or Launcelot Gobbo is peculiarly Shaksperian. How much that chattering group, too, adds to the deep pathos of the event!

But we will say no more in praise of these magnificent photographs. They will soon be in England, and then all can judge for themselves. We doubt not they will, before long, adorn the walls of many a room; and for those especially by whom the works which these photographs illustrate are held dear, they will prove an invaluable acquisition.

M. Albert intends publishing copies of the bronze figures in the throne-room at Munich, each photographed figure to be thirty inches high. We have seen one, from his atelier, of the Archduke Joseph, erected at Vienna, and from this specimen can judge of what the projected work will be.

C. B.

## BLASHFIELD'S TERRA-COTTA WORKS.

ON more than one occasion we have invited attention to the revival of the ancient art of producing, various works, both of a purely decorative and also of a practically useful character, in *terra cotta*. This term simply signifying "baked clay," is always understood to imply at least something of an artistic quality in any object, as distinguished from similar objects when they are included under the common title of "pottery." Thus *terra cotta* is artistic pottery, and the production of it constitutes an Art-manufacture of the highest order of importance and interest.

It will be understood that all *terra cottas* are fetile works, which have been exposed to great heat, but which are altogether without any glaze or enamel. They include objects designed for every variety of purpose, and are particularly such as are calculated to be applied under circumstances which subject their hardness and durability to very severe tests.

The eminently satisfactory condition of this Art-manufacture at the present time in England, is exemplified in a striking manner by a large and widely diversified collection of specimens, in the galleries recently opened at No. 16, Great Marlborough Street. The *terra cottas* which are there open for public inspection are all the productions of Mr. J. M. Blashfield, and they are manufactured at his works at Stamford. We have carefully inspected Mr. Blashfield's collections, and we have sincere gratification in recording in strong terms our unqualified admiration of them. While demonstrating the applicability of his processes to works of the noblest class of sculpture, Mr. Blashfield has been no less careful to show that he knows how to treat the simplest object with equal thoughtfulness. Accordingly, statues, busts, and vases, appear in their collections happily associated with flower-pots and other unpretending productions. All, however, are equally good: and all combine to illustrate at once the universal applicability of the material and the process, and the skill and versatility of the manufacturer.

The distinguishing qualities of Mr. Blashfield's *terra cottas* are their extreme hardness, the compact closeness of their texture, and their possessing surfaces smoother than was obtained in the finest examples of antiquity. The high degree of fire to which this *terra cotta* is subjected, renders it absolutely impervious to moisture, and capable of enduring without injury the extremes of heat and cold: thus it may claim a durability equalled only by bronze or granite, and it retains a sharpness of surface unaffected by changes of atmosphere or climate. Mr. Blashfield has also been very happy in the artistic treatment of his skillfully compounded materials. In form, colour, and general decoration, his *terra cottas* really leave nothing to be desired. It is another important quality in these works, that they can now be produced at a very moderate cost; and consequently, instead of being regarded as luxuries accessible only to the wealthy, they have become generally available by the public at large. It is to be both hoped and expected that the existing great demand for these *terra cottas* will be very considerably increased. The Stamford works already provide employment for not less than five hundred persons in the different departments of the manu-



facture: but even this large staff will admit of any such an amount of additional strength as a continually growing demand for the *terra cotta* may require.

There is one point that we would earnestly press upon Mr. Blashfield, which is, that in his designs he should aim at originality. He has proved himself able both to reproduce the finest specimens of bygone ages, and to execute the conceptions of his own mind. It was not only desirable but necessary that for a while the *terra cotta* of antiquity should serve as actual models to the modern Art-manufacturer. The time has come, however, in which all copying may be advantageously made to yield to an independent course of action. Mr. Blashfield now will do well to depend more upon himself than upon his ancient predecessors, and study rather from nature than from Greek models. He thus will render his works more thoroughly his own, and will be more truly identified with the era which has witnessed their production. It also appears to us most desirable that Mr. Blashfield should add largely to his collections of architectural details. The true value of *terra cotta* in the architecture of our own day is now beginning to be felt and appreciated; and we are convinced that its use will become very general so soon as it is moulded into the numerous varieties of objects suited to the requirements of the architect and the builder, which it is so well qualified to provide. We strongly recommend our readers to visit Mr. Blashfield's collections in Marlborough Street, and to examine them with thoughtful attention.

#### ART IN THE PROVINCES.

**SOUTHAMPTON.**—The usual annual examination by an inspector of the Department of Science and Art, of the works executed by pupils of the Southampton School, and the branch school at Romsey, took place during the first week in October. Although the drawings submitted in competition are about the same in quantity as in the preceding year, and show considerable care and ability, the number of medals awarded this year has been only seven. This is a falling-off compared with last year, and it is mainly attributable to the fact that the Department of Art has recently raised the standard of excellence required to obtain a medal, and come to the resolution of making a grant to the school of ten shillings (in works of Art) for every medal awarded. Another reason is, that "the Art Pupil-teachers' works are no longer eligible for local medals; and this also materially lessens the number of awards, as their works are usually amongst the very best exhibited. The examination is conducted by papers in geometry, free-hand, perspective, and model drawing, done in the inspector's presence, and within a given time. The whole number of papers taken for the recent examination was 345, which is an increase of nearly one hundred over those taken last year; thus affording evidence of the steady increase of Art education, and of the general appreciation of its importance.

**TAUNTON.**—A report has reached us of the last annual meeting of those interested in the Taunton School of Art; it states that the number of pupils returned in attendance during the year ending June, 1860, was as follows:—Pupils at the central school, 168, including 49 from private schools; children from public schools, Wellington and Taunton, 416; making altogether 574 pupils receiving instruction in drawing from the master and Art-pupil teachers of this institution. Mr. A. Mills, M.P., who presided on the occasion, congratulated the meeting on the progress of the school; and proceeded to remark that out of the eighty schools of Art in England, he had selected a number, some of which had a population five or six times, all more than twice, the size of Taunton, (these towns included Nottingham, Cheltenham, Wolverhampton, Bath, Yarmouth, Carlisle, Halifax, Lancaster, Leeds),—and he found that the fees paid by the Taunton School of Art exceeded any one of them. It was a very encouraging circumstance that the school, now in the fourth year of its existence, should have attained so very favourable a position; but it should be stated that by far the largest proportion of those fees came from the morning class—a class attended only by the wealthy portion of the community. He regretted that the school had not succeeded so well with regard to the artisan and tradesman class. Now, considering that there was one department of Art-manufacture in which Taunton had attained considerable celebrity—that was

the art of carving—he thought it especially desirable that prizes should be awarded for the encouragement of this art. He had therefore resolved to offer a prize in drawing—with a view to encourage the department of wood-carving, in the hope of inducing more mechanics to join the classes; for he believed that the main object for which schools of Art were established would not be attained unless they attracted that class of which he had been speaking. Mr. G. C. Beninck, M.P., also addressed the meeting, and offered a prize for competition. Nineteen local medals were awarded; thirty students passed the second grade, or advanced examination; and sixty-four the elementary, or first grade. Two of the students, William Tucker and J. Willis, having passed the necessary examinations, have been awarded free studentships by Mr. Bowler, one of the Government Art-inspectors. Mr. Mills referred in terms of special commendation of the former.

**GLOUCESTER.**—There is some talk about placing a statue of Bishop Hooper near the spot in this city where he was burnt at the stake. Oxford has commemorated her martyrs by the erection of a richly decorated Gothic memorial: it is quite time Gloucester paid some such honour to the venerable Hooper.

**BRIGHTON.**—As a kind of corollary to the Fine-Art Exhibition opened here in the autumn, a Conversation of the Brighton Art-Society was held in the Pavilion soon after the public were admitted to the picture gallery. One of the rooms in which the company assembled was hung with numerous paintings lent for the occasion; portfolios of drawings, and a multitude of photographs, were also contributed for the amusement and edification of the visitors, who also had access to the picture gallery. A concert and dancing closed a very agreeable evening.

**CHESTER.**—An interesting lecture on "Printing; its History, and its Application to the Arts and Commerce," was delivered recently at Neston, near Chester, by Mr. E. A. Davidson, head master of the local Government School of Art. In the course of his lecture he traced the history of printing from a very remote period down to the present time, and illustrated his remarks by some practical experiments. Copper-plate printing, lithographic, and wood-block printing passed also under review, and the lecture-room was hung with various specimens of letter-press and Fine-Art printing. As an instance of the demand made upon the type-press, Mr. Davidson stated that the average number of Bibles, Testaments, and religious works published annually by the Bible Society, and the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, is *thirty-eight millions*, in about a hundred and fifty different languages, which are again subdivided into dialects.

**COVENTRY.**—We regret to find, from a recent report of the last year's proceedings of the Coventry School of Art, that the accounts of the institution exhibit a balance against it; the reason assigned for the deficit is the decrease of annual subscriptions—a fact which ought not to excite surprise, if it also be a fact, as the local papers have asserted, that the ribbon trade, the staple manufacture of the city, is greatly depressed in consequence of recent changes in our commercial policy. We observe that one or two of the speakers who addressed the audience at the annual meeting took a contrary view, and stated that the depression was shared alike by all the silk-producing countries and districts throughout the world; and one gentleman, alluding to the manufacturers themselves, remarked that as now there was a fair field and no favour, it would be their own fault if they were last in the competition; and intimated that the school ought to be well supported, in order that, by a sound Art-education, our designers should be stimulated to such efforts as will enable them to compete successfully with the best works of foreigners. The number of students in the Coventry school during the past year was 365, and their progress has been of a nature to satisfy entirely those who superintend the classes, or interest themselves in the welfare of the institution.

**CARLISLE.**—A meeting of the friends and supporters of the School of Art in this city took place recently, when prizes were awarded to the successful students: the chairman congratulated the visitors on the prosperous condition of the school.

**DEVONPORT.**—The School of Art in this populous town is presided over by Mr. Wardle, and appears from the last report to be in a flourishing state. A meeting for the distribution of prizes was lately held, and attracted a large gathering of visitors to see the ceremony, and to listen to those who addressed the assembly on behalf of the school. A short lecture on the advantages of Art-education, written by Mr. Townsend, President of the Devonport Mechanics' Institution, was read by Mr. Norman.

#### THE TURNER GALLERY.

##### APOLLO KILLING THE PYTHON.

Engraved by L. Stocks, A.R.A.

To the great mass of spectators this picture would appear nothing more than the fanciful representation of a strange, mythological subject; to others it opens up a wide field, not only of æsthetic, but also of curious, speculative inquiry as to the painter's especial object. Mr. Ruskin, for example, has devoted an entire chapter, in his recently published volume of "Modern Painters," to its consideration; we extract two or three of its opening remarks. The chapter is entitled "The Hesperid Ægê."—

"Five years after the 'Hesperides' were painted, another great mythological subject appeared by Turner's hand—another dragon—this time triumphant, but in death-pang: the Python slain by Apollo.

"Not in a garden this slaying, but in a hollow, among wildest rocks, beside a stagnant pool. Yet, instead of the sombre colouring of the Hesperid hills, strange gleams of blue and gold lit around the mountain peaks, and colour the clouds above them.

"The picture is at once the type and the first impression of a great change which was passing in Turner's mind. A change which was not clearly manifested in all its results until much later in his life; but in the colouring of this picture are the first signs of it, and in the subject of this picture its first symbol.

"He had begun by faithful delineation of the sorrow there was in the world. It is now permitted him to see also its beauty. He becomes, separately and without rival, the painter of the loveliness and the light of the creation.

"Of its loveliness: that which may be beloved in it—the tenderest, kindest, most feminine of its aspects. Of its light: light not merely diffused, but interpreted; light seen pre-eminently in colour. Claude and Cyp had painted the sunshine; Turner alone, the sun colour."

These passages are quoted to show the impression the picture has made on the mind of the writer, and as a clue to his interpretation of the subject and its treatment. Those who have carefully studied Turner's works in their chronological order, cannot have failed to discover in them a material change from the date of the appearance of this work, in 1811.

It was called in the Royal Academy catalogue of that year, 'Apollo and Python,' and is an illustration of the "Hymn to Apollo," by Callimachus, a Greek poet, who flourished in the third century before the Christian era. Turner attached to his title the following descriptive lines:—

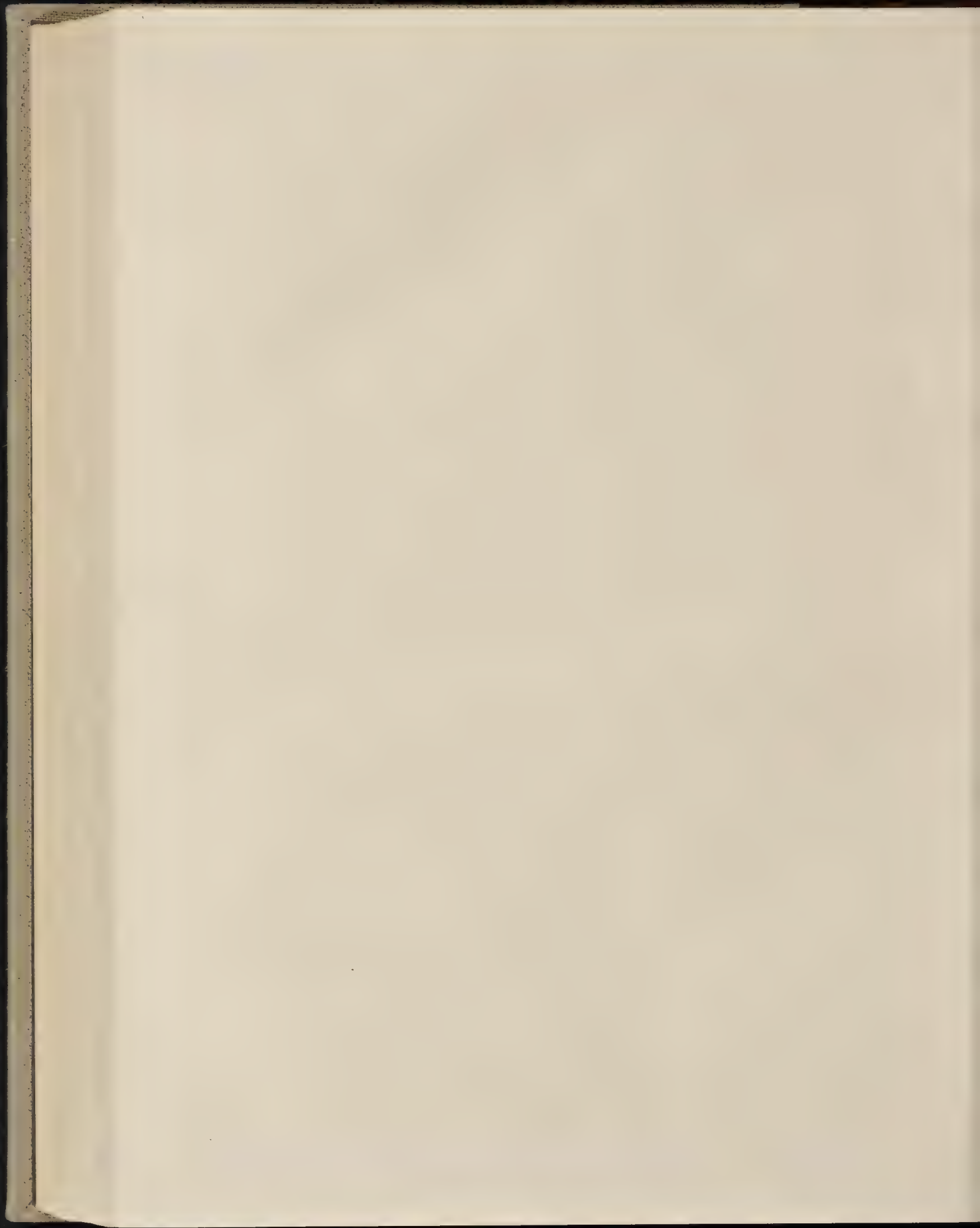
"Evening on thy darts, the master coiled  
Portentous, horrible and vast; his snake-like form  
Rent the huge portal of the rocky doo,  
And, in the throes of death, he tore  
His many wounds, in one, while earth  
Absorbing, blackened with his gore."

According to fabulous history, the Python was a huge dragon, sprung from the moist and stagnant waters which remained on the earth after the deluge. The spot where Apollo encountered the monster was in a valley by Mount Parnassus, near Delphi, in Phœcia; and the reason assigned for the attack made upon it, was the devastations it committed near the site of the celebrated Delphian oracle. The Python games were instituted to commemorate the event.

If, as some have supposed, Turner painted the picture as a kind of allegorical allusion to the contest of the powers of light and darkness, he has attained his object as much by the forms in which each is represented, as by his treatment of them; the one black and hideous, the other bright and beautiful. But looking at it apart from any imaginative description, it is a work of extraordinary power in conception and manner. With what nervous agony the huge monster coils and writhes over the mass of rock, crushing in its death-throes the trees around it! How convulsively and tenaciously its gigantic claws grasp at whatever comes within their reach, throwing up the dust, which mingles with the fire and smoke that issue from the Python's body! In strange contrast to this scene of death and darkness, is the bright, quiescent figure of the dragon-slayer, watching the work effected by his well-aimed darts, and ready with another if occasion requires it.









# THE HUDSON, FROM THE WILDERNESS TO THE SEA.

BY DENSON J. LOSSING.

THE ILLUSTRATIONS FROM DRAWINGS BY THE AUTHOR.

## PART XI.



THE house occupied by Washington was built by Jonathan Hasbrouck, in 1753, and is known by the respective names of "Hasbrouck House," and "Washington's Head-quarters." It has been the property of the State for several years; and a sufficient annual appropriation from the state treasury is made, to keep it, with the grounds around, in good order. Within it are collected many relics of the revolution, the war of 1812-15, and the war with Mexico.

In connection with this house, as the head-quarters of the army, occurred one of the most interesting events in the life of Washington, to which allusion has already been made. It was in the spring of 1783. Peace had been declared; a preliminary treaty had been signed by Great Britain and the United States, and the Continental Army was soon to be disbanded. The civil confederacy was weak. For a long time the Congress had been unable to pay the army, and officers and soldiers were likely to be sent home penniless, large pecuniary creditors of the country whose independence they had achieved. Secret consultations were held among a few of the officers. They had lost faith in the Congress, and began to doubt the feasibility of republican government; and they indirectly offered the power and title of KING to Washington. He spurned the proposition with indignation. Then an appeal to the officers of the army was written, and secretly disseminated, in which grievances were

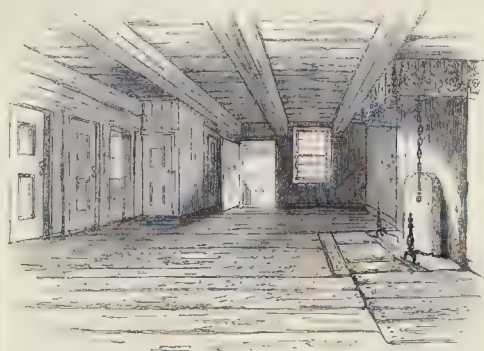


WASHINGTON'S HEAD-QUARTERS AT NEWBURGH.

set forth, and they were advised to take matters into their own hands, and, in effect, form a military despotism if the Congress should not speedily provide for their pay. Washington was informed of the movement. He resolved to control, without seeming to oppose it. He called a meeting of the officers, and the suspected ringleader of the movement was asked to preside. When all were assembled, Washington stepped forward and read to them a powerful appeal to their patriotism. His first words, before unfolding the paper, touched every heart. "You see, gentlemen," he said, as he placed his spectacles before his eyes, "that I have grown not only grey, but blind, in your service." His address, as usual, was short, pointed, convincing, and most persuasive. All eyes were filled with tears. The spirit of mutiny and revolt shrunk abashed, and the assembly resolved unanimously, "That the officers of the American army view with abhorrence, and reject with disdain, the infamous propositions contained in a late anonymous address to the officers of the army." This scene did not occur at head-quarters, but in a large temporary building a few miles in the interior, near where the army lay at that time.

In the centre of the Hasbrouck House, or Head-quarters, is a large hall, having on one side an enormous fire-place, and containing seven doors, but only one window. Here Washington received his friends; here large companies dined; and here, from time to time, some of the most distinguished characters of the revolution, civil and military, were assembled. Colonel Nicholas Fish, of the Continental Army, used to relate an interesting fact connected with this room. He was in Paris a short time before the death of the Marquis de Lafayette, who had lodged many nights beneath the roof of the "Hasbrouck House." Colonel Fish was invited, with the American minister, on one occasion, to sup at the house of the distinguished Marbois, who was the French Secretary of Legation in the United States during the revolution. Lafayette was one of the guests. At the supper hour the company was shown into a room which contrasted quite oddly with the Parisian elegance of the other apartments, where they had spent the evening. A low, boarded, painted ceiling, with large beams, a single small, uncurtained window, with numerous small doors, as well as the general style of the whole, gave, at first, the idea of the kitchen,

or largest room, of a Dutch or Belgian farm-house. On a long rough table was a repast, just as little in keeping with the refined *cuisines* of Paris, as the room was with its architecture. It consisted of a large dish of meat, uncouth looking pastry, and wine in decanters and bottles, accompanied by glasses and silver mugs, such as indicated other habits and tastes than those of modern Paris. "Do you know where we now are?" said Marbois to Lafayette and his American companions. They paused in surprise for a few minutes. They had seen something like it before, but when? and where? "Ah! the seven doors and one window," exclaimed Lafayette, "and the silver camp-goblets,



INTERIOR OF WASHINGTON'S HEAD-QUARTERS.

such as the marshals of France used in my youth! We are at Washington's Head-quarters, on the Hudson, fifty years ago!"

Upon the lawn, a little eastward of the Head-quarters, is a tall flag-staff, and near it a chaste monument, in the form of a mausoleum, made of brown sandstone, and erected early in the summer of 1860, over the grave of the latest survivor of Washington's life-guard. The monument was dedicated on the 18th of June, with appropriate services in connection with a large civic and military parade. It is about six feet in height, and is surmounted by a large recumbent wreath. On the river-front are the words:—"THE LAST OF THE LIFE GUARDS. UZAL KNAPP, BORN, 1759; DIED, 1856. MONMOUTH, VALLEY FORGE, YORKTOWN." On the opposite side:—"ERECTED BY THE NEWBURGH GUARDS, COMPANY F, 19th REGIMENT, N. Y. S. M., JUNE, 1860." It is surrounded by a chain supported by granite posts, and is flanked by two pieces of heavy cannon. The monument was designed by H. K. Brown, the sculptor.

Mr. Knapp, the recipient of these honours, was, for a long time, the only surviving member of the body-guard of Washington, which was organized at Boston in the spring of 1776, and continued throughout the war. They were selected from all the regiments of the Continental Army, and chosen for their peculiar fitness of person and moral character. Mr. Knapp was a sergeant of the Guard, and was presented by Washington with a badge of Military Merit—the American Legion of Honour. In the autumn of 1855, the writer was at a public dinner where the old guardsman was a guest. He was then almost ninety-six years of age. When he was about to leave the table, the company



LIFE-GUARD MONUMENT.

arose. The veteran addressed a few words to them, and concluded by inviting them all to his funeral! Just four months afterwards he died, and many who were at the feast were at the burial. By permission of his family, the citizens of Newburgh, after his body had lain in state for three days, buried him at the foot of the flag-staff, near the old head-quarters of his chief, where he had watched and sported three-quarters of a century before. It was over that grave the monument we have delineated was recently erected.

The natural scenery around Newburgh has an aspect of mingled grandeur and beauty, peculiar and unrivalled. Before the town is the lofty range of



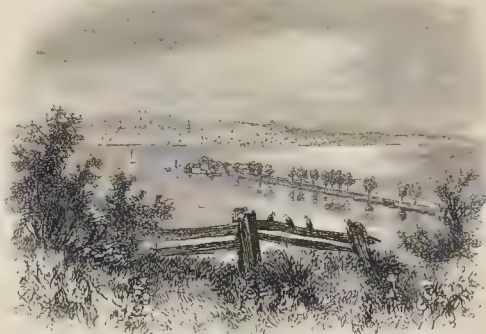
the Fishkill Mountains, on which signal fires were lighted during the revolution; and the group of the Highlands, through which the Hudson flows. These are reflected in a broad and beautiful bay, at all times animated with a variety of water-craft and wild-fowl. Even in winter, when the frost has bridged the entire river, Newburgh Bay presents a lively scene almost every day, for ice-boats and skaters are there in great abundance. Its broad surface is broken by only a solitary rocky island. One of the finest and most comprehensive views of Newburgh Bay may be obtained from the hill, just below the Fishkill and Newburgh railway-station, looking south-west. This view is given in our sketch. It includes the lower part of Newburgh, the mouth of the Quassaic



NEWBURGH BAY.

Creek, the villages of New Windsor, and Cornwall, the beautiful low peninsula called Denning's Point on the left, and the higher one of Plum Point, on the western shore, seen in the centre. Just beyond the latter is the mouth of the Moodna, a fine clear stream that comes down from the hill-country of Orange County. The view is bounded on the left by the lofty hills extending westward from the Storm King, at whose base the Hudson enters the Highlands.

At Newburgh is the eastern terminus of a branch of the New York and Erie Railway, which passes through some of the most picturesque scenery in the world, between the Hudson and Delaware rivers. In the vicinity of the village are charming drives, but no one is more attractive towards evening, than that along the river-bank, through New Windsor to Idlewild, the residence of the well-known author, N. P. Willis, Esq. I travelled that road on a hot afternoon, in August. The shadows were short; a soft breeze came up the river from the open northern door of the Highlands, whose rugged forms were bathed in golden light. On the land not a leaf was stirred by a zephyr. I crossed the Moodna, in whose shallow waters the cattle were seeking cool retreats, and I was glad to take shelter from the hot sun in the shadows of the old trees on the margin of the brook that rushes from the Glen at Idlewild. There all was cool, quiet, and delightful. The merry laugh of children came ringing like the tones of silver bells through the open grove. I sat down upon the bank



FISHKILL LANDING AND NEWBURGH.

of the brook, to enjoy the sweet repose of the scene, when, looking up, the cottage of Idlewild, half concealed by evergreens, stood in full view on the brow of the glen, two hundred feet above me. The whole acclivity is covered with the primal wood, which presents an apparently impenetrable barrier to approach from below.

After sketching the attractive scene, I went leisurely up the deep, cool, dark glen, to its narrowest point, where the brook occupies the whole bottom of the gorge, and flows in picturesque rapids and cascades over and among rugged rocks and overhanging trees and shrubbery, with a rustic foot-bridge, the solitary testimony that man had ever penetrated that wild retreat.

A winding pathway leads from the slender bridge in the glen up to the

cottage of Idlewild, which is at the north-eastern angle of the Highland Terrace, on which the village of Cornwall stands. The views from it are exceedingly beautiful. From the southern porch a lawn rises gently, beyond which nothing can be seen but the purple sides and summit of the Storm King, rising nearly 1,600 feet above the river. A little way from the cottage, a full view of New-



IDLEWILD FROM THE HUDSON.

burgh Bay and the river and country above may be obtained; and on the left, the placid estuary into which the Moodna\* flows, reflects all the glories of sunset.

The Highland Terrace owes its name and fame to Mr. Willis, whose pen has been as potent as the wand of a magician in peopling that delightful spot with



IN THE GLEN AT IDLEWILD.

summer residents from New York. He has thoroughly "written it up." It is a fertile strip of land, quite elevated, lying at the foot of the north-western

\* This was called Murderer's Creek, because, in early times, a family of white people, who lived upon its banks, was murdered by the Indians. Mr. Willis, with a laudable desire to get rid of a name so unpleasant, sought reasons for establishing the belief that it is a corruption of the sweet Indian word *Moodna*. He has been successful, and the stream is now generally called Moodna's Creek. Such is also the name of the post-office there, established by the government. It is to be hoped that the old name will be speedily forgotten.



slopes of the mountains. The grape is cultivated there with success; and as its banks yield some of the finest brick-clay in the country, it has become a celebrated brick-making place. Cornwall Landing is at the base of the Terrace near the foot of the Storm King, and is reached from the plateau by a steep, winding road. During the summer months it exhibits gay scenes at the hours when the steamboats arrive. Many of the temporary residents of that vicinity have their own carriages, and these, filled with pleasure-seeking people,



UPPER ENTRANCE TO THE HIGHLANDS.

expecting to meet friends, or only hoping to see new faces, quite cover the wharf at times, especially at evening.

From the Cornwall Landing an interesting view of the upper entrance to the Highlands, between the Storm King and Breakneck Hill, may be obtained. In our sketch, the former is seen on the right, the latter on the left. The river is here deep and narrow. The rocky shores, composed principally of granite and gneiss, embedding loose nodules and fixed veins of magnetic iron ore, rise from 1,000 to almost 1,600 feet above the river, and are scantily clothed with stunted trees. The range extends in a north-eastern and south-western direction across the Hudson, in the counties of Dutchess and Putnam, Orange and Rockland, and connects with the Alleghenies. Geologists say that it is unequivocally a primitive chain, and in the early ages of the world must have opposed a barrier to the passage of the waters, and caused a vast lake which covered the present Valley of the Hudson, extending to, if not over, Lake Champlain, eastward to the Taghkanick Mountain, in Columbia County, and the Highlands along the western borders of Massachusetts, and westward to



SCENE OFF THE STORM KING VALLEY.

the Kayaderosseras Mountain, near Lake George, alluded to in our description of the Upper Hudson. Such, they say, must have been in former ages the "Ancient Lake of the Upper Valley of the Hudson," indicated by the levels and surveys of the present day, and by an examination of the geological structure and alluvial formations of this valley. The Indians called the range

eastward of the Hudson, including the Fishkill Mountains, *Matteawan*, or the Country of Good Fur. They gave the same name to the stream that flows into the Hudson, on the south side of Denning's Point, which the Dutch called *Vis Kill*, or Fish Creek, and now known as the Fish Kill.

Toward the evening of the same hot day in August when I rode from Newburgh to Idlewild and the Highland Terrace, I went in a skiff around to the shaded nooks of the western shore below the Storm King, and viewed the mountains in all their grandeur from their bases. The Storm King, seen from the middle of the river abreast its eastern centre, is almost semicircular in form, and gave to the minds of the utilitarian Dutch skippers who navigated the Hudson early, the idea of a huge lump of butter, and they named it *Boter Berg*, or Butter Hill. It has borne that name until recently, when Mr. Willis successfully appealed to the good taste of the public by giving it the more appropriate and poetic title of Storm King. The appeal has met with a sensible response; and the directors of the Hudson River Railway Company have recognised its fitness by naming a station at Breakneck Hill (when will a better name for this be given), opposite the Boter Berg, Storm King Station. The features of the mountain have been somewhat changed. For many years past vast masses of stone have been quarried from its south-eastern face; until now the scene from its foot has the appearance given in the sketch.

Serrated Breakneck opposite has also been much quarried, and through its narrow base, upon the brink of the river, a tunnel for the railway has been pierced. Several years ago a powder blast, made by the quarriers high up on the southern declivity of the mountain, destroyed an object interesting to voyagers upon the river. From abreast the Storm King a huge mass of rock



AT THE FOOT OF THE STORM KING.

was seen projected against the eastern sky in the perfect form of a human face, the branches of a tree forming an excellent representation of thick curly beard upon the chin. It was called the Turk's Head. By many it was mistaken for "Anthony's Nose," the huge promontory so called at the southern entrance to the Highlands a few miles below. Its demolition caused many expressions of regret, for it was regarded as a great curiosity, and an interesting feature in the Highland scenery on the river.

Just below the Storm King, at the foot of a magnificent valley composed of wooded slopes that come down from the high hills two or three miles westward, is the cottage of Mr. Lambertson, a resident of New York, who has chosen that isolated spot for a summer retreat. He has only one neighbour, who lives in another cottage beneath willow trees at the base of the Cro' Nest. This group forms the southern boundary of their wild domain, and the Storm King the northern. In the slopes of the grand valley between these hills wild ravines are furrowed, and form channels for clear mountain streams; and every rood of that wilderness of several hundred acres is covered with timber. When in full foliage in summer it has the appearance, in every light, of green velvet. I have seen it in the morning and at evening, at meridian and in the light of the full moon, and on all occasions it had the same soft aspect in contrast with the rugged forms of Cro' Nest and the Storm King. That valley is always a delightful object to the eye, and should be sought for by the tourist. The last time I passed it was at sunset. I was on the swift steamer *Thomas Powell*, and

at that hour the deep green of the foreground was fading higher up into a mingled colour of olive and pink, and softening into delicate purple, while the rocky summit of the Storm King cast over the whole the reflected effulgence of a brilliant evening sunlight. In this isolated spot among the mountains, Joseph Rodman Drake, whilst rambling alone many years ago, wrote *con amore* his beautiful poem "The Culprit Fay," in which he thus summoned the fairies to a dance:—

"Oophe and goblin! imp and sprite!  
Elf of eve and starry fay!  
Ye that love the moon's soft light,  
Hither, hither, wend your way.  
Twine ye in a jocund ring;  
Sing and trip it merrily;  
Hand to hand, and wing to wing,  
Round the wild witch-hazel tree."

Whilst at the landing-place at Mr. Lambertson's, one of those black electrical clouds, which frequently gather suddenly among the Highlands during the heats of July and August, came up from the west, obscured the sun, hovered upon the summit of the Storm King a few minutes, and then passed eastward, giving out only a few drops of rain where I stood, but casting down torrents in Newburgh Bay, accompanied by shafts of forked lightning and heavy peals of thunder. There was a perfect calm while the darkness brooded. Not a vessel was in sight, and no living thing was visible, except the white sea-gulls, which seem to be always on the wing in the van or in the wake of a tempest. The shower passed eastward over the Matteawan Hills, when suddenly there appeared

"That beautiful one,  
Whose arch is refraction, whose keystone the sun,  
In the hues of its grandeur, sublimely it stood  
O'er the river, the village, the field, and the wood,"

and cast a beautiful radiance over the great hills of the Shattemuc,\* among which I stood, gazing upon a sublime scene with wonder and delight.†

After the shower had passed by, I rowed to the middle of the river, in the direction of Cold Spring village, on the eastern shore, and obtained a fine view of the Highland entrance to Newburgh Bay. The evening sun was pouring a



HIGHLAND ENTRANCE TO NEWBURGH BAY.

flood of light upon the scene. On the left, in shadow, stood the Storm King; on the right was rugged Brecknock, with its neighbour, round Little Beacon Hill; and between was Polloppell's Island, a solitary rocky eminence, rising from the river, a mile north of them. Beyond these were seen the expanse of Newburgh Bay, the village, the cultivated country beyond, and the dim pale blue peaks of the Katzebergs, almost sixty miles distant. This view is always admired by travellers as one of the most agreeable in the whole voyage from New York to Albany.

On a cool, bright morning in August I climbed to the bald summit of the Storm King, accompanied by a few friends. We procured a competent guide at Cornwall landing, and ascended the nearest and steepest part, where a path was to be found. It was a rough and difficult one, made originally by those who gathered hoop-poles upon the mountains. It was gullied in some places, and filled with stones in others, because it serves for the bed of a mountain torrent during showers and storms. Nearly half-way up to the first summit we found a spring of delicious water, where we rested. Occasionally we obtained glimpses of the country westward, where the horizon was bounded by the level summits of the Shawangunk Mountains.

We reached the first summit, after a fatiguing ascent of a mile and a half. It was not the highest, yet we had a very extensive prospect of the country around, except on the east, which was hidden by the higher points of the mountain. At last the greatest altitude was reached, after making our way another mile over rocky ledges, and through gorges filled with shrub-oaks, and other bushes. There a glorious picture filled us with exquisite pleasure. We felt amply rewarded for all our toil. The sky was cloudless, and the atmosphere perfectly clear. The scenery, in some features, was similar to, but in all others totally unlike, that of the Adirondac region. Looking northward, the river was seen in its slightly winding course to Crom Elbow, twenty-six miles distant, with the intermediate villages along its banks. On each side of the river, and sloping back to high ranges of hills (the shores of the ancient

lake already alluded to), was spread out one of the most fertile and wealthy regions on the continent.

Our view included portions of seven counties in the State of New York, and of three in Connecticut, with numerous little inland villages. In the extreme north-west were the Katzebergs, and, in the north-east, the Taghkanick range, with the hills of western Massachusetts and Connecticut. Almost at our feet lay Cornwall, and a little beyond were New Windsor and Canterbury, and the whole country back of Newburgh, made memorable by events of the war for independence. Before us lay the old camp-grounds of the Continental Army; the spot where the patriotism of the officers was tried to the utmost in the spring of 1783, as already explained; the quarters occupied by Washington at New Windsor and Newburgh; of Lafayette, at the Square; of Greene and Knox, at Morton's; and of Steuben, at Verplanck's. There was Plum Point and Polloppell's Island, between which a sort of *chevaux-de-frise* was constructed in 1776. Polloppell's Island lay beneath us. The solitary house of a fisherman upon it appeared like a wren's cage in size, and the kingdom of his insane wife, who imagines herself to be the Queen of England, and her husband the Prince Consort, seemed not much larger than one of her spouse's drag-nets. If he is not a Prince Consort, he is the sole ruler of the little domain which he inhabits; and he may say, as did Selkirk—

"I am monarch of all I survey,  
My right there is none to dispute,  
From the centre all round to the sea,  
I am lord of the fowl and the brute."

The passing trains upon the Hudson River Railway, and large steamers, and more than forty sail of vessels of all sizes, seen upon the river at the same time, appeared almost like toys for children. Yet small as they seemed, and diminutive as we must have appeared from below, signals with white handkerchiefs, given by some of our party, brought responses in kind from the windows of the railway cars.

The view southward from the summit of the Storm King is not so extensive as northward and westward, but includes an exceedingly interesting region. In the distance, on the south-east, beyond the range of wooded hills that bound the view from less elevated eminences of the Highlands, the fine cultivated hill country of Putnam County was seen. Anthony's Nose, Bear Mountain, and the Dunderberg, at their southern entrance, were too high to permit glimpses of Westchester and Rockland counties below. These may be seen from the Great Beacon Hill of the Fishkill range, on the opposite side of the river. With a good telescope the city of New York may also be seen. But within the range of our unaided vision, lay fields of action, the events of which occupy large spaces in history. There was Philipsburg, where the Continental Army was encamped, and almost every soldier was inoculated with the kine-pox, to shield him from the ravages of the small-pox. The camp, for a while, became a vast lazaret-house. There was Constitution Island, clustered with associations connected with the fall of Forts Clinton and Montgomery, and the Great Chain, which we shall presently consider; and beyond, among the shadows of old trees at the foot of the Sugar-Loaf Mountain, was seen the house occupied as head-quarters by Arnold, from which he escaped to the *Vulture* sloop-of-war, when his treason was discovered. Only a small portion of West Point could be seen, for the Cro' Nest group loomed up between; but over these, more westward, the landscape included the entire range of higher hills away toward Chester, the Clove, and the Ramapo Pass, with the solid-looking mass of the Skunnenmunk beyond Canterbury.

It was after meridian when we had finished our observations from the lofty head of the Storm King, and sat down to lunch in the broken shadows of a stunted pine-tree. We descended the mountain by the path that we went up, and at Cornwall took a skiff and rowed to West Point, making some sketches and observations by the way. When a little below the Storm King Valley, we came to the high bluff known as Kidd's Plug Cliff, where the rocks rise almost perpendicularly several hundred feet from *débris* near the water's edge, which is covered with shrubbery. High up on the smooth face of the rock, is a mass slightly projecting, estimated to be twelve feet in diameter, and by form and position suggesting, even to the dullest imagination, the idea of an enormous plug stopping an orifice. The fancy of some one has given it the name of Captain Kidd's Plug, in deference to the common belief that that noted pirate buried immense sums of money and other treasures somewhere in the Highlands. Within a few years ignorant and credulous persons, misled by pretended seers in the clairvoyant condition, have dug in search of those treasures in several places near West Point; and some, it is said, have been ignorant and credulous enough to believe that the almost mythical buccaneer had, by some supernatural power, mounted these rocks to the point where the projection is seen, discovered there an excavation, deposited vast treasures within it, and secured them by inserting the enormous stone plug seen from the waters below. It is plainly visible from vessels passing near the western shore.

Kidd's Plug Cliff is a part of the group of hills which form Cro' Nest (the abbreviation of Crow's Nest), a name given to a huge hollow among the summits of these hills. They are rocky heights, covered with trees and shrubbery, and, by their grouping, seen from particular points of view, suggest the idea of an enormous crow's nest. By some the single high summit above the Plug Cliff is called Cro' Nest; and it is in allusion to that lofty hill that Morris, in his "neighbour over the way," wrote—

"Where Hudson's waves o'er silvery sands  
Wind through the hills afar,  
And Cro' Nest like a monarch stands,  
Crowned with a single star."

[Our correspondent has, we are informed, prepared drawings of two or three scenes described in the above paper, but they have not yet reached our hands; and owing to the distance which separates us, we have not been able to communicate with him on the subject. The appearance of these illustrations must therefore be postponed to the following month.—ED. A. J.]

\* The Wappengi and Matteawan tribes called the Hudson *Shattemuc*, and the Highlands below the Matteawan, or Fishkill Mountains, the Hills of the Shattemuc.

† An illustration of this scene appears on the preceding page.



## POLYCHROME SCULPTURE.\*

THE name of Dædalus carries us back to a period when sculpture had not yet risen from a mystery to an art—a time which may be called the Dædalean period of Art, as this unique genius bequeathed his name (*δαίδαλος*) to statueque sculpture; and hence the title of one of the books before us, which treats ably and artistically of the "Causes of Success" (in Art), "The Beautiful," "The Ideal," "Colossal Sculpture," "Chryselephantine Sculpture," with other subjects in immediate relation with the Arts of the ancients. In dealing with his subjects Mr. Falkener seems to have spared no labour, and he brings to bear on his materials extensive knowledge, and much critical acumen. The other book is a new edition of "The Museum of Classical Antiquities," the two volumes bound in one. Both books are profusely illustrated, and the binding of the former is designed by the author. Mr. Falkener glances at the mythic story of Dædalus, and acquits him of the atrocities laid to his charge. "Ancient writers," says Diodorus, "commemorate many things which never were; being bred up in idle tales from a daily acquaintance with fabulous writings." But it is not necessary to revert to Diodorus for such an assurance. Although we may not doubt that any of our historical celebrities have existed, yet the characters of many who have lived even in the last century are commonly debatable. The author presents Dædalus to us as a sculptor rather than a mechanist, and desires us to accept as Dædalidæ not only those of his school, but all the antique professors of the Rhodian art. Save to the students of the early history of sculpture, the name is only associated with the myth of the wax wings and the death of Icarus. Having adopted Dædalus as the title of his book, the author sets forth as much as is known of the man according to Pausanias, Herodotus, and others, and then passes on to a consideration of the conditions of ancient and modern art.

The numerous remnants of antique sculpture, perfect and fragmentary, that are distributed throughout the different museums in Europe, would make it appear that these collections are affluent in transcendental examples of Greek art; but, after all, the surviving portion is not only minute in comparison with what was done, but there is only a small proportion of it of the rarest excellence. The accounts that have come down to us of the multitude of these sculptures are by Pliny and Pausanias, who flourished at a time favourable for a description of the labours of the Greek artists. A mere enumeration of the statues that existed in Corinth alone would form a lengthy catalogue, and even after the destruction of the city, Pausanias found as many as in other cities. And after Athens had been many times plundered, there yet remained three hundred worthy of especial description. And this account falls far short of that of Pliny, who supposes that there must have been three thousand in Athens, and at Olympia an equal number. After Delphi had been ten times pillaged, and five hundred statues had been taken away by Nero, Pausanias yet found some hundreds in the city. In the Altis at Olympia the same writer enumerates two hundred and thirty statues of victors in the Olympic Games, with an incredible number of statues of gods, of which many were colossal; and in the Temple of Juno he describes twenty statues, chiefly of gold and ivory. It is stated by Diodorus that on one occasion Dionysius the Tyrant sent off two shiploads of chryselephantine statues to the sanctuaries of Delphi and Olympia, but the vessels were intercepted by Phibartes, the Athenian general, who melted down the gold to pay his soldiers. Thus it may be inferred that the Syracusans were extensively engaged in the execution of statues composed of ivory and gold. Even three centuries after the Roman conquest, such was the wealth of Greece in works of Art, that Pausanias was able to describe 2827 statues, of which 33 were colossal. Pliny says that not less than 3,000 were taken away from Rhodes alone,

whereof 100 were colossal. Cyzicus is described as having so many temples and statues of the gods, that it seemed as if the deities disputed the possession of the city. And when Tarentum, Syracuse, and other Greek cities, were conquered by the Romans, they found them full of works of Art; and Ambracia, when it fell under the Roman yoke, contained countless examples of the rarest sculpture and painting;—so profuse throughout Greece was the distribution of works of Art. The least significant places had their precious sculptures; and since so few of these works survive, it might be asked what has become of them? A sufficient answer to this is the remembrance of the many times that the tide of war has swept over these lands. In the absence of particular detail, one instance will suffice for inference, and that is that the Macedonians, on the capture of Thermon, in Ætolia, destroyed not less than two thousand statues. As the fruits of conquest, Rome was filled with foreign works.

In chryselephantine sculpture, Syracuse has been mentioned as of great eminence, but this was some centuries before Athens became celebrated for works in ivory and gold. The most admirable sculptural productions that have ever been produced are those of chryselephantine workmanship, and of these the most famous were the Olympian Jupiter at Elis, and the Minerva at Athens, both by Phidias. The celebrity of these works enhanced the reputation of the Athenian artists, inasmuch that there was a continual demand upon them for works in gold and ivory, for the temples of other cities. By these artists polychromy in sculpture was carried to its utmost beauty. Polychrome statues can scarcely be said to be a Greek invention, but the Greeks carried their tints to a degree of refinement unknown before their time, and never equalled since. It may be supposed the passion for chryselephantine works produced a great demand for ivory. Elephants' tusks were supplied to the Greek artists principally from Africa, and so important was the acquisition considered, that instances have occurred of a number of elephants' tusks being borne in public procession. By splitting and bending the tusks the ancients procured ivory plates of a breadth of from twelve to twenty inches. To the moderns this process is lost; the largest ivory plates we obtain in these days is by cutting the ivory in its circumference, and flattening the leaf. Thus in executing an ivory statue, the inner model consisting of wood and metal having been carefully prepared, the ivory is overlaid and fitted by filing, sawing, and planing (the material cannot be worked with a chisel), and ultimately fixed in its place by means of isinglass. The gold employed in the hair and the draperies was embossed, and laid on in thin plates. The splendour of such works, executed with all the cunning art of the Phidian school, would necessarily impoverish the effect of marble sculpture, and stimulate its professors to some redeeming enrichment; for marble is not susceptible of the soft and mellow tints which ivory can be made to assume; and whatever success may have attended the tinting of the stone, it was always hard, harsh, and lifeless, in comparison with the coloured ivory. The Greeks sometimes tinted the faces of their statues to assist the expression of character and passion. A proportion of these essays was doubtless successful, but perhaps the majority were failures; and certainly the few attempts at modern tinted sculpture are by no means examples to be followed.

On this subject Mr. Falkener says:—"Praxiteles being asked which of his statues he esteemed most, replied, 'Those which Nicias has rubbed in.' 'So much,' says Pliny, 'did he value the surfaces of this artist.' The word 'circumlitio' is also used by Seneca (Ep. lxxvi.), but as he couples the word with *variata*, we may conclude that colour was sometimes applied before the act of polishing. Vitruvius (vii. 9) uses the word *καθῆρις* for the same operation. Colour was probably first laid on, and then burnished into the marble, till it became transparent. This would require the operation of a skilful artist. At Thebes I observed blocks of marble, the surfaces of which were stained with transparent colouring, which was effected probably by the same method. The following is the operation described by Vitruvius:—"When the wall is well cleaned and dry (he has previously described the colouring), Punic wax tempered with a little oil is laid on with a brush, by the application of heat; the wall being then well heated

by means of a charcoal pan, the wax is made to sweat and smooth itself. It is then rubbed with a caudle and clean linen, *ut signa marmorea nuda curantur.*" These last words are decisive as to the mode of colouring statues.

Thus it is not a matter of surprise that the feeble attempts made among ourselves at colouring sculpture should fail, when in Greece, where it was a distinct vocation, Nicias alone could satisfy Praxiteles, and none but Pausanias, the cousin of Phidias, could please that great artist. And not only was the tinting a separate art, but the process of gilding was also a distinct craft; indeed to the execution of a chryselephantine statue the aid of an entire band of craftsmen was necessary. Flaxman, Count Caylus, Barthelemy, and a catalogue of others, have condemned the taste of the Greeks in tinting their statues, but none of these writers have ever seen one of those productions so much praised by the critics of old. The taste of the genius that conceived the Venus, directed that the hair should be gilt. The statue does not appear in the Tribune at Florence with this enrichment; the gilding is all worn off, and if it were proposed to renew it, modern taste would be infinitely scandalized. If in the ornamentation of a statue there was only one man, of perhaps a thousand, who could give entire satisfaction to the sculptor, it is certain that in that ornamentation there was much more than the modern mind conceives of; and to attempt to realize this effect in one or two vulgar essays, were only to render such enrichments the more objectionable by the coarseness of the work.

It is a fashion to speak slightly of the paintings of the antique masters; but we cannot believe that writers whose tastes must have been schooled into refinement by the contemplation of the most perfect works of Art the world has ever seen, could be betrayed into praise of pictures which were not qualified as highly as those sculptures with which we are sufficiently acquainted to know that they abundantly justified the admiration of the public. On this subject Reynolds says, "If the coloured masterpieces of antiquity had descended to us in tolerable preservation, we might expect to see works, designed in the style of the Laocoon, painted in that of Titian." We presume to make allowances for the imperfect mural examples that have been brought to light at Pompeii, or even the so-called 'Aldobrandini Marriage,' dug up on the Esquiline in 1666. But Sir Joshua was right. Nicias, who painted the statues of Praxiteles, was at the head of his profession as a painter of battles; and can we suppose that he, as a painter, would be less fitted for his art than the sculptors of his time? Pausanias, who coloured the Olympian Jupiter and the Minerva of Phidias, was also an eminent painter of battles, and his drawing would certainly not be less faithful than the modelling of his cousin Phidias. Reynolds is, therefore, perfectly right; the fame of such men rests in a great degree, as that of the artists of our own time, on their power of drawing; and had they not drawn as well as the sculptors modelled, their names would not have come down to us in conjunction with those of the most celebrated artists of Greece. With respect to feeling for colour, we have, in favour of Nicias, the evidence of Praxiteles, and he, as a contemporary, must have known something of his powers. In his advocacy of the practice of the Greeks, Mr. Falkener says:—"If we compare this careful and judicious application of colour by the ancients, with the specimens of Art lately put forward as a representation of iconopolychromy, what a contrast do we behold! The coloured casts of the Elgin marbles, which were exhibited at the Crystal Palace, could only be regarded as a calumny upon Greek taste, as a gross libel upon ancient Art." Precisely so—a gross absurdity; for it is impossible on a plaster surface to imitate the exquisitely harmonious delicacy of a piece of chryselephantine sculpture as it appeared in a Greek temple, or even to imitate on a plaster surface that transparent brilliancy that distinguished the antique method of applying colour to marble. In an article entitled "The Polychromy of Sculpture" (Museum of Classical Antiquities), it is propounded that, "The ancients painted their bas-reliefs. They only tinted their statues on the drapery, leaving the flesh uncoloured; the wounds and blood were stained, and the earrings and ornaments gilt. Their marble temples were left white; parts of the frieze and architectural

\* DÆDALES; OR, THE CAUSES AND PRINCIPLES OF THE EXCELLENCE OF GREEK SCULPTURE. By Edward Falkener, Member of the Academy of Bologna, &c. Longman, Green, & Co.

THE MUSEUM OF CLASSICAL ANTIQUITIES: A Series of Essays on Ancient Art. Edited by Edward Falkener. Longman & Co.



ornaments were coloured, but very sparingly. Those of coarser material were plastered and entirely coloured. The Parthenon frieze was coloured. The background of all their bas-reliefs was painted. The statue of Minerva on the Acropolis, lately discovered, was probably a copy of the Minerva Polias, which was said to have fallen from heaven."

The descriptions of ancient writers are indefinite, inasmuch that little more than inference can be gathered from them. It is, however, probable that the flesh surfaces of marble statues were tinted. Had they been left purely white, the effect would have been ungrateful after the contemplation of an ivory statue. When the statue of Minerva was discovered at Herculaneum, the gold on the hair was yet so thick that it could be removed in flakes. We know that the hair of the Venus dei Medici was gilded, but there is no evidence remaining of any other part of the figure having been enriched; yet the lips may have been reddened, and a blush may have coloured the cheeks, of which every trace may centuries ago have disappeared. Some continental sculptors have given a tint to their works by means of coffee, but this has only the effect of warming the tone of the marble. We know what Pradier has done in polychromy, but the crudeness and timidity of his attempts too plainly show that he has been working in the dark. Gibson, a few years ago, exhibited a statue having a drapery with a coloured border; but the effect was unsatisfactory, as it also must have been on antique works, no matter how frequently it was repeated. We felt on seeing this work, that the artist had intended to colour other portions of the statue, but had proceeded no further than the border of the drapery. It were, perhaps not impossible to revive the art of colouring statues, but no success could attend attempts so desultory as have hitherto been made. According to Pliny, four of the colours used by the Greeks were—for white, the earth of Melos; less frequently, white lead. For red, the *rubrica* from Cappadocia. The *μύρο*, of burnt *oxya* was accidentally discovered by Cydian, according to some authorities; but according to Pliny it was first used by Nicia. It is known and used among ourselves as light red. For yellow, the *oxya* of the silver mines, together with the reddish yellow arsenic ore. For black, the *atramenta* of burnt plants. Apelles used ivory-black—the *elephantinon* of burnt ivory. In Professor Paraday's *Report of the Analysis of the Colours found on the Monuments of Athens*, he states—"Portion of coating taken from the columns of the Theseum. I am doubtful about this surface. I do not find wax or a mineral colour, unless it be one due to a small portion of iron. A fragrant gum appears to be present in some pieces, and a combustible substance in all. Perhaps some vegetable substance has been used." And in answer to the question whether the ochreous tint and glossy surface visible on the statues of the Fates, from the Agora at Siphnus, was occasioned by some foreign matter artificially applied to the surface, he replied, "The particles you sent me seem to come from a prepared surface. Being put into a dilute acid, a portion of adhering matter is dissolved, and the principal portion is left in an untouched and cleaner state. Being then washed and dried, it is found that this consists of carbonate of lime, and a combustible substance which protects the carbonate from the acid."

Not only the method of Greek polychromy, but the fact of its application to certain works, has formed a fertile source of controversy among modern writers on Greek Art. But as yet the effective results are nothing, nor will they ever advance further through the profligate labours of mere theorists. The colouring of Greek statues had been improved to its marvellous beauty by the traditions of centuries, and the labours of a long series of Olympians cannot be equalled by the timid and desultory essays we have seen among ourselves. Antique polychromy is a lost Art, and it is to be feared that if the way back to it be in anywise straight or simple, it will be embarrassed by the obliquities of modern science. The subject has been entertained by many learned men interested in the antiquities of Art, but we turn to them with little profit—their elaborate essays tell us only how little they know of the subject. The perfection at which the Greeks arrived in polychromy was a result of centuries of experiments, and modern artists cannot hope even to approach by desultory effort.

## THE CRADLE.

FROM THE SCULPTURE BY MRS. THORNYCROFT.

FEMALE painters have been, and are, in abundance—female sculptors are *rara aves*; for the chisel and palette; and to work with the former is neither so graceful, nor feminine, nor easy, as with the latter: and therefore it is, perhaps, that sculpture finds less favour with ladies than the sister art. It is more agreeable to mix the pigments of the painter than to mould into form the moist and cold clay which the sculptor uses; more inviting to "wash in" a brilliant sky, or invest the human figure with a drapery of rich colours, than to model a limb, or carve a "face divine," from a block of hard marble. But in proportion to the difficulties which beset the sculptor's art, and the hindrances to its practice by the female sex, are the honours achieved by women when they bravely encounter and overcome them: and the annals of Art include a few of these heroines. Towards the close of the last century we find the Hon. Mrs. Damer, one of the most accomplished and beautiful women of her time, forsaking, as Allan Cunningham says, "the masque and the dance to become a worker in wet clay; an admirer of subdued lights—wore a mob cap to keep the dust of the marble from her hair, and an apron to preserve her silk gown and embroidered slippers; and with a hammer of iron in one hand, and chisel of steel in the other, had begun to carve heads in marble, and, according to Walpole, carve them cunningly." This lady, "to enable her more fully to enter into the feeling and character of antique sculpture, studied night and day those illustrious Latins and Greeks whose history, philosophy, and poetry yet maintain pre-eminence in literature." And this daughter of Art, the friend and associate of the most noted men and women of her time, would doff the habiliments of the studio, and mingle in the bitter fray of rival politicians, scouring the streets and alleys of Westminster with "the beautiful Duchess of Devonshire," and other high-born adventurous dames, to secure votes for "Charley" Fox. But the chief business of Mrs. Damer's life was sculpture: it was the great object of her existence, to which all else was of secondary importance. Then, not very many years since, there was Lady Dacre, a clever sculptor and a graceful poet; and, later still, the Princess Marie of Orleans, whose "Joan of Arc" has a wide-world reputation; and now living are Harriet Hosmer, the American, who produced the famous figure of Beatrice Cenci, engraved in the *Art-Journal* three or four years ago; and Mrs. Thornycroft, patronised by royalty, besides others, whose names and works are not altogether unknown among us. We cannot but admire the spirit which urges the gentler sex to the execution of Art-works so foreign, as it would seem, to their nature.

The child, whom the last-mentioned lady has figuratively represented in sculpture as a kind of ocean-sprite, is the Princess Beatrice, the youngest member of the Royal Family, and now in the fourth year of her age. As daughter of the monarch who is styled—and, it is still to be hoped, truthfully, notwithstanding all which has been written and said of late respecting our naval armaments in comparison with those of foreigners—"mistress of the seas," Mrs. Thornycroft has cradled the royal child in a huge marine shell, and launched her on the broad waters without rudder or compass, but merely holding in her hand a sprig of coral. 'Tis a pretty, fanciful idea, if we cannot accord to it the merit of novelty, and so far as each separate part is considered, is well carried out. But, speaking naively, the boat is not "trimmed;" it would scarcely live on a sea whose surface is as smooth as glass, so disproportioned is the size of the vessel to that which it is made to carry. The sculptor, doubtless, had sufficient reasons for treating the subject in the manner she has, but in the engraving the disparity is too obvious to produce harmony to the eye; in the original work this is not so apparent, because, from the comparatively low elevation in which the work is placed, far less of the cradle is seen than of the figure. The *pose* of the latter is easy and natural, and the modelling vigorous and true.

The work was a commission from the Queen, and is in the possession of her Majesty.

## THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

The National Gallery has now been closed some short time, with a view to the commencement of the changes about to be effected in the building for the better distribution of the pictures, and the conveniences of the Academy, as far as relates to a new Sculpture Room. Fifteen thousand pounds, it will be remembered, have been voted for this purpose; and, as far as can be at present understood from the propositions to be carried out, and the work already done, not only will the money be most creditably expended, but the additions will be finished in a term marvellously brief, although the cost is to be defrayed by public money. The design adopted is that of Mr. Pennethorne, by which an increased area of available space is gained without in anywise extending the present site of the edifice. The sculpture for the exhibitions, it may be remembered, was received at the back—at the bottom of Castle Street, and thence conveyed into the dismal chamber in which it was (not) exhibited. The whole of this part of the building has been removed, showing the interior. Thus the façade remains untouched, and from the Trafalgar Square side the advance that has already been made is not perceptible.

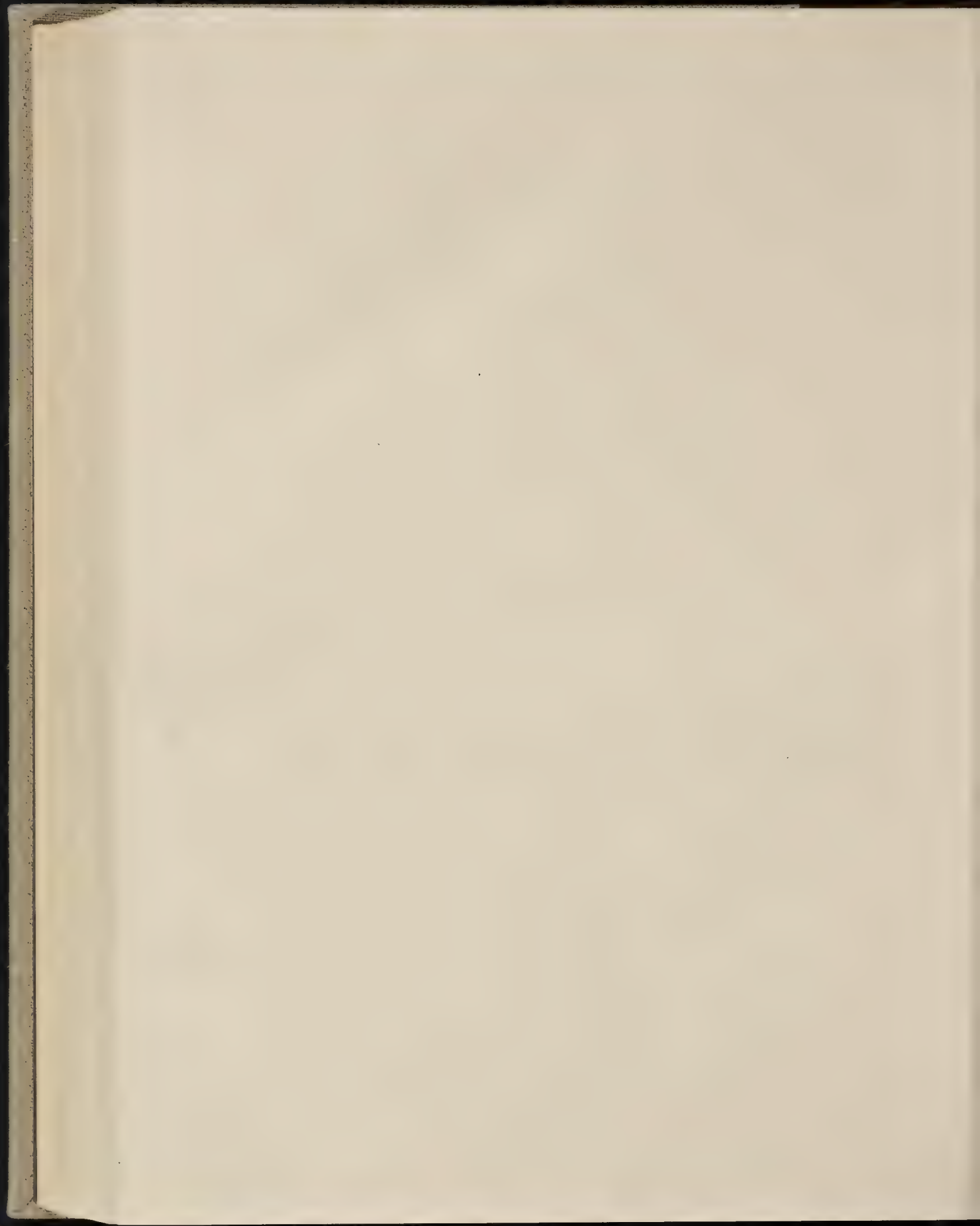
The alterations will extend over 170 feet, and of a variety of improvements the principal gain to the National Gallery will be a new room, 75 feet by 31, to be called the Italian Room, as being intended to receive the principal pictures of the Italian schools. Beneath this large room will extend a new sculpture room for the Royal Academy, which must necessarily, like the old sculpture room, be lighted by side windows. But the old sculpture room will still be utilized, and of the two, will afford much the more desirable situation for the exhibition of the smaller sculptural contributions, as it will be lighted from the top. The stairs which will lead from the hall of the Gallery to the rooms, will be carried more to the left than the old stairs, an entrance from the new stairs being made through the two smaller rooms, which were on the left of the visitor at the top of the stairs; the old passage being added in augmentation of the right-hand room. By this arrangement the left-hand room—35 feet by 19—becomes a passage, or thoroughfare room, leading into the room on the right hand (which is increased to 35 feet in length, by 31 in width), and at the extremity, to the first of the three large rooms, with which the room on the right of the entrance will also communicate. The East, Centre, and West Rooms remain as they were. When these alterations were first spoken of, it was understood that portions of the vestibules of the National Gallery and the Royal Academy were to contribute space to the improvements. It is a section, amounting to the half of this space, that gives the site for the new Sculpture Room, and above this, for the new Italian Room of the National Gallery—of course the northern or backward section, including the space occupied by the former stairs, with the stick and umbrella department, and so traversing both vestibules.

The new Italian gallery will be entered from the right-hand room at the top of the stairs, and in length it will exceed the West, or largest of the old rooms, by 17 feet, the latter being only 58 feet in length. According to the old arrangements the space occupied by the rooms was seen at once by the visitor, but in this improved form the dispositions will convey suggestion of a space much greater than the reality. The re-hanging of the pictures in the old rooms is being proceeded with under the direction of Mr. Wornum, to whom the public is indebted for the judicious arrangements we have seen effected in the Gallery, under the embarrassing circumstances of a collection having overgrown the space allotted to it. The builder is Mr. W. Cubitt, whose men are busied in the work night and day, and will continue their activity until the alterations are completed. Apprehensions have been expressed that the alterations will interfere with the arrangements of the Academy; but no postponement whatever will be necessary; the works for the Exhibition will be received at the usual time; we trust, therefore, our sculptors will be especially active, not only to manifest their supremacy, but to show that this "move" in their favour has been appreciated.





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## LONDON CRIMEAN MEMORIALS.

ENERGETIC symptoms of vitality have suddenly succeeded to the long interval of inactivity, which appeared to threaten a permanent substitution of scaffolding in place of the long-promised Crimean Monuments in Westminster and Waterloo Place. In the former instance, the delay we know to have arisen from the efforts that were fruitlessly made to obtain unusually large blocks of Aberdeen granite: but from what causes the Waterloo Place Memorial has remained so long incomplete we know not. As we write, both works are being happily and rapidly advanced towards completion.

The Memorial of the "Old Westminsters," which stands so appropriately a little in advance of the west-end of the Abbey, is a noble red granite column banded about midway, rising from an enriched architectural base, and crowned with a capital of Gothic foliage, boldly sculptured in Portland stone. Above this, the statues of four royal personages are grouped together—Edward the Confessor, Henry III., Elizabeth, and Her Majesty the Queen—the whole being crowned by a spirited impersonation of St. George and the Dragon. The general design is by Mr. G. G. Scott, A.R.A., who is so happily associated with Westminster as the abbey architect, and it has been admirably worked out and executed by the Gothic sculptor, Mr. Phillip. It must be added that the composition of the St. George group is by Mr. Clayton, the execution of it however being by Mr. Phillip. Mr. Clayton has accepted the Donatello type of our island saint; at the same time his own work is thoroughly original, as it is also spirited and suggestive.

With the Westminster heroes of the Crimea, an afterthought appears to have associated those of their comrades and former school-fellows, who subsequently fell in the fierce struggles that arose out of the great mutiny in India. Their names and their devoted patriotism blend together in proud harmony, and together they will be cherished not at Westminster only, but throughout the broad empire of Britain, in grateful and admiring remembrance. The monument worthily expresses the sentiments of their friends and their country, while it exemplifies in a characteristic manner the honourable position occupied at the present day by Art in England.

Altogether different in conception, sentiment, and expression, Mr. John Bell's Memorial of the Guardsmen of the Crimea stands in the rear of the York Column, where Waterloo Place is intersected by Pall Mall. The material is a cold, grey granite. A truncated obelisk, with projecting bases for the sculptured group and the military trophies, forms the mass of the composition, the whole being supported by a bold basement. On either side, crossed bayonets and the regimental insignia of the household troops are inlaid in bronze, with brief legends. In front, three guardsmen stand, as on duty, beneath their "colours." These figures have been thoughtfully studied, and they tell their tale effectively and well. Above them, forming the crowning object of the composition, stands, neither Queen Victoria nor "Britannia," but an allegorical lady intended to impersonate "Honour," holding forth chaplets in her out-stretched hands, and having at her feet the words (trite and common-place words enough)—*Honor to the Brave*. The "Honour" is by no means equal in merit to the soldiers. The figure is too small, and does not stand well. If comparatively expressive when seen in front, it is far from pleasing as it appears towards Regent Street. But the grand imperfection consists in the hopeless want of harmony between the classic dame and the men in the great-coats and bearskin shakos. They look as if they had been brought together by accident from the antique and the modern departments of a museum of sculpture.

The back of the monument is made up of a small collection of guns and mortars, captured at Sebastopol. At present the arrangement of these trophies is so singularly unfortunate, that it scarcely appears possible there can exist any intention to leave them as they have been placed. There is nothing particularly impressive in these prizes of the Russian Black-Sea stronghold, nor do they appear to advantage upon this monument. The whole of the sculpture is executed in Sebastopol bronze.

## THE STATUE OF CŒUR-DE-LION.

THE site in which the Baron Marochetti's statue of Richard I. has been so suddenly placed can scarcely be that permanently intended for the work; its erection so close to the western front of the Houses of Parliament can only be regarded as an experiment. If such a statue be associated with architecture at all, Gothic is that with which it will compose best; but never did a statue and its surroundings so resolutely antagonize as does the lion-hearted king with the structures in the midst of which he is placed. Richard can be here only on trial, and loudly enough does he protest against this form of trial. He is in opposition to every element of both the Houses; but violent as it is, it is an opposition that a simple vote of the Commons will at any time overcome. The statue is placed near the line of the building facing towards Millbank—so near the houses that it can only be examined piecemeal, as there is not space enough to enable the eye to compass the entire agroupment. When viewed from the side of the Abbey, the statue finds no relief in the background of Gothic tracery against which it is brought. The man and horse are full of life and energy; but the force of the action, expressive of that life-like character, is entirely broken by the proximity and tone of the background. Again, the statue is colossal, and the mass not only fritters the detail of the architecture, but effectively dwarfs the building, which was never intended to be seen in relation with figures beyond the ordinary life size. Baron Marochetti has scrupulously avoided in his work that which is necessitated by Gothic architecture. It is a study of large parts—all minute detail is avoided; but it is seen in opposition to a composition of small details. It appears in relief from the Houses of Parliament; but there the spectator is too close to see the statue as a whole; and the effect of the mass from this side, is to reduce to nothingness Henry VII.'s Chapel. If the buildings about the group were common street architecture, it would matter little, as far as they were concerned; but it may be presumed that the Baron Marochetti and his friends are desirous that the work should be effectively seen; if so, it is impossible to understand on what merits the present locality can have been selected—a site in which the statue and the architecture destroy each other. Its probable removal is, we fear, out of the question now; for it seems, by the durable nature of the "firings," to have attained a permanent resting-place.

The work has long been known, and must attract a large share of admiration as a production of high class. Richard—a grand and commanding figure—sits upright on his destrier with his sword uplifted straight above his head, as if in the act of commanding a charge against Saladin and his chivalry. He wears, of course, chain-mail, over which is the long surcoat of the time, judiciously thrown off the thighs, so as to assist the composition by a direct downward line. The features are handsome, and expressive of great firmness and resolution. The helmet is not the head-gear of the time of Richard, but an open un-visored casque of the 14th century, girt around with a crown—a single metal fillet, whence arise the accustomed leaves. Nothing can be plainer than the entire equipment—being, save the crown, that of a simple knight. The horse rests upon his right fore-foot and left hind-foot—one fore-foot being raised, as if impatiently pawing the ground. The action of the head and fore-legs is unexceptionable; but the animal is weak behind, and has a squareness and weakness of haunch that sorts ill with the mettle of the fore-quarters.

There is no situation in the metropolis in which it could have been placed less happily than where it now stands. In no city in Europe is there a statue so injudiciously sited. Had Sir Charles Barry been still living he could not have survived this infelicitous; and if the House of Commons suffers it to remain, it will stand there an outward and visible censure of the style of the Palace of Westminster. We wonder who is responsible for this rhetorical blunder;—one which must subject us to the ridicule of every enlightened foreigner, as well as to every man of taste, of whatever country he may be. Whatever be the merits of the statue, the place it occupies is worse than a "mistake."

## ART IN CONTINENTAL STATES.

PARIS.—The season of sales is arrived, and the gates of the *Hôtel Drouot* are opened to the avidity of bidders. The Italian dealers and Dutch Jews have sent their usual tributes of majolica of Urbino, of Faenza, and of Pesaro, with cabinets incrustured with tortoiseshell and ivory, marbles of the Renaissance, ceramic ware of Chinese, Saxon, Berlin, and other manufacture, buhl, marqueterie, &c. It is worth while to offer some remarks on these numerous sales, which for years past have inundated the saloons of amateurs with antiques more or less genuine, purchased at high prices. As sales proceed, the genuine object becomes more rare, and a wide field is opened for counterfeits, of which large manufactories exist in various countries, where paintings, carvings in ivory, bronzes, enamels, goldsmiths' work, arms, porcelain, majolica, &c., are studied and imitated with rare perfection, so that any purchaser at sales, or of a dealer who does not guarantee the article, is almost sure to be imposed upon. Medals, autographs, paintings, &c., are fabricated in Paris and in the provinces; there are large studios for this purpose in several countries of Europe,—in Prussia a manufactory of antique vases, Roman pottery, &c., has recently come to light; in Hanover flourishes one of antique and Gothic *bijouterie*, of which M. Fould had in his collection many very fine specimens. A clever engraver of medals, on the impression of one of great rarity and value, moulds a die, retouches, polishes, and finishes it carefully, and gives you a medal at a low price, the original of which is worth its weight in gold. Thus are produced the false *albino d'or*, false medallions of Syracuse, &c. If your taste inclines to paintings—a true Correggio, for example—the means are still easier, and plenty of these are to be had; the only way by which they are to be distinguished from originals is the low price demanded for them. An artist is ready, on the production of an old engraving or sketch, to produce for you a perfect Correggio, Greuze, Rembrandt, or any other master. But let us see the result. A rich amateur, Mr. A.—, made some years ago a useful experience of these truths: wishing to insure his gallery, he valued, in 1839, his collection—of Spanish paintings principally—at 3,339,950 francs; it was sold in 1843, after his death, by auction, for 635,435 francs, including those paintings bought between 1839 to 1843. An amateur of the works of Bernard de Palissy, wanting the fine dish called *Plat de Briot* to complete his collection, makes so many inquiries after it that one morning the dish is brought to him in the most perfect condition; some time after is brought to him the *aiguère*—of whose existence no one knew, and which is not in the Louvre collection—belonging to the *plateau*, and which also takes its place triumphantly in his collection. Unfortunately, some time after, numerous whispers give him the name of a clever artist, who produces these articles equal to the originals. Others seek for enamels of Léonard Limousin, Penicaut, Courtois, &c.; these enamels are eagerly purchased whenever they appear, and are not readily met with; notwithstanding, with a well-filled purse and the assistance of the railroad, you arrive in a country chateau belonging to an ancient but decayed family, which has preserved numerous specimens as heirlooms, and which their necessities oblige them to sell. You find there some splendid pieces of the enamels of the sixteenth century, for which you pay 15,000 francs or 20,000 francs, or more—enamels splendidly executed, but painted by Madame A. or B., of Sévres. We could carry this subject out to any length, but will conclude it by the following fair announcement. M. Carraud and Son published some time ago a circular addressed to amateurs, of which we give a faithful translation:—"The study of archeology and the demand for articles of Art and antiquity have become a taste so general, the prices have risen so extravagantly, that the whole host of imitators has become impelled thereby to great activity. MM. Carraud and Son offer themselves as consulting examiners of any objects of Art on which a doubt exists as to their genuineness—the fee for such valuation is three per cent. MM. C. and Son guarantee two-thirds of the value estimated by them." Certainly this is a fair offer.—A fine *Pietà* has been placed in a chapel of St. Roch, executed by M. Frédéric Bogino.—A painting by Decamps has been presented to the museum of the Louvre by M. A. Ravennat; it represents horses towing a boat. During the lifetime of the painter the galleries of Paris did not possess one specimen.

MONTEROLLIER.—A picture by Jouvenet having been discovered here, and restored by M. Lejeune, has been blessed by a religious service and sermon. The subject is 'The Assumption of the Virgin.'

## OBITUARY.

MR. JAMES FOGGO.

THE death of this artist took place, as was stated in our last number, on the 14th of September, in the 72nd year of his age, in London, the place of his birth. He was the elder of two brothers, who long and zealously devoted their energies to the pursuit of historical painting, but with results no more successful than those which attended the efforts of Haydon or Hilton. His father was one of the early promoters of negro emancipation, which he advocated warmly, both in the United States and the Brazils. As a zealous friend of civil and religious liberty, in 1799 he gave offence to the Tory government when they had suspended the Habeas Corpus Act, and, under too favourable impressions of the merits of the French Republic, he and his family proceeded to France, where, under the consulate and empire of Napoleon Bonaparte, they experienced the evils of a military despotism opposed to constitutional rights. There the sons were educated in Art, in the Imperial Academy, under the instruction of the celebrated Regnault, and finally adopted painting as a profession. In 1815, on the return of Napoleon from Elba, James Foggo hastened to England, full of hope and ambition; but, after his long exile, he sought in vain the friends of his childhood. They were dead or dispersed, and for a time the bustling wealthy metropolis appeared to him as a howling wilderness, where his small means must soon be exhausted. He set to work, however, in a second-floor room, furnished with a press bedstead, and there painted his 'Hagar and Ishmael,' which was well hung at the British Institution, and favourably noticed by President West and other artists; yet it did not find a purchaser. A brother artist, however, having recommended a pupil to him, he was, with occasional assistance from his parents and by means of one or two portraits, enabled to bear up against his gloomy prospects until 1819, when his brother and their mother joined him. For the next forty-five years the brothers, working together, produced various historical pictures—living economically on the slender means derived from their teaching. In 1821 and 1822 they painted their large composition showing the Christian inhabitants of Parga about to emigrate. This and subsequent works obtained the applause of Sir Thomas Lawrence, Fuseli, Smirke, Hilton, Flaxman, and other artists of eminence. The last of their performances seen by Fuseli, was their 'Christ confounding the Ruler of the Synagogue,' of which that eminent professor expressed his admiration only a few days before his death. Their 'Entombment of our Saviour,' the altar-piece in the French Protestant Church at St. Martin's-le-Grand, was well exhibited; as were also their 'Pool of Bethesda,' and 'Nathan reproving David.' In 1837 the brothers founded the society for obtaining free access to our museums, public edifices, and works of Art, of which the Duke of Sussex was president, Joseph Hume the indefatigable chairman of committees, and George Foggo the honorary secretary. On the institution, in 1840-3, of the cartoon competitions, in Westminster Hall, the Foggos were among the very few who contributed to each one of these exhibitions. The later works of the brothers were, 'The Martyrdom of Ann Askew,' 'Napoleon signing the Death Warrant of the Duc d'Enghien, in spite of the Entreaties of his Mother,' and 'General Williams among the Inhabitants of Kars.' In private life few men had more sincere friends than James Foggo. His varied knowledge, frank manners, integrity, and simple and temperate habits, secured the esteem of all who knew him.

[We are indebted for this notice to a correspondent who was well acquainted with the deceased artist.—Ed. A. J.]

MR. GEORGE SCHARF.

The death of this artist occurred on the 11th of last month, at the age of 72. He was a German by birth, and is known, principally, as one of the earliest promoters, in England, of the lithographic art, to which he devoted much attention many years since. His son is, perhaps, more extensively known as an artist, as well by the position he occupies in the National Portrait Gallery.

## DRINKING FOUNTAINS.

THE metropolis is becoming plentifully endowed with these necessary luxuries, for they are both necessities and luxuries: people accustomed to traverse London in its length and breadth—not only what we regard as London *proper*, but also its wide-spreading suburbs—can scarcely avoid noticing the numerous fountains which are everywhere rising, almost, as it would seem, by magic, into existence. Fountains some of these erections can scarcely be called; drinking-places would be a more appropriate

name for them, inasmuch as they have little or no title, as works of Art, to the more dignified appellation: however, the purpose for which they are intended is answered even by these, and the wayfarer whose thirst leads him to drink of the refreshing water, seldom looks to ascertain, nor indeed does he care, whether it flows through a plain, unadorned channel, or from one richly ornamented, of costly materials, and the work of some master-hand. Still we see no sort of reason why philanthropy and Art should not work harmoniously together in these matters, so that the fountain may be an object of attraction to the eye as well as to the lip.



We can recognise something of this blending of the useful and ornamental in a drinking fountain erected, during the past summer, at Adelaide Place, London Bridge, and presented to the public by the United Kingdom Temperance General Provident Institution, a society established for the Assurance of lives, and especially of those who are in favour of what is known as the "temperance movement": the directors of the institution are, by its laws, obliged to be total abstainers from intoxicating beverages. The fountain was designed and executed

by Messrs. Wills Brothers, of the New Road. It is composed of a polished red granite pedestal, with a circular basin of the same material: in the centre of this, on a marble plinth, stands a vase of polished marble, having on its surface sculptured representations of water-plants; the vase is surmounted by a richly-gilt cover, and finial elegantly composed of flowers of the water-lily. The pedestal is ornamented with three dolphins, in bronze, which help to support the basin: the whole is mounted on two granite steps.



## THE COMPANION-GUIDE

(BY RAILWAY)

## IN SOUTH WALES.

BY MR. AND MRS. S. C. HALL.

## PART XII.



THE railway road from the peculiarly pretty village of FERRYSIDE all the way to Carmarthen runs beside the Towy, which is here rather an arm of the sea than a river. Rich pasture-lands gradually slope to its banks, and high grounds, all cultivated, look down upon them. As we near Carmarthen the town is seen to much advantage: it covers the side of a steep hill, church steeples rising from amid closely packed houses, the ivy-clad fragment of the castle conspicuous among them. Carmarthen is said to have "been named after the famous magician Merlin, Caer Merdin or Merlin's town," although other authorities consider the prophet to have "derived his name from the town." He was born there, but the time of his birth is not revealed either by history or tradition.\*

Merlin is the great prophet of Wales; for centuries he powerfully influenced the minds of the people, and he has, even yet, his disciples in many parts of the Principality. According to Spenser—

"He was not the son  
Of mortal sire, or other living wight,"

but a "faderlesse srrwe," "the Prince of British Seers," who was born in the town of Carmarthen, and flourished in the time of Vortigern. Although his history is a mass of fable, there is little doubt that such a person did actually exist, and that his prophecies revived for awhile the declining fortunes of the Britons during their struggles with the invading Saxons; and operated long afterwards in stimulating the valour of the princes and people of Wales in all their wars with the Anglo-Normans; being "immensely valuable" to the brave Owen Glendower in his heroic struggle with Henry IV., for the mastery of his country. "That such a man existed, we think certain; that he was possessed of extraordinary wisdom is admitted; and the full exercise of his talents were called forth on a glorious occasion to support the declining fortunes of his country. But he was, it is believed, compelled to assume the guise and character of one deeply versed in the powers of magic, to give due effect to his advice, the dictates of a sound judgment. The invincible attachment of the Welsh to the prophecies of Merlin, to this day, is astonishing; there are thousands in the Principality, even now (1805), who are firmly persuaded that, sooner or later, his prophecies must be accomplished." So writes Donovan, and other historians agree in this view of the character of the great magician of Wales. Of him it is said and believed that however much fable may have augmented his renown, he must have been a man of marvellous acquirements for his age, a star in barbaric times, when magic was another name for knowledge.

Upon the north side of the Towy, a mile or so out of the town, is Galt Frydden, or Merlin's Hill. The rocky chair near the summit of the hill, from whence he is said to have delivered his prophecies, and the cave in which he is reported to have made his incantations, are supposed to have their existence only in the fictions of poetry and romance. At all events the tourist will seek in vain for any place that can answer the description of Spenser, when Britomart visits the cave under the conduct of her nurse, Glauce:—

"That dreadful place;  
It is a hideous hollow cave (they say),  
Under a rock that lies a little space  
From the swift Barry, tumbling downe apace,  
Emongst the woody hills of Dynevor."

The poet warns against entering "that same banefull bowre," but tells us we may "heare gastly noyse of iron chaines, which thousand sprites, with long-enduring pains, doe tosse."

The death, or rather departure, of Merlin was as romantic as his birth. He sailed away in a ship of glass, and was never more heard of, except in his prophecies, which during centuries after were the watch-words of liberty and the stimulants to victory in many a descendant of the ancient Britons in the kingdoms and princedoms of Wales. The prophet took with him the "thirteen precious curiosities of Britain:" among

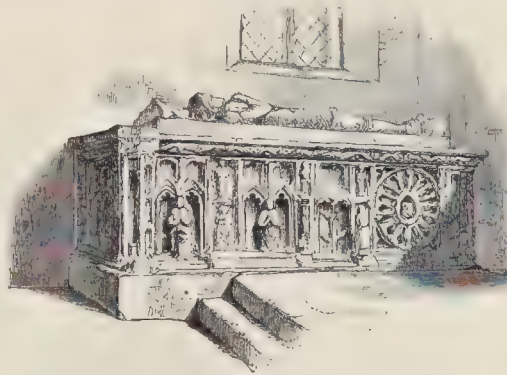
them were the "Corn Braugaled," a horn that furnished any liquor desired; the "Maudry Eluned," a ring that rendered the wearer invisible; and the "Cadair," a chair that carried a person seated in it wherever he wished to go. There are other accounts, however—but these being recorded by the poets are not to be depended on—which assert that he fell in love with a beautiful lady who was a witch, and that she wiled him into a cave, which by some magic words she hermetically sealed up for ever, and so the magician-prophet perished. Of this legend Tennyson has made use in his "Idylls of the King."

Carmarthen was the Maridunum of the Romans—"Maridunum, that is now, by change of name, Ca'yr Marddin call'd;" and in very old times was considered the capital of all Wales, a "distinction that was recognised after it was annexed to England as a Principality, the exchequer



FERRYSIDE.

and mint being kept here." The castle, which was dismantled by order of parliament in 1649, is said to have been erected on the site of the Roman station. It endured all the "wild vicissitudes" incident to periods of continual war, but still raises its broken walls above the town, part of it, however, being converted into the county jail. The shells of two priories yet remain to indicate the former greatness of the place. Some broken walls still bear the name of the "Nuns' Walk," and in "Friars' Park" some relics of the old structure may yet be traced. The church, dedicated to St. Peter, is a very interesting structure, less for "architectural pretensions" than for its monumental records, of which the edifice is full—the most remarkable of them being a tomb, on which recline the effigies of that Sir Rhys ap Thomas, of whom we



THE TOMB OF RHYD AP THOMAS.

have spoken in describing Dynevor. The brave knight is clad in plate armour, and at the feet of his lady, who lies beside him, is placed her emblem, the dove. Carmarthen, however, has monuments to more recent worthies. At the western extremity of the town, an obelisk has been erected to the memory of the gallant Picton; in "Nott" Square is a bronze statue of the military hero, after whom the square is named;\* while a tall pillar records the names of officers and soldiers of the 23rd Regiment—the Welsh Fusiliers—who perished during the war in the Crimea, in 1854—55.

\* Bale speaks of two Merlins, the one living in the time of King Arthur, the other in the time of Aurelius Ambrosius. "There were two of the name: the first, called Merdyn Wyllt, was born in Scotland; the other, Merdyn Emrys, was born at Carmarthen."—HOLLAND'S LUCYD.

\* Neither of these heroes was a native of Carmarthen, though both were connected with it, and had much esteem for the town. Picton was a native of Pembrokeshire, having been born at Poynton House, near Haverfordwest, in 1758. General Nott was born at Neath, in Glamorganshire, on the 20th January, 1782. His father shortly after removed to Carmarthen, where he kept the "Ivy Bush Inn." General Nott died at Carmarthen, after a four months' residence, on the 1st of January, 1846. There are three monuments to his memory—indeed four, for his portrait in the Town Hall may be considered as another.

Although Carmarthen is an interesting town, clean, well built, and well ordered, auspiciously situated, and prosperous—its prosperity having been largely augmented by the South Wales Railway—it is from the country adjacent that the visitor will derive special enjoyment. We have partially described that which borders the river down from Llandeilo, but from the church tower, or from any of the heights, he will perceive a place, to which he may make pilgrimage. It is the White House (in Welsh, Ty Gwyn), the residence of Sir Richard Steele, to which he retired in age, when weary of the turmoil of the Metropolis.\* An Irishman by birth, an Englishman by long residence, it was in Wales he drew his latest breath. Just before his death he removed to Carmarthen; there he died, and there in St. Peter's Church was buried. But it is in Llangunnor Church, the parish in which is the White House, that a tablet has been erected to his memory. To visit this church and country churchyard will be a pleasant morning's work. Situated on the extremity of a ridge alongside the river, the church commands an extensive view of the pleasant vale of Towy, including Merlin's Hill; the not inelegant tower raised in the vale to the memory of Nelson; Grongar Hill; the abrupt eminence on which stands Dryslwyn Castle; and down the vale, peeping out from amongst the woods, the ruined towers of the once stately pile of Dynevor.

At Carmarthen station, a mile or so from the town, we rejoin the railway.

The train passes along the bridge that crosses the river Towy, and, at a distance of a few miles, halts at St. Clears. This little town—situated at the confluence of the Gwynn and Taff—is now of small importance; in times past, however, it

intention of destroying its "Union." From the accomplishment of this undertaking, however, they were fortunately prevented by the opportune arrival of a troop of dragoons, who at once dispersed the rioters and took some prisoners.

These extraordinary practices were continued, with slight intermission, during the years 1843-44, and were not confined to Carmarthenshire, where the insurrection originated, but were pursued also in the counties of Pembroke and Cardigan. Secrecy and despatch characterized the movement. All rewards offered by the authorities for information were offered in vain; none betrayed his accomplice. False alarms continually harassed the military; matters became serious. Houses of persons supposed to be unfriendly to the movement were destroyed; incendiaryism was becoming more and more frequent, and even murder was threatened. A division of metropolitan



LAUGHARNE CASTLE.

police was sent to the aid of the military. At length many of the rioters were taken prisoners in the several counties, and, in Carmarthenshire, two of the ringleaders who were apprehended were sentenced to transportation. The force of law in the end prevailed over "divine right of insurrection," and, at last, completely crushed it. Rebecca, after exhibiting a curious phase of Welsh character, ceased to exist.

Three miles to the south of St. Clears, where the Taff becomes an estuary of the sea, is Laugharne, a small seaport, which, although containing no more than about 1,500 inhabitants, has a mayor and corporation of its own, and possesses a comparatively large and valuable



HIPPING CAVE.

possessed a priory and a castle of some note. During the period of that strange uprising, the Rebecca riots, St. Clears was one of the chief rendezvous of the "daughters of the gate." Here, at nights, mobs congregated, and hence proceeded to do execution upon any of the neighbouring "pikes" which had been marked for destruction. Suddenly and unexpectedly the children of Rebecca—some on foot, but the majority on horseback—demolished the gate, destroyed the dwelling of the affrighted keeper, and disappeared to enact the same scene elsewhere. As often as a gate was restored, so often did Rebecca appear before it. After a time not only toll-bars, but union workhouses, became obnoxious, and it was found necessary to place detachments of troops in them to protect them from violence. At length, to such an extravagant pitch did the conduct of the rioters reach, that they ventured to enter Carmarthen in broad day, with the avowed

\* According to Donovan (*Excursions through Wales*, 1825), he had acquired a small estate, by marriage with a lady of the Scerlock family, his income, "though small, proving sufficient to support him in his infirmities," being enabled to "keep two men-servants to carry him about the town in his open chair; he was buried at midnight, 'no less than four and twenty attendants, each carrying a branch of lighted torches, forming part of the retinue in the funeral parade.'" Donovan states that he was buried in the family vault of the Scerlocks, on the south side of the church, but his name is not inscribed upon it.



NARBERTH CASTLE.

amount of property to divide amongst its freemen. Laugharne has the reputation of being a cheap place, and consequently has been fixed on as a residence by many whose purpose is economy; but the principal attraction for tourists will be the old Norman castle and the parish church. "The ancient appellation of this town and castle" (we borrow from Dr. Beattie), "according to the native writers, appears to have been Llacharn, and seems to have taken its present orthography from the general of that name—William Laugharne—who distinguished himself in the service of the 'Parliament'; and in 1644, after a siege of three weeks, took the Castle



of 'Llacharn.' Its still more ancient name is Abercoran, or Cowan—the 'Castle on the banks of the Coran'—which, at a short distance below the castle, empties itself into the sea. Local tradition says that the parish church formerly stood upon a farm, in an island called Craseland—that is, Christ's land; but of the sacred edifice not a vestige remains to support the tradition—

'Not an arch of nave or aisle—  
Not a relic marks the pile;  
Shrine and monumental stone,  
Floor and fretted vault are gone!'

The corporation consists of a portreeve, a recorder, an indefinite number of aldermen, two common attorneys, four constables, and seventy-six burgesses, who have shares in lands and commons which were given to the corporation by 'Sir Guido de Brian the younger, lord marshal of the said town and lordship of Laugharne,' in the reign of King John." The church is surrounded by a churchyard, which we found a perfect model of beauty and repose. The graves were kept distinct and in good order, and were adorned with flowers; the paths, shaded with evergreens and yew-trees of great age, were in excellent condition; and the tombstones, regularly cleaned and painted once a year, tend to show the affection of the living for the memory of the dead. Altogether the church and churchyard of Laugharne are among the most pleasing spectacles we have witnessed in the Principality, and are such as to tempt visitors to prolong their stay in the quaint and ancient village-town.

In this neighbourhood tourists will find many of those singular dripping caves, which abound on the hill sides, forming admirable subjects for the artist, and one of which Mr. Coleman has pictured.

Having again reached St. Clears we re-enter the railway carriage, and in a few minutes pass Whitland station, to the right of which is seen Whitland Abbey, situated in a sequestered spot; surrounded by steep and wooded hills; a lovely but pleasant place, occupying the site of the ancient abbey founded by Paulinus, a pupil of St. Illtyd.

When the train draws up at the next station, that at Narberth Road, some of the carriages are in Carmarthenshire and some in the county of Pembroke—through which the remaining portion of our journey lies.

Pembrokeshire, which Giraldus Cambrensis, himself a native, calls "the most pleasant country in all the world," forming the extreme west of South Wales, is the first object that offers resistance to the waves of the "broad Atlantic," which, rolling in between Cape Clear and the Land's End, there precipitate themselves against the lofty cliffs, and become broken into two divisions, named respectively the Bristol and St. George's Channels. Its coast, more than a hundred miles in extent, is extremely irregular, and, especially towards the south, presents a bleak, wild, and gloomy appearance; and in foul weather is ever a terror to the approaching mariner. But nature, as a compensation for this inhospitable coast, has bestowed upon the county the magnificent estuary of Milford Haven, which intersects it, and justly forms its chiefest boast. The country possesses no very prominent features; no rivers of any great length, no lakes, no extensive plains; but its surface is generally undulating, and in the north swells up into the Precellau mountains—a slaty ridge ten miles long—which attain an elevation not far short of eighteen hundred feet above the level of the sea. From its exposure to the south-west winds, and consequent deficiency of trees, the character of its landscape scenery is for the most part barren, but almost always picturesque.

Pembrokeshire anciently formed part of the territory of the Demetæ, and received its present name from its position—being derived from two Welsh words (*pen, bro*), which may be translated, as in England, by Land's End, or, as in France and Spain, by Finistère. It is exceedingly rich in remains of antiquity. The mysterious cromlech, watching the course of ages, still occupies the station assigned it by its primeval builder; watch-towers and Danish encampments are frequent along the coasts, where they crown almost every other steep; whilst of mediæval times there are domestic, military, and ecclesiastical relics, noted for their number, magnificence, and extent.

Speaking generally, a line drawn through the centre, from east to west, would divide the country into two districts. To the north of this line we encounter a people speaking the Welsh language, and having the well defined features of the Celtic race. On the south there is a sensible difference. The inhabitants use the English language alone, whilst their physiognomy, wholly distinct from their neighbours of the hill-country, proclaims them to be of a different race.

The county is, according to an old historian, "partly Dutch, partly English, partly Welsh," a colony of Flemings being there planted of whom a circumstantial account is given by Selden, in a note on a passage of Drayton ("Polyolbion"), which describes the Flemings as emigrants, in consequence of inundations that "swamped" their land. It was during the

reign of Henry I. They were "kindly received" by the king, "in respect of the alliance which he had with their earl, Baldwin, Earl of Flanders," and settled chiefly in Northumberland; where, however, they were found so unruly that "King Henry was under the necessity of driving them into Wales." Other historians assert that it was by persuasion, and not compulsion, they became "settlers" among the Welsh; the Anglo-Normans finding them brave and valuable allies, while their habits of thrift and industry made them useful examples, as well as auxiliaries, to the conquerors. The second Henry gave them direct encouragement, and considerably augmented their numbers, recommending them to his knights as ready and powerful partizans, the more to be trusted because so thoroughly isolated in the midst of merciless enemies, against whom they were perpetually compelled to keep watch and ward. Of their domestic architecture



LLAWHADEN CASTLE.

—strong houses, easily and readily fortified against bands of marauders—there exist picturesque remains in many parts of the country, the massive chimneys being those that have best withstood the assaults of time. It is by no means certain, however, that these ruins are what tradition allirms them to be—remains of *Flemish* architecture. Some architects and archaeologists have recently promulgated opinions that they are of a date much later; that no structures resembling them exist in Flanders, and that they were probably erected by the Welsh, who borrowed their character from Brittany. Giraldus, speaking of these Flemings in his time, says they were a stout and resolute nation, "and very troublesome to the Welsh by their frequent skirmishes; a people skilled in the business of clothing and merchandize, and ever ready to increase



THE CASTLE, HAVELFORD WEST.

their stock at any pains or hazard, by sea and by land—a most puissant nation, and equally prepared, as time and place shall require, either for the sword or for the plough; and to add one thing more, a nation most devoted to the King of England, and faithful to the English."

Such is the country and such are the people by whom we are surrounded when we leave the train at NARBERTH ROAD. We but alight here, however, for the purpose of visiting two of the many mediæval castles for which the county is noted, those, namely, of NARBERTH and LLAWHADEN. The former is situated at Narberth town, a distance of between three and four miles from the station, and may be reached by the coaches that run to Tenby. It is a ruin, and of

no great extent; but, from the commanding site it occupies, and its hoary aspect, has a picturesque and imposing effect when viewed from the base of the hill on which it stands. In those stirring times, when the Anglo-Normans contended daily with the former masters of the soil, it was of much importance; strong, and situated so as best to defend "one of the most frequented passes in the country." Henry VIII. granted the castle to Sir Rhys ap Thomas, "in recompense for his good service in the wars." In the civil wars, siding with the king, it was sadly injured by the troops of the parliament; but afterwards, in 1657, it was the residence of a Captain Castell, an adherent it would seem of the usurpation of Cromwell; for in the archives of the corporation of Tenby we have seen a document which notices an order by his Majesty (Charles II.) respecting a petition of the inhabitants of Tenby, which complained that Captain Castell had, "during the times of usurpation," presumed to set up a market at a "village" called Narberth; which market the petitioners prayed may be ordered to be discontinued, or its continuance would lead to the ruin and impoverishment of the king's town of Tenby.

Three miles from Narberth is LLAWHADEN, the other castle we have mentioned, a ruin which at one time was a magnificent pile, and the residence of the Bishops of St.



ST. DAVID'S CHURCH.

David's, to whom it belongs; and hence it is the occupant of that See derives his right to a seat in the House of Lords, being Baron Llawhaden, in the peerage of the United Kingdom. "At St. David's," it has been said, "the prelate appeared as bishop, at Lamphey as a respectable country gentleman with an ecclesiastic turn, but at Llawhaden as baron." The fine old ruin was rebuilt at one time by Houghton, a Pembroke man, who was bishop of St. David's from 1361 to 1389. Situated upon an elevation on the left bank of the Eastern Cleddau, it appears to best advantage from the hills on the opposite bank, whence the view is one of the most beautiful of its kind we have anywhere seen; the artist has, however, given a nearer view, picturing it so as to represent the gateway, which is the most remarkable and characteristic feature of its existing remains.

To return to the railway, we may proceed either to the station at Narberth Road, or to the next station, Clarbston; the distance is the same to either place. On this occasion, we take the latter, and arrive at HAVERFORDWEST. It is the capital of the county, and an admirable representation of an old country town; large enough to possess all the requisites of trade and commerce, and small enough to enable all to know and be known to each other. Its situation is highly picturesque, being built on a steep hill that overlooks the Western Cleddau, and commands in every direction fine and extensive prospects of the surrounding country. The old castle which frowns upon the landscape with wrinkled brow, and forms the most prominent object in all views of the town, is

ascribed to Gilbert de Clare, and was one of the most important fortresses of the Anglo-Normans in this district. It has undergone many changes; was more than once injured by the Welsh; made a gallant and successful defence, under the Earl of Arundel, against the Sire de Hugneville, who had landed with French troops at Milford Haven to succour "the irregular and wild Glendower;" suffered considerably during the civil wars; and now serves the purposes of a county gaol. There are other relics of mediæval times in the town and neighbourhood. In the environs—on the river's bank, near the spot where we cross the Cleddau by rail—stands the ruin of a PRIORY OF BLACK CANONS, which, seen from the "parade" above on a moonlight night, when the tide floods the marsh on which it stands, is an exceedingly fine spectacle. In Bridge Street a lane leading down to the river is named "the Friars," from a convent of black



THE PRIORY, HAVERFORDWEST.

friars which formerly occupied the site, but nothing now remains, save the name, to indicate its whereabouts. Higher up the river, near the suburb of Prendergast, there are some fragments left of Prendergast Place, the residence from the reign of Elizabeth to that of Charles II. of the Stepney family, one of whom was the poet whose life has been written by Dr. Johnson. Haverfordwest has three churches, St. Mary's, St. Thomas, and St. Martin's, all of good size. The first is a very fine structure, and is much admired. In 1844 it was very admirably restored, and further improvements are now being effected. St. Martin's, which is the oldest church in the town, is in a sad state of decay, and there is little prospect, we fear, of its being at present completely renovated and restored. The parish is very poor, and the living a perpetual curacy only; the income being about £90 per annum, is far too small to justify the incumbent



THE PRIORY, MILFORD.

in proceeding with the repairs at his own cost; he has, therefore, made an urgent appeal to the public for support, and we sincerely trust the inhabitants of the town and county will respond in a liberal manner.

Haverfordwest from very early times has had ample privileges bestowed upon it by successive kings. It was here that Richard II., returning from Ireland, "performed his last regal act" in confirming a grant of a burghage to the convent. James I., too, notwithstanding his solicitude for Scotsmen and Scotland, showed his kindness to the town by granting or confirming a charter which ordained that Haverfordwest should be and "hereafter remain for ever a free town and county of itself, distinct and separate in our county of Pembroke, and from all other counties



whatsoever in this our lordship of Wales." Haverfordwest bears a high character for the activity and intelligence of its inhabitants, who are sociably and hospitably inclined. It possesses a Grammar School of no mean note, from which, previous to the institution of the college at Lampeter, candidates for holy orders were obtained; has a literary institute, a circulating library and reading room, model national schools, schools of industry, and many flourishing private "academies," and is, moreover, the head-quarters of three local newspapers. It was the opinion of one of the Dukes of Bedford that the most enjoyable sports possible for an English gentleman to procure, is to stand as a candidate at a contested election, and win by a majority of one. The duke would have been delighted with Haverfordwest. It is noted for its contested elections; and the present member owes his seat to the very majority that would have been most acceptable to his grace.

Continuing our journey by rail we pass, at a short distance from the town, at Haroldstone, the interesting remains of a house, which for three hundred years was the residence of the Perrotts, and was the birthplace of that Sir John Perrott who, in 1583, was Lord-deputy of Ireland in the reign of Elizabeth. Between the county town and the terminus of the South Wales Railway, on the shores of Milford Haven, there is one station only, that at JOHNSTONE, where the tourist will alight to visit the little village of RHOSMARKET. It is a curious straggling collection of houses, scattered along the edge of the vale of the same name, and deserves notice both on its own account and from its having been the birthplace of the mother of the "unfortunate" Monmouth, Miss Lucy Walter, whose father, Sir Richard Walter, had here a mansion, "whose remains," says the county historian, Penton, "speak it to have been highly respectable about a century ago, and to have possessed all the appendages of a gentleman's house." Here, too, was born Miss Williams, the blind *protégée* of Dr. Samuel Johnson, and daughter of Dr. Zachary Williams, for whom "our" doctor is supposed to have written the "Attempt to ascertain the Longitude at Sea by an Exact Theory of the Magnetical Needle." Mrs. Johnson, becoming acquainted with Miss Williams, gave her her friendship; and after the death of her father, took her to her own home, where she remained ever after, presiding at the tea-table of the great lexicographer, and, no doubt, often entertaining the guests with anecdotes, and with tales of "second sight," she had heard at her early home in Pembrokeshire. Before leaving Rhosmarket the visitor will inspect THE CHURCH, a pretty little edifice, which since our visit has, we believe, been thoroughly repaired and restored; but the bell-tower and gable, thickly mantled with ivy, remain in the state they were when we saw them and when the accompanying sketch was taken.

From Johnstone, too, a branch railway conducts to Milford Town, which the tourist, before he leaves this district, must not fail to visit. The town in itself offers not much of interest; but it is contiguous to coast scenery of wild beauty, and the neighbourhood possesses many a fragment—like the PRIORY we have sketched—of mediæval times, to tempt the artist and the naturalist out of the beaten track.

Having once more entered the train, the traveller, in ten minutes, arrives at the terminus of the South Wales Railway at NEW MILFORD. He is on the shores of Milford Haven, at a distance of nearly three hundred miles from the metropolis.

As we have fully described this district in former parts of the *Art-Journal*—those which relate to Tenby—the reader will not require that we enter into further details concerning it,—although we are closing A TOUR which we trust to have made both interesting and useful.

Our main purpose has been to act as a companion-guide to those who travel by RAILWAY—the SOUTH WALES LINE: we have endeavoured so to picture the country through which it passes as to show how large and many are the inducements to tourists seeking pleasure, relaxation, or information.

This Railway is now the great highway to the South of Ireland, by a pleasant journey and an easy voyage; and there are tens of thousands who annually make this tour, whose enjoyment cannot but be enhanced by acquaintance with the various objects of interest that ask or demand inquiry and consideration all the way—from the moment of

leaving venerable Gloucester, to arrival at the Terminus in Milford Haven.

We have but to add that the several chapters which have appeared in the *Art-Journal* monthly during the past two years, are about to be collected and issued as a VOLUME. We have subjected them to much revision and enlargement, and we trust the work—issued, as it will be, with all the advantages it can derive from the skill and liberality of the "book-maker"—will obtain favour with the public.

We respectfully bid farewell to those who have accompanied us month by month in this our latest—though we hope not our last—Tour; gratefully thank the many persons by whom we have been assisted; acknowledging how much we are indebted to the artists who are our fellow-workers; and recording our obligations to the Directors and the Secretary of the SOUTH WALES RAILWAY, by whom we have been cordially aided in our pleasant task.

#### MINOR TOPICS OF THE MONTH.

THE BRITISH INSTITUTION.—Among the works left for copying this year was the magnificent Rembrandt, 'The Standard Bearer,' belonging to the Earl of Warwick. There were fifteen copies, the most successful of which was by an artist named Paul. There were also 'Mrs. Siddons,' by Sir W. Beechey—of this work twenty-one copies had been made; 'Lady Hamilton, as Joan of Arc,' and 'Miranda,' by Romney; 'The Banished Lord,' by Reynolds, and an 'Infant Bacchus,' by the same; a landscape, by Hobbins; and two superb landscapes, by Ruysdael—admirable for study, but extremely difficult to copy; a landscape, by Wilson; 'Virgin and Child,' Sasso Ferrato; a portrait, Tintoretto, and two enormous views in Venice, by Guardi, which do not seem to have excited the ambition of any of the students.

THE WORKS OF THOMAS FAED have been brought together and formed into a singularly pleasing exhibition at the gallery of Messrs. Agnew, in Waterloo Place. This is a step altogether in the right direction, and it cannot fail to lead to other assemblages of works of Art upon the same principle. It is both a wise and a gratifying tribute to the memory of a deceased artist, that his works should be assembled and formed into the most impressive of biographies, to be read by those who knew his worth when living, and who feel for his loss when his career is closed. But there appears to be something, if possible, even more felicitous in the idea of grouping together the pictures which a living and working painter has produced; and while he is still in the midst of his professional labours. Mr. Faed's pictures are essentially popular favourites, and they provide originals for no less popular translation through the agency of the engraver's art. Everybody looks out for "the Faed" at the Exhibition of the Academy; and we confidently rely upon a long succession of visitors to Messrs. Agnew's gallery, who will assuredly be glad to see at one view such a pleasing gathering of favourite friends. There are twelve pictures already present, including the 'Mitherless Bairn,' of the exhibition of 1855; the 'Home and the Homeless,' of the following year; the 'First Break in the Family,' of 1857; and others still more recent; and additional contributions are expected. All look well—still better than when we first formed an acquaintance with them. They have already toned down towards a mellow richness of colour, while they are of course still fresh and vivid. The 'My Ain Fireside,' of last year, gains greatly by comparison with its comrades. We may not omit to notice the presence of several engravings, in advanced stages of progress. We anticipate repeating more than once our own visit to the Faed collection, and we feel assured that most visitors will follow our example—that is, they will not take their leave without contemplating returning again and again.

SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM.—Some additional pictures, of an important kind, have recently been hung among the Vernon collection, some on loan, others in permanence. Mulready's 'Young Brother' and Sir Edwin Landseer's 'Defeat of Cornus' now belong to the Vernon collection. The former is an admirable example of the truth and knowledge which

mark all the works of this great painter; the latter, an equally admirable specimen of Sir Edwin's power in realizing Milton's poem. It is called the sketch for the fresco executed for her Majesty; but it is in reality a carefully finished cabinet gem. Another valuable bequest is that of Mrs. Huskisson, who has left to the nation the large and fine group of 'Neapolitan peasants at a Fountain,' by Henry Williams of Rome, an artist whose works are rare and of high value, this being one of his finest. John Kenyon, Esq., has presented a good specimen of W. Bouill, Esq., R.A., in the small picture of 'Geraldine'; and James Bell, Esq., has lent for exhibition a group of four oval pictures by Frith, studies of modern female life—among them the 'Girl with the Sherry,' made popular by engraving; and a picture by the late W. Collins, R.A., 'A Family Emigrating.' Many of the more delicate pictures in the gallery have now been covered with plate-glass as a protection; but we regret to observe that Wilkie's most famous work, 'The Blind Fiddler,' is fast cracking to pieces, and that these injuries are most rapidly increasing.

SCULPTURE IN THE CITY.—It is with great pleasure we place on record another proof of the wisdom and liberality of the city magistrates. They have resolved to add five new statues in marble to those that already honour the Egyptian Hall, and have asked for models from fifteen sculptors, from whom the five are to be selected, giving, however, some recompense for time and labour to the ten who must be unsuccessful.

THE ARCHITECTURAL MUSEUM promises an interesting series of papers this season. Among them will be one on the Architecture of the Eleventh Century, by Mr. J. H. Parker; on the Architectural Antiquities of Guildhall, by Mr. Deputy Lott; on the Art of Engraving and Printing Plates, by Mr. S. C. Hall.

THE PRINCESS FREDERICK WILLIAM, of Prussia, has been elected an honorary member of the Berlin Royal Academy of Arts; a graceful and proper tribute to the talent displayed by her Royal Highness as an amateur artist. In a letter wherein the Princess accepts the honour, she is pleased to acknowledge it has been conferred upon her for the interest she has always shown in matters of Art.

THE ROYAL POLYTECHNIC in Regent Street, after having passed through a condition of somewhat perilous abeyance, has at length reappeared in a state of active existence under a fresh management, and has at once taken its old place among the popular institutions of London. As the new programme informs us, the premises have been materially altered and improved; they have been rendered thoroughly secure for the use of the public, and besides having been redecorated, they have been profusely stored with apparatus, specimens, models, and every conceivable variety of genuine Polytechnic objects. There was a "private view" on the evening of Saturday, November the 10th, when, as appears to be the rule on such occasions, the numbers of the visitors effectually prevented the possibility of a *public view* of much more than the visitors themselves. The numbers of persons present on this occasion significantly indicated both confidence in the security of the edifice, and a warm interest in the future prosperity of the institution. Always a favourite with us, we shall not fail to watch the career of the Polytechnic under its present direction. It promises much, and it also promises to realize its own projects. The whole building looks well: its resources are evidently at once abundant and varied; and it shows that it aims at popularity, as of yore, by determining to deserve to be popular. How far the plans for exhibitions of works of Art, more South Kensington, may succeed, we will not venture even to surmise: the plans, however, are rightly formed, and appear to merit success. We are much pleased with the geological and industrial model-pictures in the side-galleries: the idea is excellent, and it is in the course of development in a most satisfactory manner. The subjects selected for popular illustration are precisely such as will at once attract attention and convey useful information. We have much pleasure in welcoming many familiar faces in their old places at the Polytechnic; but we are constrained to add that this gratification would have been very greatly enhanced, had we found Mr. Pepper himself holding the office of chief of the staff. To Mr. Pepper the

Polytechnic is indebted for its old reputation, and we cannot refrain from still cherishing the hope that once again he may exemplify Mr. Layard's felicitous expression, by becoming "the right man in the right place."

**FEMALE SCHOOL OF ART.**—It is intended to hold, early in the summer of next year, an Exhibition and Bazaar for the sale of works of Art, &c., the proceeds of which are to be added to the fund for purchasing a suitable building for this institution, now located in Queen Square. The project has the especial patronage of the Queen, who has always graciously manifested her interest in the welfare of the school. Particulars will shortly be announced to the public.

**HAMILTON'S PANORAMA.**—There is now being exhibited at the Egyptian Hall, a panorama representing a tour to some of the principal capitals of the Continent. The pictures are large, boldly painted, and well adapted for this kind of entertainment, being strictly local and identical, inasmuch that we instantly recognise the places, the artist having been fortunate in his selection of the points of view. There are upwards of fifty pictures in Italy, France, Austria, Russia, Prussia, and Belgium. The views of Paris, Rome, Florence, Venice, Brussels, and other cities, are extremely accurate, and so comprehensive as to show every remarkable feature in each view. With these subjects are mingled some of the famous landscape scenery of the Continent—as 'Mont Blanc from Sallanche,' 'The Simplon,' 'Lago Maggiore,' 'Stobzefels, on the Rhine,' 'Heidelberg,' &c.; and the dioramic effects in the views of St. Petersburg, Milan, Mont Blanc, and Hamburg are entirely successful.

**THE SAVOY CHAPEL.**—Passing aside from the great highways of London, the seeker for relics of a past time may still find much to reward his search, despite the great changes that centuries of commerce have made in our metropolis. Every year they become fewer, and if not destroyed by man's indifference, they run risks such as that which so lately proved nearly fatal to one of our most interesting ecclesiastical buildings, the Chapel of St. Mary, in the Savoy, originally the chapel of the far-famed royal palace, which for so many centuries gave dignity to the banks of the Thames, and was intimately associated with many historic events. Its name was obtained from Peter, Earl of Savoy (uncle to Eleanor, wife of Henry III.), who built this palace in 1295, on the site of that erected by the famous Simon de Montfort, whose estates had become forfeited. It soon afterwards became royal property, having been purchased by Eleanor, as a residence for her second son, Edmund, Earl of Lancaster. The most interesting historic association connected with the palace is, that it was for many years the prison of John, King of France, after his capture at the Battle of Poitiers, by Edward, the Black Prince. The king's incarceration seems to have been rendered so little disagreeable to him, that he revisited England after his release, and took up his residence in his old palatial prison, in which he died, A.D. 1364. John of Gaunt was afterwards its owner; and while so, his patronage of the poet Chaucer made the latter a frequent guest here; he married a lady of the household, and probably wrote much of his verse within these walls. It was burnt by Wat Tyler's mob, and so lay in ruins until Henry VII. rebuilt and endowed it as a royal hospital, with privileges of sanctuary. This gradually led to abuses, and in the reign of Elizabeth it had become the refuge of rogues and loose characters, where the law dared not follow them. The Civil War swept away these moral nuisances, and at the Restoration great religious conferences were held here, and the church established for the use of the French Protestants was one of the first so founded. The older buildings were used as a hospital during the Dutch war, for sick soldiers; and it continued to be used for that purpose, and as a barrack, until its demolition in 1816, to make room for approaches to Waterloo Bridge. The Savoy Chapel Royal was preserved and restored, at considerable cost, by her present Majesty. It contains some fine old monuments, more remarkable as exponents of a past style in such memorials than for the persons they commemorate. The roof is the most remarkable feature of the building, being elaborately decorated with the elegant tracery of the time of Henry VII., which had been beautifully restored but a few years since. About forty square feet have been much injured by the fire which, a few

Sundays since, threatened the destruction of the entire building. The organ given by George IV., and the carved stalls, have also been destroyed. This accident, occasioned by overheating the flues (and which has been the fertile source of destruction to some of our most remarkable public buildings), threatened the annihilation of the venerable structure; fortunately it has been spared, may be readily restored, and remain for ages one of the most interesting and beautiful of our London sacred edifices. The artist may linger in admiration over its beautiful roof and quaint old monuments; and may pay a tribute of respect in its quiet churchyard, to one who honourably pursued the profession of an artist: there lies William Hilton, R.A.

**WALL-PAPERS.**—Dr. Dresser, Professor of Botany at the Kensington Museum, has forwarded us a communication respecting some wall-papers manufactured by Messrs. Scott & Cuthbertson, paper-stainers, of Piccadilly, as being both of a new and extremely improved character. "The peculiarity which they present is this,—the ornament is raised, and is of the same colour as the ground. In the specimens laid before me the designs were extremely rich, and revealed at once that the nature of the materials used, and the effects which they could produce, were alike well considered. The patterns were chiefly Mediæval and Alhambra, and were well chosen, reminding one of the rich old decorations which we see sometimes wrought in embossed leather, in the finest periods of middle-age art. No effort has been made to imitate stone cutting or wood carving, a mistake which too frequently is seen, but the capabilities of the materials used have been well applied. The paper is produced by the figure being printed in extremely thick flock upon a white paper, the ground being unprepared by a tint, and the flock also being without colour. In this state the paper is hung, after which it is painted with oil colour in the manner that any plain surface would be coloured. The effect is much more pleasing than might be expected; indeed, it altogether surpasses all that we have heretofore seen in the shape of ordinary wall decorations, and is equally applicable to the drawing-room, dining-room, and study—in the former case the colour being light, say white, and 'platted,' and in the other instances of darker tints. One or two difficulties which have long been felt will be removed by this new form of wall-paper, for no objection can be taken to the papering dining-rooms, when the paper is to be covered with oil colour. A very important consideration is the durability of this form of wall covering, for it is a washable material of a very permanent character, and when once up will last for very many years." We learn that a few of these wall-papers are about to be exhibited in the South Kensington Museum.

A COLLECTION of large and splendid carpets, manufactured by them for an Indian prince, the Maha Rajah of Burdwan, has been exhibited in the Gallery of the new Society of Water-colour Painters, by Messrs. Sewell, of Compton House, Soho. We shall convey some idea of the scale of importance upon which these carpets have been produced, when we state that some of them measure upwards of ninety feet in length. They are the produce partly of French, and partly of English and Scottish looms. The whole, as would be expected, are magnificently rich in texture, and absolutely massive in substance. The designs also are suitably gorgeous, and, on the whole, they may be accepted as satisfactory specimens of this particular department of Art-manufacture. In the matter of design, however, both the French and the English and Scottish artists have still much to accomplish. The former, while they show how well they understand the difference between a *design* and a *pattern*, make it no less evident that they do not distinguish between a design for relief and for a flat surface, for execution in a carpet and in or-molu and porcelain; and our own designers aim no higher than pattern-making, and imitating the unmeaning colour-work of Turkey carpets. This exhibition is really valuable, because it shows how well we can produce carpets, and how little advance we have made in the art of design.

**SHAKSPERE'S HOUSE,** which most persons thought to have been secured to the nation, and so saved as long as nature could allow it, seems at present in a more insecure position than ever, and a new appeal to public benevolence is made on the part of the

committee to whose care it was entrusted, and who appear to have "a case of real distress." Their trouble, and that of all gentlemen connected with the management from the beginning, has been great; the only persons who have benefited have been the proprietors, who sold it to such an enormous advantage during the popular *furor*. After it was purchased, it was found to be in a dangerously dilapidated condition, and one gentleman came forward with £250 as a gift to the committee, to purchase and remove the adjoining premises, and so prevent the risk of fire. This was the late John Shakspeare, of Worthington, Devonshire; and he bequeathed at his death a similar sum for repairs, the salary of a custodian, &c., which he charged on his estate. The committee, not dreaming of the Court of Chancery, boldly began their work; but the law came, and, as the poet sings, "claw'd them in its clutch," and the whole grant was declared invalid under the act of mortmain. Dire was the discomfiture at Stratford, and certainly the committee are to be pitied, for, like Dogberry, one day "they were rich fellows, go to," the next they were penniless, with architects and builders to pay. So the public again are appealed to, and subscriptions solicited; but we cannot help feeling that the public may be now a little apathetic. They really acted liberally before, and subscribed a heavy sum; still, for the sake of the committee, and, more than all, for the ultimate security of their own property, we hope this appeal will not be in vain.

**SCULPTURE FOR MELBOURNE.**—Mr. Brucciani, of Little Russell Street, Covent Garden, has lately completed and shipped for their destination, the new Library and Reading Rooms, Melbourne, Australia, a large collection of casts from some of the most celebrated sculptured works, both ancient and modern. They comprise the group of the 'Laocoon,' the 'Apollo Belvedere,' the 'Antoninus' and the 'Dying Gladiator,' from the originals in the Vatican at Rome; the 'Listening Slave,' the 'Wrestlers,' and the 'Venus de Medici,' from the *Triana*, at Florence; the 'Diana of the Chase,' 'Massaniello,' and the 'Diana Robing,' from the Louvre, at Paris; the fine colossal statue of the 'Iliissus,' and other works from the pediment of the Parthenon, at Paris, the originals of which, by Phidias, are now in the British Museum, London; a series of unequalled *bassi* and *alto reliefs*, from the works of Michel Angelo, Lorenzo Ghiberti, together with fac-similes, full size, of several of the *chef-d'œuvres* of Canova, including the group of the 'Graces,' the 'Venus,' and 'Perseus,' and a very extensive collection of busts of eminent men, including those of Homer, Milton, Dr. Johnson, Shakspeare, Newton, Schiller, Goethe, Buffon, Voltaire, &c. Mr. Brucciani has also prepared 460 *bassi reliefs*, from the Panathænaic frieze, which are to be used as decorations under the cornice of the large room of the building referred to. It speaks well for our colonial countrymen in that far-distant region, when we see them desirous of cultivating their tastes in such a way as this.

DOVER CASTLE contains within its precincts two of the most interesting early architectural monuments in the kingdom—the Roman Pharos, which must have lighted many a legion from the shores of Gaul; and the early Christian church (built partially from Roman materials) attached thereto. This church, after remaining as a ruin for ages, is now being restored for the service of the garrison. In the course of excavating, many traces of its antique features have been recovered, and it bids fair to be well and conscientiously restored, if the same mistake be not made here that was made at St. Martin's, Canterbury, where the traces of early building, which alone gave it interest, were covered by modern stucco. Above all things, we hope the Roman Pharos may be untouched; if "restoration," or any other dabbling be attempted, it may as well be pulled down at once, as it would totally destroy all that is valuable in one of our most important national antiquities.

**DE LA RUE'S DIARIES AND CALENDARS.**—What the publications of Messrs. Letts are to the commercial world, those of Messrs. De La Rue and Co. are to the world of taste and fashion. Their diaries and pocket-books are luxuries of their kind, richly but not gaudily got up, beautifully printed, and replete with such information as is indispensable to have ready at hand. Several of these works for the forthcoming year are now before us, among



which the "Indelible Diary and Memorandum Book" is conspicuous, for its varied and useful contents, excellently selected and arranged, its elegant cover, and convenient size; it is also so constructed as to answer the purpose of a purse. Then there is the "Red Letter Diary and Improved Memorandum Book," suitable for the library and boudoir. Some playing cards, too, the backs of which show a sprig of the cotton plant, cleverly designed and prettily coloured, merit a word of commendation. All these productions manifest the care, ingenuity, and taste bestowed by the manufacturers on what they issue to the public, and uphold their reputation as the best producers of refined stationery of every description, perhaps, in the world.

**WORKS OF DECAMPS.**—The pictures, drawings, and sketches which remained in the studio of the great and lamented artist, Decamps, are to be exhibited early in December, at No. 26, Boulevard des Italiens, Paris, and sold by auction shortly afterwards.

**DOWLING'S 'PRESENTATION IN THE TEMPLE.'**

—We have been requested to correct an error which appeared last month in our notice of this picture. It is not exhibited by the artist, but by the owner, Mr. Betjemann, of Oxford Street, who purchased it of Mr. Dowling, and is also the possessor of some other works by this clever Australian painter. A second inspection of the 'Presentation' quite confirms the opinion already expressed, that it is a work of very considerable merit, and ought to have found a place on the walls of the Royal Academy when it was sent for exhibition there this year: want of room is not a sufficient excuse for its non-appearance.

**STEREOSCOPIC VIEWS OF ETON CHAPEL.**—Mr. F. Jones, Oxford Street, has published a series of Stereoscopic views of the interior of the Chapel of Eton College. Several alterations recently made have enabled him to produce some new and very striking views: such as Lupton's Chapel, which was one portion of the building that for a considerable time had been concealed by wainscoting; and the removal of the screen, which, since the days of Wren, shut out the original altar-piece as well as several fine ancient monuments, has brought them into prominent positions for the artist's purpose.

Not the least interesting of these slides are the copies of the walls containing the Crimean Memorials erected in honour of old Etonians. The whole of these views are remarkably clear and effective. Mr. Jones, who seems to make architecture his speciality, is, we believe, preparing to publish a series of interior views of the Houses of Parliament.

**MR. S. B. BEAL, of Paternoster Row,** has issued a series of small photographs—small enough to go by post in ordinary envelopes—from famous pictures, by famous masters: Rubens, Guido, Wouvermans, &c. They are remarkably clear and distinct, and afford satisfactory ideas of the great original works. If the series be much enlarged they will, together, form an interesting little volume.

**VICTORIA CROSS GALLERY.**—A series of photographs from some of the most important pictures, by Mr. Desanges, known as the "Victoria Cross Gallery," has recently been published. They are excellent as specimens of the photographic art, and convey a faithful representation of the spirited original works. The gallant deeds of these heroes of the Crimean and Indian wars will, by means of these copies, find a wider field for public observation than the gallery in which the paintings are hung. To the companions in arms and the personal friends of those whose deeds the artist has depicted, the photographs must be especially welcome.

**PATRIAN INK-BOTTLES.**—Art is gradually insinuating itself into every species of manufacture, however trifling the object; and, in many instances, not bad Art either. We have before us some specimens of ink-bottles, issued by an establishment called "The Patent Ink and Stationery Company," in Peter Lane. The form and ornamentation of these bottles are so artistic, the moulding and the material so good, that it seems almost a pity to put them to such a purpose, lest they should be spoiled by ink stains. We recommend purchasers to get rid of the contents as carefully as possible; the empty bottles will then serve for pretty ornaments. The price, one shilling each, is something marvellous.

## REVIEWS.

**COSTUME IN ENGLAND.** A History of Dress from the Earliest Period until the close of the Eighteenth Century. To which is appended an Illustrated Glossary of Terms for all Articles of Use or Ornament worn about the Person. By F. W. FAIRHOLT, F.S.A. Illustrated with nearly Seven Hundred Engravings, drawn on wood by the Author. Second Edition. Published by CHAPMAN and HALL, London.

On comparing this edition with the first, which appeared about fourteen years ago, enlarged from a series of papers contributed by Mr. Fairholt to the pages of the *Art-Journal*, we find a large accession of new, curious, and valuable matter, and a considerable increase in the number of illustrations. The notice of the costume worn by the early Britons has been enlarged, and new engravings of personal ornaments, &c., have been added; a similar augmentation appears in the Roman era. Still more extensive are the additions made to the period of the Anglo-Saxons and Danes, carefully condensed from the discoveries made by the researches of antiquaries abroad and at home during the last ten years: these discoveries have enabled the archaeologist to classify with clearness and precision the personal decorations worn by the different tribes in Great Britain, as well as the weapons used by them.

Among other novelties which attracted our notice while looking through this volume, are the long-toed *Solleret* and leg-chain; a singular example of costume of the Tudor period, on page 191; a curious story of the same period, describing an opinion given by the Recorder of London with regard to the cut of the citizens' "continuations," from which opinion an appeal was subsequently made to the Lord Chancellor. There are many more, especially in the way of illustrations, which we cannot find space to point out.

The Glossary occupies almost as much as double the space of that published in the former edition. Many of the articles that appeared then have been greatly enlarged, and some additional words introduced: for example, canes, chairs, flowers, fyfoll, hair-powder, pomanders, starch, watches, &c., &c.; in fact, this glossary is in itself a valuable compendium of costume—description amply illustrated.

If there is one branch of antiquarian search and knowledge which more than any other Mr. Fairholt has made his peculiar study, it is that having reference to the subject here treated; we know that, to use his own words, this book has been "a labour of love," but the "love" must have entailed much "labour," much digging and diving among old chronicles, old records, old histories, and old things of many kinds, strange and mysterious to every one but the initiated, curious and interesting to all. The result of his energy and deeply earned experience is a volume which must always be a text-book, and which every historical painter and sculptor, with whom truth is a virtue in Art, ought to possess. There is no excuse now for false costume in pictorial representations. But it is not for the artist only, the reader and student of history may advantageously consult its pages, and the literary idler may pass away an hour or two profitably and pleasantly in conning over some of the curious stories and facts narrated by the author himself, or gleaned from sources to which he has found access; for it is a book of amusement as well as of instruction. We are often led to ridicule the dress of our forefathers; we wonder what they would think of ours? If we have gained in convenience, which certainly admits of argument, we certainly have lost everything in picturesque appearance.

**LE COMPROMIS DES NOBLES.** Engraved by D. J. DESVACHEZ, from the Picture by E. DE BIEVE. Published by DESVACHEZ and Co., Paris. COLNAGHI and Co., Gravesend and Co., London.

The picture from which this large and fine engraving has been taken, is in one of the saloons of audience in the Palais de Justice, in Brussels. It was exhibited by the painter, M. Bieve, who holds a high position in the Belgian School, at the Exhibition of Fine Arts at Brussels, in 1841; still later, we believe, at the request of several of the German princes, it made the circuit of most of the principal cities of the German Confederation, where it met with universal approbation; our own estimate of the composition must be formed from the engraving, as we have not seen the original.

The subject of the picture is the signing, in 1566, of the famous protest, in which a large number of the most distinguished nobles and citizens of Flanders deprecate the attempt of Philip II., King of Spain and the Low Countries, to reintroduce the Inquisition into the latter country. The result

of the confederation is well-known to all who are acquainted with the history of the reformed religion and the history of Flanders. The persecutions endured by the Protestants drove the people into open rebellion, which the atrocities of the detestable Alba, Philip's viceroy, could not subdue; but the blood of many of the noblest of the nation, among whom were Counts Egmont and Horn, was shed by the hands of the public executioner.

Among the most noted personages who signed the protest, and who occupy prominent positions in the picture, are the Prince of Orange, the Duke of Cleves, the Marquis of Berghes, Counts Egmont, Horn, Pallandt de Cuylenbourg, Schwartzemberg, De Helle, Philippe de Marinx, Louis de Nassau, De Hooghestraet, Philippe de Lannoy, De Brederode, De Mansfeld, De la Mark, Van Straelen, Burgomaster of Antwerp, and others. There are twenty-five principal figures in the composition, and many more are grouped together in the background. Seated at a table, almost in the centre of the picture, is Count Horn, in the act of signing the protest; beside him on the left stand several nobles watching him, but the attention of the majority is directed towards the Count de Brederode, a fine, animated figure, to the left of Count Horn, standing at the top of a flight of steps in the hall: he holds a scroll in his hand, and appears in the act of addressing the assembly. It is evident, from the action of the auditors, that his words find an echo in their hearts: he is the *grand orateur*, the spirit which moves all present, and the hands of the artist is made the point of the composition.

Both as a work of Art, and as the representation of a great historical event, the picture is of much interest; the portraits are taken from the best authenticated examples, and the figures are grouped most effectively and spiritedly. We have spoken of the print as a large one; M. Desvachez has been employed seven years on the plate, but he has succeeded in producing what must place his name in the first rank of living line-engravers. The soundness and solidity of the work, the freedom with which the *burin* has been handled, the entire absence of those meretricious aids so often employed by engravers in the present day to give what they consider force and character to their productions, and the rich harmonious tone which unites the whole subject, are points of excellence that can scarcely escape notice by those accustomed to examine and study engravings. The plates M. Desvachez has executed for the *Art-Journal* must have made his name familiar to our readers, and we know they have received both here and on the Continent, the praise justly due to them.

**THE PIONEER OF PROGRESS.** Prize Essay, By JOHN DENNIS. Published by HAMILTON, ADAMS, & Co., London.

It will be sufficient for us to remark that to this essay was awarded the prize of fifty guineas, offered by a London merchant, Mr. Spence, for the best essay "On the Saturday Half-holiday and the Early Payment of Wages." It was selected out of fifty-six papers sent in competition. It is an elaborate and well-digested argument on the subject, written in a genial, conciliatory spirit, by no means sectarian, so to speak, and supported by a mass of testimonies and facts which the opponents of the early-closing movement would find difficulty in answering. The subject, not less than the manner in which it is discussed, must commend itself to the serious attention of all—and who is not?—interested in the social happiness and well-being of the community.

**LAILA ROOKH.** By THOMAS MOORE. With Sixty-nine Illustrations from Original Drawings by JOHN TENNIEL, engraved on Wood by the Brothers DALZIEL; and Five Ornamental Pages of Persian Design by T. SULMAN, Jun., engraved on Wood by H. N. WOODS. Published by LONGMAN and Co., London.

At length we have the most gorgeous Eastern story of modern times clothed in dress of equal magnificence and beauty; the vivid and luxuriant imagination of the poet has found a fitting exponent in the conceptions of the artist, though, to an eye accustomed to the graces of female form derivable from the Greek type, that adopted generally by Mr. Tenniel, as expressive of Oriental form, though anatomically correct, we presume, is not altogether agreeable. But the designs of this artist, whatever he undertakes to illustrate, have a Pre-Raphaelite tendency, which, in some way or other, seems to have influenced these Eastern subjects also. We make not these remarks with a view of disparaging them, even in the slightest degree, but only to mark his peculiar method of treatment. There is perceptible throughout an entire appreciation of the poet's conceptions, one might almost say, a loving appre-

ciation of them, joined with a power of expressing his ideas which few artists with whom we are acquainted could compete.

Mr. Sulman's Persian designs are exquisitely beautiful, and most elaborate in detail. The rich binding of the volume is in harmony with its contents. If any of our readers wish to present some fair young bride with an elegant book for her boudoir, this is one that pre-eminently claims their notice.

**THE PRINCESS: A MEDLEY.** By ALFRED TENNYSON, D.C.L., Poet Laureate. With twenty-six illustrations on wood by DALZIEL, GREEN, THOMAS, and E. WILLIAMS, from Drawings by D. MACLISE, R.A. Published by E. MOXON and Co., London.

This richly-illustrated edition of one of the Laureate's longer and most popular poems has only just come into our hands, though we believe it has been before the public some little time, and has already been appreciated in a manner which is sure to follow the production of a "book of beauty" like this. It is a rare thing to see the genius of Mr. MacLise exercised on drawings for the wood engraver. The scarcity of such works only renders them trebly valuable, for nothing can be more exquisite in design and feeling than the pictures which embellish this volume: thought, sentiment, action—the workings of the mind—are associated with the most gorgeous architectural examples and the richest costumes. Here we find a group that carries back our ideas to the chivalric pageants of the middle ages; and there another which seems a re-embodiment of the old Greek type. Not an illustration throughout the book which may not lay claim to the appellation of a master-piece. To particularise is impossible, for each one is worthy of the rest, and all are worthy of the poet and the painter—and the respective engravers too, of whose work we cannot speak too highly. We are unable to call to mind an anglicized book that will bear away the palm from this edition of the "Princess," for the true and refined Art it contains.

**A WALK FROM LONDON TO FULHAM.** By the late THOMAS CROFTON CROKER, F.S.A., M.R.I.A. Revised and Edited by his Son, T. F. DILLON CROKER, F.S.A., F.R.G.S. With Additional Illustrations by F. W. FAIRHOLT, F.S.A. Published by W. TEO, London.

The readers of *Fraser's Magazine* a few years ago will recognise much of the contents of this little volume, for they originally appeared in that publication. New matter and new illustrations have been added, and the papers have undergone considerable revision.

It may be asked by those who know nothing, or but little, of this particular suburb of the great metropolis, what are the especial claims of the road from London to Fulham to be made the subject of a book? Be it known, then, that for very many years past this locality has been the home of a whole phalanx of celebrities in art, science, literature, and the drama, with a tolerable sprinkling of the fashionable world, and a few notoriety whose reputation is of a questionable character. It is of these and their dwellings, where the latter are worthy of notice, that Mr. Croker has spoken in his pleasant, gossiping book; it has a local, rather than a general, interest, but there are many little bits of biography and many anecdotes which will be acceptable anywhere among those who like to hear something of the men and women whose names are familiar, or have been so, to the public.

**PRIMER OF THE ART OF ILLUMINATION FOR THE USE OF BEGINNERS;** with a Rudimentary Treatise on the Art, Practical Directions for its Exercise, and Examples taken from Illuminated MSS. By F. DELAMOTTE. Published by E. & F. N. SPON, London.

It is somewhat singular, but, nevertheless, quite true, that, with the progress made in the Fine Arts during the last few years, the public mind, so to speak, is constantly being called back into what is

termed the dark ages. Pre-Raphaelism in painting and the art of illumination in ornamenting are the channels which are made the means of revivifying the past and giving to it renewed existence. With the former we have little or no sympathy; the latter we gladly welcome, and are pleased to see the efforts which, from time to time, are made to bring this beautiful art into more general practice.

A short time since we reviewed two works treating of the subject; one rich and somewhat costly, the other cheap but still very useful. Mr. Delamotte's Primer comes in between the two; for it contains numerous examples of colouring which Mr. Bradley's "Manual," referred to in our preceding number, does not. The instruction given by Mr. Delamotte appears quite enough to enable learners to teach themselves the practical part of the art, in which they will derive great assistance from the progressive examples appended, and which are printed first in outline, and then in their proper colours. These copies are taken from some of the most celebrated illuminated books. Advice is also offered on the selection and purchase of colours, instruments, &c.; and in a condensed, but sufficiently ample, catalogue, the student is informed where he can find in the British Museum specimens the most calculated to aid him in his work.

**THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.** Published by SEELEY, JACKSON, and HALIFAX, London.

Every year seems to bring forth a new crop of this favourite work by the "glorious dreamer," as Bunyan has been called. Of this, the latest edition which has come before us, it will suffice to state that it is in a portable form, is exceeding well printed, and embellished with about a dozen wood-cuts of a very creditable character; it is also tastefully bound, and is altogether a pretty gift-book.

**POEMS BY ELIZA COOK.** Selected and Edited by the Author. Illustrated by J. GILBERT, J. WOLF, H. WEIR, J. D. WATSON, and others. Engraved by the Brothers DALZIEL. Published by ROUTLEDGE, WARNE, and ROUTLEDGE, London.

Whatever poetical reputation Miss Cook may have acquired, this elegant volume will help to maintain, and, doubtless, to make yet more extensively known. The appeal which, in a simple, expressive introductory poem, the lady makes on behalf of her "fair book," will certainly find a ready answer, for it deserves to be, as it certainly will be, one of the "books of the Season." Miss Cook's muse has been prolific, and many of her songs and lyrical poems well deserve a place among the best writings of our minor poets. A large but judiciously selected gathering has been made, and many of our most popular book-illustrators have aided in making the garland acceptable. Among the numerous wood-cuts scattered through the pages we would point out as of especial beauty and interest, "The Gipsy's Tent," by J. Gilbert; "Old Dobbin," by H. Weir; "The Old Farm Gate," by Watson; "The Star of Glengary," J. Gilbert; a sweet little bit of landscape by the same pencil, preceding a few verses, headed "Stanzas," "Through the Waters," by an artist whose name is new to us, J. B. Zwecker; "Duncan Lee," J. Gilbert; "The Fisher-boy Jollily Lives," E. Duncan; "The Sexton," J. D. Watson; "Sunshine," by the same; "The Poor Man's Grave," H. Weir; "Thank God for Summer," S. Read; "Not as I used to do," J. Wolf; "Tis a Wild Night at Sea," E. Duncan. The artists' designs have lost nothing by being placed in the skilful hands of Messrs. Dalziel, the engravers.

**PEARLS FROM THE PORTS.** Specimens of the works of Celebrated Writers. Selected, with Biographical notes, by H. W. DUCKER, F.R.D., M.A. With a Preface by the Rev. W. Thomas Dale, M.A., Canon Residentiary of St. Paul's, &c., &c. Published by WARD and LOCK, London.

This is a volume that will find a place among the welcome gift-books of the Season. Perhaps a more judicious and less familiar selection of poetry might have been made from the writers laid under contribution, as well as from those who are not so well

known; but the specimens chosen are of a character which fits the publication for an entrance into every family circle where sweet verse, linked with pure thoughts, is appreciated. The illustrations are abundant, but not of the very highest order; for the object of the publishers seems to have been not to produce an expensive gift-book, but one of considerable elegance yet of moderate cost. Some of the engravings are really excellent, and would pass muster in any volume of the kind; but why do not the names, both of artists and engravers appear? This is an omission which ought not to have occurred, if the editor or the publisher—with whomsoever the responsibility rests—are not dissatisfied with their labours. The "Pearls" are set in a handsome casquet; the type and printing both good, and the paper is of the true orthodox colour.

**CARMARTHEN AND ITS NEIGHBOURHOOD.** Illustrated, By WILLIAM SPURRELL. Published by the Author.

This little work is from the pen and the press of the enterprising bookseller and publisher whose name it bears. Mr. Spurrell's services to Welshmen and Welsh literature have been not a few. He is the author of a very popular English-Welsh Dictionary, and of, perhaps, the simplest and most useful Welsh Grammar; and has done much good by the publication of educational works and translations into Welsh of more than one production which, but for his aid, would be a dead letter to Welshmen acquainted with only their own language.

The book now before us is chiefly designed to furnish strangers visiting the old town of Carmarthen with a handbook to the various objects of interest in the town and within a short distance of it. The writer gives an account of its history and antiquities, its civil and social condition, furnishes his readers with a description of the many numerous walks, country strolls, and excursions of the neighbourhood, and has bestowed much labour and care in copying the whole of the inscriptions on the monuments of the old church, and in giving a "chronicle of local events" extending from A.D. 1089, to the present time. We have lately gone over the ground, and can appreciate the labours of Mr. Spurrell. The subjects of the illustrations—"chosen rather with the purpose of reproducing the past than of illustrating the present"—must be very acceptable to the people of Carmarthen.

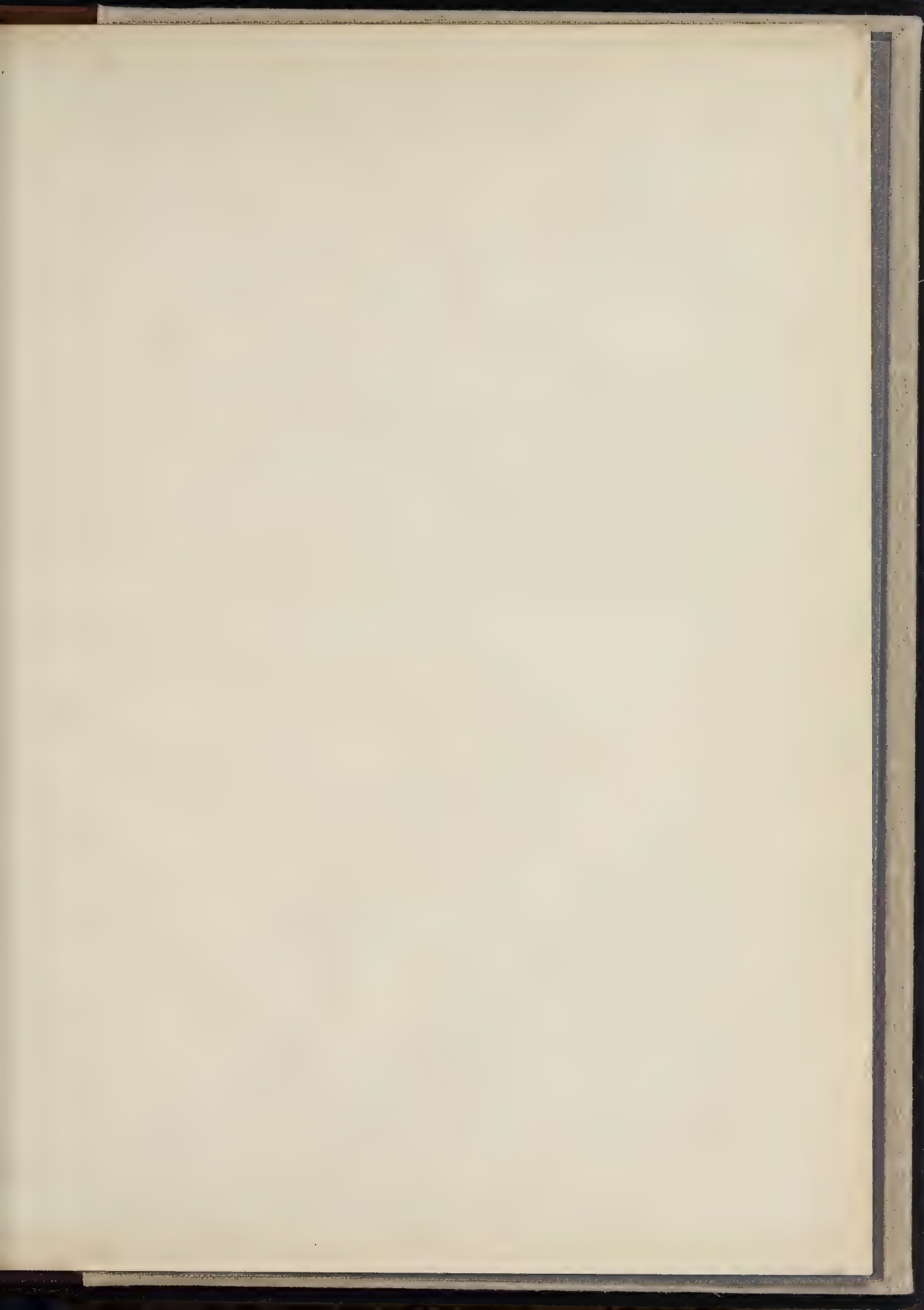
**FAMOUS FAIRY TALES.** By ALFRED CROWQUILL. With Beautifully Coloured Pictures. Published by WARD and LOCK, London.

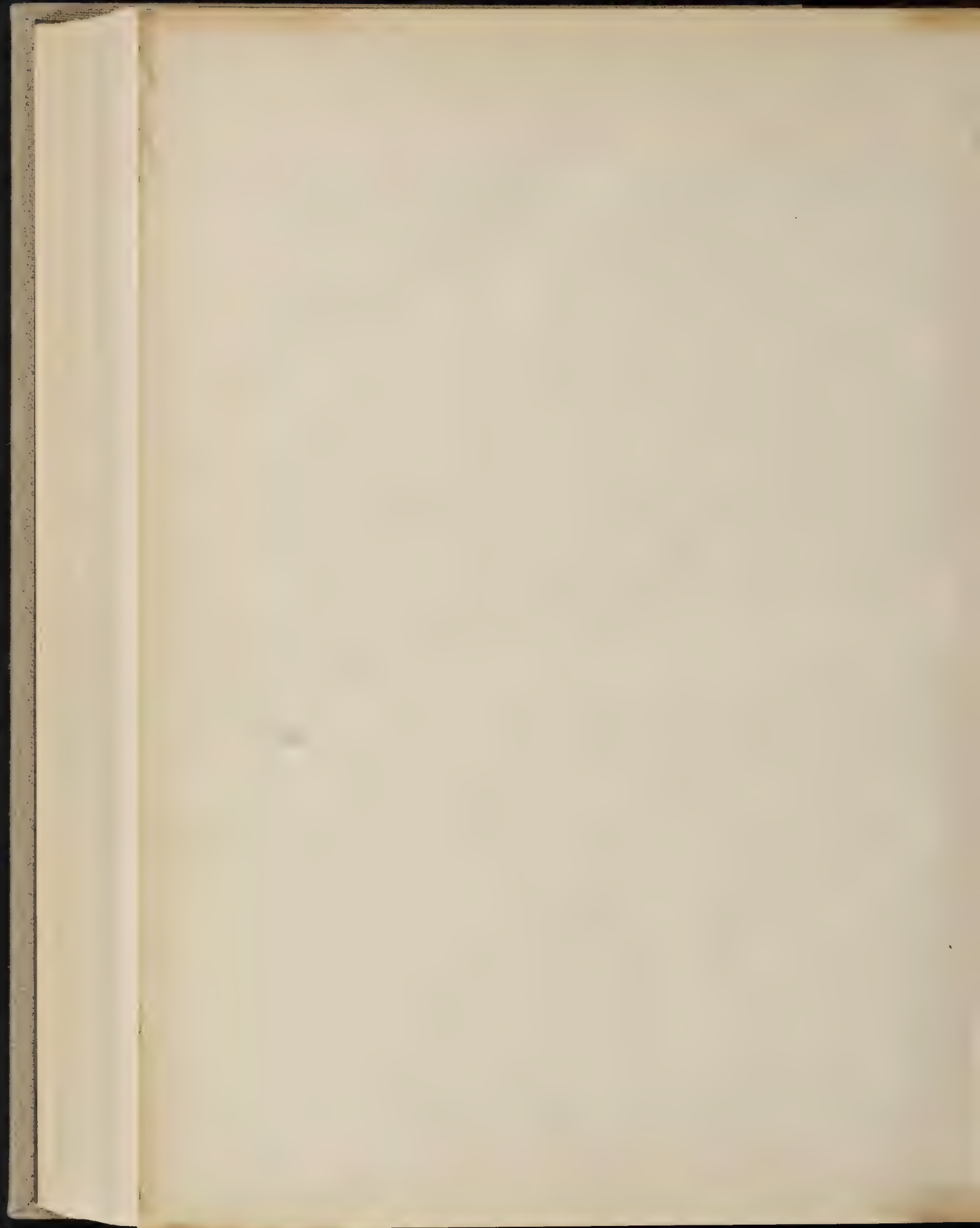
In anticipation of little chubby faces gathered in groups round the Christmas-fire, Alfred Crowquill, an old friend of the small men and women, has given them another book to make them "laugh and grow good." Capital stories, pointing an excellent moral; capital pictures, some grave, some gay, are here. When children of a larger growth, like ourselves, can find an hour's amusement, as we have, over the book, and can learn some lessons from it, there is no fear of its finding favour with the little folk: if our words could reach them, we should say, "Look out for the 'Famous Fairy Tales'!"

**THE NURSERY PLAYMATE.** Illustrated with more than Two Hundred Engravings. Published by SAMPSON LOW, SON and CO., London.

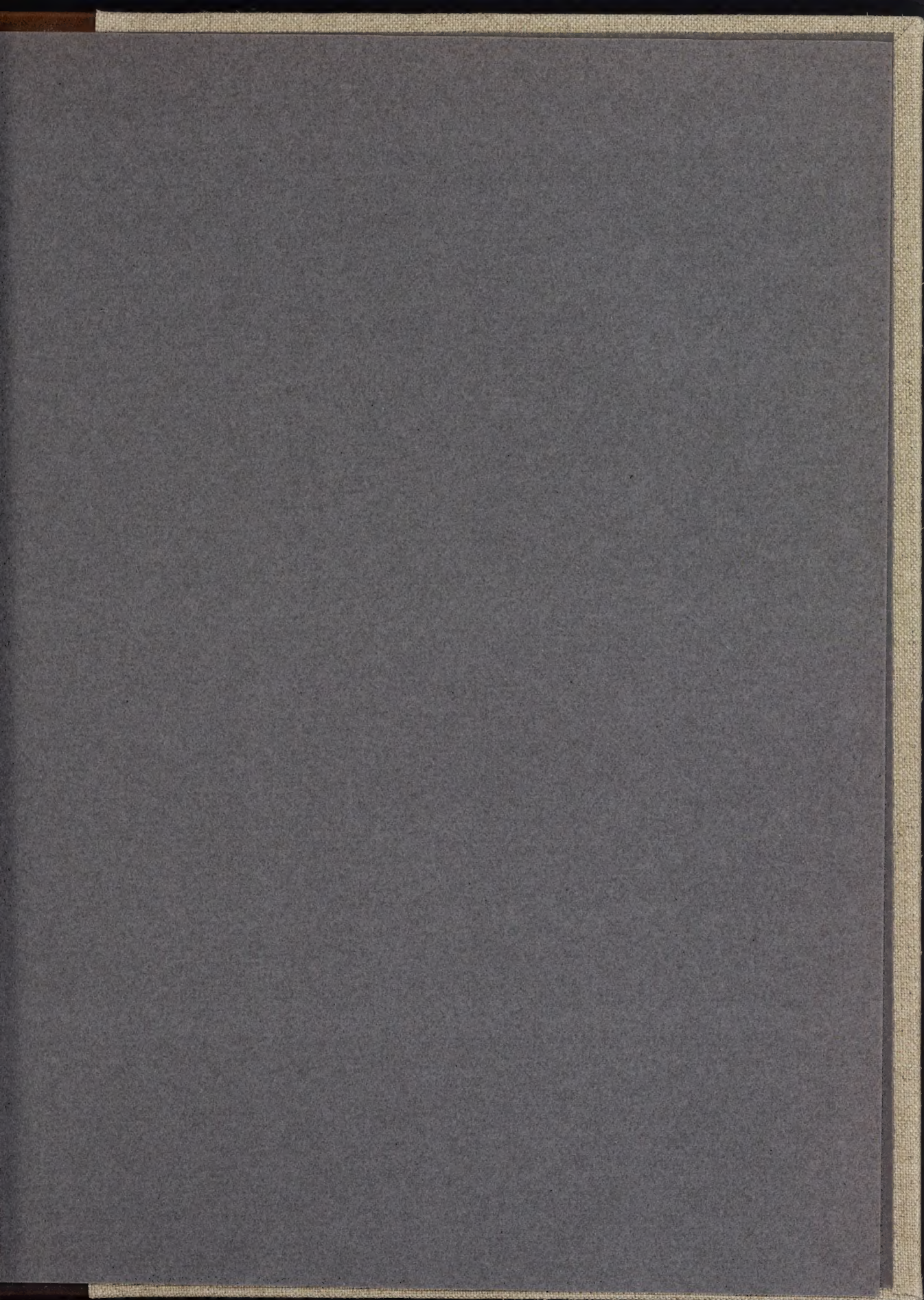
There certainly is so much pains bestowed in the present day to make books most acceptable to children, that one wonders at the care and cost expended on them. Here, in a brave quarto, are all the songs our nurses used to sing to us half a century ago, and which nurses have not yet forgotten to sing, embellished with such engravings—real Art-works—that would have astonished the eyes of the worthy publisher at the corner of St. Paul's Churchyard, whose shop in our boyish days was to us a perfect treasury of wealth, at once our envy and delight. Fancy "Little Bo-Peep," "Old Mother Hubbard," "The Life and Death of Jenny Wren," "The Butterfly's Ball," and a host of other time-honoured rhymes and stories, illustrated by the pencil of Harrison Weir, and other artists of equally high repute! Well, this is the way to make the rising generation sensible to good Art.

















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